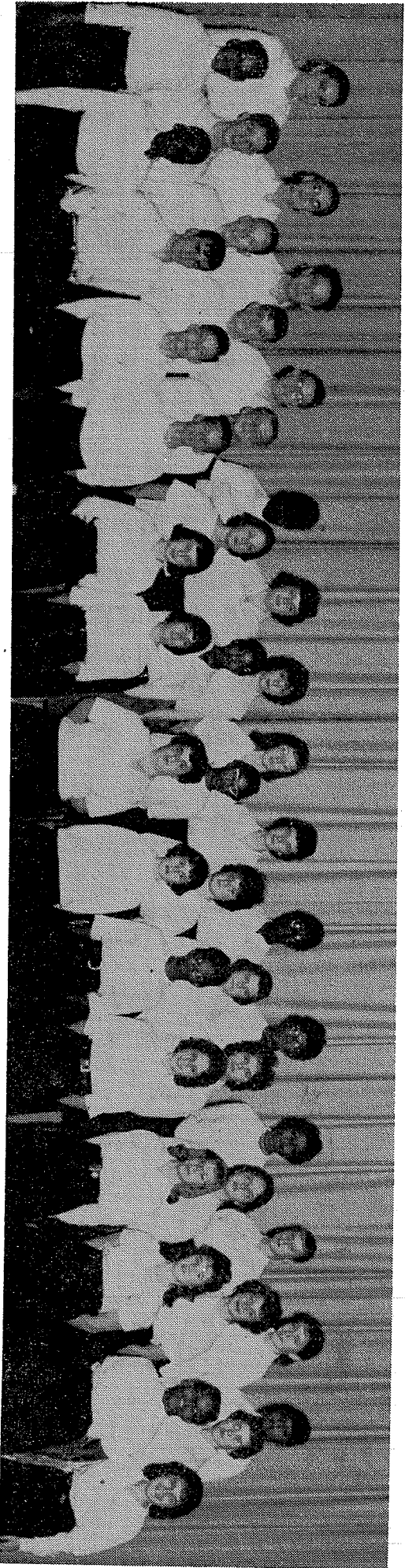


Merry Christmas to All



Members of the Eighth Grade Glee Club will be featured at this morning's Christmas Assembly. They are left to right: First Row—Albert King, Tedd Bare, Jim Williams, Bill Branchler, Pat Kovenchick, Pat Kiley, Peggy Kuelling, Brenda Owens, Paulette Mathews, Gay

Manning, Carol Neighbors, Loretta Gee, Josephine Martin, Linda Kimble, Second Row—Edward Smith, Rodney Parvick, Bill Friend, Dan Hester, Allen Berry, Sharon Breinick, Carroll Vance, Ozella McCullough, Evelyn Fox, Marcia Adams, Jane Shafer, Diane Kegley, Janice Myers,

Andrea McClellan; Third Row—Michael Wooley, Robert Miller, John Thompson, Dwight Conkey, Gloria Jones, Paulette Waldman, Jonnie Clark, Judy Thornsberry, Charlene Faulkner, Sula Huggins, Jeanille Thompson, Tommie Jones, Donna Hammond, Edith Wilhelm, Daisy Jennings.—Jim Smucker Photo

MERRY
CHRISTMAS

THEE TIMES

HAPPY
NEW YEAR

VOL. XXXIV—No. 2

JOHN SIMPSON, MANSFIELD, OHIO

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 21, 1960

Carols and Customs Feature of Assembly Christmas Program to be 8:30 This Morning

Long before anyone else was even beginning to think about Christmas, the sounds of carols began to burst from the still open windows of the music rooms. While the rest of us pinned our thoughts on football and a hoped for victory over Applesseed, the two glee clubs were hard at work preparing for their Christmas programs.

Today the results of their efforts will be heard at this morning's Christmas assembly. Members of the seventh grade choir under the direction of Mrs. Euneta Clapp will show their skill as they sing for us: *Christmas Bells*, *O Little Town of Bethlehem*, *Jingle Bells*, and *Pray God Bless*. This group will be accompanied at the piano by Gail Bardeen and Kathy Hergatt.

The eighth grade choir under the direction of Miss Fannie-Lew Eiler will render three traditional selections: *Oh Come Little Children*, *Go Tell It on the Mountain*, and *The Three Kings*. Mrs. Clapp is the accompanist for this group.

Sock Hop a Success

Work had been going on for three weeks before the dance. This preparation paid off in a good time for all Simpson students who were there.

The Christmas Sock Hop was a great success. It was held on December 2, 1960 and was sponsored by the Student Council. Anyone who attended can tell you what fun the Sock Hop was. Students decorated socks with Christmas designs. Prizes were also given for these and Most Patched and Hole-iest Socks.

Terry Squire, Student Council president, told Times reporters that he appreciated the cooperation on the part of the students by decorating their socks, some of which took quite a bit of work. He also said that he would "like to thank everyone who worked to make this dance possible."

Student Council, P.T.A. Distribute Boxes

Tonight, December 21, 1960, the Student Council will distribute the Christmas Boxes we have been contributing canned foods for needy families in our own school district. This is the fourth year the Student Council has sponsored this worthwhile project. Besides our individual contributions, the P.T.A. has helped by purchasing the perishable articles we did not supply.

The general chairman of the preparation committee is Ann Frizzell, the packing committee chairman Marcia Adams, and Bob Meet-

English Classes Take Part

Students from various English classes will complete the program with monologues, skits, and choric reading. These people and the selections they will portray are: Judy Wallace, 214, who will read the theme sketch, "Christmas is a Thousand Things"; Jim Marshall, 103, will announce the program. Nancy Prior, Edith Wilhelm, Suzanne Alexander, Dan Hester, Walter Ferguson, all from 103, will portray with the use of slides, "Christmas Is the Nativity." Diane Kegley and Kay Stinehour from 103 will read the "Prayer of St. Francis of Assisi" to illustrate that "Christmas is Prayer."

"Christmas is Santa" will be done by Margie Porter, 203, and Carole Inler, 214, as they present a dialogue, "Santa Claus," by Leigh Hanes. Home Room 211 will do a choric reading entitled "Christmas Bells" by Henry Wadsworth

Longfellow. Members of home room 216 will show that "Christmas Is the Tree" in a portrayal of "Trees of Many Lands"; the people who will participate and the countries they represent are: Sheryl Hart, Erwin Diener—Germany; Nancy Black, Elaine Trimble—Lithuania; Judy Heichel, Viet Forster—Norway; Glenda Young, Linda Hill—Sweden; Aldean Richard, Kathy Hergatt—Ukraine; Renate Papenhansen, Jalane Metz—Poland; Jeanne Hoult, Ronnie Frederick—U.S.A.

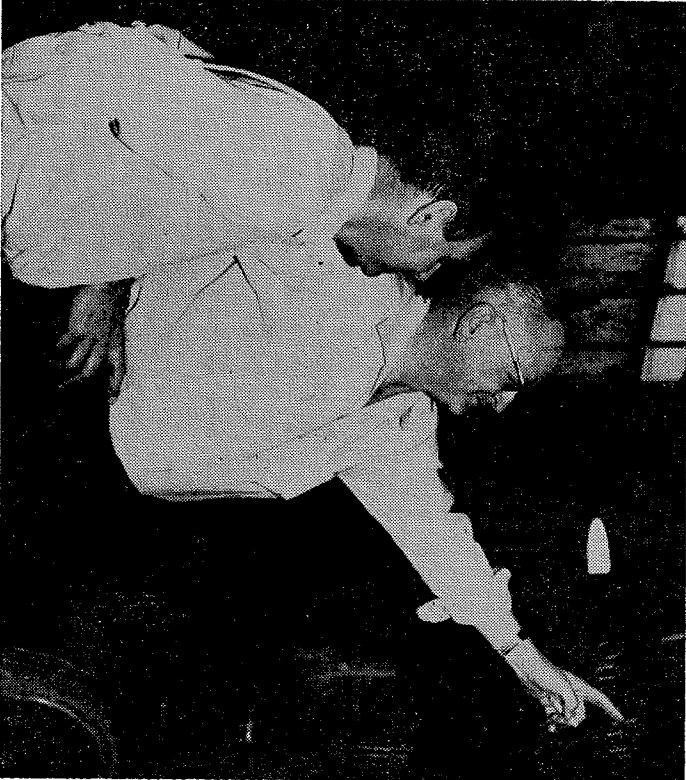
Members of home room 207 will present "Christmas Around the World." These children will tell of Christmas in the countries they represent. They are: Linda Kirk—Marcelle Maurice from France; Robert Hatfield—Jan Diekje from Netherlands; Thomas Lightfoot—Ivan Ivanich from Russia; Sandra Thomas—Haleloke Swail from Hawaii; Barbara Kuelling—Johanna Schiller from Germany; Reba Erwin—Susita Fernandez from Japan.

Perform For PTA

On last Wednesday, December 14, these same individuals presented the program for the Parent-Teacher Association.

The program by the English Department was under the chairmanship of Mrs. Lois McCullough, assisted by Mrs. Virginia Allen, Miss Elsie McFadden, Mrs. Margaret Busler, and Mrs. Davis Smith.

Sound effects and amplification will be handled by the Audio-Visual Service under the guidance of Mr. V. Lee Prior.



Mr. Becker shows the new Custodian the building furnace.
Jim Smucker Photo

CARL BECKER RETIRES; SERVES SIMPSON 18 YEARS

Can you imagine starting a siren on V.E. Day (Victory in Europe) after a long war that you had come through with very little coal? This was just one of the many duties of Mr. Carl Becker during his 35 years in the school system, eighteen of which were at Simpson.

Late last month Mr. Becker ended his tenure in Mansfield by retirement after a long period of service as head custodian. During this period he was always where he was needed, making small repairs, adjusting a thermostat, or the like. Because he thought a lot of Simpson, its faculty, and students, he worked hard to keep the building warm and took extra care in keeping the building and grounds clean.

At the November faculty meeting Mr. Becker was presented with a suitcase as a remembrance taken from the principals and teachers. This he said pleased him very much and will be very handy, for he plans to do a lot of traveling this winter. High on the list of places he wants to go are San Jose, San Bernardino, California and Las Vegas, Nevada where he has sons living.

When one has worked in one school for 18 years, he gets a pretty good idea of what takes place during the school year. Asked how he felt about leaving Simpson, Mr. Becker said: "I have enjoyed my term of years here at Simpson. I

have always tried to cooperate with everyone, faculty as well as students for the betterment of this school. I am going to miss my association with the people very much now that I am retired."

Pupils Hear Symphony

Students crowding into buses to attend the fourth Music Appreciation Concert at Johnny Appleseed Jr. High's auditorium made for quite a sight on November 18.

This year the program was put on by the Mansfield Symphony Orchestra. The program consisted of five numbers: *Overture to the Magic Flute* by Mozart, *Prelude and Habanera* from the opera *Car-men* by Bizet, the *Surprise Symphony Opus 94* by Hayden, and *Hungarian Dance Number 5* by Brahms. As a grand finale, Miss Elizabeth Pastor was featured at the piano. Miss Pastor gave a thrilling performance of Greig's *Piano Concerto in a Minor*.

A large number of students from Simpson's music classes were in the very pleased audience which filled the auditorium.



Times Adds Space For Xmas Issue

Plumb full of old-fashioned and ultra-modern goodies is this 1960 Christmas issue of the *Times*. As you read your copy of today's paper you will notice that it is larger than usual. In order to provide our readers with some extra entertainment and news at Christmas time, the editorial staff has increased the size of the paper to six pages instead of the usual four. In the picture, editors Toni Vaughn, Diane Pershing, Bonnie Hall, Dixie Ackerman, Helen Bissman, Robert Stevens, and Jerry Bautz work with advisor Miss Carol Meyer to plan the layout.

Jim Smucker Photo

Editorials

Christmas Courtesy

Rush! Rush! When Christmas starts peeking around the corner the American people seem to forget everything but Christmas. Yes, Christmas is a gay, carefree time of the year, except for the salesclerks. One day business is lagging, and the next day the store is a mess of jabbering, pushing, rushing Christmas shoppers.

As Christmas approaches, people seem to forget that although a person is standing behind a counter, he too, has feelings.

How would YOU feel if six women were thronging towards you, regardless of people ahead of them and the other guy's toes?

What would your attitude be if a clean pair of white gloves were knocked on the floor and trampled by thousands of feet and came out one having only two fingers and a thumb and the other minus a finger? I'm sure your attitude would be very unfavorable toward the crowd. Perhaps you might think, "Boy, to get my hands on the guy who knocked them off."

You may say, "Well, I never knocked any gloves on the floor. OK, so you didn't. But what about that piece of bubble gum on the counter, or the broken strand of beads, or perhaps a bottle of bubble bath spilled all over the floor."

Of course, anyone could commit these petty offenses, but very few adults chomp bubble gum, and most of them are pretty careful when handling merchandise.

Now, on these Christmas shopping days let's remember to act like half-decent people and be a little easier on the sales clerks, because they're there to help YOU pick out the right gift. If you try to remember these rules, everyone will be happier:

1. Be Courteous
2. Decide ahead of time what you want, if possible
3. Shop as early as possible
4. Carry small parcels

Our Readers Speak

Room 23
John Simpson Junior High
1 December 1960

The Editor,
John Simpson Times,
Dear Sir,

Might I be permitted to correct a slight error in your otherwise objective and accurate report on me in the November issue of 'The Times'?

I am quoted as having said that Secondary Modern schools in England cater for 'below average' students.

Seventy per cent of English children are educated in this type of school and cannot therefore be considered as being in this category. I am on the staff of a Secondary Modern School. If my pupils discovered that I considered them to be 'below-average' I would not dare to face them on my return to England!

I would therefore be most grateful if you will publish this re-traction.

Yours faithfully,
Alan Knox

The *Times* is glad to publish Mr. Knox's letter and extends its sincere apologies for the error.

My Gift Wrapping --- Step-by-Step

by Deborah Lusk

1. My sister and I go to my room, to keep her from squealing on me I must take her. (I'll probably have to kick her out before I'm finished)
2. As I get my parent's gifts out her eyes grow big, from there on she asks me questions.
3. I start to get my wrapping paper, as she knocks over my perfume, dolls, and then you think she's finished, but not my sister, here goes the bedspring test.
4. As I start wrapping (finally), she unrolls all my ribbon, tears wrapping paper up, and strats to put scotch tape in my hair.
5. Boy have I had enough. I open the door and out she goes.
6. Downstairs I hear her telling my parents what I got them.
7. Take a tip from me girls, leave your brother or sister outside when gift wrapping starts.

Santa Claus came early for four Simpsonsities who opened their stockings, in the form of grade cards, and found that they had earned straight A's. In addition, a large number of people found themselves qualified for Honorable Mention and the Honor Roll for the second six weeks.

HONOR ROLL

EIGHTH GRADE

Straight A
Bill Simmons

Honor Roll

Barbara Barman
Stanley Beal
Linda Berry

Judy Thornsberry

Helen Bissman
Kathy Klippel
Judy Sheldon

Honorable Mention

Dixie Ackerman
Mike Arbuthna
John Armstrong
Jerry Ashworth
Tedd Bare
Linda Bauman
Shirley Beach
Erskine Briggs
Connie Bride
John Brown
Jonnie Clark
Shirley Davis
Sandra Estill

Sandra Evans
Dwayne Ferguson
Barbara Fifer
Brenda Fisher
Linda Frontz
Nancy Gaubatz
Loretta Gee
Janie Graves
Bonnie Hall
Anita Hallbrin
Ronald Heiler
Becky Hildebrand

Harold Holter
Cora Jackson
Nancy Jones
Gerald Kern
Glennis Lambert
Sally Linn
Judy Long
Deborah Lusk
Linda Meadows
Robert Miller
Eileen Moore
Sandra Norris

Barbara Oster
Brenda Owens
Diane Pershing
Donna Powers
Rosemary Prinz
Fritz Schmidt
Jane Shafer
Kathleen Snyder
Toni Vaughn
Garnette Weese
Edith Wilhelm
Mary Williams

SEVENTH GRADE

Straight A
Marcy Ezzard

Honor Roll

Jane Beal
Erwin Diemer
Vicki Foster
Kathy Hergatt

Honorable Mention

Walter Alexander
JoAnn Amos
Madelyn Baker
Kay Bauer
Lynn Benson
Kathy Berka
Barbara Bishop
Karen Black
Nancy Black
Linda Brandenburg
Valicia Gaines
Julius Correll
Harold Croftly
Magdalen Diener
Steven Dinger
Linda DiSanza

Mary Drye
Linda Fite
Brenda Gee
Linda Glorioso
Carol Goldsmith
Pamela Hale
Marcia Hattman
Judy Heichel
Suzanne Hendrickson
Linda Hill
Jeanne Hout
Carole Imler
Wanda Isaac
Darleen Jackson
Charles Johnson
Marsha Jones

Marian Little
Judy Lowe
Brenda Mabry
Harrison McDowell
Ronald O'Dell
Larry Owens
Loretta Page
Renate Papenhausen
Cleaden Parr
Charlene Patterson
Patricia Perkins
Charlotte Peters
Marjorie Porter
Hubert Pries
Judy Prosser
Sandra Reip

Aldan Richard
Sharon Riggsgleinan
Ann Rose
JoAnn Roth
Ronald Ruckman
Phyllis Shadel
Audrey Shepard
Leo Sheridan
Patricia Smith
Danny Starnes
Pamela Sweet
Tom Vermillion
Judy Wallace
Danny Wentz
Georgia Williams
Richard Willis

Elf Views 20 Years of Simpson Xnasses

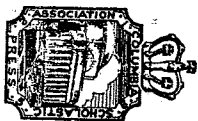
Hello . . . I'm "Christmas" the elf. I will let you in on a secret. Last month as I looked into my crystal ball I saw that some of the Christmas fads were going to be. I saw girls from the first to the twelveth grade scurrying around the halls with big red or green bows in their hair. They had on a small corsage made of bright, colored ribbon, dainty frosted pine cones, and holly leaves. There were green and red sweaters topping the gay colored skirts. Some of the crows had on red tights with brilliant green shoes on their feet. There was one thing that every girl had on, that was a big bright, shining smile which meant Christmas was around the corner. Why don't you be one of the girls that wear the many Christmas fads, especially the warm glowing smile.

The Christmas Gift

by Helen Bissman

What gift am I?
A pizza pie?
A needle's eye?
A loaf of rye?
A man's necktie?
A new hifi?
Oh! me, Oh! my,
I'm just a fly,
Sigh!

John Simpson Times



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MERRY CHRISTMAS

The Lost Carvings

by Nancy Prior

It was the Wednesday before Christmas when the Wilson's were all gathered in the living room ready and eager to trim the tree. "I want to put the star on top," said little Sue, who was six. Sixteen year old Mary, ten year old Jim, and Thirteen year old Betsy, all agreed to let Sue put the star on top when everything else was done. "Mary, you and Betsy string the lights and put the bulbs in. Sue, you and I will hang the icicles and put on the tinsel. Jim and Dad, why don't you go out doors and put up the wreath and string lights on the evergreen trees," suggested mother. All agreed that this was suitable and got to work at once.

In about thirty minutes everyone was through with his job and gathered once again to hang the ornaments. On go the balls, mirrors, bells, and angels to the party trimmed tree. Finally Father brought in the ladder and supported it. Sue took out the pretty gold, glittered star and climbed up the ladder to place it on the very tip top of the tree. She climbed back down and everyone admired the very lovely Christmas tree before them.

The next morning after the dishes were done and Duffy, the silky black baby kitten, had received his breakfast, every one went down town to finish their Christmas shopping. All over the streets around the square, in the stores, and in the windows, everything seemed cheery and gay for the coming holiday.

In the afternoon when the shopping was done, there was quite a bit of excitement going on in the attic. Betsy had gone up to get the decorating for the rest of the house when she noticed that the hand carved choir loft and figures from Germany were not in their proper box. In fact, they were nowhere to be found. Dad, Mother, Mary, Betsy, Jim, Sue, and even Duffy were anxiously looking everywhere for their prized possession that had been in the family for more years than could be remembered.

For an hour and a half the family searched and searched. Betsy looked under loose boards, under piles of old clothes. Sue looked in her old doll buggy and trunks. Jim looked in old piles of papers and old baskets of toys. Dad, Mother, and Mary looked in the other places. They just couldn't seem to locate the missing carvings. However, they did accomplish one thing; they decided to clean out the attic the very day after Christmas.

Friday and Saturday were spent wrapping presents, having a few guests, reading exciting and humorous Christmas stories, and baking cookies and making candy. Also the family had their eyes peeled for any clue of their missing possession. There shouldn't have been, but there was plenty of time wasted wondering what to do to keep from getting excited.

Saturday evening was spent at the church for the Christmas Eve Service. Betsy sang in the Girl's Choir. The service started by the choir coming in from two sides carrying candles and singing. The Christmas Story was read and there was a lovely Christmas Sermon. The service was lovely and inspiring, but the Wilson's couldn't help but think of the missing figures.

After the service, the Christmas stockings were hung, five in a row, each with the proper name on it, neatly above the fireplace. The presents were brought down from upstairs and placed under the tree. Just for fun and because of Sue, Santa Claus filled each stocking during the night.

At about one o'clock, Mother silently crept down from upstairs and filled each stocking. When she was ready to fill the last one, she noticed a bulge at the toe of the stocking. It wasn't very big nor very heavy. She stuck her hand down through the tiny opening at the top. She pulled out a piece of tissue paper. As she was going to discard it and fill the stocking she saw a bit of color through the

paper. She unwrapped this and uncovered the missing loft and figures. Suddenly she remembered. Last Christmas when she was about to put the things away for another year, the carvings were left out and nowhere to put them. She spied the stockings in a corner in the big box. She had wrapped the carvings in the only soft thing left. Mother placed the little carving on the mantle.

The next morning everyone came downstairs dressed for church. The presents were opened and stocking contents explored. Not until the very last minute when hats and coats were on and the family was ready to leave the house, did anyone notice the carving. "Look," cried Sue, and everyone turned to look. They were delighted to see the tiny little carving. "Santa Claus must have found our missing treasure," said Sue. Mother just smiled and the family went on to church.

From the Tree's View

May I introduce myself, I am a Christmas tree. Here is Christmas as I see it:

Christmas Eve is quite joyous and bright. The sky is full of stars, glimmering on the snow covered ground. Carolers' voices sparkle the air with the happiness and clearness of tone through out the evening.

Inside, many happy families decorate me with brightly colored ornaments, celebrating the festivity of the season. People laugh and sing together as they string popcorn around me. A brightly shining star adorns the top of me. Presents galore, with their neat and perfect wrappings, surround me, and are strewn through out my boughs. I almost feel like arising from my stand and joining them in their song.

All of a sudden everything is quite. The children are put to bed, the relatives leave after putting up the stockings for the children, and then the lights go out. The house is black, everything is still, nothing moves.

In about three hours, I hear something stirring. The sound is coming from the direction of the chimney. What's this? A man coming from the fireplace? Why, of course! It's Santa Claus! First he fills the children's stockings, then he drinks the milk and eats the cookies, the cookies the children have left him. Next he takes several presents from his bag and

Christmas Means Food

All over the world the Christmas season is marked by tasty things to eat. Plum pudding is made of raisins, citrus-fruit peels, figs, beef, suet, spices, and other things and is covered with a rich sauce. Sometimes Yule dough is made into flat cakes in the shape of a babe. Mince pies were originally baked in the shape of a manger, and thus associated with Christmas. Henry VIII established the boar's head as a Christmas dish. In his day it was a great delicacy and very rare.

In France people are fond of turkey, black pudding, Strasbourg pie, and spiced gingerbread.



Christmas Eve in the Country

by Barbara Fifer

The snow was everywhere, in the darkness. During the day, its brilliance was dazzling, blinding. But now it rests. Its rest is short, not a dead sleep like all things around it. There is a feeling of death in the air, death of all trees and flowers. There are no bird-carols in the wind.

The houses all have white roofs. Light flows from the windows, creating an almost false gaiety outside. Shadows are cast upon the snow—shadows of those who have no cares. Outside, death is hanging low, clinging to the naked trees.

Perhaps, in the winter at other times, the banks of snow would be unwelcome, their blue-whiteness not wanted, uncalled for. But now is a different time. No - winter is still here - but what is the difference? Inside the houses, perhaps there is our clue.

There is a fire, forgotten and dying, casting its orange-red glow upon the walls. The last embers are struggling for life, but can find no prey within the grey stone fireplace.

Dancers, unheeding, spin merrily about the large room. The variety of colors is immense, unimaginable. Each dancer is nothing more than an undistinguishable, bright blur.

Decorations covered the wooden posts, darkened with age. Color is everywhere, lighting, brightening the room. Red and green, blue and gold, and hues past conception sparkle from the walls, the ceiling, the window sills.

Tonight is a time for gaiety, for life unending. Winter is a dead season, a time of rest. But now is a night - a special night - one for breaking bonds with Nature and coming forth, challenging Death.

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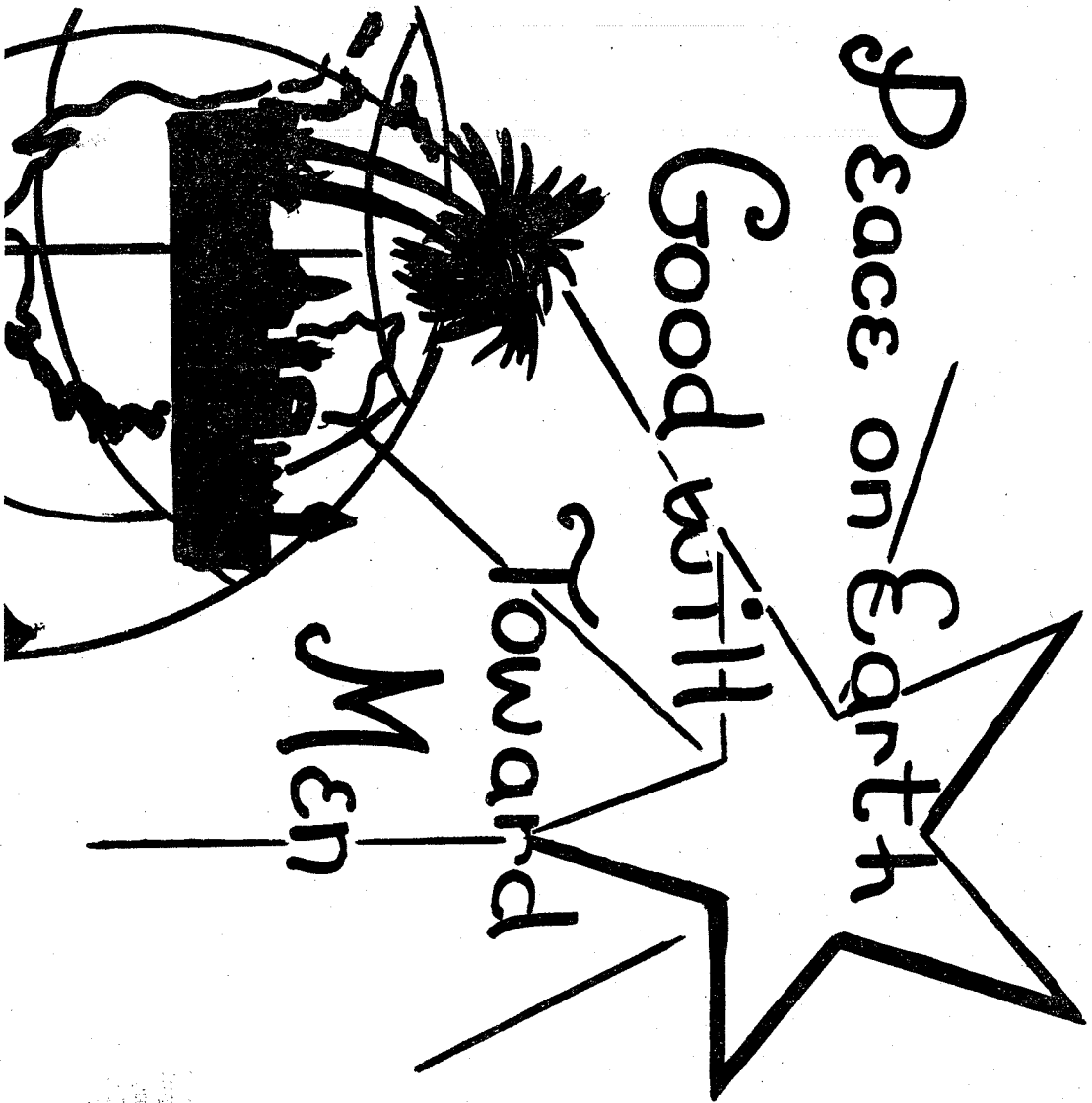
The Real Santa Claus

The beloved legend of Santa Claus, who brings gifts to all good children at Christmastime, is connected with Saint Nicholas, who was an actual person.

The stories about Saint Nicholas say that he lived during the A.D. 300's. He was born at Patara, in Lydia, Asia Minor, and became bishop of a near-by city of Myra. Many miracles of healing were credited to him. He worked wonders in converting unbelievers to Christianity. For a time he was kept in prison because of his steadfast faith.

One story is told that on three nights in a row he tossed bags of gold into a window of three girls who did not have the money for a dowry and so could not get married. This story may have started the custom of giving gifts at Christmas.

For many years, most European peoples celebrated December 6, the date of Saint Nicholas' death, as a special holiday. It became one of the most popular of saints' day. Saint Nicholas became the patron of travelers by land and by sea, of scholars, and of children. Gradually he took on a new role because of his connection with children and because his feast day was so close to Christmas. Children affectionately shortened his name to "Santa Claus" and that is how he is known to us today.



In A Stable

by Jamie Graves

On a frigid, bitter night
When all was at rest,
A man and a woman,
With a child at her breast,
Were in a dark stable,
Cold and alone;
But God's angels from Heaven
Sang there, in a tone
To which Baby Jesus
Could drift off to sleep,
While Mary and Joseph
Looked at the Child sweet.
Then shepherds were roused
From their watch at night,
By angels in garments
Of shimmering white.
They told of a Savior
In Bethlehem born,
They said to go then,
Not wait until morn
To worship the Child
Who in a barn lay
In the midst of the cow's moo,
And the donkey's soft bray.
The shepherds went, and in Bethlehem found
The parents, and the baby who's head was crowned
With a bright, shining, halo,
That showed He was Christ.
And, when they departed they told
Far and near
Of the mother, the father, and the Baby so dear.

The Gift

by Dixie Ackerman

Cold was the night. The bitter wind blew the straggely hair across the small boy's face.
The boy, Tommy, was an orphan. His mother and father were killed in a car accident a year ago. Tommy didn't have any living relative so he sold paper flowers and cards.
Although Tommy did not have a coat he went out on raw, bitter, days trying to sell his wares. The brave boy called, "Flowers, flowers." Instead of trying to help the boy everybody snubbed their nose in the air and continued on their way to shop for Christmas.

One day a woman saw how tattered and torn the small boy was and she asked if he would like to come to dinner for Christmas. He said that he would love to. She gave him the directions and bided him a farewell.

As Christmas came nearer Tommy almost starved to death. He would walk in dark alleys trying to keep himself warm.

Alas, Christmas day was finally there. As Tommy climbed the stairs in the apartment house he wondered what he would have for dinner.

The Midnight Ride of Dear Old Santa

by Helen Bissman

Listen, my children, and you shall be enchanted
By the midnight ride of dear old Santa;
On the 25th of December, every year,
He glides through the sky with his fleet of reindeer.
Hardly a man is now alive
Who has seen Santa . . . or his wife.
He says to his elves before he starts out,
"I am in doubt about the route,
So 'fetch' Rudolph, the deer with the red nose,
His glow will help me to see through the snows,
Lighting my way to girls and boys . . .
I can leave a million Christmas toys!"
In the sky rides old Saint Nick,
Through sleet and snow so very thick;
If you are in bed on Christmas night,
Peek out your window to see the flight
Of Santa arriving . . . maybe a little late . . .
But don't forget; it's an important date.

What Is Christmas?

What is Christmas? We all know that it is the birthday of Christ, but how much do you really know about it?

Christmas is not just celebrated in the United States as some people think. It is a world wide holiday. Most children, the world round, wait a whole year for Christmas to come. The name for Christmas comes from the early English term *Christes Masse* which simply means Christ's Mass. This is used only in English-Speaking countries. In most of Europe, the day is referred to as "Christ's Birthday." Scandinavian countries still use the pagan name "Yule Day," while Germany and Switzerland observe "Holy Night." The date for Christmas in most lands is December 25, and marked by religious services, by the exchange of gifts, and by merrymaking.

No one knows definitely when the Christmas festival was first celebrated. It is spoken of in the 400's by Clement of Alexandria. Chrysostom speaks of it in the 380's as a custom of long standing. Other dates were often celebrated. Swiss. On this date Santa Clause, as the day of the Nativity, but in also called Christingle, Saint Nicholas, or Shen Koll, comes with his pack of gifts for his children, and ted. It was noted later that this frequently carries a supply of date would fall within the rainy season in Palentine, so that the shepherds would hardly have been in the fields at night as they were when Jesus was born.

The early Church Fathers probably chose December 25 because the feast of the sun, or winter solstice, was a familiar Roman feast celebrating the victory of light over darkness. This idea was easily turned from a pagan to a Christian one, since Christians consider Christ as the light of life.

The Armenians, who were the first people in the world to set up a Christian state, celebrate Christmas Eve on January 6 by eating fried fish, lettuce, and boiled spinach. They believe that Mary ate boiled spinach the night before Christ was born. The festivities last three days with visiting and

Home For Christmas

by Robert Stevens

December 23, 1960

"The weather is quite calm here. There's hardly been any snow at all this winter. I baked some cookies for the kids this morning. Hope you're OK. Your Uncle Harry's family came this evening just before I started to write. Hope you can get home before tomorrow night. Here it is December 23 already. We got a large Xmas tree from old Mike Jones."

That was part of a mixed up, crazy letter from Mom back in Pennsylvania. Yes, it's the 23rd, alright. Here I am stuck in Montana at the Air Force Base. How did I get the letter so fast? Mom has figured a way to date it ahead since it takes three days from Pennsylvania to Montana.

I have a three week Christmas leave plus traveling pay but no transportation. In Montana the commercial planes are downed because of bad weather. Busses are too slow, and trains are all snowed in. How am I going to get home for Christmas? That is the \$64,000 question.

My C. O., Major Richards has just thought of a way. He and his wife are going to Wyoming to his mother-in-laws. He says I can ride with them to Cheyenne and from there he can get me a private plane. Wow!!! What a brain!

Well, we get to Cheyenne and I get a plane, but the weather is pretty bad in Pennsylvania, the report says. I don't care. I planned my coarse, gass my plane, check weather conditions and take off. Flying is pretty easy until after my second stop at Indianapolis. The weather gets bad, real bad. I am flying against the wind and get as low as possible. Then it happens My engine starts to ice up and my wings are already in bad condition. I am forced to land at a small airport in Ohio. Here it is 10:30 P.M. Christmas Eve, and I am stuck in a little airport in Ohio. Boy, does that make me sore! Finally one of the mechanics says he has fixed the plane the best he can. So, off I go.

You know something, it's swell to be home on Christmas.

To Wear Or not to Wear

by Bonnie Hall

I have learned from experiences in previous years that the well dressed Christmas shopper of 1960 should wear: a pair of iron shoes to keep his toes from being crushed, a crash helmet to help him past the sales tables, and some knee pads (on sale at most hardware stores) to protect him from squalling little children who want to "see Santa Cysas."

If the shopper has all of the above items, I suggest that he buys a bag of candy, a baseball bat, a butterfly net, and a big fierce bulldog to protect himself from tooth-marked and weary Santas with whom well meaning parents have deposited their off-spring when no one was looking.

Another useful item is a straight jacket. This will come in very handy if you see a sales lady who was to keep the shelves in very good order and to be polite to all customers, even little children who will give her a kick in the shins.

Yes, you will look forward to Christmas shopping, if you're prepared with "What the well-dressed shopper will wear."

"SAFETY FIRST," SAYS MILLER; RED CROSS OFFERS CLASSES

Something free, something that doesn't even cost one thin dime, for goodness sakes what can that be? Well, the Red Cross Safety Program has courses in First Aid and Water Safety absolutely free of charge. Red Cross instructors will teach you how to prevent unfortunate accidents, and what and what not to do in case of an accident. The head of this program, Mr. Everett Miller, is the teacher who will teach you much valuable information used in the home as well as public places. Our Coach Mac-cioi shows films and teaches classes in First Aid.

Water Safety is equally as important as First Aid. Last summer, over 6,000 learned to swim by lessons from 85 instructors and helpers from the Red Cross in Richland County. The ages for learning to swim range from 8 to 80. The following swimming courses are taught: Beginner to Intermediate, Intermediate to Swimmer, Jr. and St. Lifesaving, Water Safety Instructor, and Advanced Swimmer.

These and other courses are being taught to help you save someone's life or maybe even your own. In cooperation with the Red Cross Safety Program, the Times is publishing, beginning with this issue, a series of Safety tips furnished by the Richland County Chapter of the American Red Cross. Any one interested in enrolling in a safety course can find out more about it by contacting the office at 809 Park Avenue West.

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FIRST AID TIP



Victims of frostbite should be warned rapidly, says the Red Cross, which has been teaching first aid for 50 years. Do not bring the patient into direct contact with heat, but affected body parts that can be immersed should be immersed in water of 90 to 100 degrees F. If the whole body is affected, it should be immersed in water of 78 to 82 degrees F. and warm drinks given. The most serious effect of prolonged exposure of the whole body is on the respiratory system. Most cases require immediate artificial respiration.

FROM YOUR RED CROSS
309 Park Ave. W., Mansfield, O.



Christmas Eve

It is Christmas Eve. Snow is falling gently from the sky, transforming the tiny farm village into a fairy world. Bells are chiming, and we can hear the voices of the people in the church choir singing Christmas carols. Houses are brightly lighted and cheerful looking. Let us visit one of them.

As we enter the large, cozy living room of the bigwhite farmhouse, the first thing that catches our eye is the Christmas tree. It is beautifully trimmed. The colored lights shine from the highest to lowest branches. At the top of the tree gleams a large star. From the mantle on the fireplace, three small stockings hang. The archways, mirrors, and doors display the many cards sent from friends and relatives. Everything about suggests a holiday. From the kitchen comes the delightful aroma of candies and cookies. Many other preparations are being made. Last-minute gifts are being wrapped and last-minute surprises are planned. Everyone seems to be busy with some special thing.

The hour grows late. The children are reminded that Santa Clause will soon be coming. They hastily say their prayers and climb into bed. The big day is but a few hours away.

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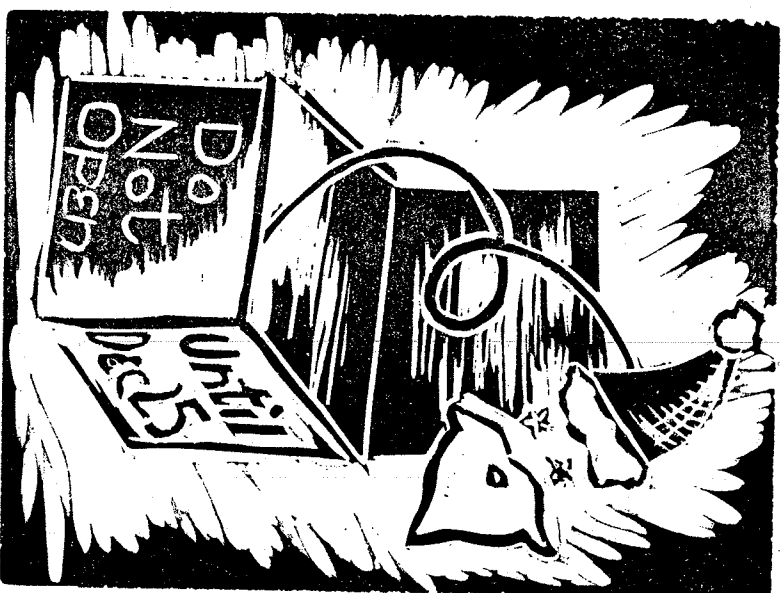
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Sport Shorts

The Hunters' Call

by Jerry Bautz
Now is the time for hunting, ducks, pheasants, quail, and rabbit. To help you bag more game I will give you a few pointers about these four animals.

Pheasants:
The Chinese ring-neck pheasant is our most popular upland game bird, and Justifiably so. He is found in more states than any other upland bird, He is perhaps the craftiest of game birds, hence a real challenge to the hunter. And his delicious, white meat is a most desirable delicacy.

You won't find pheasants south of the Mason-Dixon line, but they maintain themselves in the wild in most states north of that line. Over the years they've become most numerous in South Dakota, largely because of its soil type, climate and abundance of corn.

Corn is the pheasant's No. 1 diet, followed by weed seeds and soy beans. In spring it subsists largely on harmful farm insects. But by fall, you'll find the bird principally in corn and soy bean fields, both picked and unpicked.

To hunt pheasants successfully you should understand their daily routine. They roost on the ground in marsh grass and at the edges of sloughs near water. At sunup they fly out to the morning feeding of corn and beans. By noon they are in weed thickets, briar patches and brush cover to rest, sun themselves and dust. In mid-afternoon they again go out to feed in the corn. Then, at sundown, you'll find them along roadsides getting gravel.

The accepted method of hunting is the drive. Hunters in groups up to 12 or more, post two or three men at the side of a cornfield and drive through it in a half moon formation. Since the birds prefer running to flying, this forces them to the end of the field where they must flush before the hunters.

Quails:
Here is one of the greatest kinds of hunting sports there is. Not all hunters, however, are blessed with having quail in their states. They are principally found south of the Mason-Dixon line or in states not too far north of it. These feathery little balls of dynamite just can't stand cold weather or deep snow.

They are found near brushy woods, down near stream bottoms, and they like to feed on ragweed seeds, soya beans and other types of small grain. There is one thing to remember about the quail; he does not spook as easily as do most of our upland birds. Very often, when your dog or you raise a covey, there are usually many stragglers which try to hide out. A good pointer or setter hunting dog is 80% of the success of a quail hunt. You should, whenever possible, hunt up wind; not that the quail will smell you, but it keeps your dog from senting them too far off and overrun your covey before you are in gun range.

Rabbits:
These little jets are as much fun to hunt as any four legged animal alive. They live in holes in the ground, these holes are very dangerous to the hunter because the hunter may trip or step into one of these holes and break his leg. These little critters also like briar patches which also presents a problem if you don't have a dog to chase them out. The best time to hunt rabbits is when the ground is covered with snow. To get rabbits use a shot-gun or a .22 rifle.

Ducks:
The only thing you need for ducks is a gun, blind, and decoys. You absolutely need decoys for hunting ducks. Decoys bring the ducks down to you so you can get a clear shot.

Remember decoys are only good when you make sure your decoys are the same type and color as the ducks you are hunting. For large birds like geese you need more decoys maybe two or three dozen, or the geese will see that their is not very much food or gives the goose an impression that the enviornment is not very pleasing. On the other hand smaller ducks does not requir many decoys, maybe only one or two.

HAPPY HUNTING!

"Y" Offers Varied Program

Are you between the ages of twelve and fourteen and wondering what to do after school and also on Saturdays? If so, you should join the "Y." The "Y" offers a varied program for boys and girls.

For girls, some of the activities include: swimming lessons, recreational swimming, swim teams and life-saving instruction. Also there is vollyball, basketball, trampoline, dramatics and baby-sitting classes.

Some of the classes for boys in the YMCA are: swimming lessons, recreational swimming, swim teams, and swim meets. Other sports include: table tennis, tumbling, pudo, basketball, and archery. There are clubs too, such as Rifle Club, Model Plane Club, Junior Hi-Y and Hi-Y clubs, Stamp Club, and Table Tennis Club.

Junior high canteen dances are held on Friday nights, in the gym from 7:30 to 9:30. During the Christmas vacation, a special holiday dance will be held on December 30.

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