

False Glitter Has Taken The "Christ" Out of Christmas

In a few days the Christmas holidays, a round of parties, and fun will begin. Perhaps, some of us will have a white Christmas with all the thrill of snowball fights and snowmen. There will be mistletoe over the door, stockings hung on the mantle, blue lights, green lights, silver ornaments, gold stars, and the smell of cedar and spruce. Days will be filled with last minute shopping, Christmas cards, and gayly wrapped presents. The families will gather for the traditional feast, supplemented with fruit cake and egg nog. The children will have their Santa Claus and spend all day playing with their new toys. These toys will probably end up in a corner along with other discarded playthings. Christmas is full of tinsel and glitter, but the gold has worn off.

Christmas is the time of the year that was set aside by Christians to celebrate the birth of Christ. Gradually other customs arose among the people in addition to the primary celebration of the Church. As the years have passed, the Church and its thanksgiving for the Christ Child have been lost in the struggle. How many of you go to Church on Christmas day and offer your thanksgiving to God? The Christ has been taken out of Christmas and replaced by the "X" which represents the glittering and somewhat tarnished American vision of Christmas. It should be not only our duty to remedy this situation but also our desire to make Christmas live again in the true sense of the word.

Belles of St. Mary's

JOANNE FARLOWE

Town: Raleigh.
Age: 19.
Hair: brown.
Eyes: greenish-brown.
Always called: Joanne.
Always seen: cramming.
Always heard: "Really?"
Pet peeve: messy diapers.
Favorite food: pistachio nuts.
Favorite frat: USMC.
Ambition: to graduate.
Prediction: the "Old Lady in the Shoe."

BETSY HARGRAVE

Town: Petersburg, Va.
Age: 18.
Hair: dark brown.
Eyes: hazel.
Always called: Betsy.
Always seen: writing letters.
Always heard: "My gosh, Patricia."
Pet peeve: noise when sleeping.
Favorite food: lobster.
Favorite frat: Sigma Chi.
Ambition: to pass Psychology.
Prediction: in mental institution.

DOROTHY HARLEY

Town: Columbus, Ga.
Age: 18.
Hair: black (turning white).
Eyes: brown.
Always called: "Worm."
Always seen: drawing biology pictures.
Always heard: "Surely."
Pet peeve: biology lab.
Favorite food: apple sauce sandwiches.
Favorite frat: Kappa Sig.
Ambition: to sack at 11:00 p.m.
Prediction: a dancer.

KIM HATCHER

Town: Raleigh.
Age: 19.
Hair: blond.
Eyes: blue.
Always called: "Kim."
Always seen: at Sally's house.
Always heard: "But I don't want to go to the library."
Pet peeve: Carolyn's good grades.
Favorite food: potato chips.
Favorite frat: I'm not particular.
Ambition: Are you kidding?
Prediction: better grades than Carolyn's.

BARBARA HARWOOD

Town: Winston-Salem.
Age: 18.
Hair: brown.
Eyes: green.
Always called: Harwood.
Always seen: playing bridge.

Always heard: "Really!"
Pet peeve: Marines.
Favorite food: shrimp creole.
Favorite frat: Pika.
Ambition: the altar.
Prediction: old maid math teacher.

WEEZIE HILL

Town: Winston-Salem.
Age: 19.
Hair: brown.
Eyes: brown.
Always called: "Pebbles."
Always seen: brushing her teeth.
Always heard: smacking in her sleep.
Pet peeve: Black.
Favorite food: chicken trainwreck.
Favorite frat: Chi Psi.
Ambition: doctor's wife.
Prediction: spastic.

'Twas The Week Before Christmas

'Twas the week before Christmas,
and all 'round the grove,
Three hundred fair creatures were
ready to rove.

All English Lit books were stacked
by the bed;

'Twas sure that we knew not one
word that they said.

The girls to the library had headed,
to read,

Now that's what I call a chivalric
deed!

I in my bathrobe, my roomie unclad
Had just after lunch flopped down
on the "pad,"

When out on back campus, there
arose such a mirth,

I crawled from the "sack" to see
what on earth.

I tore open the window, and threw
back the screen,

And the likes of such I've never
seen!

For my "wandering" bloodshot
eyeballs I cast

On fifty or more boys just havin'
a blast.

And there was ole Santa as big as
could be;

I knew in a moment it must be a
SPE.

He was garbed all in red from his
head to his boot,

And lo! He was hauling a sack-full
of loot.

More rapid than lizards his
brothers they followed,

And they yelled and they screamed
and they whooped and they
hollowed!

Now my roomie and I were still

HERE COMES SANTA CLAUS !!



Look what he's got for us, girls !!!

N.B.

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sorta' dense
And the whole exhibition just
didn't make sense.
Then over to Holt they shot like
a flash.
(I was hoping they wouldn't do
anything rash.)
Then suddenly, Santa, without
saying naught,
Started giving out the presents that
he had brought.
This made the girls happy, (I'll
make no bones),
And they also brought a gift to
S. E. Jones.
Then he sprang to his car, and his
brothers came after
And away they all flew in the midst
of the laughter.
But 'ere they "hot-rodged" off,
there came to my ear
"Merry Christmas to all, and a
Happy New Year!"

Song Titles That Suggest

- I Saw Mama Kissing Santa Claus . . . when???
- Jingle Bells . . . those same ole bells.
- Rudolph The Red Nose Reindeer . . . Barry's friend-boy.
- Santa, Baby . . . just fill our stockings.
- White Christmas . . . those clouds overhead.
- Frosty The Snowman . . . students in Mr. Moore's class.
- Blue Christmas . . . for girls who don't have dates.
- Silent Night . . . not the night before we leave.
- I'll Be Home For Christmas . . . thank goodness.
- Home For The Holidays . . . not for long.
- Parties Make The World Go Round . . . not a Christmas Song, but it describes the situation perfectly.
- Here Comes Santa Claus . . . he didn't make it to the Senior Banquet.
- Winter Wonderland . . . home.
- All I Want For Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth . . . basket-ball team.