

DECEMBER SONG

From New Year's day to March's Ides,
We sing of snow and icy slides;
Then Spring and Sun the Winter cow'rs,
And brings the songs of April show'rs.
Through May and June the rain cloud hides,
And songs are sung of blushing brides.
As Summer's cup o'er flows her brim,
Our songs bespeak man's every whim.
September's song of Summer grieves,
October sings of Autumn leaves
November's Winter winds then blow,
And songs again are sung of snow.

Those songs consist of joy delirious - - -
December's song is far more serious

Her song is in commemoration
Of Him Who died for our salvation.
The birth of Christ is now the theme
Of every song and every dream.
The Day approaches, joy is sung
From every lip and every tongue;
The Earth is lauding happily
The Day of Christ's Nativity.
The songs of other months are done,
The Son of God our hearts has won,
And carols ring out loud and long,
Resounding man's December Song.

—C. '52

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU

Oh yes, I remember now! I was walking over from supper that evening when someone remarked from behind, "So we have 12:30 permission tonight, eh?" "Is that true, Joe?" Why should I have to ask such a silly question as that? That casual remark seemed like a spark that sent me scurrying up the stairs of Old Memorial Hall to my (ahem) domicile. Do you think that out of this awry suite, there can emerge within, let us say, sixty minutes, one who may be classified as "chow".

Now, what shall I do first? It is such a long process—this "chowing up". But wait, we must have order and system in our actions. One must take first things first.