Faculty Wives Hold Banquet

The Faculty Wives Club of Jacksonville State College held its annual Christmas banquet on Saturday evening, Dec. 5, in the high school cafeteria.

The dining room was decorated in a Christmas theme of miniature white trees adorned with red ornaments and the tables were centered with clusters of red candles surrounded by frosted pine cones and gilded magnolia leaves.

Members of the planning committee were Mrs. Paul J. Arnold, Mrs. Arch Buchholz, Mrs. C. C. Dillon, Mrs. Gas Edwards, Mrs. Charles F. Lehman, Misses R. L. Trawick, Mrs. Opa R. Lovett, Mrs. L. F. Ingram, Mrs. Lawrence R. Miles, Mrs. Ernest Newman, Mrs. Reuben Self, Mrs. Don Salls, Mrs. R. Wedgeworth, with Mr. Robert Madison and Mrs. Tom Robertson as co-chairmen.

The Rev. Eugene Atkins, pastor of the First Methodist Church, said grace. Mrs. W. N. Brown, president of the club, welcomed the members and guests and thanked committees who planned and arranged the dinner.

Members of the faculty and staff and their friends present were as follows:

Dr. and Mrs. Houston Cole, Dr. and Mrs. T. E. Montgomery, Major and Mrs. W. R. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hicks, Mrs. Susie Glover, Miss Fay Lloyd of Anniston, Dr. and Mrs. Paul J. Arnold, Dr. and Mrs. L. J. Glazer, Miss Mary Mora Guggerman, Miss Doris Bennett, Ainsley Whiteman, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Hand, and Mrs. Van Deerman, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Neaves, Miss Beatrice James, Miss Thelma Holmes of Gadsden, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lindbom, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Treadway, Mrs. Esther Baab, Charles M. Gary, Mr. and Mrs. James Haywood, Col. and Mrs. Edward James, Mrs. M. Chis, Dr. and Mrs. L. W. Allison, Mrs. Tom Robertson, Capt. and Mrs. Robert Maxham, Mr. and Mrs. Newbern Baab, Dr. and Mrs. Anatol von Spakovsky, Miss Kathleen Brown, Mrs. Esther Probst, Mrs. Mary L. Lowrey, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Solom, William E. Gilbert, Dr. Gertrude Luther of Anniston, Mrs. Gertrude Rich, John Hook, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Anders, Mrs. and Mrs. E. W. Williams, Dr. and Mrs. Charles F. Lehman, Mrs. E. J. Landers, Mr. and Mrs. Leon McCharen, Mrs. Katie Lea Blyth, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Bynum, Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Brackland, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Coffee, Mrs. R. L. Crow, Dr. Fred Crow of

(Continued on page 3)

The home economics department at Jacksonville State College was featured in the December issue of The Progressive Farmer. A traveling home department editor attended a Christmas party given by the home economics classes and wrote a story about it.

The story is illustrated by a colored photograph showing an assortment of holiday cookies and sandwiches which the students had made, under the direction of Mrs. Mary L. Lowrey, head of the department.

On another page, under the title, "Cookies to Remember" several cookie recipes are given that the Jacksonville students have found dependable. They are: Chocolate Twinkies, Date Nut Bars, Scotch Shortbread, Cinnamon Cookies, Coconut Brownies, Cheese Balls, Cherry Cookies, and Meringue Date Kisses.

Lena Sturges, the editor, quotes Mrs. Lowrey and the students as saying that "a good dependable recipe is the first requirement, with first-quality ingredients used." The attractiveness is left up to the cook, who might vary the shape of the cookie cutters used, or use her own ideas in decorating.

In the home economics department sandwiches and cookies are made ahead of time, placed in the freezer, and when time comes for entertaining they are ready for serving in a short time.
A King Is Born...  
LUKE 
Chapter 2:1-24

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.

And all went to be taxed, everyone into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into the city of David, which is called Bethlehem;

To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

And so it was, that while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manager; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

And lo, the angel of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

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

Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger.

And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcision of the child, his name was called Jesus, which was so named of the angel before he was conceived in the womb.

And when the days of her purification according to the law of Moses were accomplished, they brought him to Jerusalem, to present him to the Lord;

(As it is written in the law of the Lord, Every male that openeth the womb shall be called holy to the Lord;) 

And to offer a sacrifice according to that which is said in the law of the Lord, Every male that openeth the womb shall be called holy to the Lord.)

And they offered for the child a pair of turtledoves, or two young pigeons.

The Donkey That Carried A King

By Margaret W. Eggleston

This little donkey was very homely, but he was also very wise and quick to listen to what people said and then to think about it. So he learned to know many things.

Of course he was homely, but he tried hard to forget it.

He was brown, but his feet were white, and had a white tip on his tail and ears. His coat was brown, and he sometimes gave him something to eat, and called him a good donkey.

"I can't be mean to her," said the little donkey to himself. "I shall do my best to make her good to me."

One day when his master came to put the saddle on him, this little donkey said to himself, "I don't want to go out today. Why can't I stay at home and eat like the rest of the donkeys in the yard? If I have to go, I won't behave very well."

But he had to go, so soon a pretty lady came to put on his head collar and put on a saddle. She always gave him something to eat, and called him a good donkey.

"I can't be mean to her," said the little donkey to himself. "I shall do my best to make her good to me." 

Soon they were out on a little merry- go-round, and up and down the hills. His master walked beside the donkey and said to himself, "This little donkey sometimes he would have rest beside a spring or under a big tree."

"My lady seems tried," he said, "I'll go carefully and slowly," said the little donkey, "I'll go carefully and slowly."

As they went along, the little donkey could sometimes hear the lady singing a little song all to herself about a beautiful baby. The little donkey was glad that he was carrying her and could listen to her sing.

It was a long, long way to the place where they were going—so long that they had to stop several times to rest. The lady walked beside the side of the road. The lady slept on some hay, but the man and the baby walked around. Before long there were many, many sheep on the road and many people traveling on foot.

"We are going to Bethlehem," said the lady, "and I wish we were there now, for I am tired."

"Oh, see homely donkey," said some one going by. "Whoever would think this little donkey is stumpy and shabby! Would have such a poor-looking donkey."

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" said the donkey, looking at them very closely and then turning his back on them.

"He's stumpy!" said the people only laughed and said, "A little donkey with a big noise!"

When the little donkey felt more tired after that. Was he really so badlooking? Was he so little and homely? He wondered a good deal about himself.

He had not been for the nice lady who rode on his back, he had been for the nice lady who rode on his back.

After while they climbed a big hill and then the man stopped and asked questions at the houses. Finally he said to the lady, "We have to go into the stable," and he led the way down some dark steps. The man helped the lady to get off, then he threw his coat around the donkey and said that the discouraged, tired little donkey and left him for the night. Just as soon as he had eaten, the little donkey lay down in the soft hay and went to sleep, not far from where the lady was resting.

It seemed like just a little donkey and before he knew it the lady had heard many voices. Surely it could not be time to get up and go; the man had pricked up his big brown ears with the white tips on them and listened.

"Where is the king?" he heard, one say, "We have seen angels in the sky and have come to worship him."

"A king!" the donkey said to himself, "A king! How could a king be here? Must I get up and see?"

So he rose slowly and stretched himself. Then he began to walk about. There in the hay lay his lovely lady, and by her side a baby boy—a very tiny baby boy. Sometimes there were some sheep, and back of them was a great dog. Beyond was an ox in a stable. The lady was lying at the side of the baby and his mother.

"He wasn't here when I went to sleep," said the little donkey, "but I believe it is King! A King! I am only a homely little donkey, now I can see a king," and he moved very close to the baby to look at him. He wanted to say, "Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" but did not, for it would frighten the lady.

For many was the time that lady was there together in the stable—the baby and his mother and the donkey. Sometimes the donkey remembered what the people had said of his looks, and then he would let his ears down and he would look tired and old. But now he was in the courtyard or carried his master through the streets, he could forget it.

One night when it was dark, his master came to teach him, taught him the little stick and the coil. He rose slowly and stretch. Hee-haw!" But he did not, for it would frighten the lady.

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A Christmas Tree In The Snow

A story by von Spakovsky

It was many, many years ago—about a time when the world seemed to be at peace, when the threat of war was a distant memory. The sky was blue, the sun was shining, and life was good. And then, one day, it all changed. The world was plunged into chaos, and the Christmas tree became a symbol of hope and survival.

There was a small group of people who had managed to escape the encirclement of Bolshevists on the frontier of Finland. Soon we ceased to count the days and time ceased to exist for us. It was transformed into something arnt emptiness, in a way we never saw such a picture before, and maybe will never see it again.

Our whole consciousness was transformed in the darkness of our future. We felt isolated and alone, as if we were the only ones left on earth. But we were not, and we knew that tomorrow it would be Christmas. We knew that we would be together, and that we would celebrate the holiday. We knew that we would be happy.

On Christmas Eve, we gathered around the tree, and we sang Christmas hymns. We exchanged gifts, and we ate special foods. We knew that we were not alone, and that we would be happy forever. We knew that we would be together, and that we would celebrate the holiday. We knew that we would be happy.

And so, we continued to live, to hope, to dream. We knew that we would be happy, and that we would celebrate the holiday. We knew that we would be together, and that we would be happy forever.

Kissing Santa—Blood beatuy, Judy Dempsey is a freshman from Heflin. She has been selected as the Collegian's "Gum of the Hills." This picture was taken at the Christmas dance sponsored by the junior-freshman class, and Maria Ivanovna adorned it with blue ribbons.

And when the night threw its dark veil on earth, we lighted the candles, and our small, gnomish Christmas tree. There was something mystic, almost unreal in this picture of a Christmas tree with seventeen human beings sitting around it in the thicket of the pristine northern forest. This tree was never saw such a picture before, and maybe will never see it again.

The mystic of the skiing and by the candles' light of the tree and of the Holy evening in the forest was also in our souls. All was forgotten; the pinching frost of northern wintry night, our weariness, the hardness of our traveling, the darkness of our future. We felt only that the Son of God was born, and there was no more hatred in our hearts, only love to God and men; alike to friends and to enemies.

Our commander said a prayer; we all sang some Christmas hymns, and then we began our meditation, hearing the voice of God in our heart. It seemed to me that even the forest became longer and longer, and the trees were higher. It was a moment of grace to be able to abide in God's presence, to be able to see the light of redemption, and to feel the love of the Father.

The breathless evening seemed so long, and the darkness seemed so deep. But as we stood there, we knew that we would be happy, and that we would be together, and that we would be happy forever.

And so, we continued to live, to hope, to dream. We knew that we would be happy, and that we would celebrate the holiday. We knew that we would be together, and that we would be happy forever.

LEAD DANCE AT JACKSONVILLE—Heading the line-up at the annual Junior-Freshman Prom from night Monday at JSC were, left to right, Joan Lasseter, Gadadet; Scott Williams, Blountingham, president of the Junior class; Jean Hughua, Syracusae, and Joe Gilliland, Rockford, president of the Freshman class. Theme for dance decorations was "Winter Wonderland."

Some Reflections About College-University Exams

By Dr. Anatol von Spakovsky

The College-University education has two principal aims: 1) to give knowledge to students, and 2) to develop in them creativity through self-expression.

Therefore the College-University course has not only to test a stock of information accumulated in the memory of a student and to discover how many books he has studied and how much of these he remembers,—but these examinations are also intended to test the evaluation of studied material and ability to correlate facts drawn from different sources, in this way compelling a student to give some evidence of his capacity to think for himself and to find an inadequate expression for his thoughts.

In one word, examinations are to test the standards of the intellectual attainment of each individual student, because only thus can the examiner determine the objectives of the College-University education and at the same time lead to the cultural progress of mankind, which is achieved only by the synthesis of knowledge and creative skill, because knowledge without creativesness is useless, and creativeness without knowledge is empty.

LEISURE

By Grace Noel Crowell

I shall attend to my little errands of love.

Every year.

That the brief days before Christmas may be entertaining and clear of the fever of hurry.

The breathless evening that I have known in the past shall not post me.

I shall be calm in my soul.

All ready at last.

For Christmas, the Mass of the Christ,

I shall kneel and call out His Name.

I shall take time to watch the beautiful light

Of a candle's flame.

I shall have leisure—I shall go out alone.

From my roof and my door,

I shall not make the silent silence of the stars

As I have before.

And oh, perhaps, if I stand there very still and very long,

I shall hear what the clamor of living

Has kept from me: The Angel's Song.

JSC's Music Department Featured In Publication

Several members of the music faculty of Jacksonville State College were featured in a recent issue of "Ala. breve," official publication of the Alabama Music Educators Association.

Dr. Robert Cantrick, newly head of the division of fine arts, was welcomed to the state in an article which told of his appointment. The late Walter A. Mason, his distinguished background of education and training was given, as well as a brief resume of the college with which he has been associated.

Dr. Charles F. Lehman, who teaches voice in the music department, was also the subject of an article containing his background and experience, and welcoming him to Alabama music circles.

Mrs. Esther Baeh, who teaches theory, music education and computer, is editor of the Elementary Division of the magazine. Dr. Mort Gossler of Gadsden is president of the association; G. J. Nesland of Syracusae is editor of the magazine.
SPORT SHORTS

By Bob Hayes

As if propelled out of the pocket of a huge sling-shot, the Jacksonville State basketball Gamecocks have vaulted four opponents in their bug to make the 1959-60 cage campaign one of success. In just a mere 22 games, the Jaxmen have dominated the SEC, now the SEC.