

Christmas Is Still Coming

But Its Spirit Is Here Now

The little boy stood on a street corner sniffing the winter air and smiling to himself.

"Snow," said his companion noncommittally.

"Real, honest-to-goodness snow!" the little fellow whispered and then he laughed out loud with his head thrown back and his rosy-cheeked face searching the sky. "You know what that means, don't you?" he asked his companion and before the other could answer he added as if to himself, "It means Christmas is just around the corner. Maybe only a couple of days away."

"It does not," the other child protested. "Gawan! Christmas is weeks away. Just because it's snowing doesn't mean Christmas is coming soon. You're dopey!"

The two little boys stood on the corner arguing. Another fellow joined them. A head taller than the other boys, he prided himself on being superior. He gave the kids a pitying look that plainly spoke "Small fry!" and then he condescended to say something.

"Hm-m, snow! It won't be long now," he ventured.

"There, I told you!" the fellow exclaimed to his unbelieving friend. "I told you Christmas was practically here. My mother said my father is coming home for Christmas, and I bet he will be here any day—any minute!"

But the other child still nodded his head in disbelief.

"It's not almost Christmas, and I don't care how much snow there is. Christmas is a long way off," he said.

They started across the street, one average little boy, another taller, older child, and the third, a remarkable child with a flush on his face as he argued excitedly, dragging one crippled leg after him which scoffed the snow on the way.

They had almost reached the other side when a car swerved around the corner directly in their path.

"Watch out, kid," yelled the older boy as he threw his weight against the child who was not so game on his legs. Both of them

Goldstein, Kecker Debate

Malcolm Goldstein and Fred Kecker upheld the negative side of an Oregon style non-decision debate with Johns Hopkins Wednesday.

The question was:

Resolved: that the United States should present to the United Nations a policy for world acceptance of free trade.

CLASSIFIEDS

DON'T BE PUSHED AROUND—Reserve a seat on a chartered bus to Harrisburg for Christmas good train connections to Phila. Call Bette, 304 Ath Hall.

LOST — Pair of shell-rimmed glasses in vicinity of Sparks. Finder please call 4452.

LOST — Brown leather wallet. Mon. nite between New Physics and library. Call Ruth 2647.

WANTED — Transportation to Pittsburgh Saturday morning or noon; return Sunday night. Phond Chief Schaefer 3992.

LOST — Book, "Elementary Qualitative Analysis" in Old Main Monday morning; contained lab key. Call Mike, 2779.

WANTED — Ride for XGI and wife to Norristown or vicinity the afternoon of December 22. Call 3256.

PRIVATE party has 1941 Plymouth two-door sedan to sell. Excellent condition throughout. Phone evenings after 6:30, State College 711, Ext. 38.

LOST — Silver bracelet. Penn State insignia, SAF-BRK inscribed. Sentimental value. Call Bernie, first floor Jordan.

FOUND — 50 coeds who wish to entertain ex-servicemen Sunday from 2 to 6 p.m. at AKPi, 328 East Fairmount avenue.

MEN! — Don't envy someone else's date. Get your own. Cupid's Corner will introduce you to your Dream Girl, first floor lounge, Old Main.

Could This Be Psychology?

Old Main was striking nine. I ran, I walked fast, I hopped, in fact, I literally flew but I still didn't make it. There was no question about my being late for my nine o'clock psychology class. I had blissfully slept through the last meeting of the class (9 o'clock Saturday) and with a sense of fear and embarrassment I dashed to the door.

I opened the door, and that was enough. At first I thought it was the wrong class, but then I saw the handsome sailor who used to sit next to me peeking out from between two hair ribbons and one of those absurd hair creations. Thus at least partially getting control of the situation I started to my seat. Instantly a tall, thin woman whom I had never seen before handed me a pencil. "Sit down right here," she said. The next thing I knew someone shoved a meaningless copy of some kind of exam in front of me. Then from the front of the room I heard the voice of the tall, thin woman with the pencil. "Everybody ready, pencils up, begin." She uttered all in one breath. Begin? Begin what? Well I was floored. I knew I didn't know much about psychology, but this sure was a new angle.

I glancing hurriedly around I decided that I was evidently expected to start writing. I looked at the paper in front of me. I never was very good at cross-word puzzles but this one even a master would have had trouble with. As far as I could figure out, I was expected to draw lines through the letters on the page as fast as I could. I had seemingly just come to this conclusion when I heard someone explain. "Pencils down—please don't write any more."

Well, this wasn't difficult for me because I hadn't even started. I got up from my seat a little dazed and started slowly out of the room. Someone grabbed the pencil I had never used. I am still wondering what class my test will come under when they figure the ratings.

FROM THE AIR TO THE AIR

Students and professors may look for interesting discussions in aeronautical engineering classes. Twenty-five newly-enrolled freshmen in this field are Army Air Forces veterans, and their total flying time is computed at 25,700 miles.

Tribunal announces a Frosh Blue Book to be given in Schwab auditorium, 7 p.m. Wednesday.

It is also compulsory that all frosh attend the orientation meeting at Schwab auditorium, 7 p.m. Tuesday.

X-G-I Club members are invited to attend open houses at Irvin Hall, Acacia, and Alpha Kappa Pi girls dormitories from 2 to 5 p.m. Sunday.

SANTA IS COMING So buy that soft, cuddly animal for your favorite "roomie" now . . . and don't forget that little sister, brother, or cousin who's hoping Santa will fill their stockings with delightful toys. Come in now and choose from our large stock.

- Electric Games
 - Blackboards
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Hitler's Henchmen Oust Prof From Editor's Desk

Until Hitler moved into Austria, Dr. Alois Nagler was literary and dramatic critic for a Vienna newspaper.

Now, he's assistant professor of German at the College and confident of finding his desk unoccupied when he reports for work in the morning.

A Nazi-uniformed party member took over his desk in Vienna after Hitler occupied Austria in March, 1938.

When Dr. Nagler reported for work, the Nazi rose, saluted "Heil Hitler," and disappeared. Summoned to the editor's office, where he found still another party member in charge, Nagler was dismissed summarily, due to "changed conditions."

Four non-party members on the staff were replaced that morning, and other members of the staff were identified as old members of the Nazi party. Nagler said the rest of the annexation was executed with like "efficiency."

Dr. Nagler was born in Graz, Austria, attended the gymnasium there and, later, the University of Graz. He studied a year at the University of Vienna, and earned his doctorate in philosophy from the University of Graz in 1930.

Dr. Nagler, deciding he was "too young" to remain in Graz, moved to Berlin in 1930 and spent two years there as a free lance writer. In April, 1932, he returned

to Vienna and accepted the position of literary editor and drama critic on a large daily newspaper.

After his ousting, he decided he had had enough of Nazi rule and entered this country, in May, as a visitor. He left his wife behind to avert inquiries by the Nazis.

Then, six weeks after his arrival in New York, he cabled his wife to join him, and he went to Cuba to apply for an immigration visa.

His wife arrived in November, and last year, both became citizens of this country.

During his first two years, Dr. Nagler lived in New York City and lectured on contemporary drama and history of the theatre. In 1940, he was awarded a Rockefeller Fellowship and wrote a book on theatre audiences.

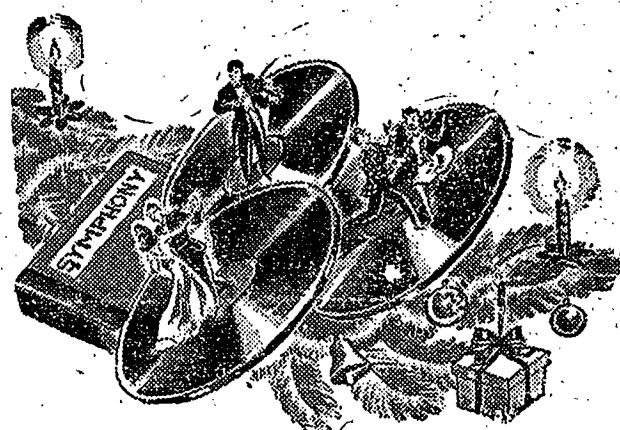
From 1940 to 1943, he was associated with the Department of Drama at Yale University, and in the latter year became associated with the Office of Naval Intelligence at the Yale Institute of Human Relations. In this position, he supervised a project designed to collect and assemble detailed information concerning those Pacific islands soon to be occupied by American forces.

He reported to Penn State after six months as instructor in German at both Yale University and its neighboring Albertus Magnus College.

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