

Entertainment

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Wayne Falls Flat

All good things must come to an end, but all things that come to an end are not necessarily good. And into this category falls Wayne Newton's CHRISTMAS ISN'T CHRISTMAS WITHOUT YOU. None of us would have any trouble making it through Christmas this year without this record. Newton sings in the exact style he might be expected to sing in — his own style. That's not too good, you know. When a supersweet voice sings supersweet religious music, the result can be none other than disgustingly supersweet sentimentality. It's just too much like any other late fifties yule-disc that you might pick up. The kids may get a charge out of the album, because Newton sings with a certain energetic naivete. And the older generation may be content to listen to this study in traditionalism. Despite its overly "nice" intentions, "Christmas Prayer" comes off quite well in a time when everyone who prays prays for peace. The Wayne is not afraid to exercise his vocal range in "Jingle Bells," so it is not a bad cut. Then back to the traditional mediocrity that pervades the entire album. Even his "Blue Christmas" shouts, "reject!" Try something different next year, Wayne.

Chets' Christmas

For the guitar addict, "Christmas With Chet Atkins" (RCA LSP-2423) is my choice of the best. Side 1 is the light side, the Christmas songs; side 2 is the carol side. As well as "White Christmas," "Blue Christmas," "Jingle Bells," and "Silver Bells," Chet has included "Jingle Bell Rock," "Winter Wonderland," and "Jolly Old St. Nicholas." The album has "Little Drummer Boy" and a medley of Carols: "God Rest ye Merry Gentlemen," "The First Noel," "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing," "O Come, All Ye Faithful," "Deck the Halls," and, finally, "Silent Night."

Al's Yule

"The Sound of Christmas" by Al Hirt captures the holiday spirit in high style. Al has recorded many of the usual traditional carols, but has included such numbers as "Nuttie Jingle Bells," "Santa Claus Is Comin' to Town," and "We Wish you a Merry Christmas." Side 2 of the album contains those essential carols found in most Christmas albums. But when Al plays that Golden Horn and his music is Schubert's "Ave Maria," Buddy, there ain't nobody that can blow a horn any better'n that. Magnificent—Beautiful—that's all I can say.

Como — "Christ Is Born"

With the Ray Charles Singers, Mr. C. has recorded—what else—"The Perry Como Christmas Album." (RCA LSP-4016). When one mentions the name Como, no one can say "Who?" for Mr. C., as they say, needs no introduction. So, instead, here are the songs on Mr. C's Christmas album, as only he can do them: "Christmas Eve," "Do You Hear What I Hear?" "Christ is Born," "The Little Drummer Boy," "There Is No Christmas Like a Home Christmas," "O Holy Night," and a Caroling Medley of "Caroling, Caroling," "The First Noel," "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing," "Silent Night," "Silver Bells," "Toyland," "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas," and "Ave Maria."

Ah, the Incomparable Mr. C!

Christmas with Ed

"Christmas with Ed Ames," (RCA LPS-3838) also includes many traditional carols. But, aside from those, Ed sings some songs not heard on many other Christmas albums: "Let It Snow! Let it Snow! Let it Snow!," "Do You Hear What I Hear?" "The Ballad of The Christmas Donkey," and "I Wonder as I Wander." Ed's baritone voice has made him what he is: it also makes his Christmas album what it is: a fine collection of songs that will make your Christmas a wonderful experience.

And so those are my initial suggestions in the way of music that will hopefully make this a wonderful time of year for you and yours. Although some of the songs on these albums are the same, remember that quality comes in many forms, through the unique styles of performance of the individual artists that I have mentioned. Variety of quality is what I've suggested.

NEXT WEEK: the Robert Shaw Chorale, Henry Mancini's first Christmas album, an album from Julie Andrews and Andrew Previn, and Johnny Mathis.



Our wrestling team fell to Pfeiffer Saturday 20-17

Rowan to Speak Here

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communications, and Mr. Rowan will deal with the responsibilities of the mass media of communications to the public.

The person being sought in television and radio will be asked to discuss the significance of communications in an advanced technological society.

Mr. Rowan is former director of the U.S. Information Agency. Currently his wide-ranging columns are carried by more than 100 newspapers. In addition, his radio and television commentaries are carried by the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company.

At the age of 35 Mr. Rowan was named Deputy Assistant Secretary of State; at 37, he was named Ambassador to Finland; and at 38 he was named by President Johnson to head the USIA.

Before entering government service, Mr. Rowan worked for 13 years for the Minneapolis Tribune, where he won the Sigma Delta Chi

journalism medallion three times in succession.

It has been said of Dr. Pei that, with the possible exception of one member of the United Nations Secretariat, he reads, speaks or understands more languages than any man living today. He is professor of Romance Philology at Columbia University.

During World War II. Dr. Pei conducted special language projects for government agencies. Dr. Pei is author of a number of books on language, including one just revised, "The Story of Language." He also writes for a number of national magazines.

Dr. McKay, before becoming an AT&T vice president, was for 20 years associated with Bell Telephone Laboratories where he was associated with many electronic developments, including transistors.

Oh Yeah?

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Staircase of Life

But I still ask myself "why?" Why go through the long hours of physical activity just to turn black-and-white pages? Why value some books above activity in our environment that is mine to understand? My philosophy of books and their relationship to men is quite simple: Life is a staircase that must be climbed. The staircase is darkened by opinion, propaganda, miscalculation, guesswork, and false knowledge. Books, especially good books, are the torches that light the way up the labyrinthine ladder. Books are the means by which I may detach myself from particular life situations and view life from an omnipotent and uninvolved objective observation point.

Santayana said that those who heed not the lessons of history are doomed to repeat the mistakes; The lessons are to be found in books. One can, of course, become involved with the characters in a book until he loses his objectivity, but books can always be read again and again. Their messages can be resurveyed at any time. How else can one visit with Voltaire, Plato, Swift, or Joyce any time of the day — without appointment?

Books Can Live

"The world of books" is a phrase which perplexes me to no end. I don't see the great works of the ages as part of another world. I see them as another approach to the world of phenomenal reality in which men and women buy, sell, work, love, think, and feel. What lies between the covers of thousands of volumes "of forgotten lore" is the knowledge of the ages; that recorded wisdom inscribed on endless pages of countless books was placed there that we might not have to experience the less desirable aspects of life. The art found in books is not a mirror through which we can view existence, but an integral part of existence. But don't take my word for it. Take John Milton's — "Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; may they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them"

So why not just pick up a book and learn the secrets of the intellectual history of mankind? It's not quite that simple. One must delve into the secrets with a dedicated will, or he shall not reap the benefits of a great book. As Sartre put it in WHAT IS LITERATURE?, "Books are inert. They act upon those who open them, they cannot open by themselves..."

Books will always be my way of discovering the world, even after I've tried travel and discussion. As Sartre, again, so accurately states it, "To be sure, the book is the noblest, the most ancient of forms; to be sure, we will always have to return to it."

So if you see me curled up on a comfortable couch or erect in a straight-backed wooden chair, contentedly staring at a page of curious script, and you speak, I probably won't answer. But don't blame me, for I'm far away. Whether in the Misty Mountains with Gandalf or on a grassy hillside with Lao-Tze, I'm merely a captive of the magic and magnetism that is literature. And I can think of no more fitting post script for me when I travel on to the next world than a quote from Belloc:

When I am dead, I hope it may be said;
His sins were scarlet, but his books were read.

