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THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT: GETTING OR GIVING?

By John S. Farrar

All too often we hear people speak of "getting" the Christmas spirit. Such a reference could indicate that the spirit of Christmas may be purchased. Nothing could be more false, for the Christmas spirit is a reality which possesses a person. Such a possession is not confined to a single day or season, but takes hold of a person the year round. The core of this experience is "giving." I believe that if the spirit of Christmas is "giving," it is a good enough spirit to dwell in our lives all the time. Can you imagine a more miserable person than he who rather suddenly "gets" the Christmas spirit a few days before December 25th, but whose days the rest of the year are crunched in selfishness, greed and theft.

The only certain way to be possessed of the Christmas spirit is to live in a faithful and loyal relation to Him who made Christmas possible through "the gift" of His Son. Often we have heard it quoted: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." For this statement to be lifted out of the dying coils of skepticism, one need not be embraced by God's gracious Love Gift. He not only made "giving" His way of life, even to the Cross, but in many deeds demonstrated to men the validity of "it is more blessed to give." If you are thinking of "getting" the Christmas spirit, don't be fooled any longer! The spirit and act of giving is the ultimate way to make Christmas more than a nightmare and headache. Just remember: "In the fullness of time God sent forth (gave) His Son." Christmas is giving, not getting. The Christian life is a self-giving, not selfish gaining. May your Christmas be happy in proportion to your giving. Have a gracious time at home.

COOL YULE

By Sandra Champion

As the Yuletide season approaches everyone is joyful, especially the Sophomores now that the Term Papers are in. Since Christmas is not the time for cutting people, I am

not responsible if anyone gets cut in this article.

Santa Claus will soon be coming around loaded with loot for all the G. W. C. students and faculty. I hope everyone gets what he wants. A few of the students told me what they wanted for Christmas and I

thought that it would be interesting to pass it on to the rest of the student body:

Benny Deaton—wants a Gold Cadillac.

All North—wants his four front teeth.
Keith Eller—wants Carolyn a job in the saw-mill on the third shift.
Carolyn Proffitt—\$1,000.00 to 1 won't have to work.
Judy Hughey—Black Slacks.
Jerry James—Long DEAR Season.
Robert Webb—Some carrots for Daddy Rabbit.
Beverly Guffee—To go to the moon with?
Billy Washburn—All 'A's on final exams.

Leona Greene—A wife for Mr. Demmond.
Ken Beane—A walking cane with Overdrive.
Bryon Rippy—50 second semester Term Papers.
Pat Tranham—A White Christmas.
S. Jeanne Packard—My April Love back.
Glenda Hawkins—A transfer slip to Furman.
Lib Scruggs—A black curly-haired baby doll (male).
Maurice Nanney—A jug of eggnog.

Freida Stanley—A singer whose initials are E. P.
Pat Mobley—A newspaper reporter from Shelby.
Reg Turner—A pair of low-cut tennis shoes for Roper's Granny.
Deeky Bridges (Edie)—The First place trophy displayed at the gym.
Pat Guyer—An elgar for Mr. Stacy.
Joe Kennedy—A box of Shotgun Shells.
Dean Bridges (Eg)—To go home so Ron Travis won't pester me all the time and Louise Alfred.

Ernie Callahan—A black headed "rattler doll."
Maxanne Hamrick—To be Mrs. Jimmy Greene.
Janey Greene—A wife and a new Ford.
Rachel Elliott—A pencil for Mr. Dixon so he can give me better than 70 on an exam.
Marlou Reese—A set of golf clubs.
Dotty Dellinger—To be 6 feet 2, so people won't have to imagine.
Scottie Proffitt—Dinco Zysinger.
Larry Tysinger—For Reid to quit crying over the Duke-Carolina game.
Redd Armstrong—For the boys to quit cutting me about Duke.
Teddy Tomlin—Sputnik I.
Janette Bolick—An A on English Lit.

Rachel Black—I want a clean record (no demerits).

Jayne Smith—To learn how to keep my infatuations from showing, and I want everyone to have a very Merry Christmas.

Seriously, Christmas is the season in which our minds should be turned toward the real meaning of Christmas. Jesus Christ was born at this season and let's not forget that it's his birthday. As you leave school for the holidays, have a different perspective on life and don't forget to keep Christ in Christmas! MERRY CHRISTMAS! CHEERIO!

"A Birthday Party"
By Bill Brackett

The Christmas season is upon us. We must rush out and buy presents for those people that gave us presents last year. We must get our Christmas card list out and send cards to those people that sent us cards last year.

A season of shuffling, crowded shopping. A time we have all waited for all year. We have looked forward to the big day, the day we get our presents when all the family is gathered around the dinner table. We are happy, content, and completely satisfied as we enjoy this the Birthday of Jesus Christ our Saviour. The birthday of WHOM? Let's

forget I shall repeat, Christmas is the birthday of Jesus Christ. With this in mind let me point out a few suggestions for this Christmas.

How would you like to celebrate your birthday without mention of your name, or without receiving any presents? Let us give this Christmas, let us think of others. There are needy people all about us. Let us give cheerfully to those people less fortunate than ourselves.

By giving our presents or donations to those who need, or our friendliness to the cast-out, or a treat to the sick or shut-in we have given a Birthday present to Jesus Christ on his Birthday.

When we do something for someone and watch the satisfaction they get by knowing that there are people, Christians who care, we will truly have the Christmas spirit. The most enjoyable Christmas you have ever celebrated is in store for you if you have never done this. Try this. You will obtain a deep feeling of pride. In my opinion you will get a great sensation such as that spirit of good will which prevails in heaven.

This Christmas start the day with a prayer—a heart-to-heart talk with God. . . Then go out into your community and give someone groceries or clothes for Christmas. Take my word you will have a Merry Christmas.

WHY?

By Flunko

Well, it seems that it's time once again for the old cracker-barrel philosopher to fool his rusty typewriter and make a feeble attempt to tell you; Why?

It's that time once again when the spirit of anxiety seems to reign over our campus. Yes, holidays are here again. Each of us are overjoyed at the thought of going home for two weeks, or two weeks away from school. Yet, if we were asked by an outsider just why we are so happy he would receive 500 different answers. This causes your odd buddy Flunko, to wonder if maybe we haven't lost sight of the real reason we are getting out of school for two weeks, or is it 10 days. If you have lost sight of this great reason for holiday will you join with Flunko in saying: Why?

Before I have the serious matter of thinking I would like to ask a couple of questions on this level. Why can one read the newspapers

CHRISTMAS

By Rachel Elliott

The night was lovely and clear
As I entered our town;
Street lights were shining,
And house eyes were warm.

Standing alone on the prosperous
streets,
I heard gay laughter,
And the sound of dancing
At his joyous height.

"Surely," I thought, It is the happiest night of the year.
I wonder why such joy abounds
In all the houses here?"

And then on a corner
All by himself
I saw a man standing
With tears in his eyes.

I asked him why he lonely walked
Outside the open doors,
And watched with sorrow in his face.

While all the world had smiles,
He said, "I came tonight
To see these folks,
I traveled far and I am tired,
But they did not ask me in.

You see, it's my birthday,
And they asked me to come
And join in a party
Given for me.

But when I arrived here,
None knew my name;
There was no one to welcome me,
Now I'm alone again.

But I'll come back next year,
And maybe by then
They'll remember who I am
And ask me in."

He walked slowly into the dark,
And I was strangely sad,
Because of his dejected look
And hurt-filled eyes.

As I watched him go out of sight,
I saw the star—
It was the brightest star of all,
And its beams fell on him.

A day early by going to the student center and looking in the trash cans instead of to the library and looking on the shelves? Why is everyone getting indignation?

Now, for a brief look on the brighter things of life. Upon questioning Coach Garrison as to why he was starting track so early, I was surprised to learn that he

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