

ALUMNI NEWS

By GEORGE DEMSHOCK

DOMINIC LOCKWOOD, former student of HUC, prominent in many school affairs while attending here, is a member of the debating team at the Penn State Campus. Mr. Lockwood, in his Junior year, is majoring in Political Science.

CATHERINE CONAHAN is now matriculating at Misericordia College, Dallas, Pennsylvania. Miss Conahan, during her four semester stay here at the HUC was May Queen in last year's "May Queen Program."

CHESTER SHIPPERLY, student of four semesters at HUC, is majoring in Civil Engineering at the Penn State Campus. Last summer Mr. Shipperly was one of those who at the Penn State Campus put their theories of Civil Engineering into practical work by planning and laying out an entire town.

DORIS GOLDSWORTHY at the Penn State Campus is following up the sociological studies she had while at HUC, by majoring in Social Work.

Active at the Penn State Campus in the Center and Common Sense Clubs is JANE SMITH, former student of four semesters at HUC. Miss Smith was a member of the student council and an attendant in the May Queen Program while at the Center. Her major is English Literature; among her likes are dating, knitting and food.

JANE PERNA, in her junior year at the Penn State Campus, is majoring in Modern Languages, with Center and Rifle Clubs as extra-curricular activities. Miss Perna studied four semesters at the HUC.

ELINOR JUNAS is working for her Teacher's Certificate at Concordia Teachers College, River Forest, Illinois. Miss Junas, who was enrolled in HUC in 1944-1945 for two semesters when the student body numbered only 55, will spend the Christmas holidays at home in Hazleton.

JOYCE McLAUGHLIN, a student of four semesters at HUC, is enrolled in the School of Education at the Penn State Campus. Miss McLaughlin's major is Mathematics.

A Commerce and Finance major, JEAN MACZKOV, shows extra-curricular interest at the Penn State Campus by being active in the Center, Newman, Modern Dance, and Bridge Clubs. While at HUC for four semesters, Miss Maczkov was a member of the Glee Club, Omega Chi Tau Sorority and was in the Hemlock Chain of last year's May Queen program.

NANCY NORTH, one of last year's very capable assistant librarians at HUC, is majoring in Sociology at the Penn State Campus. Miss North's extra-curricular activities include the Center, Modern Dance, and Newman Clubs.

MARGARET DENION, who had a four semester stay at HUC, has Math as her major, at the Penn State Campus. Miss Denion, while here at HUC, was a member of the Student Council for three semesters, Secretary of the Girls Club for two semesters, and was Scroll Bearer in the last May Queen Program. Her present activities include the Center,

The Japanese Observe New Years In a Strange Way

By KEN VAYDA

The New Years holiday is the foremost holiday in Japan. It is, strangely, called the Festival of the Plum Blossom because the Japanese New Year occurred, originally, in the spring when the first blossoms, usually that of the plum, appeared. When the Japs accepted the Gregorian Calendar the New Year came in the wintertime, however, they have continued celebrating the arrival of spring prematurely.

This holiday is also the birthday celebration of every Japanese person. When a child is born it is considered to be one year old already and the next birthday comes with the New Year.

The festival is three days in length but it is often celebrated three days before and even three days afterward. It is filled with oriental gaiety and splendor: flowers, lanterns and flags are strewn everywhere; neighbors are invited to eat and then pray to the household gods of family altars; street parades and dances are initiated at the local temple (Shinto) every night during the holiday period and continue there most of the night. The costumes and make-up of the individuals are outstanding. The girls are bedecked in colorful kimonos and obis, and the boys are in richly embroidered kimonos of solid black.

The height of gaiety at this festival, and all others as well, is usually determined by the amount of sake (rice wine) consumed.

Newman, Modern Dance, and Outing Clubs.

CLAIR MURPHY, who studied for four semesters at HUC, is now matriculating at Penn State Campus. Miss Murphy's major is Industrial Psychology.

IRENE KOCHERA, majoring in education at the Penn State Campus, had quite an eventful stay at HUC during her four semesters. She was, during that time, President of the Omega Chi Tau Sorority, a member of the Student Council four semesters, Math Club Secretary, a member of the French Club and was an attendant in the May Queen Program last year. At present Miss Kochera holds membership in the Center, Bridge, and Newman Clubs, and won second honor for "Harvest Queen" of the Campus.

PAUL SHAWLER, three semester student of HUC, is majoring in Industrial Psychology at the Penn State Campus.

ROSE MARY FELLIN, Medical Technology major at the Penn State Campus, is very active in the Center, Newman, Swimming, and Rod and Coccus Clubs. Miss Fellin spent four semesters at HUC.

THERESA KILINSKI, after a two semester stay at HUC, is now at the Penn State Campus, majoring in Bacteriology. "Terry" as she is known to her friends, is a member of the Bowling, Swimming, Newman, and Rod and Coccus Clubs, in addition to the Penn State Christian Association.

LETTER

The elder man was not callous, although you might gather it from his speech. It was just that he had been around a long, long time, and he had seen much misery. It had taught him to mask his emotion behind the detached air of a professional manner. His starched white jacket and slacks were not needed to identify him as a doctor.

The younger man was a replica of the older. He was an intern and he imitated the manning and bearing of his senior in every detail. He was not quite as seasoned to human suffering as was his master.

They sat in the ante room set off the ward and discussed a patient. The elder spoke, "Imagine that, a letter to Santa Claus—what a sense of humor". His disciple smiled. The older doctor looked for a moment at the letter and read aloud:

"Dear Santa,

I am writing you for my young son who, thank God, is not too cynical to disbelieve you. Sometimes, particularly in recent years, Santa, I have doubted your existence; but, just when I have decided that you are a fraud, something happens to convince me otherwise. There was the time I saw the scrub lady spend her last buck for a doll for the crippled kid next door—I really believed in you that day; but all this is neither here nor there. You are busy, and I have a letter to write.

Santa, more than anything else I want my little boy to grow up. I want you to see that no damned fool figures out a new, quicker way to kill him. I want him to reach manhood with two good arms and be able to kick a football around with sturdy legs. I don't want him to look back and remember that he was a pretty good athlete until a mortar shell mangled one of his limbs. For the love of God, Santa, this letter is not a gag. I want my boy to grow up the way I did until — O Christ, what's the use?"

The doctor smiled but his hand shook and his eyes were moist. "It's that basket case—he must be losing his grip — he has no son. He has never been married and—hell, maybe I'm losing my grip, too." He turned his back and stalked down the corridor.

Cadets On Review

Here they come! The throng inches forward in tense expectancy. Here on the majestic plains above the Hudson, the Cadets of West Point are preparing to demonstrate some of the qualities which have proven them to be the world's best soldiers. The successful staging of a dress parade requires utmost precision and alertness. Nowhere has anyone performed more capably the art of parading than the young men of the U. S. Military Academy. Marching erectly, rifles carried seemingly without effort, the Cadets swing past in perfect unison.

Perfectly spaced files and hundreds of white-striped trouser legs, blended as one, stride past the reviewing officer. Now halted and given the command, "order arms", the Cadets bring their rifles to the

Center of Interest

By JUNE REINMILLER

Although the different undergraduate centers of Penn State are basically alike, little items of interest about their various activities which distinguish one center from another never seem to become known to the student. It is evident that basketball is the most widely discussed topics among the centers. Ask any sophomore about Dubois and he will probably tell you that their team gave HUC pretty stiff competition under the hoop last year, but you'll be safe to wager that he would be surprised to learn that the DUCS are scheduled to battle Pitt and the Indiana J.V.s this season. The truth is that students know far too little about their fellow students at DUC, SUC, and AUC.

Did you notice a cartoon recently posted in the main corridor? This was the product of a Schuylkill College cartoonist who sympathized with the snap-quiz-harried student. Rather than spending the night dancing with his girl, poor Joe was making a vain attempt to steer the difficulties of knowledge his way at 3:00 A. M. This was a fine job of portraying a common gripe of all the centers; the snap quiz. In this same issue was a commendable editorial by Bill Weist. The column was a critical summary of the American people's decline of principles they had long ago.

The editor's declarations that the monetary system is now governing the people's deeds and that Americans were now individualists rather than Americans is timely in this Christmas season.

On November 15th the Science Club of Schuylkill visited the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia where they were fortunate enough to see a television demonstration of the Penn-Army game.

Laurels to a group of Altoona students who, like some of us here at HUC, have aided in Little Theater productions in their city. Onions to a few artists who obligingly wrote letters to the editor of the Altoona Collegian (incidentally, it's published by their Student Council) and turned both barrels at the newspaper. An Altoonite has really approved of long skirts; he claims it gives him more time to study. An entirely different opinion is expressed by another, that it slows up the eye movement. So you see students at the other centers are very similar to us in more ways than one.

ground with amazing precision. Formalities completed, and standing at "parade rest", they are abruptly snapped to rigid attention. Not even a waver among the entire group is discernable to those witnessing the spectacle. Polished metal gleams brilliantly in the sun's warmth. The command "right shoulder arms" portrays again the unswerving accuracy and meticulous training of a Cadet. Each rifle is snapped into position at precisely the same moment. Wheeling into formation, the nation's hope for future world security, the trim Cadets of the U. S. Military Academy, leave whence they came and it is some few minutes before spectators recover from their awed fixation.