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TWO GIRLS' CHRISTMAS

One had riches and privileges, the other had nothing. Which had the most joyful outlook on life? Who derived the greatest satisfaction from her way of living? There is a surprise for some and a comforting thought for others in this story from life, published Christmas morning on the editorial page of the *Oregon Journal*:

They are two girls. They look alike. Both have brown eyes, dark and waving hair, slender forms and attractive personalities. This is as should be, for they are cousins.

But the two have come to this Christmas with feelings as different as though they lived in different countries or different ages.

One has planned for the day with dancing eyes, frequent smiles and little gurgling exclamations of delight.

The other has waited, dull eyed, with repeated and weary complaints.

Yet, if the blessings that come without asking were translated into inner joy the two girls would change positions. The happy girl would be careworn. The sad girl would sing.

The first has seen misfortune come upon her home. Work failed her father. Tax time came, and taxes were not paid. Interest day came, and was deferred. The mortgage fell due and foreclosure was instituted. The home continued to be occupied by sufferance only.

The girl, high in her classes, a gay figure upon the campus, was forced to come home from college. "I," said the father dispiritedly, "can't keep you there. If I can't find work, I don't see how you can."

Nevertheless, the girl, head high, smile bright, tried. And she found a job. She did her work so well that she was promoted. All that she earned she carried home to her father and mother.

The other girl has never known what it is to wonder where the next meal will come from. No lights have been dimmed in her home. No threats of eviction have struck terror. Deep underneath is ability. She has shown it in rare flashes of music and art and writing. But, somehow, she has been willing to drift. In her school work she got by—barely. At home she waited to be waited upon. And someone heard her say, "I can't go on like this—a nothingness!"

Do you know the difference between these two girls? Two words, identical in source, but contrasted in meaning, tell it:

Usefulness.

Uselessness.

That is a reason, too, why people have been unhappier in the depression. It is imperative that the majority feel they are needed, that they are useful—and too many have lost that feeling.

Usefulness reflects as much a human need as the plea, "Give us this day our daily bread."

So one girl comes to Christmas with little gifts earned herself, and with a happy heart because her father and mother lean on her and she has proved herself strong.

And the other, thinking herself tired of life when in reality she is bored with self, has missed the Christmas spirit.

"Merry Christmas" can come completely only to the useful.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ACTIVITIES

The holidays at Chemawa was a season of joy and happiness. A genuine spirit of good will and Christmas peace prevailed the campus as our people went about the grounds participating in and enjoying a program of interesting and varying activity.

In keeping with the custom practiced at other schools and one in vogue for many years here the academic and vocational departments operated only in the mornings. The afternoons and evenings were given over to games and programs, or just relaxing.

The program started on Sunday, Dec. 18, when the annual Christmas pageant was given. In this the sacred story of the birth of Christ was retold in drama and in the music of Christmas carols. As in the past this was beautifully done by the choir. On the evening of Thursday, Dec. 22, the choir staged another program. The boys, appearing in dark suits, and the girls, attired in red evening dresses, presented a wonderful appearance and in their singing equaled the work of a fine church choir. They sang Christmas songs, cantatas and works of a similar nature. Our basketball team appeared in the spot light on Friday evening as they took the measure of Silverton high school in an exciting contest in our gym. Saturday evening, after presents had been distributed in the buildings, the student body enjoyed a "hard-time" dance. Following the dance Mrs. Turney and the choir serenaded the houses and dormitories of the school.

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