

Christmas — Different Things To Different People

Dr. W. W. Powell Gives Pies

Holiday feasting has come a little early for 120 students as Dr. Woodrow W. Powell is this week serving his five English classes record-listening sessions—flavored with his famous pecan pies.

In conjunction with their studies, literature students are served pie with poetry or play recordings. This morning the enriched freshmen course included the Doctor's pecan specialty and records on writing styles.

Every Christmas season Dr. Powell makes the pies himself in his bachelor apartment kitchen. He gets the main ingredient—this year 700 lbs. worth from his family home in south Georgia and uses a simple recipe of his own for the crust and filling.

Besides serving the dessert to guests during the holiday season the English professor sends pecans to friends and former associates. In the past some of his pies and spiced nuts given to fellow professors and students have been forwarded as far as California, Michigan, and New York City.

The idea of treating students to "pie-eating, poetry-listening" sessions first appeared to Dr. Powell at Appalachian College. Working as a Danforth associate to promote better relations between faculty and students, he used the money allotted by the Danforth Association in having students to his home for meals. Later, on his own, he invited the collegians over for pie and record-listening. When the sessions reached the professor's classroom once every term, the tradition that St. Andrews students are enjoying was begun.

This year several freshmen spent an afternoon at the home of the chef, helping with the time-consuming task of shelling pecans. "In addition to the in-class treat," said Ellen Maultsby, freshman sheller, "we students had a little extra fun. While enjoying hi-fi music, cokes, and cinnamon-caramelized pecans—prepared especially for the occasion, we all chatted and shelled a very pleasant afternoon away."

Besides cooking, Dr. Powell enjoys collecting records and adding books to his personal library—the last count of which totaled 3000 volumes.



Dr. Powell prepares his traditional Christmas pies.

From Trees To Angels

Christmas is a string of multicolored lights stretched over the usual bleakness of downtown streets . . . red, green, gold advertisements . . . rushing shoppers . . . corner Christmas trees . . . glow of little children's faces in the toy departments.

Christmas is secrets . . . rustly of ribbon and paper . . . children sneaking into a room with unknowingly conspicuous bundles . . . mysterious whisperings . . . private phone calls to your "steady's" mother . . . rows of stockings . . . chills up little spines.

It is the smell of freshly cut cedars . . . hot buttered popcorn . . . fruitcake baking . . . tangy oranges, nutmeg . . . roasting turkey . . . rich spiciness of mince pie. It is the taste of hot chocolate and candy canes at the neighborhood party. It is sugared cookies and cakes and brown, shining nuts. It is joy and laughter and mistletoe high over the door.

Christmas is color . . . green wreaths, shining blue stars, red candles, gold and black packages, pink angel hair, white snow, red-nosed reindeer.

Christmas is the warmth of an open fire . . . for some of it is loneliness. It is Aunts and Uncles and Grandmothers.

It is sons and daughters coming home for the holidays. It is rehearsing for the Christmas pageant . . . decorating the tree . . . singing carols from house to house . . . attending midnight service at the little church near town . . . unwrapping Christmas gifts on Christmas morning. It is parties . . . swirling chiffons, swishy taffetas . . . It is small children riding up and down the street on new bicycles . . . It is a small girl carrying a doll in her arms.

It is the little home-made manger with store-bought figures of Mary and Joseph and the Holy Child. It is the crooked star on the top of the tree. It is scattered tinsel and broken ornaments and mountains of paper and ribbon and cards.

Christmas is love . . . a child kneeling by his bed wishing a happy birthday to the infant Jesus . . . bright packages tied with loving hands . . . it is good will and tolerance. It is the love of fellowmen. It is the wise men, the angels, the shepherds. It is the Hallelujah Chorus. It is an open Bible showing a passage from Luke. It is angels in the sky singing "Peace on earth, goodwill toward man."

(These are the thoughts of a freshman English class—section 101-B—their thoughts of Christmas.)

A Joyous Time

By BETH LYNES

Christmas is everywhere — on the busy street full of shoppers; in the rich, warm smell of gingerbread from the little corner bakery; on top of the gorgeously brilliant tree in the square; in the shape of a star; in the tinselled Santa Claus and the snowmen dancing high above the crowded street; under the trees in the jolly, gaudy packages; in the feeling that your heart will burst with happiness as the soft melodies of carols drift from the snowy darkness; in the family sitting around a crackling fire with mugs of hot chocolate and popcorn bowls, a piece of paper icicle still glittering where it caught in sister's hair; in the sweet smell of cedar spreading through the house, the prickle of holly from the big wreath as you reach to open the door; in the shouts of "Merry Christmas" from joyous hearts; in the urge to kneel before the Nativity scene in the churchyard and offer thanks to God for the happiness that seems to be covering the whole earth; in the hush that descends from Heaven, itself, and drifts across the snow, in deep, rich bell tones of "Silent Night."

A New Insight

By BEVERLY REICH

This Christmas deal has really changed. Remember how things used to be? Why, back in the good old fifties who ever heard of pink plastic Christmas trees? Remember the fun we used to have helping Dad shop for the tree, and now we finally ended back at Grandfather's farm, after faithfully swearing that this year we would have a Canadian balsam, for a change?

I remember with fear and trembling the anxiety I used to feel about Santa, and how, after one brief encounter, I wouldn't come within two hundred feet of that man in the funny red suit. Have you noticed these days how chummy this crazy younger generation is with him? Why, now they greet him like some long lost pal.

And the things these kids ask for — exact replicas of nuclear reactors, twist records, and chemistry sets. Can you imagine the chaos they will create if, and when, they reach our age?

Oh, for the good old days when Christmas trees were green, and gifts useless, and Santa an awesome, fearful personality!

Origins of Christmas

The first person to decorate a Christmas tree may have been Martin Luther. Walking home one night shortly before Christmas, he felt a strong tie between the starry night and the love of God. At home, he placed candles on a little evergreen tree to help his children experience the same wonder of God. The custom grew and spread through Northern Europe, then to America.

The mistletoe has an equally ancient background: primitive Britons called it "all heal" and ascribed to it the magic power to heal disease, neutralize poisons, protect against witchcraft, and bestow fertility on humans and animals. If a young couple sealed their betrothal with a kiss under the mistletoe, they would have good luck for the rest of their lives.

Holly, a Christmas decoration since the middle ages, was also thought to have protective power; six or seven hundred years ago, young maidens fastened a sprig of holly to their beds at Christmas time to protect them from the "evil one" during the coming year!

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Next time you hear "Deck the halls with boughs of holly" — a song which dates back to that remote time — remember the origin of Christmas carols. The word "carol" means to "dance in a ring," and the man who popularized the practice was the beloved St. Francis of Assisi. To bring the Christmas message vividly and directly to his villagers, most of whom could not read, the 13th century saint arranged a manger scene using real people and animals. When the villagers came to see it, St. Francis led them in joyous celebration — in "caroling."

New GIBSON theatre
"Laurinburg's Showplace"

and

Center Theatre

Wish You Joy and Happiness
Not Only At Christmas
But Every Day
Of The
New Year

SANITARY BARBER
SHOP
220 Atkinson St.
Across from Post Office

SMITH CLEANERS
— Expert Cleaning —
215 Main St.

Branch Office
LIBERTY LIFE INS. CO.
305 State Bank Bldg.

Cross Section — 1960

When December was born one day he was confronted with:

Silly Santas complete with pillow, tattered red flannels, bell, and a grisly white beard, as he begs money or gifts for his Christ Child.

Rootless Christmas trees stuck in every corner of the homes of all the tree worshippers,

Sadists sitting before each monkey cage shooting pins with rubber bands at the apes within,

Mothers at church moaning over their little darlings standing before the stuffed baby doll with their hideously wrapped wire and cloth wings,

Drunks with so much Christmas cheer they give it out

with every gust of breath,

Kids crying because their toothpaste doesn't ward off flying balls of all descriptions, piles of sand, and water, with a wonderful invisible shield,

Tattered urchins hurling rocks at the fat monks riding their bicycles down among the trash and filth to wish all a merry Christmas as if words are eatable,

People worried about who sent what . . . why . . . when . . . last year.

Postmen cursing Christmas, And sour faced store keepers becoming happy, fat and rich.

Is this why December ends with such a bang.

Wayne Wooten

