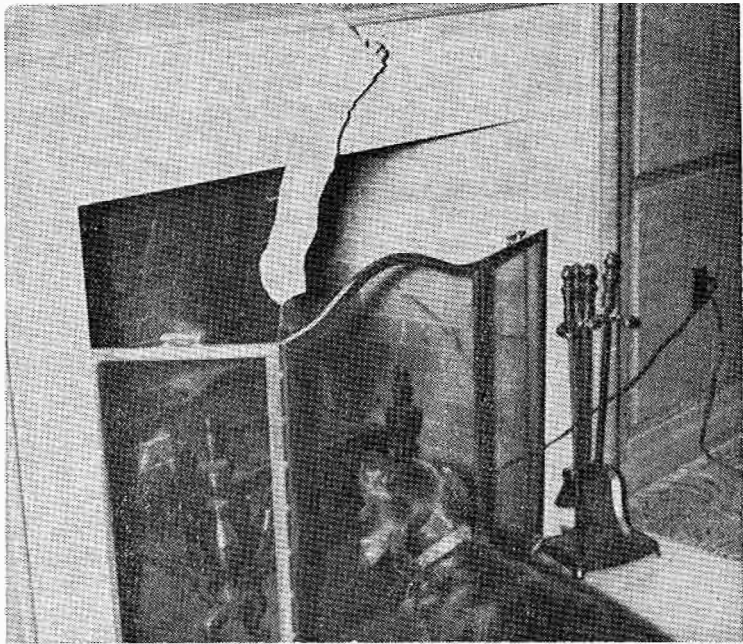


SPECIAL CHRISTMAS FEATURE EDITION



"Twas the Night Before Christmas . . ."

Age Old Story Brings New Peace As Birthday Draws Nigh

Peasant Virgin Gives Birth to Messiah

"Peace on earth, good will toward men!" This phrase has taken on a new meaning for me at this Christmas season. I have heard the Christmas story many times, been in various plays and pageants portraying the Holy Birth so that all the details are clearly printed in my mind. My mother told me many times of the Wondrous Birth on a cold winter's night so long ago. . . . "And Joseph also went up from Galilee, from the city of Nazareth to Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and lineage of David, to be enrolled with Mary, his betrothed, who was with child. And while they were there, the time came for her to be delivered. And she gave birth to her first-born Son and wrapped Him in swaddling cloths, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn." . . . Probably many were hungry, naked and poor, then, just as many miserable people today are struggling to keep warm, clothed, and fed in the midst of war and winter. Indeed, for them there is no place in the inn either.

Merry Christmas
and
Happy New Year
—The Staff

"Glory to God"

"And in that region there were shepherds out in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And an angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them and they were filled with fear. And the angel said to them, 'Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good news of a great joy which will come to all the people; for to you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, who is Christ the Lord. And this will be a sign for you: you will find a Babe wrapped in swaddling cloths and lying in a manger.' And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to all men.' . . . If this angel choir were to sing today, I wonder if their song would still be that of peace and good will to all men. How can there be peace when there is no peace? God grant us to realize that the Prince of Peace in our hearts and lives is the only solution for finding peace in the world today.

The Shepherds' Visit

"When the angels went away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, 'Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this thing that has happened, which the Lord has made known to us.' And they went with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger. And when they saw it they made known the saying which had been told them concerning this child; and all who heard it wondered at what the shepherds told them. But Mary kept all these things pondering them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all they had heard and seen, as it had been told them." . . . O holy Child of Bethlehem, descend to us today; cast out our sin and enter in; be born in us today."

Short Message to Sandburr Readers

In the Gospel of Luke we are told that an angel of the Lord appeared to shepherds who were keeping watch over their flock by night. And the angel said: "behold I bring you good news of a great joy which will come to all people; for to you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

Matthew says that "wise men from the East came to Jerusalem, saying, where is He who has been born king of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East, and have come to worship Him." Earlier in the gospel Matthew says that an angel had appeared to Joseph saying, "and you shall call His name Jesus, for He will save His people from their sins."

The invitation to Christian discipleship just as the Christmas message is to all people. It is for the shepherds and the wise men, for the peasants and the magi. Never before were the certainties of the Christian faith so clear as they are now, and never before was a study of the basic Christian teachings so greatly needed in a complete program of education.

The essentials of Christianity are open to any receptive heart. In the Biblical record of the nativity the shepherds and the wise men bowed in adoration at the cradle of the Christ. In all time ever since the Christian era began, the magi and the peasants have been called to discipleship and effective Christian service. —President Walter E. Bachman.

Special Prize, First in Poetry

Pantomime in White

By Barbara Bearnth

Crystallized loveliness,
Diamonds of snow,
Floating from heaven
With soft footstep, slow,
Creating a picture,
A breath-taking sight,
Covering all
With a blanket of white,
Frosty lace bushes
And gem-studded trees,
Dainty snow maiden
That dance on the breeze—
This is the magic
That poets call snow,
It changes to dreamland
The bare earth below.



Miss Carol Denton

national relations having as her adviser, Dr. Albin Theodore Anderson, who just recently returned from Europe where he studied Russo-Scandinavian relations. Miss Denton has been employed by the York News-Times this past year. She will begin her work at the University second semester of this school year.

Santa Crashes Middlebrook Hall Christmas Party

Santa's arrival at Middlebrook Hall during the dorm Christmas party, Tuesday night, caused such a sensation that the fellows can't be blamed if they felt a pang of jealousy toward the good ole saint with his hearty laugh . . . and his bag of gifts which he handed out to everyone who was there. After the gifts were all distributed and unwrapped, pop and cookies was served and everyone gathered around the tree to end the evening by singing Christmas carols.

LEAVES 2nd Essay

By Melvin Brawn

Brown, Gold, Red, Orange, in fact, almost every color in the rainbow was visible in this display of nature. The yellow leaves of the white barked birch had already fallen, leaving a naked spot on the campus. The Crimson Oak trees bordering the park were in lovely contrast with the evergreens. Here was nature arrayed in all of her splendor. As the East began to lighten, the wind blew, ripping and hurling the leaves in its grip. They bounced and rolled by me, driven by the wind's fury, piling up along the curbs and around the shrubbery like drifting snow.

As I went out of doors the next morning, I felt a new sensation with a melancholy dullness. It was not obvious at first what had happened. Something was different. It felt like losing a dear friend or loved one, but I could not explain it. And then I realized—the earth was naked! There were no more leaves. The breeze had lost its playmates. It could no longer gently fan the leaves, or rustle through the branches. Its gentle caresses could not be felt! The sun could peak around the leaves no longer, but could only stare through stark branches.

The pageant of autumn had left us. This float in the parade of nature, was gone for another year, and with it an intimate friend—the leaves.

A Christmas Prayer

Help us, O God, in this holiday season to establish for ourselves standards, within our limitations, which have the common aim of serving Thee. Lift our hearts to the high level of Thy will and may our deeds be worthy of Thy creation.

Give us patience to help those less fortunate than ourselves and zeal to hold to that which we know to be right. Fill us with that true knowledge that comes from Thee and aid us in using that wisdom in a way pleasing in Thy sight. Impart to us Thy humility that we may serve and not master those around us. Humble us, as the lowly stable, to Thy presence, and may the door of knowledge never close as did the Inn.

Direct our leaders toward the high spiritual and moral values that will bring lasting peace. May our lives be so that treaties come from the heart and not from conference tables. Grant us wisdom according to our ability and courage to do our task.

W. W.

German Class Acts, Thorson to Assist Sings, Reads for Christmas Chapel

Last Monday, December 15, the first year German class presented the annual German Christmas program in chapel. Miss Zelda Wakelin, instructor of modern languages at York College, was in charge of the program.

A short play, entitled "Ein Luftspiel mit Weihnachtsliedern" or "A Little Comedy with Christmas Songs," was given. The script was prepared by the students as a part of the project. They carried on the dialogue in German and sang the following songs: "O Tannen Baum," "O Du Froliche," "Es Ist Ein Ros," "Stille Nacht" and "Ihr Hirten kommet". Glen Direen, Hoisington, Kansas, sang the solo in "O Du Froliche".

Charles Stark of Macksville, Kansas, sang a solo, "Morgan, Kinder, Wird's Was Geben" and a trio, consisting of Janna Woelfe, Loveland, Colorado; Eileen Teinert, York, Nebraska; and Shirley Hedges, Offerle, Kansas, sang "Thr Kinderlein kommet." The Christmas story was read aloud

The Christian Education committee of the First Presbyterian Church in York has secured the services of Larry Thorson, senior, San Diego, California.

Westminster Youth Fellowship will be Larry's responsibility. This will include work with the Junior High and Senior High groups on Sunday evenings, as well as planning conferences and calling during the week.

Larry is a York College student preparing for the ministry and will take his theological training at Bonebrake Seminary, Dayton, Ohio.

from the German Bible by Don Ellison, Waco, Nebraska. At the end of the program, the entire student body joined in the singing of three Christmas carols in German: "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful," "Oh Little Town of Bethlehem," and "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing." Other members of the class who helped with the program were Ralph Dey of York, Nebraska, and Leon Frankamp, Scottsville, Kansas. Joyce King, Great Bend, Kansas, played the piano.

A Brief . . .

Description of
A Short Life

Here is a man who was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in another obscure village. He worked in a carpenter shop until He was thirty, and then for three years He was an itinerant preacher. He never wrote a book. He never held an office. He never owned a home. He never had a family. He never went to college. He never put His foot inside a big city. He never traveled two hundred miles from the place where He was born. He never did one of the things that usually accompany greatness. He had no credentials but Himself. He had nothing to do with this world except the naked power of His divine manhood. While He was still a young man, the tide of popular opinion turned against Him. His friends ran away. One of them denied Him. He was turned over to His enemies. He went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed upon the cross between two thieves. His executioners gambled for the only piece of property He had on earth while He was dying—and that was His coat. When He was dead He was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend.

Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone and today He is the center piece of the human race and the leader of the column of progress.

I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that ever reigned, put together have not affected the life of man upon this earth as powerfully as has that One solitary life.

Authorship unknown.

Highlights from Dear
Santa Claus' Big Diary

YORK COLLEGE

December 17, 1952

Arrived in time this morning for a 7:50 class. It was surprising to see so many shining eyes so early in the morning, but then, these are special days. Christmas vacation is to begin soon. What hustle and bustle as the students dashed to and fro between classes! Quite hectic, I'll agree. However, amid all this confusion, I saw only radiant smiles and bright eyes extending warm and sincere Season's Greetings. When asked what YC wanted for Christmas, someone replied, "A clear title to insure the progress of the college." With the courage, faith and convictions of the trustees, the faculty, the students, and the constituency, they shall have it.

KOREA

December 23, 1952

Talked with a lot of American G.I.'s. The finest group of men ever! What did they want for Christmas? Peace and letters from home and more letters from home. At their request I left this message in every American home.

THE WHITE HOUSE

December 24, 1952

Waited in the Presidential Study for my annual piano duet of "Jingle Bells" with the President. After what seemed hours, Margaret informed me that he was in the basement packing. I thanked her kindly. As I left the White House I distinctly heard someone humming, "Among my Souvenirs."

MOSCOW

December 25, 1952

Today I lost my patience and my temper. This evening I met a rather uncouth fellow with a black beard and a pack full of vetoes who insisted that he had invented me. We had a terrific argument. I won, but Mrs. Santa must never know how.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS"

1st Short Story . . .

Sputter, The Christmas Candle

By Eva Jones

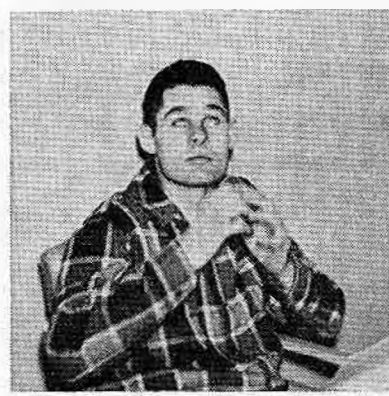
A loud thud sounded and Sputter awoke with a start. Could it be that a whole year had passed since he had been gently packed away in his own private box following his first glorious Christmas with the Barker family? He couldn't be sure, but the suspense wasn't to last long. In a few minutes he was lifted from his box and placed in a lovely holder above the fire place. Sputter surveyed the room in which he stood. It was even more beautiful than he remembered its being the year before. Sputter's little flame glowed brightly as he thought of what a wonderful time he would have watching all the exciting Christmas events.

Sputter could not know that this beauty was to surround him for only one short night. For, on the following day he was to accompany many of his brother candles to an orphanage a few miles from his present home.

Promptly the following morning Sputter was put back in his box and taken to the orphanage. Sputter and his brothers were quite disappointed when they were set out in their new home. Their surroundings were not beautiful as they had been accustomed to. Soon, a group of laughing children entered the room where Sputter and his friends were standing. As the tiny children stood politely in a row, they were each given a candle which was to be their very own. Sputter went to a sweet little red-haired girl. She clutched him tightly and in a few minutes he found himself standing on a small table beside the little girl's bed. That night, Sputter wanted to cry, for he was so lonesome and missed all the beautiful decorations he had been with the night before. He could not cry though because he was cold and his wax tears would not fall.

A few days later was Christmas, and Sputter and his friends were to learn just how much they meant to the little orphan children. Christmas morning the children placed around their candles their own home made decorations. To be sure, this made the candles feel a little better, for now they were not alone. But that afternoon the candles received their greatest honor. The children presented the story of Jesus' birth and as each child entered the room, he carried his own brightly lighted candle. Each candle was then placed in a long holder to send its glow over the manger where the Baby Jesus lay. How proud they were!

That night, Sputter shone even more brightly beside the bed of his little mistress. Again he felt like crying but this time it was for joy. No home could be more wonderful at Christmas than an orphan home filled with happy and loving children thought Sputter as his warm wax tears trickled down his face.



And Melvin said, "You don't say?"

Tell Me, Teacher

2nd Short Story

By Bill Wortman

"Teacher, what is this new decree that has just been passed by the Roman government? Yesterday, my little brother was killed by soldiers, and all small boy babies in Bethlehem and throughout Judea are being killed."

"Do you not remember the strange happenings we have had, my son, the wisemen and bright new star? In your lessons from the scriptures did you not read of a Messiah that is to save his people? Our government fears these happenings and we have had this terrible slaughter as the result."

"But, my Lord, if truly this is He, will the Romans kill Him before He has a chance to do anything? We know there is but one God and He is all wise; why then did He not make this birth, if it is the one you speak of, more secret? How can a small babe defend himself against the might of this world? Why also did the wise men slip away, for now they, too, are hunted by our armies? Sometimes, this scripture of ours is almost beyond my understanding."

"This is strange talk from one who has studied the holy scripture. If this child is the Christ, there will no harm come to Him unless God wills it. Why the birth was not more secret I do not know, but it was the way of the scripture. As for the wise men they must have had a good reason, for Herod swears they will be caught and killed. But, my son, always remember any man worthy of living should not calculate living or dying when his heart tells him to do a certain thing."

"Surely good teacher, you are right, but it will be harder, for now we will have more persecutions. I wonder how long before we will know the importance of this event? I can hardly wait to see the faces of the soldiers when they fall under His might. I wish He had been born in the big Inn, but after all we did not know he was coming; so we are hardly to blame. I have been lax, at times, but now I shall prepare myself to aid in His war to free all of His people."

"This may be hard for you to understand but listen close to my words, for I believe them to

Dignified Seniors
Pose For Picture

California and Nebraska are alike in one respect—they both produced chess fiends, namely, Mel Brawn and Telfer Epp. Conditions permitting, both can act "natural" and then as dignified college students, as you will note by the pictures.

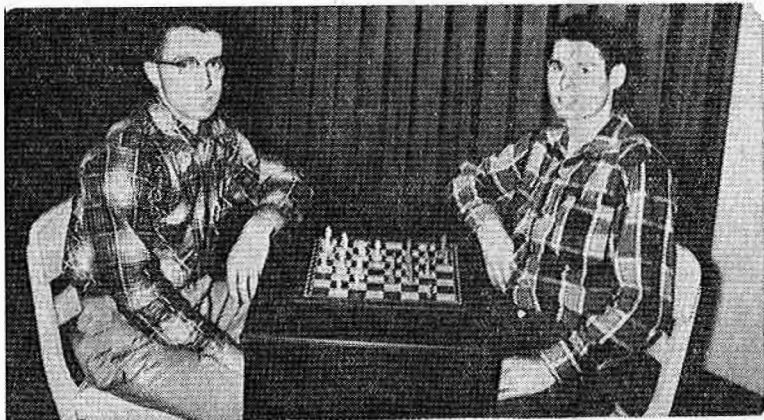
"California, Here I Come," will be the theme song of senior Brawn. After graduation, he plans to return to his native state to enter Electrical Engineering school. Mel was a member of OBN, LWR, and YM in college, and assumed the added responsibility of holding two offices: vice-president of OBN and president of the class his junior year. In his

spare time, Mel would rather bowl and hunt than anything else.

This Christmas vacation, Mel will earn some extra shekels working at Sutter's while Telfer Epp plans to work in Omaha.

Another senior, Telfer shopped around before deciding to come to York College. He has attended North Park College in Chicago, Illinois, and Grace Bible Institute.

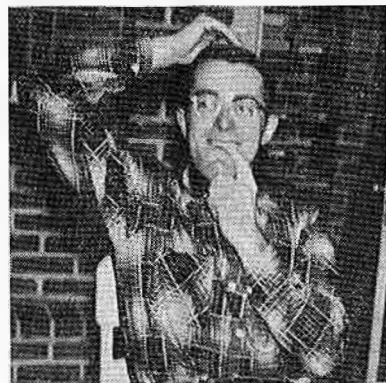
He plans to enter Central Baptist Seminary in Kansas City after he graduates this spring. Telfer has taken active interest in OBN and LWR. Books, reading, and more books are Telfer's hobby.



Telfer Epp (left) and Melvin Brawn posing for Camera Man.

be true. It will be many years before we grasp the full meaning of this event, but I do not expect a war. I know in the scripture God is wrathful, but I think this Child of His will teach us to love. If power were the answer, the Roman people would be happier and not so fearful of each other. The best way to prepare for Him would be to continue in study. This religion of ours is not based on myths, as the Roman's, but upon truth. We must study to learn this truth. We must not overcrowd ourselves with nonessentials as the Inn, for when the time comes to act, we must be ready.

Go, my son, and think on this, for you must get understanding.



Telfer Caught acting natural

Tomorrow we will search even harder to puzzle out our Holy Word."

THE SANDBURR

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Christmas Contest Winners

Winners of the Christmas contest in poetry division are 1st—**Pantomime in White** by Barbara Bearnth, freshman, York; Miss Bearnth was also awarded the special \$5 prize for the best piece of literary work of the three firsts. 2nd—**Why Angels Sing** by Eva Jones, freshman, Genoa; 3rd—**We Thank Thee** by Sondra Lovell, freshman, York; 4th—**The Christmas Message** by Justine Wickham, freshman, Beloit, Kansas. Honorable mention was given to Betty Bradberry, Marilyn Oak, and Marjorie Wilson.

In the essay division, Helen Teter, freshman, Harlem, Montana, rated 1st with **Christmas Is What You Make It**; 2nd—**Leaves** by Melvin Braun, senior, LaMesa, California; 3rd—**The Meaning of Christmas**, by Virginia Goldsmith, freshman, Harlem, Montana; 4th—**Merry Christmas** by Eva Jones. Honorable mention to Bill Wortman, and Max Scott.

Sputter, The Christmas Candle by Eva Jones was the 1st winner in the short story contest; 2nd—**Tell Me, Teacher** by Bill Wortman, junior, Woodland, Washington; 3rd—**Christmas Charity** by Robert Herrick, senior, Concordia, Kansas; 4th—**A Soldier at War** by Charles Stark, freshman, Macksville, Kansas. Honorable mention goes to Ben Perri and Carolyn Kelly.

The judges were Mrs. J. C. Morgan, Mrs. Myron Holm, and Mrs. A. H. Bergen.

Christmas Charity

3rd Short Story

By Robert Herrick

The policeman found her lying half in the alley, not half a block from the cafe where I had stopped for a cup of coffee.

The policeman carried her in and laid her in the first booth while the cashier called an ambulance. "She is still alive, but it wouldn't have taken long in this weather!" he said.

I agreed, and added a remark about the severity of this Christmas Eve storm. "She looks pretty bad," I said as I looked at her.

She was an old lady. Perhaps the best way to describe her is just like that—"an old lady." She could have been anybody's grandmother. She was small—and dressed very poorly for this kind of weather.

"I was lucky I saw her," said the policeman. "She must have been walking on the sidewalk, but when she fell she fell into the alley. It's hard enough seeing anything in this snow. Just pure chance I found her."

"What a thing to happen on Christmas Eve," I said. I was thinking of my own family and was anxious to get home to them.

"The ambulance is on its way," said the cashier. He, too, came over to view the poor woman. "Say!" and he leaned closer. "That woman was here not very long ago!"

"Yeah? She doesn't look like she's had food to eat for a month," the policeman queried.

"Oh, she didn't eat here," responded the cashier. "She just came in to mooch. I could tell that the minute she came thru' that door. Those kind don't come in here—they can't afford it."

"What else?" asked the policeman.

"She sure began in a strange way though. She came in and asked for Al's address, so I gave it to her—no harm in that."

"Who's Al?"

"Oh, he's the owner, Mr. Sarkes."

"OK. Go on."

"Well, after I had given her the address, she asked for enough money to take a taxi there. Now, that was a new angle to me. Of course, I couldn't do that. Why, he lives clear across town."

"Did she leave, then?" asked the policeman.

The cashier took my money and gave me my change as he answered, "Oh no! She was very persistent. She claimed she was Al's mother and had no money, no way to get to her son for Christmas if I wouldn't pay her taxi fare."

"She certainly tried hard. She even told me to call Mr. Sarkes and find out for sure! But I called her bluff and that's when she left."

"Just walked out, huh?"

"No, not just like that," said the cashier. "She even waited till I got Mr. Sarkes on the phone. When I told him the situation, I held the receiver out, so she could hear."

"What did he say, did he laugh?" I asked.

"No, he just said, 'Don't be silly, my mother has been dead for ten years! Have her leave.' Then she turned around and left. I felt sorry for her. I feel more sorry now."

Then the ambulance came. The doctor said she would be all right by tomorrow; so we all felt better.

The policeman and I left the cafe together. "Going home?" he said.

"Yes, I just got off work." I was glad my family was safe and waiting for me.

"I get off in an hour," said the policeman. "My family is . . . I mean, well, we . . . I'm sure lucky!"

"Me too." I knew he was thinking of the old lady.

We passed the alleyway and he pointed, "That's where she was, right there." Then he leaned over and picked up something from the snow. "Well, look at this. A Bible."

"A Bible?"

"Yes." He started. "Well, this may change things," he said solemnly.

He handed me the battered black book. It was open to the snow-dampened flyleaf. By the light of the Neon sign above us, I could read where his finger pointed. I saw these words written in the rough scrawl of a child, "Merry Christmas, Mother, your son, Albert Sarkes—1920."

Doane Drops Panther Five In First Hardwood Tilt of Season



Panthers Meet Doane, Tarkio, Wesleyan, Hastings in One Week

The basketball season got underway on Dec. 2nd, with the York College Panthers taking on the favored Doane College squad, 77-76. The Panthers got off to a slow start but managed to keep within striking distance of the visiting Tigers. The Doane team was the favored team to win for their show against the York squad. They romped to a 15 point win a year ago, and many sources expected much of the same this year.

The first half looked for a bit like it might be just that, but always York came through with the needed points so that their opponents didn't stretch the lead too wide. The York squad had four of last year's squad in the starting lineup with one new freshman breaking into the lineup. **Bob Nordberg** teamed with **Jim Beaver** at the guard positions while **Frankamp** and **Watkins** were at forwards with **Kiser** (high point man) at the center post.

Second Half Brings Surprises

The second half began similar to the start where it looked like Doane would run away from our boys, but after about five minutes of the final period were gone, our York squad began sinking them from all angles and in less than the time it takes to tell about it, York had narrowed the lead to a mere two points difference. The game

(Picture at left) **Jim Beaver**, a returning letterman, plays guard on the Panther five.

ended with York on the short end of a 77 to 76 count. Nobody can say that the York team was badly beaten, for another two minutes and the score might have ended with exactly the opposite team ahead. Jack Kiser for York potted 26 points for York, but it didn't take high honors for the night as Pizar the center for Doane bucketed a full 33 points. Beaver chipped in with 16 points and Jim Ekart had 14.

Frankamp High Scorer Tuesday

Seven foot Don Boldebuck and mates of Wesleyan proved more than a match for Coach Haight's boys as the scoreboard read 105-74 with the final whistle. This is a new offensive record for the Lincoln crew and one had no doubt what they were aiming at with the half-time score 50-30.

York was very shot conscious getting only 21 in 20 minutes. Wesleyan had 80 points at the end of the third period, the effect of the new foul rule was very evident with YC getting over 40 points via the gift line.

Jim Ekart played a good floor game for the Panthers and got 13 points. This was the second of four games for the first week and

As I See It

By Paul Edie

Hello, everybody. Again we see it's time to make our regular analysis of the sports situation both on the YC campus and anywhere else where there may be some news of interest. Right at the present, most interest is centered on The Basketball Squad, so that will be what I shall discuss to start off. Our first game was with Doane. We lost by one point 77-76. If the York squad could have played all the way as they did in the final 8 minutes of the game there definitely would have been a victory for York. However don't misunderstand, I don't mean to say York didn't hustle all the game, for they did. But in the final 8 minutes they managed to tie up the score from a ten point deficit. York, however, had time run out on them before the lead could change back in favor of York. It can be attributed to the break of the game. Doane won by making more points than York did. So York must merely remember that and continue their offense. The York squad is well rounded in the scoring potential. Its weak point is lack of height. Another is allowing the opponents to get more than their share of rebounds. York next moved to Nebraska Wesleyan's floor and took on the highly favored Plainsmen. The final score there was 105-74. With a fellow 6 foot 11 and one-half inches tall standing above you as **Kiser** had in the person of **Boldebuck** it is a wonder that he was able to score as much as he did. Kiser got 25 points via his hook shot and free throws. Wesleyan has a team of veterans back which took second place in their conference, last year, and there is little doubt in most minds that they will end up on top of their conference this year.

First Conference Battle

The Central Conference Champions were next on York's schedule, and Tarkio came out the winner by 9 points—79 to York's 70. **Dodge** was a thorn in the Panther's side as he racked up 21 points and was all over the floor on defense. Not blaming the loss on excuses, but it might be said that the job of refereeing was far from the best. We won't say that it all went against York, for the calls were bad on both sides, but it must be admitted that it didn't do York any favors.



Paul Edie

Finally, for the fourth game in five days York played Hastings. They were defeated 86-62. We note quite readily that the score didn't reach the 70's as it had in previous games which merely proves how tired the fellows really were. We feel that with a few days rest to recuperate and work on the mistakes made in previous games, the squad will round itself into a winning combination.

York has several returning lettermen and with some brilliant floor work and ball handling by little **Jim Ekart** the Panthers should begin clicking.

With the snowstorm we had Thanksgiving, it seems the most appropriate sports now are skiing and ice skating, but give me the warmth of a basketball gym or the sunshine over a baseball field anyway. See you next issue.

A Soldier at War

4th Short Story

By Charles Stark

Here I was in a foxhole about eleven o'clock on the twenty-fourth—the day before Christmas. Until I had stumbled on this place of refuge I hadn't even thought of what day it was. There I was with shells bursting wildly all about me like showers of rice at a wedding. Then I began to think of all the good times I had back home. Home—the word had an entirely different meaning now. Yet everything came to me clear just as if it were yesterday.

I could hear Pop calling me to get up and get the work done that I knew I had to do. And my mother was wonderful—anything she cooked would suit a king. Yet I remember home as a place where a good warm bed awaited me every night when I desired to rest.

I remember all the fellas and girls that I had so many good times with especially when something like a circus or a carnival would come to town. I remember high school and all the wonderful times there participating in all the sports and the many times we were down-hearted because of the losses, and yet that final day came when I graduated from twelve years of school. All these things a beautiful memory to think through time after time.

The firing had stopped—I slipped out of the hole and made my way back to my company. Before I arrived I glanced up again at the sky. This was Christmas—a time when the wise men were directed to the birthplace of the Christ Child. Then I wondered when peace on earth and good will towards men would come.



Coach Mark Haight

at times the York crew showed mid season polish. Leon Frankamp got 22 points to lead YC scoring. Boldebuck got 25 for the winners.

Conference Opener Stuns YC

York College Panthers opened their conference schedule last Thursday evening by bowing to Tarkio 79-70. The Tarkio Owls were on a two-day road trip, which included Concordia of Seward Friday night.

The leading scorer for Tarkio was Bob Dodge, with 21 points, while Jack Kiser had 25 points for the York College Panthers. Freshman guard Jim Ekart was the outstanding player for the losers although all of the boys fought hard.

York College vs. Hastings

The York College Panthers took the hardwoods against Hastings on Saturday night, Dec. 6, for their fourth game in five days. The Hastings Broncos galloped home with a win to the tune of 86-62. The York squad wasn't out played by a better team but simply had too much basketball on successive nights.

They Tramped These Halls

by J. C. Morgan

Mildred Thompson, '34, is employed in the Commercial and Accounting department at Whitman College, Walla Walla, Washington.

Mrs. Melba Manning O'Mara, '36, is teaching in the Lincoln schools this year.

Miss Barbara Blauch, '49, is attending the University of Southern California at Los Angeles. She will do graduate work in drama for her master's degree.

Robert S. Foster, x'43, begins his second year on the faculty of the University of Wichita, Kansas, in the department of aeronautical engineering. He served as a B17 pilot during World War II and flew 31 missions.

James Nordstrom, '50, field representative of the Red Cross, is engaged in first aid and water safety work for that organization.

R. E. Tonkin, '38, is announced as the leading qualifier with \$100,-000 insurance sold for Equitable Life Assurance Society in six weeks. He also earned a fishing trip to Minnesota.

Wedding Anniversaries:

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Thompson, parents of Melvin Thompson, '34, Mrs. Irene Thompson Feaster, '36, Maurice Thompson, '39, and Mrs. Isabelle Thompson Gassman, x'40, celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary in June. Mr. Thompson has been caretaker of Harrison Park for twenty years.

Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Johns, '01, Lincoln, Nebr., celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, August 10. Professor Johns served as Principal of the York High school for many years and as a member of the faculty of the University of Nebraska. Mrs. Johns is a daughter of former President W. E. Schell. A grandson, Arthur R. Murdoch, is a freshman this year.

William DeCamp, x'51, is employed as a train dispatcher at Hastings, Nebraska.

Doctor of Medicine:

Dr. Ralph Jordan, '39, is practicing medicine at Yolton, Kansas. He writes that he has hopes each year of being able to attend Commencement, but, as he expresses it, "the continuousness of medicine prevents it." He calls attention to the interesting fact that the Jordan family has had some one in YC almost every year since he was a freshman. The list includes two brothers and two nieces.

Wedding:

Of Miss Lois E. Miller, '51, and Mr. Robert Steven, October 28, Marquette, Nebraska. Their address will be Dawson, Nebraska.

Birth:

George and Norma Harris, '51 and '52, announce the birth of a daughter, Janet Kay, November 28, Omaha, Nebraska. Their street address is 3221 N. 19th.

Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence C. Smith, '46, announce the birth of a son, Gary Neil, November 10, Wilson, North Carolina. Dr. Smith is head of the philosophy department and registrar at Atlantic Christian College, at Wilson.

Other News:

Mrs. Frank Stowe (Alice Kaliff, '29) is teaching this year in the Lebanon, Nebraska, high school.

Mrs. Gladys Mohler Dean, '41, writes that her husband Dr. Wally Dean has been released from the navy and has begun his practice as an oral surgeon at Klamath Falls, Oregon. Mrs. Dean, a registered nurse, will assist him in the office.

W. W. Witham, '37, superintendent of schools at Arapahoe, Nebraska, is president of District V. Nebraska State Teachers Association.

Dr. Ray Wochner, '34, will teach this year in the graduate school of the Arizona State Teachers College, Temple, Arizona.

Bill Dean, x'41, has been transferred from Lincoln to Joplin, Missouri, as assistant manager of Sears, Roebuck and Company.

Blaine Ronne, '47, superintendent of schools, Waco, Nebraska,

Why Angels Sang

2nd Poetry

By Eva Jones

The angels sang that glorious day
Of peace and joy and love.
Their golden voices filled the air
With praise to God above.

That song unknown to me before
Was spread o'er all the earth.
Its story told in simplest verse
Of our dear Savior's birth.

He humbly in a manger lay;
His tiny face aglow.
How could men know the hope
He brought
That day so long ago?

Though many years have come
and gone,
This hope remaineth still;
To bring great joy each Christmas Day,
Men's hearts and souls to fill.

Council Promotes Christmas Spirit

This year the Student Council would like to have a part in creating a Christmas spirit on the campus. Bill McNeff, Palmer, Nebraska, has contributed the use of his record player to play the Christmas carols and other appropriate music. An amplifier is being used, and the records are being played between classes and at various times throughout the day. Bill would appreciate records suitable for this occasion from the students.

3rd Poetry

WE THANK THEE

By Sondra Lovell

Tiny Babe of Bethlehem, how still you lie tonight.
Perhaps you do not know just how great will be your life.

This picture I see shows Mary Pure, a mother just like mine,
She bows her head in wondrous love and see—her eyes do shine.

Yes, in her arms she holds a child whose life we all will share,
And as I watch, I bow my head to offer Him this prayer—

"We thank thee Father for Christmas Day and why it came to be
Forgetting all our earthly sorrows, we remember only Thee.

Give us new strength to love each other, as Jesus loves us still
Then through Thy guidance everyday may we humbly do Thy will."

WAA TEAM TUMBLE FOR CHAPEL

The Women's Athletic Association had charge of the Friday morning chapel time, December 12. Frances Amon, Donna Anderson, Ramona Burett, Margorie Hall, Maxine Fickel, and Betty Bradberry gave a tumbling exhibition including fish flops, head stands, summersaults, and pyramids.

has been elected president of the Cross Roads Conference. This school organization in York county directs the inter-school activities of the county. Superintendent Floyd Mann, '29, of McCool is the new secretary-treasurer.

Miss Maybelle Taylor, '33, Librarian at YC, 1943-49, is an editor of Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia in Chicago. Her address is 37 Elm St., Apt. 2-S, Chicago, Illinois.

Neal Parsons, coach at YC in 1949-50, is superintendent of schools at Shubert, Nebraska.

Dr. Wm. H. Morton, '09, veteran Nebraska educator, long time staff member of the University of Nebraska, has recently retired from the principalship of Teachers College high school and has been made acting director of Nebraska Teacher Placement Service.

Professor Carl Guise C.C.'11 called on friends in York, recently. He lives at St. Cloud, Minnesota. Before retiring he taught at Park College, Tarkio, Mo., and Parsons College, Iowa.

Merry Christmas

4th Essay

By Eva Jones

"Merry Christmas," is the cheery call heard as one passes down the street or enters the neighborhood grocery, during this happy season.

"Merry Christmas. huh. What's merry about it?" may be the reply from perhaps a modern day scrooge or someone who just seems to have it in for life in general.

What is merry about it? Have you ever stopped to think of what you mean when you gaily call Merry Christmas to your neighbor? Certainly most people realize that Christmas brings forth numerous joyous festivities which make it merry for everyone. In this list of festivities would come the wrapping and exchanging of gifts, decorating, beautiful Christmas music, and the happy feasting with the family on Christmas day.

True enough Christmas most assuredly should be a merry time for all. But are the formerly mentioned activities all we may be happy about on Christmas? What of the happening in that humble stable in Bethlehem on Christmas hundreds of years ago? The birth of the Christ Child brought hope and peace to all men, and it is through this hope and peace that men are still able to shout, "Merry Christmas," with true feeling at this Yuletide season of 1952. Let us, therefore, not forget amid our gala festivities this Christmas, to humble ourselves and thank God for giving us the blessed gift of His Son that Christmas so many years ago.

1st . . . Essay

Christmas Is What You Make It

By Helen Teter

What does Christmas mean to you? Does Christmas mean misletoe, bright lights, tinsel, and gifts? Does it just mean fun, laughter, and excitement? Does Christmas just mean a vacation from school to go home and see your folks? Yes, it is true that all these things will tie in with Christmas; but is that all you are making Christmas?

Christmas is a joyous time of the year because it is the birthday of our Lord Jesus. It is a very sacred time of the year, and we should enter into this season with all sincerity and humbleness.

Campus Briefs

President Robert Herrick, Independence, Kansas, opened the business meeting of the Y.M.C.A. by presenting several amendments to the constitution, which were to be voted on by the members. After these amendments were unanimously passed in the affirmative, B. Woelfle, Loveland, Colorado, led the group in singing Christmas carols before being dismissed.

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"The Life and Faith of Joshua" was the message presented to the Life Work Recruits group by Tom Stone.

3rd Essay

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

By Virginia Goldsmith

Christmas—the time when people gather around the piano to sing Christmas carols—the time when people decorate their homes with Christmas trees, holly and mistletoe, candles, bells, wreathes—the time when the teenagers gather and make all kinds of Christmas candy—the time when "getting and giving" becomes important—the time when people send dozens of Christmas cards being very careful that they don't miss sending one in return for—the time when some people forget the gloomy side of life and try to think only of the pleasant things—the time for which the youngsters have been waiting ever since last Christmas—the time when these youngsters have lights in their eyes when they discover what "Santa" left them under the tree—the time when loved ones gather to feast on a huge dinner—the time when people go to church even though many of them will never be seen inside a church the rest of the year.

Also it is the time when people sometimes pause to try to figure out some of the complexities of life—it is the time when they ask themselves "Why are our boys fighting in Korea?"—it is the time when they (I am speaking of Americans) wonder why they are so lucky when in other parts of the world millions will feel pangs of hunger on Christmas and when millions are wreathed in despair out of which they can see no hope—truly it is a time that finds the world in a big mess, communities in a big mess, families in a big mess, with individual lives in a mess and each one asks, "What is there in life to make it worth living?"

Too many of us never begin to grasp the true, deeper meaning of Christmas—we don't see that we are celebrating the birthday of Christ, who brought hope to a sin-sick world while He was on earth and also for all generations—we don't see that Christ lived, worked, died, and rose again for each one of us—we don't see that the life of Christ holds the answer of positively all problems, no matter if they are of the world, nation, community, family, or individual—we don't even stop to think why it is that we think ourselves to be cockeyed smart in our own power and why it is that we don't give back our lives to our Maker and live by His power and not our own.

Uncle Joe wrote me he only wanted a boot and the surrounding territory for Christmas. Of course he spelled boot, ITALY. Now that shows the difference in countries—we hang up stockings, they ask for boots. Anyhow, Santa forwarded the request to Ike, and he is now going to try to design a boot for a heel. With as many kickers as we have, it should prove fun.

I would like to close with the hope that you have a very Merry Christmas and may you live every day of your life. As for Santa, anyone can put on his suit and whiskers but it is the man inside that makes it move.

Bill Wortman

The fool who is angered, and thinks to triumph by the use of abusive language, is always vanquished by him whose words are patient.

—Undanavargo

Mr. and Mrs.

By Geraldine Brotton

"Going home for Christmas?" seems to be the favorite phrase at the present. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Stone will spend Christmas in Wellington, Kansas, with Jean's folks. Tom is training for the ministry and Jean is teaching the third and fourth grades at McCool, Nebraska. At the present they are living in a college hut.

Chanute, Kansas, is the destination of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wilson come Christmas vacation. Kenny is going to school and working part-time at the York News-Times. Joan is working for Dr. Greenberg. You can find them at home at 500 East Sixth street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Battreall and their little boy, David, will spend Christmas in Lushton, Nebraska, where they will be with Bob's folks. Bob works part-time at Chuck's Sinclair station, and his wife, Aloha, works for the Lincoln Telephone and Telegraph company.

Clinton and Caroline Carr will divide their vacation between their folks. York is the home of Caroline's and Wakefield, Nebraska, is where Clinton hails from.

Organizations Keep Spirit of Christmas

At the Christmas party of the Press Guild, Dr. Lorraine Casby, YC history professor, spoke about "The European Press." Following her talk she answered questions by those present.

Guests were President and Mrs. Bachman, Dr. G. T. Savery, Mrs. Edith Regenos, and Carol Denton.

In the spirit of Christmas, refreshments were served by Press Guild sponsor, Jeannie Lowdon.

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The annual Christmas caroling tour by Life Work Recruits was taken Monday night. The organization divided into three groups and sang at assigned destinations. Following the caroling the groups gathered at Middlebrook Hall dining room for refreshments.