



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 Bechelheimer, Mrs. C. C. Dillon, Mrs. Gus Edwards, Mrs. Charles F. Lehman, Mrs. Ralph Lindsey, Mrs. Opal R. Lovett, Mrs. L. F. Ingram, Mrs. Lawrence R. Miles, Mrs. Ernest Newman, Mrs. Reuben Self, Mrs. Don Salls, Mrs. R. Wedgeworth, with Mrs. Robert Maxham and Mrs. Tom Roberson 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. N. 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. Glazner, Miss Mary Moss Goggans, Miss Doris Bennett, Ainsley Whitman, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Hand, Mr. and Mrs. Van Deerman, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Reaves, Miss Beatrice Jones, Miss Thelma Holmes of Gadsden, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lindblom, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Tredaway, Mrs. Esther Baab.

Charles M. Gary, Mr. and Mrs. James Haywood, Col. and Mrs. Edward James, Mrs. M. B. Cass, Dr. and Mrs. L. W. Allison, Mrs. Tom Roberson, Capt. and Mrs. Robert Maxham, Mr. and Mrs. Newbern Bush, Dr. and Mrs. Anatol von Spakovsky, Miss Kathleen Brown, Mrs. Esther Propst, Mrs. Mary L. Lowrey, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Selman, William E. Gilbert, Dr. Gertrude Luther of Anniston, Mrs. Gertrude Esch, John Hook, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Anders, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Williams, Dr. and Mrs. Charles F. Lehman, Mrs. E. J. Landers, Mr. and Mrs. Leon McCluer, Mrs. Katie Lou Byrd.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Boozer, Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Strickland, Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Coffee, Mrs. R. L. Crow, Dr. Fred Crow of

(Continued on page 3)

We Extend Greetings And Wish A



THE COLLEGIAN STAFF AND ADVISORS

Home Ec Department Featured In Progressive Farmer

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 economic 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 Twinkles,

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 attrac-

tiveness 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 economic 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 Judea, 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 manger; 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 good 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 manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

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 a 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 circumcising 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, 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. He liked to listen to what people said and then to think about it. So he learned to know many things. He knew that he was homely, but he tried hard to forget it.

His hair was brown, but his feet were white, and had a white tip on his tail and ears. His coat was very rough, for it was never combed. His eyes were often tired, for he had to work hard, but sometimes they were full of fun. Then he would kick up his feet and run very fast.

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 here and eat hay 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, for soon a pretty lady came to get on his back. She patted his little nose, 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 will have to be good because she is good to me."

Soon they were out on a little path going through the fields and up and down the hills. His master walked beside the donkey and talked with the lady. Sometimes he would have her rest beside a spring or under a big tree.

"My lady seems tired. I will go carefully and slowly," said the little donkey.

As they went along, the little donkey could sometimes hear the lady singing a little song all to herself about a beautiful baby. Then 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 two nights and sleep by the side of the road. The lady slept on some hay, but the man and the donkey slept on the ground. Before long there were many, many donkeys on the road, and many people traveling on foot.

"We are going to Bethlehem," said the little donkey, as he listened to what the people said, "I wish we were there now, for I am tired."

"Oh, see that homely donkey," said some one going by. "What a little thing it is! See it stumble and halt! Who would have such a poor-looking donkey?"

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" said the donkey, looking at them very crossly. "You are no better looking than I."

But the people only laughed and said, "A little donkey with a big noise."

Well the donkey felt more tired after that. Was he really so bad looking? Was he so little? Maybe he ought to be ashamed of himself. He didn't care much what happened then. If it had not been for the nice lady who rode on his back, he would have refused to go on.

After a while they climbed a big hill and then the man stopped and began to ask questions at the houses. Finally he said to the lady, "There is no room. We will 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 some feed to 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 while before the homely little donkey heard many voices. Surely it could not be time to get up and walk again. He pricked up his big brown ears with the white tips on them and listened.

"Where is the king?" he heard some 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? I must 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. Close by were some shepherds, and back of them was a great dog. Beyond was an ox in a stall. All were looking at the baby and his mother.

"He wasn't here when I went to sleep," said the donkey. "A King! A King! I am only a homely donkey, but 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 he did not, for fear it would frighten the baby.

For many days they stayed 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 drop down and he would look tired and old. But when he played in the courtyard or carried his master through the streets, he could forget it.

One night when it was dark, his master came to him, touched him with a little stick and said, "Come Tom, come! We must go at once."

"Can you carry Mary and the baby Jesus safely on your little back? You mustn't stumble with the baby."

The little donkey stood up to get his saddle on his back. He was very sleepy. Suddenly he thought to himself, "I am only a homely little donkey. My coat is rough and I am thin, but no other donkey can carry a load as I am going to carry. I shall carry a king! I shall carry a king!"

Soon they were on the dark road and Tom was stepping along as fast as a bigger donkey. His head was held high and his eyes were bright. Sometimes he would flap his brown ears with the white tips as though he were very happy. Of course he could carry Mary and the baby without stumbling! He, a homely little donkey, had been chosen to carry a king. What did it matter if the people along the road thought he had a homely coat or was too small to be of use. He was carrying a king and the mother of a king, so nothing else mattered! And so they journeyed on until they came to far-a-way-Egypt.

Attention Girls

Girls interested in becoming marching ballerinas are cordially invited to the next meeting to be held on Friday, Dec. 18, in room 5 at the music department.

This meeting is planned to promote interest in the ballerinas and to give each girl a general knowledge of how she may become a ballerina.

The ballerinas devote much time and interest to their project and are proud of the progress they have made in the past few years. No experience is necessary, and all who are interested are invited to attend the meeting.

Christ In Christmas

By Janic Williams

Have you ever thought what you leave out when you write the abbreviation for Christmas, Xmas? Yes, you leave Christ out. So do many of us not think and leave Christ out of our thoughts and deeds at Christmas time?

Wouldn't you feel hurt if someone dear to you forgot your birthday because of something else significant coming at the same time? There are other things symbolic of Christmas Day—Santa Claus, the exchanging of gifts—and they tend to over-shadow the real symbol, "The Birthday of a King". We give each other birthday gifts and Christmas gifts, but do we give Christ a birthday gift? He doesn't want much, just our prayers, our love and ourselves.

Let's all put Christ in our Christmas and acknowledge His gifts and give Him something for His birthday.

Savior, Thy dying love Thou gavest me,
Nor should I ought withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee.
In love my soul would bow, My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free,
In joy in grief, thru life, Dear Lord for Thee!
And when Thy face I see, My ransomed soul shall be,
Thru all eternity, something for Thee.

If I'd Been There

If I had been there that first Christmas night,
I too, would have followed His star;
I, too, would have wanted to see the Christ child,
I, too, would have wandered far.

If I had been there that first Christmas night,
And heard the angels sing
Out there beneath the bright starlit sky,
I, too, would have searched for the king.

If I had been there that first Christmas night,
The babe would have smiled at me;
His warm little hands would have clung round my neck,
Friend of all He was sent to be.

If I had been there that first Christmas night,
I'm sure I'd have know it was He;
For God sent His Son on that night long ago
The Saviour of all to be!

Jacksonville State Collegian

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- Editor Fay Simpkins
- Associate Editor Diane Shutley
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- Circulating Managers Bobby and Geraldine Welch
- Typist Catherine Dunaway
- Photographer Opal Lovett
- Faculty Advision Mrs. R. K. Coffee

A Christmas Tree In The Snow

A true story by
Dr. Anatol von Spakovsky

It was many, many years ago. We—seventeen men and one woman—forced our way through the encirclement of Bolsheviks on skis to Finland. Soon we ceased to count the days and time ceased to exist for us. It was transformed in something amorphous, in a darkness from which we went and in which we came again. Our whole consciousness was dominated by our skiing and by our desire to escape and to reach Finland as soon as possible.

In one of these timeless days, when we stayed for lunch, our female companion, Maria Ivanovna, said to us: "Gentlemen, do you know that tomorrow it will be Christmas eve?" "How do you know it?" asked our commander, "Why, simply," answered Marie Ivanovna, "I have my pocket calendar, and I note every day of our traveling." "Very well, Maria Ivanovna, we thank you, and tomorrow we shall celebrate this day. We have some candles and we shall have our Christmas tree," said the commander. "I shall adorn it with ribbons", added Maria Ivanovna. "But where you will get ribbons, Maria Ivanovna?" asked I her. "I shall cut my blue blouse which I have in my knapsack," answered she. Nobody objected.

The next day was a beautiful sunny winter day. We got up early and skied till the beams of sun began to gold the tree tops and the shadows in the forest became longer and longer. Then we chose a small glade for our night's lodging (halting place). I went to cut a fir for our Christmas tree, and my other companions were occupied in preparing our halting place for the celebration of the Christmas eve.

We put our pine in the middle of our halting place so that we could sit around it. We fixed our candles on its branches,

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 pine became a 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 primeval northern forest. This forest never saw such a picture before, and maybe will never see it after. The mystic of the candles' light of our Christmas 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 among us, 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 sat silent, everybody absorbed in his own meditation, hearing the voice of God in his heart. It seemed to me that even the forest beasts participated in our celebration of the birth of the God of love. I saw some gleaming eyes behind the trees in the forest, or maybe it was only my excited imagination.

"Now, gentlemen," interrupted our commander the silence, "we shall end celebration by threefold salvo in honor of the Son of God." He arose. The military command followed, and threefold salvo awaked the forest.

The candles burned out. We lighted our wood pile and took our places around it. It became again dark around us, but not inside us. Invisible candles of God's love and sacrifice glowed in souls and a hope, too, that the divine grace would be with us.

Two weeks after we crossed the frontier of Finland.



LEAD DANCE AT JACKSONVILLE—Heading the leadout at the annual Junior-Freshman Prom Monday night at JSC were, left to right, Joan Lasseter, Gadsden; Scott Williamson, Birmingham, president of the junior class; Joan Hughes, Sylacauga, 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 creativeness through self-expression.

Therefore the College-University examinations are intended 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 require 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 adequate expression for his thoughts.

In one word, examinations are to test the standards of the intellectual attainment of each individual student, because only this attainment can fulfill the objectives of the College-University education and at the

FACULTY

(Continued from page 1)

Milledgeville, Ga., Mr. and Mrs. Gus Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Gilbert, Dr. and Mrs. Emmett Price, Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lindsey, Miss Maude Luttrell, Mr. and Mrs. Arch Bechelheimer, Dr. and Mrs. Robert Cantrick, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Ray, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Newman, Miss Florence Bates, Miss Clara Bates of Anniston, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Rogers.

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same time lead to the cultural progress of mankind, which is achieved only by the synthesis of knowledge and creativeness, because knowledge without creativeness is useless, and creativeness without knowledge is empty.

LEISURE

By Grace Noel Crowell

I shall attend to my little errands of love
Early this year,
That the brief days before
Christmas may be
Unhampered and clear of the
fever of hurry.
The breathless rushing that I
have known in the past
shall not possess 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 miss the silver
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.

A CHRISTMAS TRULY BLEST

Dorothy Conant Stoud
Instead of giving lots of gifts
As usual, to me,
I told my mother just to send
Some help across the sea.
The children there need O so
much;
Their clothes are thin and old,
And some do not have shoes to
wear,
Nor coats for winter cold.
They do not have good food
to eat
To keep them well and strong;
So, just to help a little bit,
I'll send some things along.
I do not really need a doll,
I'll mend my broken sled,
And that way other little girls
Can have good milk and
bread.
I'm sure that I'll be happier
If I have done my best
To help some other children
have
A Christmas truly blest.



KISSING SANTA—Blond beauty, Judy Dempsey is a freshman from Heflin. She has been selected as the Collegian's "Gem of the Hills." This picture was taken at the Christmas dance sponsored by the junior-freshman class.

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, new head of the division of fine arts, was welcomed to the state in an article which told of his appointment to succeed 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 Baab, who teaches theory, music education and organ, is editor of the Elementary Division of the magazine. Dr. Mort Glosser of Gadsden is president of the association; G. J. Nealeans of Sylacauga 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 surge to make the 1959-60 cage campaign one of success. In the process 236 points have been zeroed in for the home favorites while the opposition has cultivated 190.

Those conquered by the Jaxmen include Berry College, Shorter, Georgia State, and Howard of Birmingham.

ROME, GA.—Coach Tom Roberson's Jacksonville State Gamecocks wasted little time in applying the knockout punch to Berry College here last night (Dec. 2) as the host Blue Jackets fell 71-48. The contest was the first of the season for the visitors from Alabama and the third for the winless Berry crew.

JSC scoring: Bollinger, 10; Watson, 10; Cleland, 7; Bowen, 2; Dupree, 13; Ray, 1; Clark, 3; Halpin, 1; Hawkins, 2; White, 4; Nix, 8; Bobo, 8; and, Mackey, 2.

Paced by the 18-point effort of Sophomore Alex Watson, Jacksonville's Gamecocks sliced Shorter College of Rome, Ga., here tonight (Dec. 3) for their second cage win, 56-45.

Two other JSC favorites hit in the double figure scoring for the night. They were Captain Gerald Dupree with 14 and the Earl of Sand Rock (Earl Cleland) who chipped in 13.

JSC scoring: Bollinger, 2; Watson, 18; Cleland, 13; Bowen, 8; Dupree, 14; Clark, 1.

The winner and place. Only the losing team was different.

Jacksonville State's Gamecocks became found of the score 56-45, apparently, because they lamblasted the Panthers of Atlanta's Georgia State by the same here tonight (Dec. 5) in their second home engagement of the season.

Shorter fell 56-45 Thursday night in College Gym's first looksee at the 1959-60 squad.

JSC scoring: Ray, 7; Clark, 2; Cleland, 7; Bowen, 7; Dupree, 9; Bollinger, 11; Hawkins, 2; Nix, 8; Bobo, 3.

Earl Cleland earned a free ride atop his teammates shoulders here last night (Dec. 8) after his 0:03 seconds goal had dumped Howard of Birmingham into the junk pile a 53-52 loss. It was victory number for the Tom Roberson instructed Gamecocks.

Trailing by one, 52-51, Cleland took a pass from team captain Gerald Dupree and preceeded to assault the basket with his game winning jump shot. College Gym then became a house of bedlam as teammates lifted the gangling 6-5 junior to their shoulders and headed for the dressing room.

JSC scoring: Bollinger, 4; Ray, 5; Cleland, 14; Bowen, 10; Dupree, 9; Watson, 9; and Hawkins, 2.

He was like a kid who has just been told that there were two Christmases, or that Santa Claus was twins. He was responsible for the erupting emotions of those present which still echoed in spacious college gym.

Three seconds was the reading of Captain Conklin's stop watch, on which official time was kept this Tuesday night (Dec. 8). Three seconds, Howard leading by one, 52-51, and Jacksonville was on the offensive with team captain Gerald Dupree bring the ball down court.

Dupree dribbled past the ten seconds line into Gamecock territory. Dribbling to his right, Dupree expertly shot a bullet-like pass to JSC center Earl Cleland who broke from under the goal.

Cleland faked to his left, hoping to elude his man, leaped into the air with a beautiful twist of his 6-5 frame and BINGO! College gym became a house of bedlam . . . Howard did not have time to even attempt a field basket.

Atop his teammates' shoulder, Earl Cleland was smiling from ear to ear. But the feeling was nothing new to the former Sand Rock High School star. It seemed only a matter of routine play.

Three times season the cool-headed Cleland turned giant killer and tonight he did it with the coolness of another Al Capone. Howard could now be added to his list which also included Huntington (twice a Cleland shot bumped them off last season), and Athens.

So, just as he commented to this scribe the day after, Santa Claus found his way to Mr. and Mrs. Earl Cleland's Piedmont home 17 days early. But, only Howard can complain.

HERE'N THERE—Congratulations are certainly due to those fellows honored as the Most Outstanding Back, Lineman and Most Valuable Player last Friday night at the annual Jacksonville State Gamecocks football banquet. A very early deadline prevented the winners from being named herein. But, nonetheless, you know by now, so congratulations fellows . . . The basketball Gamecocks travel to Florence Wednesday night and then host Tennessee Wesleyan here Thursday in their lone skirmishes this week . . . In China, this is the Year of the Rooster, and a friend who drinks will observe it as the Year of Old Crow . . . Announcement of the 1960 JSC football schedule may be expected within the next three weeks . . . We like Alabama, Georgia, Georgia Tech, LSU, Billy Cannon, Syracuse, and Wisconsin in their respective Bowl appearances . . . New invention—A half-aspirin for splitting headaches . . . Just remember—If somebody tells you have ears like a donkey, pay no attention. But if two people tell you, buy yourself a saddle.

JACKSONVILLE Collegian Sports

by Buddy Simpkins



Buddy Simpkins
and
Hal Hayes

The Night Before: Beatnik Version

Here's Edd Byrne's musical Christmas card just for you.

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the pad, Not a hip cat was swinging and that's nowhere Dad.

The stove was hung up in that stocking routine, Like maybe that fat man would soon make the scene.

The kids that fell by had just made the street,

I was ready for Snoresville—Man was I beat,

When there started a rumble that came on real frantic,

So I opened the window to figure the panic.

I saw a slick rod that was making fat tracks,

Souped up by eight ponies all wearing hat racks.

And a funny old geezer was flipping his lid,

He told them to make it and man like they did.

They were out of the chute making time like a bat,

Turning the quarter in eight seconds flat.

They parked by the smoke stack in bunches and clusters,

And chubby slid down coming on like gang busters.

His threads were from Cubesville and I had to chuckle.

In front not in back was his Ivy League buckle.

And the mop on his chin had a button down collar,

And with that red nose, Dad, He looked like a baller.

Like he was the squarest, the most absolute,

But let's face it, who cares, when he left all that loot.

He laid the jazz on me And peeled from the gig

Wailin' have a cool Yule man, Later—like dig.

lem is that JSC is partly a "commuting" college and schedules must be arranged for rehearsals with a minimum of interference with classroom activities for both the students and faculty.

Local Interest Is Mounting For Intramural Basketball

Carl Bain's Bulldogs laid it on the Tom Cats 53 to 37 with the Bulldogs scoring 14 points in the last four minutes of play to take the American league lead.

The Governor Woody Hamilton was looking for a victory and possibly an upset, but the injury of Don McConky on the first play of the game as he went up for the rebound, and the fouling out of leading scorer Bill Hodges with minutes remaining handicapped the Governor's hopes.

With four minutes remaining in the game, the Bulldogs led the foul out. From this point, it was all Bulldogs and their ace Willard Townsend, who had 20 points to his credit. Jerry Hass had 17 points for the Bulldogs and Carter Mays of the Tom Cats had 12 points.

The game between the Bulldogs and the Tom Cats was a grudge battle for the American league lead. Both teams had 4-0 records going into the game.

Another rival game between American league team, the mighty Headwhippers, and a National league team the Gridsmen. The Gridsmen, coached by Wayne Keahey, leads the national league the Headwhippers, coached by Bill Kinzy and Sam Kenimer, are in sixth place in the American league.

Harold Shankles, center for the Gridsmen, says all he reads in this column is about the touchdown twins (Kinzy and Kenimer). Harold predicts a victory for the Gridsmen over the Headwhippers.

Coach Wayne Keahey of the Gridsmen thinks the difference could be in the Headwhippers ace guard and fancy dribbler Max Bass, who the Gridsmen made a bid for, however, Kinzy and Kenimer are old roomies of Max and their close friendship kept him from singing with the Gridsmen. Hos . . . what a line up . . . guards, Max Bass, Sam Kenimer; center, Roy Fulmer; and forwards, Bill Kinzy, and Jack Gauldin.

The Bruins have come to life in the American League. In their last two outings they defeated the Clowns 51 to 21, and the Headwhippers 43 to 23. The Bruins have been paced by Don Chandler and horn-blowing music major William Lazenby, SGA treasurer. Against the Clowns, Chandler had 19 and Lazenby racked up 13 points. Chandler had 15 and Lazenby 12 against the Kinzy-Kenimer Headwhippers.

Other scores: Professors 36 - Midgets 31.

Masque And Wig Guild Gets Permanent Faculty Director

Prospects for Masque and Wig Guild, college dramatics organization, look brighter now that a permanent faculty director has been secured. William J. O'Sullivan, assistant professor in the JSC English Department, and former member of the University of North Carolina's "Playmakers", will serve in this capacity.

Several meetings have been held and election of officers was scheduled for Dec. 9, after which detailed plans for the spring production will be made. Any JSC student in good academic standing is eligible for membership in the guild.

Mr. O'Sullivan stated that he is gratified by the offers of cooperation he has received from the music and art departments, particularly since one of his projects is an original musical. The script, sets, music, choreography, costuming, staff-

ing, directing, and staging will be done entirely within the JSC faculty and student body.

In the spring semester English 240, a twice-weekly class in play production, will be offered. From this group Mr. O'Sullivan hopes to recruit his working staff.

A faculty play in the spring is almost a certain, he stated, and perhaps a play by a community group that will include students, faculty and townspeople. Mr. O'Sullivan feels that the talent is here in pleasing quantity and quality.

Some of the problems connected with the production of plays has been a lack of any "headquarters" room for meetings, storage place for scene-flats, props, lights and other necessary equipment. The administration has agreed to look into this situation with a view to correcting it. Another prob-



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