



The Spectator



VOL. XXXI.

McPHERSON COLLEGE, McPHERSON, KANS., FRIDAY, DEC. 19, 1947

NO. 13

FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD

How Can They Honor Him?

How can they honor Him—the humble lad
Whose feet struck paths of beauty through the earth
With all the drunken revelry, the mad
Bartter of zounds that marks His day of birth?
How can they honor Him with flame and dh.
Whose soul was peaceful as a moon-sweet sea,
Whose thoughts were somber with the world's great sin
Even while He trod the hill to Calvary?
I think if Jesus should return and see
This hollow blasphemy, this day of horror,
The heart that languished in Gethsemane
Would know again as great and deep a sorrow,
And he who charmed the troubled waves to sleep
With deathless words—would kneel again and weep.
Anderson M. Scrugas

Southwest District Held Winter Rally

Approximately eighty young people from the Southwest District of Kansas met at the Wichita Church of the Brethren for the annual Winter Rally on December 13 and 14.

The conference met in the church auditorium and listened to Dr. Barton Metzler tell about the different ways of winning people to the church. The recreation for the afternoon was a bus tour in and around Wichita. The visiting young people saw the two universities in Wichita, the Airport, the Airplane Plant, and many other sights of interest.

The evening meal was a chili supper complete with pumpkin pie. The evening was completed with the Hollywood movie, "The Music Master." Sunday was highlighted by an address by Dr. Metzler and the meeting was closed in the early afternoon.

The cabinet is now looking for a place to hold their spring rally which will take place in March or April. Miss Bonnie Martin, secretary, will be glad to take under consideration any invitations which might come from any of the churches in the Southwest District.

Read all the ads in this issue.



"And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."



Everywhere, Everywhere, Christmas Tonight!

Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine.
Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine.
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white
Christmas where corn fields lie sunny and bright
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight.

Then let every heart keep its Christmas within
Christ's pity for sorrow,
Christ's hatred of sin,
Christ's care for the weakest,
Christ's courage for right,
Christ's dread of the darkness,
Christ's love of the light,
Everywhere, everywhere Christmas tonight.

So the stars of the midnight which compass us round,
Shall see a strong glory and hear a sweet sound,
And cry, "Look! the earth is aflame with delight,
O signs of the morning rejoice at the sight!"
Everywhere, everywhere Christmas tonight!
Phillips Brooks



Remember

December 19—12:10 p. m. Christmas Recess begins.
January 5—8:00 a. m. Christmas Recess ends.
January 9—Basketball with Bethel, there.
January 10—Women's Council Party.

Women's Council To Sponsor Party

What? Another party? Yes, but this is after vacation, and is sponsored by the Women's Council. The date is set for January 10, the first Saturday after we return to Mac.

It is the desire to hold a cake-walk and folk-games, but other specific details, as yet, have not been settled.

A Christmas Story

By Robert Simonton

Vigneux, France . . . Christmas, 1944 . . . I knew that Christmas this year would go by slowly and I knew that I would feel very much alone. It was not the first Christmas I had spent away from home, but it was the first one with oceans between home and myself.

Rain had fallen the night before and on this Christmas Eve morning mist cast a dreary atmosphere about Chateau du la Thimieux, the place in which our troops were billeted. We had been taken from the sector of St. Nazaire in order to spend Christmas in reserve here at Vigneux, a small village not far from Nantes, France. Things at the Chateau had been altogether too boring for me and I longed to do something of interest. This melancholy atmosphere added discontent to my mind and I felt as though the only satisfaction that I could possibly get would be to get away.

That afternoon, I could bear no longer the quietness of my surroundings. I decided to go into the village. On Christmas Eve in the past I had always managed to do something of interest. It was not right, I thought, that there had been no entertainment prepared for us on this occasion.

Determined, I put on my coat and hat and stepped into the penetrating cold of the late afternoon. I did not know where I would go. Perhaps to a cafe or just stroll along the few narrow streets of the village and admire displays in the quaint shops.

I did this . . . but after I had visited all the cafes and looked at every item in each shoppe, I still felt discontent . . . as if there were something I must do to put me in the spirit of Christmas.

Suddenly, I heard voices. They were blending most beautifully in the singing of carols. They were singing in French.

"People, a senous! Attends to dolivance.
Noel! Noel! Voie le Redempteur.
Noel! Noel! Voie le Redempteur."
They were singing of a "Moult chretien" with much feeling. This song was very familiar. A Christmas song. The French call it "Cantique de Noel."

I could remember when they sang the same song at home . . . our high-school used to give a program of Christmas carols on the steps of the Cathedral each year.

I wandered, listening, until I came in sight of the singers. They were standing on the steps of a Cathedral and the snow and mist formed a picture that I shall never forget. I watched and listened to them for some time.

When I left the scene, it was getting late. The curtains of dusk were closing in upon the little village. I turned my feet towards the Chateau. On the outskirts of the village I came to the gates of the cemetery, which bore the inscription: "In memory of the Sons of Vigneux who gave Their lives . . . 1914-1918." The gates were open, inviting me to enter. I had never thought of going into this cemetery before, but something within me prompted me to do so on this evening. I hesitated. I could still faintly hear the voices of the people who stood on the Cathedral steps, singing songs of glad tidings. Then, I strode into the densely graced burial ground.

It was here I came upon the lady clad in black. Had it not been for the pale whiteness of her face, which shone in the gathering darkness, I am sure I would not have seen her there, kneeling. I stood looking at her for a moment and would have turned and walked away, had she not done so first. But she stopped when she noticed me and smiled.

"Hello," She greeted me in English, but with a distinct accent. "Bon soir." I returned the greeting in French.

"I speak English a little," she assured. "I had learned of from other American soldiers who come here before you."

I was at a loss for words. This old lady was the first French person I had encountered who spoke well my language.

"Where you go?" she inquired.

"Back to the Chateau where I stay." I told her where it was and she said she knew of it.

Before I could bid her good evening and be off, she touched my arm and pointed to the grave where she had been kneeling.

"Est cez mine husband?"

I knew then that her husband had been killed in the First World War. I felt sorry for her, but could not express my sympathy.

As it was growing dark, I decided we should part company and go to our respective destinations. I suggested it and the lady said she agreed. After I had taken leave outside the cemetery, I did not start to walk on. I merely stood there thinking.

It was on my way back to the Chateau that I definitely decided I would give some sort of Christmas gift to the old lady. True, I did not have much to give, but I felt sure that some of the items from my own Christmas boxes from home would serve the purpose very well.

It was as I thought it would be. I met the French lady the next evening where I had the night before, kneeling at the grave. Soon she turned and faced me.

"You are here again," She did not seem surprised to find me

(Continued on Page Three)

"Dawn Of Hope" Presented Very Beautifully Sunday

The musical Christmas story, "The Dawn of Hope", was presented Sunday, December 14, at 7:30 p. m. in the Church of the Brethren. Approximately one hundred and twenty-five singers participated in the program.

"The Dawn of Hope" depicts the birth of Christ and the glory that it brought to the people on the earth. According to reports from those who attended, this presentation was very well done.

Dr. Clippinger Addresses Faculty

Dr. Clippinger, North Central Association Representative, spoke on College problems at the faculty meeting Monday, 6:45 p. m. in the S. U. R.

An open forum period was held in which questions submitted by faculty members were discussed.

Dr. Clippinger was available for conferences with faculty members on Tuesday.

Kline Hall Girls Hold Noel Party

The third floor girls of Kline Hall held a Christmas party in their parlor Monday night, December 15.

The group attending sang the traditional Christmas carols, and exchanged gifts. Delicious refreshments of hot chocolate, doughnuts, and cookies were served.

Notice!

People in other countries of the world are in dire need of food and clothing. Students of these suffering countries also need the help of the students in America. On January 12, the annual WSSP (World Student Service Fund) drive will begin. During the Christmas holiday think about helping foreign students and bring contributions back from home. Your help is greatly needed.

Read all the ads in this issue.



From every spire
On Christmas Day
The Christmas Bells
Ring gaily out
Their message of
Goodwill and Peace

The Spectator

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Dear Editor

I have always made it a point to leave personalities out of my column, and I understand that this is the place to voice grievances. However, I have no grievance. On the contrary, I am happy.

In about the third copy of this year's Spectator, I wrote that so long as no veterans voiced their opinions on the things I wrote about, I should continue to write as I saw fit. Despite my efforts to keep them unbiased, they have been, without doubt, "opinionated" to some extent. Finally, at a time when I thought all my efforts to start the veteran thinking had come to naught, a critical review of my column appeared in last week's letter. It was not constructively critical, but critical, nevertheless. Although I do not believe all the criticism was justified, I should like to thank Mr. Geisert for letting me know how he feels. It at least shows that someone reads my column.

In addition, I should like to explain that, despite Mr. Geisert's accusations, the opinions expressed in my columns have not always been my own opinion. Some of them have been taken directly from the legislative programs of the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and other veterans organizations, and thereby qualify themselves as the desires of the majority of the veterans of the nation, whether it holds true on this particular campus or not.

I have not posed as a "martyr for freedom", nor have I turned on the veteran with back-biting in an effort to set myself up as a martyr for anything else. I should like to explain that the statement of my service which I made a couple of weeks ago was not an attempt to disable myself. It was merely a statement qualifying myself as one who has seen war at its worst, and come through to realize the stupidity of war at its best.

I have never directed criticism at any person or group of persons for their beliefs. I have never condemned the C. P. S. men, neither have I praised them. If they

believe that their reward is in heaven, I can see no reason for friend Geisert to make a plea for rewarding them on earth. Or is he thinking of the CPS men?

The fact that Mr. Geisert misconstrued my statements shows that he is thinking, even though he is thinking along the wrong lines. To him, I should like to direct a quotation from Voltaire, "Though I wholly disapprove of what you say, I will defend to the death your right to say it."

Touche,

C. G. Shultz
P. S. If you wish to change the name of my column, remember, you are the Editor.

CHAPEL THOUGHTS

By Ruth Merker

Monday
The orchestra and band of McPherson College put in their appearance to the public in today's chapel.

Musical numbers which were presented by the orchestra were the well known melody, "The Londonderry Air" and "Sing, O Sing this Blessed Morn," a composition featuring many well known Christmas carols. Eugene Crabb, director of both the band and orchestra, led the band in two religious compositions: "Grant Me Lord to Do" and "The Angels," a composition composed of hymn variations.

Wednesday
The Christmas story was vividly portrayed in music and narrative in today's chapel. "Night and the Lonely Star" and the ever favorite song, "The Shepherd Story" by Dickinson were presented by the Cappella Choir of McPherson College. The Immaculate Conception as told by Mary the mother of Jesus was read by Avis Erb. Max McAuley presented the inn-keeper's thoughts as he read, "The Inn That Missed Its Chance." The SCA planned the program.

It is less dangerous to slip with the foot than with the tongue.

MY WORD!

Such Bargains!
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The President Speaks

It again becomes my happy and honored privilege to extend Christmas Greetings and best wishes to all the readers of this section of the Spectator. Thanks for your constructive attitudes and wholesome contributions to the good life of McPherson College. May the spirit of Him whom we honor at this season of the year bless and strengthen you.

May we all rededicate ourselves to the cause of human understanding and good will which are essential to our brotherhood and peace.

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Merry Christmas

I shouted, "Merry Christmas!" and she answered with a cheery, "Same to you, and thank you," for she was going home, too, and family and friends were waiting with open arms to welcome us. Gifts were under the Christmas tree. We were looking forward to a wonderful time.

I shouted, "Merry Christmas!" and he answered, "Thank you; you have a merry Christmas." But his was a quieter answer and a little more sober for he was far from home and would not be back for Christmas. Oh, he was not feeling sorry for himself; he was going home with someone else, but it would not be the same as home and it was Christmas time.

I shouted, "Merry Christmas!" and from the interior of a hospital I thought I heard the groanings of a guy who has been there for two years. He will never get up. Yeah, it will be a very merry Christmas for him.

I shouted, "Merry Christmas!" and suddenly I saw the eyes of a little girl gazing in a window full of toys. There were tears in those tiny eyes and I was sure I heard her say, "Please, Santa, don't forget me like you did last year."

I shouted, "Merry Christmas!" and it seemed as though I were lifted from my feet and carried across many mountain ranges and many ocean waves. And presently I saw a dug-out amidst a war-ravaged city. It was cold and no smoke rose from any chimney and as I drew nearer I heard a baby cry. Soon I was close enough to see that its mother held it close to her, ragged, hungry.

I shouted, "Merry Christmas!" and I was startled as I saw fingers, accusing fingers, pointing at me from every direction and heard voices coming from nowhere and everywhere, at first whispering, then shouting, then rising to a roar of hollow mockery, "merry christmas, Merry Christmas, MERRY CHRISTMAS."

I shouted, "Merry Christmas!" and from across the years there came the voice of a man on a cross—a man whose eyes looked at me lovingly, yet pityingly and longingly as he said, "My child, when will you learn that it is more blessed to give than to receive?"

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You better watch out, better not cry, better not pout, I'm telling you why SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN



'Twas The Night Before Christmas

This Berson Vy Stelen Hover

'Twas the Chris before nightmas when house through the all
Not a striture was creatin, not mousen an eve.
The chimings were cared by the stokeny with hung,
In Sains that hope Nicholas there would be soon.
The children were sugged all beds in their nest
While supars of visioluplums hanced in their doads.
And ker in her mam chief and cap in my I
Had set justled down for long napper's wint,
When out on the clat there arose such a lawter
I bed from my spring to see what was the whater.
Away to the flewdow I flash like a wind -
Shut open the toretors and sash up the threaw.
The moonoon the new of the snow-fallen breast
Gave a mistler of ludday to lojects below.
When eyes to me wonderin what should appear
But a silniture weigh and deer thy eight-rein.
With a drivel old luttler so quiverly and lick
I must in of knevment it me be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his camers they course,
And he shistled and whouted and named them by call
Do Nasher! Dow Nancer! Frow Nancer! and Vixen!
Con Omer! Con Uper! Don Ower! and Biter!
To the porch of the wall, to the top of the top!
Now wash aday, wash aday, wash aday all!
As dry leaves that hurri before the wildcane fly,
When they obst with a metacle, count to the my,
So house to the up-tap the flowers they course
With a teigh full of stoy and Naint Siohoias too.
And twink in a thinkle I hear on the roof
The cackin and hoofing of prater like paw.
As I new in my head, and rounding a turn,
Down the chimney St. Cameolas nick with a bound,
And his tars were all clothished with sashes and oot.
A hand of boys he had born on his flack
And he looked like a pucket just opening his paddie.
His twink how they eyed! his wimples how dimy!
His recks were like chokes, his cher like a nosey.
His milt little drouth was bowen up like a draw.
And the heard on his bin was as site as the whow.
The pump of the stipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it enbeddled his wreath like a circ.
He had a froad base, and a bound little rilly.
That laughed when he shook like a jowl bill of felly.
He was chubly and plump, a right eily old joi
And I saw when I laughed him, in self of my spite.
As I saw of his wink, a head of his in draw.
Soon know me to rave I had drothing to read.
He woke not a spurd, but went work to his straight,
And stocked all the fillings, then jurned with a terk,
And fuping his noser, and was wofertol
And nodding a give up the roseny he chim.
He slang to his spregh, to his whist gave a teamle,
And aflew they all way like the thiat of a downle.
But I heard him exclaim ere he sove out of dright,
"Chrissy Happens to all, and to rood as an all night!"



A Christmas Story
(Continued from Page One)

there.
"Oui . . . I mean 'yes'."
It would have been hard to say what I had planned to say.
"I have brought you something for a Christmas gift." I handed
her the box I had prepared and wrapped in bright Noel colors.
"Mon dieu!" she cried when she had opened it and discovered its
contents. I noted tears of joy in her eyes. The gift I had given was
not much, but it was joy I had given to her heart.
"Come to mine maison, bon ami. Et ees Christmas for you and
for me! Come!"
I went with her to the humble cottage in the village. I had
heard of the pitiful circumstances that had stricken the families of
Brittany during the war. . . . But I must confess, what I saw when I
entered the dwelling was more pathetic than I had imagined. It was
very poorly furnished and lacked the modern comforts I had been
accustomed to seeing in houses. There was a small wood stove in
the corner of the main room.
I met the lady's daughter, Andree, and her nephew, a rosy cheeked
lad of six years. After we had talked and become better acquaint-
ed with one another, Andree said to her son:
"Pierre, show the American your horse."
The little one came, took me by the hand, and led me to a chair.
He picked up the small wooden horse that was there and handed it to
me. It was old . . . that is all I could tell, for I did not look at the
horse very long. I was looking, instead, back to the days when I was
this boy's age. I thought of the many toys I had had . . . and one
piece of crude wood, carved out to resemble a horse was the only thing
that little Pierre had gotten for his Christmas!

Yes, France had been so poor for years and had been robbed of all
of her luxuries. But still I felt very sad to think that in past Christ-
mases, I had so much and had appreciated it so little. And on this
very day I had been feeling sorry for myself. I was ashamed to recall
that feeling.
Here indeed was something to feel sorry for. A home wherein
there were no men to make the living. A home wherein there was
little food, little heat, and nothing to make the heart joyful. A
home wherein the horrors of war had made their hideous mark.
"Come!" It was the voice of the old lady that called me from
the past. "We will eat the cake you gave me and drink some juice from
grapes in mine orchard."
Before we ate, the three of them chanted a French prayer in
perfect unison . . . The old lady . . . wrinkled and bent with age;
lovely Andree, who had grown sad-like from the death of her hus-
band, killed in Germany recently; and the little Pierre, whose bright
happy face had not been touched by the horrors of war. I thanked
God that these people had not forgotten how to pray during the dark,
dismal days that had preceded.

When the time came for me to go, I regretted it.
"Voire sante!" They insisted upon my wishing me good health.
I strolled to the door and said my farewell.
"Vive la Amerika," the old lady said with smiling and apprecia-
tive eyes.
"Merci," the small Pierre was thankful.
Andree need not have said "thanks," for I could tell by look-
ing at her face what she felt in her heart. I could tell that they were
thanking me for the small gift I had given them. Did they not know
that they had given me a greater gift? The gift of making my Christ-
mas a happy occasion. "It is better to give than to receive." We
must all remember this, in helping the needy people of the world, I
thought.

Now, I knew that I had been so wrong . . . this Christmas had
gone by sorrowful but it had not been lonely. It was the first Christ-
mas I had had in which I was made happy through trying to make
others happy.

Hurry! Hurry! Enroll Now!

Freshmen, do you remember entering Sharp Hall, freely quaking in your boots with the eyes of so many strangers, who sounded like chattering chipmunks upon you? This was only a short time ago, in early September, only how time flies! Now, not only freshmen, but all of us, are urged to enroll tentatively for next semester.

It all seems rather useless, doesn't it? Going from door to door to find the various teachers, who sometimes keep their appointments. Yes, pages 25 and 26 in our catalog become very dog-eared and battered as one tries to figure out what he has, or will have, or wants to have at the end of the semester. What he wants to take, or what he hates to take, are the things under consideration. He has to take things to secure that much coveted well-rounded education. (Liberal education is the technical phrase, in case any brain happens to read this, and thinks I don't know.)

Literally sheets of paper are used as one works out this skeleton enrollment. It is indeed a quite hectic process, yet I have heard from various sources that many of the students have diligently followed the dean's advice to get this enrollment out of the way before the holidays. Do not be misled, dear freshmen, you will still have to stand in line between various doors to see the honorable dean, Dr. Fleming, and to interview our friend, Mr. Voder, who flattens our noses as he gladly receives our tuition fee. (Never fear, it is all used for that much referred to expansion program, no doubt. Maybe our grandchildren will get the benefits thereof.)

Then we go to see the Dean of Women or the Dean of Men, as the case may be, to see if they approve of everything. Yes, we still have to fill out another two feet of enrollment card. The only difference is that you know what you are going to take or at least you are supposed to. Don't get me wrong, that is not the important thing; the main reason is that if we enroll now, MAYBE we will not have to wait nine weeks before we see a new text book in some new second semester course. Thus some low grades might be eliminated, if we are off to a good start for the second semester.

Dr. Fleming has said that many students have found their various advisors. Those of you who have not are urged to enroll now. Remember, do not put off until tomorrow what you can do today. It never pays! You'll feel relieved, I know, 'cause I just finished.

Brewers Become Proud Parents Of A Girl

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brewer, of Dallas Center, Iowa, announce the birth of a daughter, Ardelle Ann, born on December 2. Mrs. Brewer is the former Ruth Ickes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ickes, of Dallas Center.

About Alumni

By Ira N. H. Brammell

The Chicagoland Local Alumni Group met in the dining hall of Bethany Biblical Seminary in Chicago.

Mrs. Blanche Geisert Brooks '45 was a very capable toastmistress. Her clever presentation of those on the program added much to the pleasantness of the evening.

Mark Emswiler '46 gave the invocation. Each one present was asked to introduce the person on his left. Introductions were followed by the singing of the college song.

Ann Albright '45 gave a Christmas Reading which was in keeping with the theme of the banquet.

David Albright '46 retiring president presided at the business session. Officers were elected for next year and an offering was taken for the college.

A male quartet pleased the group with two Christmas songs. The banquet closed with group singing of Christmas carols led by Kenneth Wampler.

Retiring officers of the Chicagoland Local are: David Albright, pres.; Dale Brown, '46, vice president; and Gayle Tammel, secretary-treasurer.

Newly elected officers include: Alberta Voyer '32, president; Olin Ellwood '36, vice president; and Lena Bell Otwin '42, secretary-treasurer.

We cannot make personal mention of all those present, but we do remember pleasantly our visits in the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Dale Brown, Mr. and Mrs. David Albright, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Vaughn, and Mr. and Mrs. Glen Swinger.

Dr. Curtis Bowman '20 gave us information which will be of value in organizing the Alumni work on the campus.

Glen Swinger and David Albright are playing on the Seminary basketball teams. David also directs the choir in the First Church of the Brethren, Chicago.

Mrs. Ella Shatto who attended McPherson during the years 1892-'94 was the oldest banquetter. On December 17, she had her 88th birthday. Mrs. Shatto will be remembered by many of the alumni as the lady who used to bake bread for the dining hall.

We did not have the pleasure of meeting the Gay old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Michael who will be leaving in a few weeks for their work in Africa.

Sentiment was expressed at the banquet to have the meeting at Elgin in 1948.

We congratulate "Chicagoland" for having such an active local group.

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Christmas Time!

As Christmas arrives we all turn our thoughts to big meals, long vacations, and wonderful things. Wouldn't it be nice to be abroad for your Christmas vacation.

Just think how different it would be to celebrate the Christmas season with the Dutch, English, or the French. Can you picture a Christmas vacation in the French capital - Ah! Gay Paree!

Just imagine yourselves in Paris. The first thing we would do on arrival at the railroad station would be to hail one of those quaint French taxis and make our way to the Grand Hotel on the Place L'Opera. After we had registered at the hotel we would want to visit some of the exclusive shops in the Louvre section.

Of course we would have to have tickets to the Opera, the Polite Bergerie, and the Casino De Paris. After taking care of all our nights in the French capital we would have to fill our days with shopping and sight seeing. We would want to see the Eiffel Tower, the Arch of Triumph, the Tomb of Napoleon, Notre Dame, and many other places of historical value.

Most of us will be happy just to go home for the Christmas vacation and to be able to fill our "bellies" with mom's good old home cooked food. However this Christmas let's not forget the many starving people in Europe.

Even though we won't be able to spend Christmas abroad (and not very many would if they could) we will be happy to think that on Christmas Day, the people are at least united in wishing a MERRY CHRISTMAS and a very happy NEW YEAR.

To Be Married?

Mr. Henry H. Holderread recently announced the marriage of his daughter, Barbara Jane, to Mr. Delbert L. Smith on Sunday, December 21, at two-thirty p. m. at the Church of the Brethren. Mrs. Holderread is formerly from Cushing, Oklahoma, and Mr. Smith from Beaver, Iowa.

Excerpts From The Xmas Newspapers

At the end of this story laugh Santa Claus has a splinter! He, and his reindeer were making their annual trip to the houses with gifts, and Santa jumped out onto a house-top and proceeded to disappear down the chimney. Suddenly the reindeer were chilled by a blood curdling scream from that jovial chap with the red nose. Santa came into too close contact with the Christmas tree. This is supposed to be comical, but I sure can't see it. . . . Can you laugh tho', won't ya!

If you want to improve a pinch of salt, drop it on a hunk of steak.



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SPORTS

58-54 Score As Bulldogs Blast Experts But Drop To Southwestern

Kahler Tops With 21 Fisher Leads Mc With 18

Those surprising Dogs of McPherson College rose up against Southwestern last Wednesday night and almost came up with a surprise defeat. Considered anywhere from 10-15 points better, Southwestern looked like they would run away with the game when they took the lead as the game opened and were ahead 30-24 at the half.

Forward Bud Fisher again led the Bulldogs in scoring with 18 points. Fisher scored the eight points that McPherson had at the end of the first quarter. Don Smith played one of the best games of his life and scored 7 points for his team.

Center Kahler and guard Sidener were the big guns in the Bulldogs' attack. Kahler scored 21 points working in close under the basket and Sidener made 17 from set shots out around the free throw circle.

Buck Reinecker kept down Kahler's scoring to three points in the first quarter, but he could not be stopped in the second as he got by Sawyer and Bruns for 10 points. He played with an ease and almost disinterested in the game. He shuffled up and down the floor with surprising ease and speed.

Southwestern's offense was centered around Kahler, 6'4", and Burnet, a 6 foot, 6 inch forward. They played their offense rather slow but sure.

The Bulldogs were a little over-anxious in their guarding and were rushing past their men in dives that enabled the Bulldogs to score numerous times.

The Bulldogs were trailing at the end of the third quarter 45-40. With three minutes left in the game they worked up to 50-49 when Wright scored two quick goals. Clint Hill got a technical foul to tie up the game 50-50. Webster and Smith scored two quick field goals to carry the Bulldogs ahead again and the game ended 54-50.

The Bulldogs made 14 of 22 free throws while Southwestern got 8 for 18.

More and more cowbells seem to be making the atmosphere of the games more lively and the fans really go for it.

The next basketball game for McPherson will be against Bethel College at Newton on January 3, 1948. Until then we will be thinking of the New Year's Day bowl games and wishing you all a Merry Christmas.

Box Score:

McPherson	FG	FT	Pts.
Fisher, f	9	0	18
Smith, t	2	2	7
Arnold, t	1	0	2
Hill, f	1	1	3
Reinecker, c	1	0	2
Sawyer, t	1	0	2
Bruns, g	2	0	4
Goering, g	0	1	2
Hutchison, g	0	0	0
Sullivan, g	0	2	2
Wiebe, g	1	5	7
Odle, g	0	0	0
Wright, g	2	2	6
Totals	20	14	54

Southwestern	FG	FT	Pts.
Webster, f	4	0	8
Burnet, f	1	0	2
Lierman, f	1	1	3
Kahler, c	8	5	21
Sidener, g	8	1	17
Smith, g	0	0	0
Gilbert, t	1	1	3
King, g	1	0	2
Totals	25	8	58

Intramural

Five teams have entered the intra-mural basketball tournament and possibly two more will enter after vacation. Although a few teams need a few more players it is believed that they will be ab-

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le to complete their rosters after vacation.

All captains are urged to have their team ready to go just as soon as possible so the schedule may be drawn up after vacation.

Also all teams are asked to select a name for their team and turn it in to a member of the intra-mural committee.

Following are the rosters of boys that have been turned in:
Captain: Irvon Wolf, Robert Funk, Ralph Funk and Buster West.

Captain: Bill Argabright, Dale Esheiman, Dale Bickenstaff, Gilbert Bridgans, Charles Mullins, Louis Rogers, Robert Zimmerman, Jim Stull, and Jess Holloway.

Captain: Duane Hansley, Artie Bradley, Marvin Krehbiel, Delbert Smith, Harry Heckethorn, Clarence McDonald, and Winston Beam.

Captain: Kenny Jarboe, Dick Kingman, John Ward, and Chuck Tharrington.

Co-Captains: Eddie Stern and Bryce Kelm, Harry Knapp and Don Kelm.



! Have You Heard !

Ah! Christmas vacation arrives. Just think seventeen wonderful days of doing nothing except working, catching up on back studies, and just messing around in general. In case anyone wants to buy a Christmas present for their lovers they might contact "Le-Royal" Doty and Buster "Vacuum" West. Oh yes, they sell Royal sweepers. The name "Le-Royal" is Barbara's pet name for him since he has become a super salesman.

Will everyone please ask Vernon Nicholson and John Firestone for an explanation of their activities on Sunday evening. Seems as if they really had a rip nortin' time. In fact both had a slight case of tempers.

Behind closed locked doors some of the strangest things go on. Have you ever heard of Physical Culture? Ask Elvin Wolf and Morris McClung because they should know. Seems as if one of the boys got a set of weights and are now trying to get muscle bound. If you are ever over in the parlor of Fahnstock about nine-thirty you'll be able to hear the crash of the weights as the boys let them crash to the floor. More power to you boys! Just how far will contemporary preachers go in moderating their churches? Last Wednesday night Jo Stafford's popular version of Tom-ta-shun was played over a record player in McPherson Church of the Brethren. We know—a little loudspeaker told us.

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CONSCRIPTION CLIPPINGS

A strong reason for the demands of the military in the United States has been the fear of immediate danger from a specific enemy. CONSCRIPTION NEWS of November 27, 1947, points out, "It would be impossible for the military to convince the American people that they should conscript their sons and add each year three to five billion dollars to the budget, unless they could point to a specific enemy and arouse fear of immediate danger from that enemy. Military spokesmen and the press have so consistently focused attention on a possible war with Russia that many people have taken it for granted that we must prepare immediately for war. When the Army leadership continually links preparedness for war and universal military training, it is small wonder that almost every discussion of compulsory training either begins or ends with queries about the possibility of war with Russia.

"An objective survey of Russian-American relations reveals that universal military training is not needed, that it would weaken the prospects of peace, and that it would actually increase the chances of a Communist victory over democracy."

THEN THERE ARE BOOKS



Christmas, originally Christ Mass (meaning Christ's mass or church festival of Christ), is celebrated throughout the world as the anniversary of the Nativity of Christ.

The Book, the Bible, contains the most important Christmas stories for it gives the account of

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Christ's birth. Matthew's narration of the visit of the Wise Men has been the basis for many Christmas hymns, pageants, poems, and pictures. Luke's account of the shepherds' visit is another favorite scripture of many people.

Secular Christmas stories such as Dickens' Christmas Carol have become a traditional part of the American observance of Christmas. Scrooge has become a byword in American daily life. Henry Van Dyke's "The Other Wise Man," R. M. Alden's "The Way the Chimes Rang," and Clement Clarke Moore's "Twas the Night Before Christmas" also contain an element of mysticism that makes them appealing to both old and young.

Miracle on Thirty-fourth Street by Valentine Davies is a delightful new Christmas novel adapted from the motion picture story about Kris Kringle. Macy's department store Santa Claus.



On Tuesday December 16, two SCA groups met during the 9:50 Activity Period.

Current World Problems Commission met in Room 27, where a speech and discussion concerning UNESCO were given.

Meeting in the SUR, the Student Volunteers enjoyed a chalk talk by Colleen Doyle, a reading by Iren Stern, and everyone joined in the singing of several Christmas carols.

Many students enjoyed immensely the Christmas program given Tuesday night in the SUR.



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Here and There

By Dale Oltman

An annual event at Kansas City, Kansas Junior College is their "Christmas Sing," the last day before vacation. This event is sponsored by the foreign languages department. Carols will be sung in English, Spanish, German and French around the Christmas tree in the main hall.

The gym team at Wichita High School, North Wichita, entertain at the half at basketball games. This group of tumblers performed at McPherson, November 26, on the trampoline and mats.

Intra-class volleyball tournaments played at Bethel established the dormitory and class winners in double elimination matches.

The Yuletide season, this year, will find many starting and homeless people. May everyone resolve for the New Year to help anyone that is possible can. . . To students throughout the world, a Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year!

sponsored by the SCA. Betty Ikenberry and Kenneth Brown were in charge of the entertainment, which consisted of hilarious games and light refreshments. Each student gave a small amount of money to an offering that was collected to help the needy people. Christmas cheer and fellowship was predominant throughout the gathering.

A Christmas Prayer
We open here our treasures and our gifts;
And some of it is gold.
And some is frankincense,
And some is myrrh;
For some has come from plenty,
Some from joy,
And some from deepest sorrow
of the soul.

But Thou, O God, dost know the gift is love.
Accept the gift and all the life we bring.

Herbert H. Hines

A Boy's Letter To Santa

By Mrs. Sill

I wrote to Santa for a sled
I hope it will be red,
I know he knows all about it
For I dreamed he said he did.

I wrote to Santa for a horn
I'll blow most every day,
If Daddy's way up town
He'll come see me right away.

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