

2 poems by

Chester Wittell

Christmas

Above the muted tread of hurrying feet
The cold wind sharply whips the whirling snow,
As gaily up and down the glaring street
Laden with gifts the Christmas shoppers go.

Somewhere a raucous organ croaks and caws,
And on a corner with his tinkling bell,
A paunchy and bewhiskered Santa Claus
Anticipates the wonders of Noel.

Is it a sign that we have found the dawn
Whose risen sun illumines the pagan dark?
Or but a proof of reverence withdrawn
To label Jesus with the dollar mark?

We who have faltered where the light is low
Turn to our missals, whelmed by doubt and shame,
To see the lamp thus darkened and to know
That we have worshipped Mammon in His name.

And yet the error, glaring though it be,
Seems softened as the well-wishing once again
Decrees acquittal for the fault while we
Speak our brief ode of peace on earth to men.

The Old Year

Adieu, old year! We who once welcomed you
With mummery of paper cap and horn,
Now greet another, young and parvenue,
And mark by resolution duly sworn.

Our gain and loss; all fruit of toil and wage;
The trolls of hope that loomed but did not last:
Receive them all and add them, page by page,
To the undeciphered volume of the past.

All these, unchanged, again the infant year
Shall bring in models plausible and new,
And you — as other years have gone — shall go,
Bearing the common scripture written here,
To be enscrolled beyond all mortal view,
Where eyes see not and none shall ever know.

Letter

Dear Sirs or Madams;

I discern a lack of what might, by the *literati*, be denominated a dearth of socio-political cognizance on the part of your "Staff." As a person concerned with the possible repercussions on the mental attributes of the "average reader" of omissions, suppressions, etc., in regard to matters of weighty import, it behooves me to come to grips with this contemporary crisis, and if possible, to drag, by force if necessary, erring journalism into that grasp.

It has been noted, "Que Sera, Sera." But what of other aspects of our

existence? Shall these, too, be obfuscated by an overabundance, a plethora, so to speak, of redundant (though doubtless recondite and erudite) and obtuse polysyllabic Latinisms?

To each his own.

Sincerely,
John E. Rivermoore

[Ed. note: John E. Rivermoore, a former Susquehanna Times staff writer, was last spotted on a street corner in Berkeley, CA, telling passersby about Cosmic Awareness of Nothing. This letter, his first to the Times in several years, was mailed from Rising Gorge, Texas.]

Help!

Jaycees need your nominations

The Mount Joy Jaycees are requesting your nominations for the Distinguished Service Awards for 1977.

The nominee must be a male between the ages of 18 and 35. He must be a resident of Mount Joy or the surrounding rural area. The winner will be selected by a panel of five prominent local citizens.

Special awards will also

be made in connection with the Distinguished Service Award. These awards will be open to any individual in the community.

If you wish to nominate a person for any of these awards, contact Robert Stoner, 25 No. Barbara Street, Mount Joy, phone 653-4395.

All nominations must be received no later than January 4th.



Sharon Gross plays some Chopin

Sharon composes *con spirito*

Mrs. Dennis M. (Sharon) Gross, of 45 No. Chestnut St., Marietta, has won a Certificate of Award from the National Federation of Music Clubs for her composition for string quartet, "Four Canons for Four Players."

Mrs. Gross composed her quartet while studying

the theory of music with Dr. Mary Bainbridge Vyner at the Lancaster Conservatory of Music.

In the first movement of Mrs. Gross' work the tempo becomes gradually faster. The second movement is relatively slow. But the final movement ends

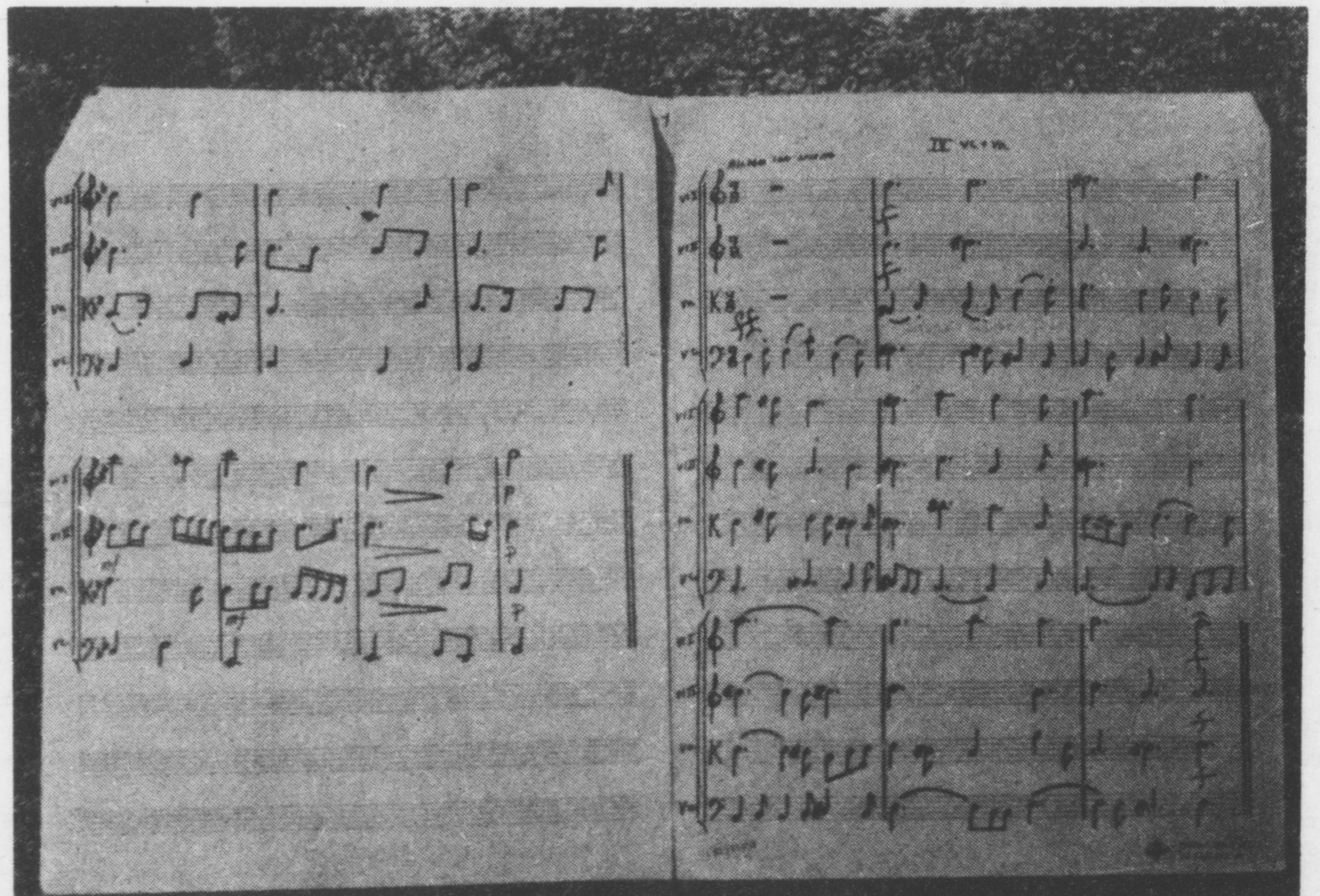
with a rapid tempo, *con spirito*.

In addition to studying composition, Mrs. Gross has continued studying piano with Mr. Francis Welsh at the conservatory, and also voice with Mrs. Alcesta Rebman, of Lancaster. Mrs. Gross sang in the recent production of *Hello,*

Dolly! in Elizabethtown.

She has temporarily discontinued her studies to "to continue having my family," which, so far, consists of herself, her husband Dennis M. Gross, and her daughter Lori.

Dennis, a designer, is a sprint car racer in his spare time.



The spirited finale of "Four Canons for Four Players."

