



367-1450

Company of the second of the s



Teacher Linda Ross (center) gives a few pointers to Mrs. Ronald Hawthorne and Mike Shank at the adult art course at Donegal High School.

Adult art course

Thirteen students are enrolled in an adult Art course at Donegal High School. The class, entitled, "Beginning Drawing and Watercolor", meets seven to ten on Tuesday evenings and is being taught by Mrs. Linda Ross, High School Art teacher.

The idea behind the course is to familiarise students with various media and techniques. some students have discovered they have newfound talent in a certain area they've never tried before. Topics covered include basic design, principals, pencil techniques and shading, pastels, charcoal, pen and ink drawing and watercolor fundamentals. Some time is also devoted to a study of past and current trends in art. An underlying purpose of the course is to help students create original and interesting artwork by learning unusual ways to look at things.

If interest warrents, another course will be offered in the spring. Contact Mrs. Ross at the High School by February if you would be interested in such a course.

Florin Brethren Church plans for Christmas



Margaret Sager works on a painting at the adult art course at Donegal High.

Alumni Soccer Tournament

Alumni practice for the Indoor Soccer Tournament will be held on Wednesday evening, December 29 from

5 to 6:30 p.m., in the Jr. High gym. All Donegal alumni soccer players are invited to attend.

Eve

A candlelight Christmas Eve service will be held at the Florin Church of the Brethren, 815 Bruce Avenue, Mount Joy, at 11 p.m. The service will include music by the senior choir, bread and cup communion, and a message by the pastor, Robert D. Kettering. All are invited to share in this Christmas Eve

SANTA CLAUS by Chester Wittell

A sham, a make-believe, a fraud am I-(So say the doubters) I who, for the young, Impel my reindeers through the wintry sky To bring the gifts for stockings duly hung.

A sham? Nay! rather say that I am one Who bears the tokens of an ancient rite, Born in the past when to the austral sun Man turned his face against encroaching night.

I am the envoy of goodwill and mirth. My jolly "Ho-Ho" thrills the common ear, When all the sounds of heaven and of earth Are blended in a song of joy and cheer.

Let doubt discredit me and have its say. Let wisdom slough the skin of childish creed. I shall not care, for I am here to stay, And shall remain for future time, indeed; And all dubiety shall fall, because— Believe you me—there is a Santa Claus.

From "Garnered from the Garden Spot"

