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Wind of Christmas

I swayed the palms in Bethlehem town,
I molded their branches and bended
them down;
I swept clean the housetops, pointed
and domed,
I journeyed the roads that the tra-
velers roamed.
I stirred courtyard dust til it rose a
thin smoke,
I whipped at the folds of a lone shep-
herd's cloak—
And I raised my voice with the angels' cry
Of "Peace on earth as peace on
high!"
Joyously heralding the heavenly king
I carried the message—I made it ring
Through the dark of the night on
wings on the morn—
"For to us a child is born!
For to us a son is given!
Here on earth a bit of heaven!"

Sally Durham

'Tis Like a Christmas Eve

For the calendar-less observer, to-
night, in its atmosphere lit with ex-
citement and last-minuteness, might al-
most be Christmas Eve. Tonight the
delirious whirl of happiness envelops
each of us, impelling us to find ex-
pression for the mood we have caught
and to delight in the re-radiation of
the contagion of gaiety. Beneath this
clamor, however, there runs an under-
current of contentment—the ebbing sea
which somehow reaches flood-stage
every December. Let us never forget
that it is in this undercurrent that we
find the mainstream of Christmas—
that under the glitter stands an "ever
green" tree—and that at the end of
his searching the wise man finds a little
child.

The Real Spirit of Christmas

by Marguerite Foshay
President of I. R. C.

Christmas is a magic season of the
year, when many feel a sense of all-per-
vading love for one another, but this
year the feeling between the nations of
the world can be described in almost
any terms other than those of love,
friendship and brotherhood.

This Christmas, in our safe, warm
homes, it would do all of us, as free
people, no end of good to pause in our
gaiety and remember all those who are
spending the holiday in prison camps,
bombed remains of homes that once
were, and refugee camps all over the
world.

How would a disillusioned young
Hungarian feel as he sees the approach
of Christmas? Perhaps he would react
something like this:

"Peace on earth, good will towards
men," says who? Fine phrases and
dirty deeds, public Christianity and per-
sonal barbarity, that's all it amounts
to; all it'll ever come to. Every day
children die of starvation, young
mothers see their husbands carted off
like so many cattle in Russian trains,
to Siberia or concentration camps. How
can you believe in Christmas when
you're living in hell?

"It came upon a midnight clear,
That ageless song of old
Of an eye for an eye and death for
death
And a world all covered with blood!
War on the earth and plague to man,
From Heaven the bombers wing.
The world in paralyzed stillness lies
And hears the dying scream!"

Then there are the Israeli, driven
from their homes in a bomb scarred
country. What can the spirit of peace
that is hailed so loudly in the United
States mean to them? The country
fights for its existence as a whole; its

people are fighting for their existence
as individuals. A young Israeli might
sum up the situation this way:

"The little town of Bethlehem is
pock-marked with bomb craters; and
what few inhabitants are left are dying
of hunger, terror and cold. 'Sing we
Noel,' while we still have our throats
intact.

"Hark the Herald Angels sing
Nine jet planes have taken wing.
War on earth and ravage wild;
Kill the Mother, burn the Child!
Vengeful all ye nations rise!
Blow the enemy to the skies!
Hark, the air-raid sirens scream,
Men are beasts and War is king!"

Then too, we might consider those in
Russia; those who sit comfortably in
the Kremlin and look at Christmas
through rose-colored vodka glasses,
pondering their next move to divide
the nations of the Free World even
further. Pointing to the split among
Great Britain, France and the United
States over the Suez crisis, they can
proudly declare to their people that in
a world of Communism such a rift be-
tween the peoples of the world would
never occur. And their people would
be justified in believing their Christmas
carol:

"Silent Night, Holy Night!
Atom bombs sure burn bright.
Radioactivity near and far;
Half the world is one big scar.
Sleep in the 'cold war' of peace
The State will preserve your ease!"

After we have thought of these things
in our warm and safe family circles,
this writer suggests that each and every
one of us drink deeply from the Was-
sailing Bowl for as long as there is
anything in it and then remember the
real spirit of Christmas.

"Famous Last Words"

65002



"THERE WILL PROBABLY BE A FEW "POPS",
"WRITTENS", AND "PAPERS" THE LAST WEEK
BEFORE XMAS VACATION".....

"'Twas The Night Before"

'Twas the night of the thirteenth,
And all through the dorm
Every Hollins girl anxiously
Waited the morn.
Their suitcases packed
(With meticulous care)
In hope that the taxis
Soon would be there.
They tossed and they turned
In their snug little beds
While vacation visions
Ran wild in their heads.
And the staff in their kerchiefs,
The profs in their caps,
Had just settled down
For a well deserved nap.
When out on the quad
There arose such a clatter
They sprang from their beds
To see what was the matter.
The girls saw it too,
And quick as a flash

Tore open the windows
And threw up the sash.
When what to their wondering
Eyes should appear
But a sleepy-eyed Choir
Bringing Carols of cheer.
And from Randolph to Turner
There came a glad scream
For joy at the dawn
Of December fourteen.
As dry leaves before the wild hurricane
fly
When they meet with an obstacle,
mount to the sky;
So thru all their classes
And courses they flew
With a head full of boys
And Saint Nicholas too.
Then they sprang to the cabs
To the drivers they whistled,
And then zoomed away
Like the down of a thistle.
(But I heard them exclaim
As they drove out of sight:
Merry Christmas to all
And to all a good flight.)

A
Merry
Merry
Christmas
to
Everyone

—Hollins Columns Staff

His Star is Shining Still

May the spirit of the
Christ Child's birthday,
His gift of infinite love,
Remain with you always
In your heart and in your life a
Star as bright as that of old—
The one that shone above a manger;
so that all who see you
May have great joy
And say—"Lo! His star is
Shining still!"