

A Short Story

Silent Night, Holy Night

By JACK HAYES

It was a beautiful night, such nights always are. The luminous stars were large and somehow seemed closer. The moon was well in the sky. Upon the nearby beach, the surf pounded gently. A group of men were gathered about a tiny organ. They listened to a few introductory notes, and at a nod from the organist, raised their voices in song, "Silent night, holy night..."

an onslaught. Many of the shells seemed to burst right upon the plane but, as the smoke cleared, it was still to be seen. All at once the firing ceased. I could not understand it. Then, from behind the enemy, came red balls of tracer fire. I could almost hear those machine guns firing. The plane was hit. Smoking, it slid off into a dive, and flames shot out of the fuselage. Split-seconds later it exploded with a blinding flash, apparently the pilot had not released his bombs.

"Oh, come all ye faithful..." the faint, strained notes were beginning to relax, thoughts were turning toward home and family. Christmas brought them close to their loved ones, as well as to God. They smiled as they sang other Yuletides brought little remembrances to mind. Hatred and bitterness were gone. Peace or earth to men of good will had become fact.

I was suddenly aware that I was shouting. I stopped. Around me others were cheering the unknown conqueror also. We were applauding the destruction of a fellow man. Yes, cheering as we would at a football game or a baseball game. A few minutes before, we had sung a Christmas carol, now hatred was our ruling passion.

Wham! The forty-millimeter riddled the air clear. We wended our way back to the chapel and gathered about the organ again; music poured forth. "God rest you every gentleman, let nothing you injure..."

Dean Ray Endorses Jazz, Say Delta Sigma Phi's

Can you imagine a dean of women jitterbugging? Well, it might have happened if Dean Charlotte E. Ray had been able to stay longer at the Delta Sigma Phi house last Friday. When the five boys who compose the Delta Sig jazz group opened up, with Dean Ray and Miss Lucille Anderson as listeners, the house early began to rock!

The minds of the fellows as they got ready to start. At the last moment, one of them said, "Let's play like we always do." That started the musical ball rolling. The response from the guests was not particularly apparent in the beginning, but when the dean had the couch moved around, so she could see them play more closely they knew they had been accepted. With the succession of several hot tunes, the dean became more interested and even though she wasn't showing any musical animation, they could tell she was enjoying it.

Inter-Americano Club Elects Toro President

The Centro Inter-Americano Club, an outgrowth of the Spanish Conversation Group, underwent reorganization meeting Sunday night, when it elected the following officers:

Jaime Toro, who will serve as president; Marco Carvallo, vice-president; Juan Quiros, treasurer; Fern Wirges, recording secretary; and Elaine Mahuran, corresponding secretary. Plans were laid for the semester's program, which will include Latin American movies, exhibitions, lectures, and music.

The original conversation group was founded five years ago by instructors including Dr. Harrison H. Arnold, professor of Spanish; Paul R. Daugherty, professor of Spanish; and William H. Gray, associate professor of Latin American history.

The club urges that anyone interested in meeting the Latin Americans enrolled at the College and becoming acquainted with the culture of the countries represented, attend the next meeting of the group in 305 Sparks, at 7:30 p. m. January 6.

CLASSIFIEDS

LOST — One grey gabardine topcoat. "Eniweather" label inside. If found contact Collegian office 2-1pd

LOST — Brown and gold striped Shafer pen. Found after dark between Room 9 Carnegie Hall and Old Main, Sentimental value. Call Pat 2196.

LOST — Before Thanksgiving single strand highly cultured pearls silver clasp—don't know where — Reward—Call Pat 2196.

WILL — the lucky person who found a black parker 51 pen (with gold cap and no name on it) about 3 weeks ago, please phone George 2411 concerning reward?

LOST — Red leather zipper notebook containing notes extremely important to owner and blue American Nation history book. These disappeared during gym class at White Hall. Will finders please call 2941. Ask for Suzie.

LOST — Elementary Qualitative analysis by Engelder. Call Bot after 6 p. m. Phone 889.

RIDERS WANTED — to Altoona Sat. noon, Dec. 22. Call 2090 and leave phone number. Herman Weed.

LOST — wristwatch, L. M. 1942 engraved on back. Call 5059 Watts, room 107.

LOST — White metal ring with silver stone in Rec Hall Monday. Reward. Sentimental value. Call 4934.

WANTED — One ride to Sunbury or vicinity on Sunday Dec. 22nd. Call 4814 after 5 p.m.

AT PENN STATE THE COLONIAL 123 W. Mifflin Ave. Comfort at Moderate Rates ALL ROOMS WITH RUNNING WATER Dial 4850

Camps Need Counselors

The Girls Vacation Fund, which operates two summer camps in New York for underprivileged children, has a number of counselors' positions open to college girls this summer. George N. F. Leetch, College Placement Service director, announces.

Positions in handicraft, assistant waterfront, music, dramatics, nature and folk dancing, have not yet been filled, according to the camp director, Mrs. Willard L. Kauth. Girls who have had previous counselor experience are desired for these positions, but Mrs. Kauth has also announced openings for any college girls as general junior counselors. No one under 18 will be accepted.

Coeds interested in positions at Camp Manitou or Camp Talako, New York, are requested to see Mrs. Kauth at her office, Room 1009, 853 Broadway, New York 3, for an interview during the Christmas holidays. Those unable to be in New York at that time may write to Mrs. Kauth giving their qualifications. She may possibly come to the College for interviews at a later date.

Bmocy

by Hymowitz



He's Dreaming of a White Christmas - - - He's Dreaming"

Frosh Orientation Fails; Victim Considers Suicide

Will one cruel girl friend kindly tell one stupid freshman what she wants for Christmas? The whole thing started in the library the other day. It was like this.

A frosh, complete with green dink and green expression, cast an anxious look in my direction. He was one of those boys nature made to look like 15 when he is really 17. It was too bad! Such a nice, studious fellow! He sat before the table and pored over one six-inch-thick book after another. Time passed. He still sat there, becoming more confused by the moment, utterly at a loss for words which would describe his predicament and ideas which would get him out of it.

The librarian cast amused glances his way. He stared back. She walked away. He attacked a tremendous volume with alacrity. After ten minutes, he lifted his troubled face from its pages and brought his hand up to support his head. It was a sad picture.

Outside, the snow fell in little flurries. At 5 o'clock the church bells chimed Christmas carols. I fancied how the poor boy would look sprawled in the pure white snow, a suicide victim. Then I took it all back. He did look studious, but not bright enough to commit suicide over an assignment.

Finally I could stand it no longer. I dragged myself from my comfortable chair in which I had been trying to concentrate on St. Anselm's theories on theology, and moved cautiously up to the frosh's territory. The attack was quick and straight to the point.

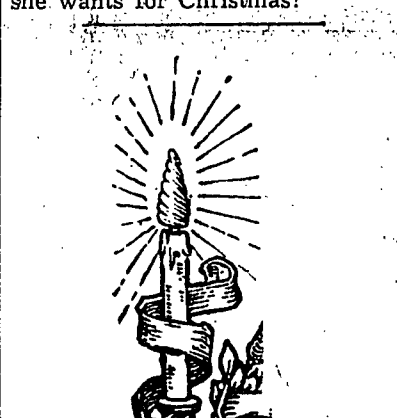
"Can I help you out?" I ven-

ured in my third-semester voice. "I dunno," he said in his first semester soprano. The scene was pathetic, and the only bit of humor which permeated the gloom was a bright sign standing pertly on the table at which the frosh sat. "For Use With Freshman Problems," it read. I smiled.

"You see, it's my girl friend," he said. "It says here," and he pointed to the sign, "that you're supposed to use these books for freshman problems. But for the love of me, I can't find where it says what you're supposed to buy girl friends for Christmas."

My smile faded. I thought of the suicide plan which came to my mind before—this time a murder scene flashed in front of my eyes. Then I grasped the back of the chair and said in the most polite voice I could muster, "I don't know, kid. But I hope she doesn't give you the air."

Will one cruel girl friend kindly tell one stupid freshman what she wants for Christmas?



Snow Hampers Traveling Throughout Pennsylvania

Transportation facilities remained hampered today as winds and frost kept an icy hand over the State as well as the eastern seaboard. The weather bureau predicted a rise in temperature for today but warned that probably occasional light snow would return.

The Pennsylvania Railroad reported its trains from the west were running as much as three hours late. Trains from the east were an hour and a half late.

Main Western Pennsylvania roads were snow-covered but passable. The Pennsylvania Turnpike was reported slippery in spots.

A total of 8.4 inches of snow was registered at the College Weather Station, Comdr. Frank Stephens, instructor of meteorology at the College said yesterday. An average of nine inches of snow covered most of the southeast part of the State in a white blanket and weathermen predicted the snow would remain until Christmas. The State Highway Department kept all of the main roads open during the night, battling drifts piled up by a 20-mph wind.

Colds, More Colds; Then A Healthy Coed Appears

The lineup was long as usual. Freshmen, seniors, males and females were coughing and sneezing. Eyes were a bleary red. Thermometers were doing a rushing, soaring business. Class excuses were being written, infirmarium patients noted, words of consolation, and orders to get back to the dorm and bed were given to those with lesser temperatures.

The doctor, ready to prescribe the usual drops and variety of pills, brushed the sweat from his weary brow and blinked at the healthy specimen of womanhood standing in front of him. The coed cringed under his gaze, glanced innocently over her shoulder at the multitudes behind her waiting their turn for treatment. Then the coed meekly asked, "Please, may I have a physical? I want to play intramural basketball. And I'm as healthy as they come."

The doctor blinked again, gasped for breath, and smiled wearily. Ah, if only there were hundreds where she came from.

Ritenour Offers Poem As Illness Decreases

There has been a falling off in the number of cold cases appearing at the dispensary, Dr. Joseph R. Ritenour, director of the College Health Service, stated. However, he offers this bit of anonymous poetry which speaks for itself:

If you must cough or sneeze, Prevent the spread of disease—Cover your mouth and nose With a handkerchief, PLEASE!

Phi Kappa Psi fraternity initiated Richard Butler, Raymond Murphy, James Sheehan, and Jack Greene Sunday night.

Busiest Christmas for Long Distance

PLEASE DON'T MAKE ANY BUT NECESSARY CALLS ON DECEMBER 24 AND 25 THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF PENNSYLVANIA

Hi There! Merry Christmas Have Fun—And Lots Of It! BETA THETA OF KAPPA DELTA

Merry Christmas from Bill McMullen FLORIST

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WHITE CHRISTMAS GREETINGS from CLIFF'S

Was It Attempted Murder? No—Medicine in Disguise

Christmas dinner at Mac Hall was beautiful. Every coed looked as if she had just stepped out of Mademoiselle. The candles on each table added festivity to the usually drab room, and even the waiter who collected the empty dishes had candles set indignantly on top of his wagon. He reminded coeds of Wee Willie Winkie, only he wasn't so wee.

In the middle of the room ten girls, crowded around a table for eight, were drinking in the atmosphere and listening to carols being sung in the lounge. Finally the bell was broken when they began the collection of food for the sick box they were taking back to Jordan and the 11th coed of this inseparable gang. She had gotten up that morning with that familiar feeling—symptoms of everything but not really anything. The girls had promised to bring back surprises with them.

Back at the dorm, everyone gathered in the room to watch the illing coed enjoy their contributions. Deciding to have tea, they brought out the plastic cups and saucers, tea bags, and all the trimmings.

One of the girls left the room to change into a more comfortable attire, since this gathering had all the earmarks of a long bull-session. On her return she brought a cup filled with a dark liquid and added boiling water.

"Oh, I poured you a cup. It's o.k. he dresser," the returning coed remarked.

"Here, I'll drink that," the girl in bed offered. "I wasn't thirsty (cough) but maybe it will do me (hahaachoo) good," she added. There followed a moan from

the sick coed that sounded as though someone had poisoned her. That wasn't tea she was drinking. Her unsuspecting friend had added lemon, hot water, and sugar to the familiar Dispensary cough medicine!

To add to the sick student's misery, her helpful friends suddenly remembered that there are thousands of hungry people in the world and nothing should be wasted. So they added some real tea (to give it flavor) and decided the conglomeration was just the thing to make her sweat.

You can guess the results. The moral of this story is: "When you like the girl, who is in bed (Take heed of what will now be said) When hungry and thirsty she tends to be Don't give her medicine and call it tea."

Teachers' Convention To Hear Stassen

Capt. Harold E. Stassen, former governor of Minnesota and recently discharged from the navy, will head a list of speakers to appear at the 1945 convention of the Pennsylvania State Education association at its annual convention here December 26, 27 and 28. Stassen, one of the U. S. delegates to the United Nations conference at San Francisco last spring and a candidate for the Republican presidential nomination last year, will discuss "from what to peace—a challenge," the theme of the teachers' convence.

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