

HARLETON COLLEGE

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FABLE

'Twas the night before Christmas and it was cold as all January. Not even the beggars were out. Only one solitary figure could be seen on the snow-swept corner of Broad and Laurel. It was a poor little match girl.

But even she was no match for the elements, so she decided to go home. Inch by inch she groped her way in the direction of the Heights. But before she was far on her way, however, she suddenly stopped cold, remembering that she had no home.

Now, that was a fine predicament for any lass to be in, let alone a poor little match girl. What was she to do? To whom could she appeal? Where could she turn?--To the right?--that only led to the poorhouse. To the left?--that was the way to the river. Ah, yes, the river! A gleam of hope flashed upon her frost-bitten face. If only she could succeed in getting to the river, all her troubles would be over.

With renewed courage and with lightened step the hapless maid once more resumed her weary way. The snow lay before her in mountainous drifts, the bitter, harsh wind roared at her heels with Hitler-like abandon, she slipped, she faltered, she stumbled, she fell, she arose, she shivered, she groaned, she fell again, she picked herself up with difficulty, she clutched her numb and frozen fingers to her bosom, she--aw, what the dickens, she thought, I'll get there eventually; the gods can't cheat me of my goal. Only 100 yards more to go! Now only 90, 80, 70, 60, 50, 40--but why continue, can't you count?

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

Tonight is the night of the Xmas Party, boys and girls! Yes, I said boys and girls, for tonight Santa will be at the Center to entertain all you children between the ages of 4 and 44. Come and share in the fun he has planned for you.

Be sure to put on your broadest smiles and smallest feet 'cause both are going to be measured. And save your breath for you'll find you'll need it in some of the hilarious revels. There will be a ping-pong tournament--without paddles--as well as several exciting contests. Also, since Christmas is the logical time for surprises, we are going to go on a treasure hunt.

After all of you have tried your luck at games of skill, there will be a contest between two of the winners. The type of contest? Well, that is being kept a deep, dark secret by the committee.

An added feature of the evening will be carol-singing, so take good care of your throats, all you guys and gals.

Naturally, refreshments will be served to retrieve our vitality for dancing andwell, there's going to be mistletoe. So here's hoping for a merry XXXXXmas. We'll be Xpecting you!



Apparently Maher has the inside information on the current war. In the chem lab last Monday he explained to his fellow students the trend of events and took an hour and a half to do it. When he concluded with "That's the situation in a nutshell," Alice Yost exclaimed, "Heavens! Some nut!"