

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year



Maroon and Gold



State Teachers College, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Vol. VI No. 8

Bloomsburg, Pa., Wednesday, December 12, 1928

Price Ten Cents

BLOOMSBURG LOSES TO STROUDSBURG 12-0

Crippled Team Fights to Finish in Closing Game Two Major Scores in First Half

The last game of the season, played November 24, resulted in a 12-0 defeat for the Maroon and Gold. Both touchdowns were scored by Stroudsburg in the first half. The second half found the Bloomsburg boys playing an even game against the strong Stroudsburg aggregation. The absence of Kirker, fullback, and Swineheart, tackle, from the line-up and the inability of Captain Kraynack, quarter and star defensive man, to play the entire game considerably weakened Bloomsburg's team. Kraynack who suffered a leg injury in the Seminary game was

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SEMINARY CONQUERS BLOOM 25-0

Defeat Does not Down Maroon and Gold

First Down: Bloom 6; Seminary 6.

Fighting to the bitter finish a game which meant so much to the great mass of people supporting our own Maroon and Gold, Bloomsburg was defeated by a decisive score, November 17, when a strong Seminary aggregation drove over the line for four touchdowns and got off a successful drop-kick to total a score of 25-0.

The several thousand loyal supporters of either the Maroon and Gold or the Blue and White witnessed one of the finest instances of Bloomsburg fight in the foot ball history of our college. Never in the entire course of the game did our boys show signs of loss of spirit or surrender to the inevitable result de-

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The Observer

The Maroon and Gold Staff wish the student body and the Faculty A MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

What do you think of the "Cruise"?—We thought it was great! The "Y" wishes to thank CERTAIN members of the Faculty and the Administration for the fine spirit of cooperation that they showed in making the "Cruise" a success.

The Sunbury Band was enjoyed very much by the student body in chapel.

We wonder what is wrong with the Community Student Government Association? We would like to hear from them occasionally anyway.

Do your Christmas shopping early and avoid the rush.

The Student Social Control Committee did a commendable piece of work in clearing the "Gym" the night of the "Cruise", although they were criticized rather severely by visitors from neighboring colleges.

AND AGAIN—A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

S. S. Ymca with a cargo of "jazzified" college students sailed from New York Harbor, December 8, 1928, for a cruise of the Mediterranean Sea. The different activities aboard ship were broadcast all over the world and the following will be a record of them.

The ship's orchestra, which is, by the way, from a small town in Pennsylvania, and known as Alexander's Syncopators, boomed forth with the National Emblem March. On the way out of the Harbor many different emotions could be seen on the wharf. Among the group could be seen forlorn, unhappy lovers, sad parents and the very happy husbands all prepared to make "Whoopee".

All this was broadcast from station Y. M. C. A. broadcasting the news of the collegiate cruise from the S. S. Ymca. Mr. Saul Gutter, the noted journalist broadcast the activities.

To the millions of listeners in the outside world came, "This is station Y. M. C. A. broadcasting from the S. S. Ymca, the cruiser bearing the students from the State Teachers College on a Mediterranean tour. Among the notables on board were Mr. and Mrs. Francis B. Haas, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Koch and Miss Marguerite Kehr". "We are now passing the Statue of Liberty and I will let you listen in on "The Star Spangled Banner" which the S. S. Ymca band is now playing." Following that Mr. Gutter describes the setting. "The orchestra is on the port side of the deck and is playing a march "Sailing, Sailing Over the Dark Blue Sea." The deck has a canopy of green and yellow streamers which come near the center of the whole length of the deck. Between these an artificial mast has been raised, extending above the smokestacks. Up to the top of the mast there are two rows of imitation ladders made of white and blue crepe paper, and the ventilators are covered with white and blue crepe paper.

At one end of the deck there is a light that has been converted into an orange moon on a blue background. The railings are covered with blue crepe paper with white dabs of paint to bring out the roughness of the sea."

Nothing eventful could be picked up for several days from the Ymca, then after about four days out there came to us, "This is station Y. M. C. A. broadcasting the S. S.

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BLOOM LOOKS FORWARD TO A SUCCESSFUL BASKETBALL SEASON

Again we see our Bloomsburg athletes preparing for battle as the basketball season comes to the fore. Men ranging in height from four feet six to six feet four are striving for positions on the varsity squad.

This year the squad has the advantage of a center with a center's height. "Gordie" Wambaugh, who practically reaches down for the ball on the jump will play his first year under the Maroon and Gold. Yacabonis, Kraynack, Kirker, Fisher and Morgan, last year varsity men are still with us and capable of putting up an even better game than last year. Brown, Golder and Bobbie Wilson will probably complete the varsity squad.

The material in the junior varsity also looks good. The incoming freshmen have added a great deal to the strength of the squad and good work can be expected from this source.

The initial game of the season will be staged with the alumni, December 12th. The first league game, December 15th will open against Kutztown here. Lock Haven on January 4 will be the first game played away.

Scottish Comedians Present "Cotter's Saturday Night"—Musical Play a Great Success

The Scottish Musical Comedy Company of Boston presented "The Cotter's Saturday Night" at the third of the musical arts courses. This play is the famous musical play written by John E. Daniels, and the cast gave it to perfection.

The scene laid in the kitchen of the Cotter's home and the time is Saturday night. The family have gathered together for singing and joking with their friend and neighbor, Tommas Cuthbertson. The Laird's son, Robert Douglas, is invited to supper by Jeannie, the Cotter's daughter, with whom he is in love.

The singing, story-telling and joking were very good and we almost seemed to think ourselves part of the family, sharing in the fun. With all this, there was the usual love scene, and Jeannie and Robert are caught by that jolly Scotchman, Tommas, who is very much amused.

Before the guests go home, there is the usual evening worship, at which the Cotter reads the Bible and a hymn is sung. Goodnight is said, and the Cotter and his wife at the end are left alone,

The Scotch spirit and home life displayed, made us seem very near to old Scotland and her customs. Many old Scotch songs were sung for us, which made the play seem even more realistic.

CALENDAR

Dec. 12, Assembly, Movies 10:00; Basketball, Alumni, home
Dec. 14, Assembly, Student Council 10:00
Dec. 15, Basketball, Kutztown, home
Dec. 17, Assembly Geography Club 10:00
Dec. 19, Assembly, Christmas Carols, 10:00
Dec. 21, Assembly, Training School, 10:00

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Maroon and Gold

December 12, 1928

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News About You—Of You—For You

EDITORIAL

The Origin of the Christmas Tree



THERE have been many explanations about the origin of the Christmas Tree. Each country claims the honor of having been the first to use the Christmas Tree.

France gives her version in this way. A certain knight was passing through a forest, and he came to a gigantic tree, upon which were burning candles, and at the top, the vision of a child with a halo around its curly head. When the knight asked the Pope, the Pope said that the tree represented mankind, the child, the Saviour, and the candles, good and bad human beings.

Germany likewise has her explanations. The great reformer, Martin Luther, one Christmas eve, was walking home. The sky above him was dotted with millions of bright glittering stars, and he was impressed by it that he wished to tell his family about it. He could not find words to express his feelings, and so, he cut down a fir tree, and put lighted candles on the branches.

However, if we put aside these myths, we find it very difficult to understand where the Christmas Tree originated. One very fine suggestion, is to the effect that it came from Egyptian custom. In Egypt it was the custom to deck houses at the time of the winter solstice with branches of date palm which to them meant the symbol of life triumphant over death. This explanation seems very reasonable, as we deck our houses with holly and with the Christmas Tree, for practically the same reason, that Christ came as the Saviour of men, to make life triumphant over death.

If we go back, we find that the Christmas Tree probably made its appearance in the 15th century. In 1830, the tree was introduced by Queen Caroline into Munich, and was very popular there, and also in France. Today Paris uses 50,000 trees each year. The Christmas Tree did not appear in England until the time of the marriage of Queen Victoria to a German prince. When the Ger-

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able to play but a short time in the second half.

Most of Stroudsburg's gains were made through the Bloomsburg line and Roedel and Demonico carried the ball over for touchdowns on a line play each time.

A small number of Bloomsburg supporters witnessed the game while Stroudsburg holding their annual Home-coming Day was quite well supported.

For a time during the third period Bloomsburg put the opposing team on the same defensive that the Maroon and Gold had held in the first half. From that time on Stroudsburg held no special advantage, the play remaining for the most part in mid-field.

Particular attention is taken of the fact that "Jap" Fritz, husky Bloomsburg tackle, played in every quarter this season and was only removed from the line-up once when there were but a few minutes to play.

The season closed with a "fifty-fifty" result—four victories and four defeats. Next year the Bloomsburg squad will remain almost the same, only a very few men will have to be replaced.

The line-up and summary:

BLOOMSBURG (0)	EAST STROUDSBURG (12)	
Wadas	right end	Reese
Sekulski	right tackle	Mathna
Pennington	right guard	Thalenfeld
Ruch	center	Herrington
Kratschick	left guard	Mendelic
Fritz	left tackle	Davidson
Reece	left end	Banchoff
Warmain	quarter back	Perschke
Jaffin	right half back	Demonico
Thomas	left half back	Roedel
Mowrer	full back	Hoffman

Score by periods:

East Stroudsburg: 12 0 0 0—12
Bloomsburg 0 0 0 0—0

Touchdowns—Demonico, Roedel. Referee—Weiss, Endicott. Umpire—Pennington, Pennsylvania. Headlinesman—Maguire, Holy Cross. Time of periods—15 and 12 minutes.

Substitutions—Bitler for Kratschick, Kraynack for Warmain, Warmain for Kraynack, Hall for Sekulski, Taylor for Pennington, Yacobonis for Reece.

Merry Christmas

M for the Mistletoe hung everywhere,
E for the Evergreen's colorful glare;
R for the Ringing of sleigh bells so



light;
R for the Reindeer that prance through the night;
Y for the Yule-log adding cheer with its glow.

C for the Carols that joyously echo;
H for the Holly with berries of red;
R for the Rejoicing and good-will widespread,
I for the Icicles crystal-like glowing;
S for the Stockings with candies o'er flowing;
T for the Toys—little children's delight.
M for the Magi with gifts wondrous bright;
A for the Angels who heralded His birth;
S for old Santa who gladdens the earth.

Loretta Fleming

The Mu Phi Sigma Sorority had their picture taken for the Obit on Nov. 18. A meeting was called on Tuesday night in the Sixth Grade room to decide upon which proof they would take.

man emigrant came to America, he brought the custom of the Christmas Tree with him, and today the idea has spread over the entire United States, and thousands of trees are used every year at Christmas.

"Y" Meeting



The Y. W. C. A. had their regular weekly meeting on December 5 at 6:40 P. M. in Science Hall. Fannie Linskill, the leader, opened the meeting by reading the one hundred-eleventh Psalm.

The topic of the evening was Music. From the Psalms of David and the Songs of Solomon we find there is music even in the Bible. The music from those times down to the present has all been inspired and written under stress of great emotion.

Among these are "O Love That Will Not Let Me Go" and "Nearer My God to Thee," the stories of which were related to us by the leader. These were written by men who were suffering both mentally and physically, at the time.

Religious music (although we sometimes sing it thoughtlessly and meaninglessly and merely reproduce the tone qualities) has grown out of desire or intimate feeling of people who wrote it.

The meeting was closed with the singing of O Love That Will Not Let Me Go and the repeating of the Christian Endeavor Benediction.

Peasant Girl Questioning

"Mother, were stars the same that long, long night,

As yonder piercing, pointed star?"

"Child, lean close your bronzed head—
Aye, these burning lights you see so far
Away from us, are much the same
I think, except for one made brighter still
Than Angels' peering faces
Who thrilled the sky from Hill to Hill!"

They sat in glow of candlelight,

In soft reminiscence how, then,

The cool Night stirred and sang,

"Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men!"

Margaret Umbewust

Social News



The members of the Phi Gamma Tau Sorority were entertained at a tea given by their sponsor Mrs. Koch, Wednesday, November 14, in North Hall apartments. A delightful luncheon was served. The party was also a celebration of the birthday of their president, Miss Ruth Scanlon. Those present were: Mrs. Koch, Jackie Kock, Ruth Scanlon, Anna Farrell, Margaret Ketcham, Dorothea O'Connell, Marguerite Kiethline, Jessie Cornwell, Margaret Conway and Florence Regan.

Recital



The first of a series of monthly recitals to be presented by the Music Department was given in the auditorium on Sunday, November 18 at 2:30 o'clock by Miss Caldwell and Miss McHenry.

The program consisted of both the classical and the lighter type of music. There were love songs, both modern and classical; songs of Arabia; Etudes from Chopin; selections from Schuman and Swiking; and at a special request Miss Caldwell sang "Sonny Boy".

The program was enjoyed by everyone, and all are looking forward to the next one in December which will be presented by the men students.

"Behold I Stand at the Door"



The snow had been sifting down through the crisp atmosphere all of the day and the sun had sunk behind the western hills when I first beheld the stranger. I could see nothing particularly remarkable about the man. He seemed neither old nor young. He was not richly dressed, but neither was he poorly dressed as to be noticeable. Yet wherever he went, through the crowded thoroughfares thrilling with excited last-minute shoppers, in the busy department stores among the weary clerks with their patient tireless smiles, in the residential sections where the cheerful holly and gayly lighted trees reigned supreme, there was for a moment, at least, peace and quiet.

Somehow as I followed the journeys of this stranger about the village, a new spirit was gaining ascendancy in my soul. The pagan customs (Kriss Kringle, bells, feasting and the like) were beginning to seem quite unnecessary and rather out-of-place at the Christmas season. I began to remember the simple life of the man of Galilee whose birthday we were supposedly about to celebrate. I wondered what his followers were gaining or losing in the bargain. The commercialization of the season for the first time seemed revolting to me. Every shop was dressed in gala attire in honor of His birthday with rarely a store following His great humanitarian life principles.

The stranger completed his tour of the town only when the dusk had turned to darkness while high overhead myriads of stars winked at us through the crisp frosty air. With a firm resolute step he then approached a home upon Rainbow Avenue. He walked quickly and quietly over the bare wet sidewalks, from which the snow had already been removed, to the entrance of the house. Lifting his hand he sent peal after peal from the knocker. There was no response. Again and again he knocked with no result; still he continued. At length the door opened inwards as though suddenly blown open by the gust of wind which howled about the corner of the house. Upon the threshold stood the master of the house in dress clothes. I could hear the faint music of an orchestra and the silvery tinkle of laughter mingling with the clink of silver and china far back in the house. The master of the house faced the stranger with an air of annoyance as he curtly asked, "What is your business with me?" Even more curtly a moment later, while the stranger seemed hesitating abashed by the unfriendliness of the man's attitude, he repeated, "What do you want?"

The stranger rallied and ever so gently and lovingly told of the peace, the joy, the rest that he had come to bring. Contemptuous snorts and bitter words were his only answer. "What do you want with rest? This is a vacation and the young folks are home. There is gayety and gladness aplenty." He shut the door and went again to his party.

Some of the spring and force had gone from the stranger's step as he turned away. He went next to a shabbier house, one which sheltered a struggling laborer and his large family. The stranger knocked upon the dingy panels of the door awaiting a reply as before. He had lost his dejected air and once more seemed confident and assured. Many times he knocked and paused, breathless, waiting

for the door to open. Becoming impatient I said, "stranger, you'll have to knock louder. They don't hear you." He knocked loudly and for a long time. The door opened slowly, a tired-faced mother appeared in the doorway. When in response to a query as to what the stranger wanted he told once more his story "come to bring peace, joy, and rest to you". She smiled sadly and unresponsively as she replied. I haven't time to rest and peace and joy are not for the likes of us." muttering something more about finishing a costume that a daughter was to wear in a cantata on the morrow she closed the door wistfully but finally.

Rounding the corner into the next street I saw the stranger ahead of me. He paused by the side of the automobile from which a half dozen young folks were laughingly climbing. Their engine had stopped, threatening to keep them all night in this small town. They gladly accepted the aid which the stranger so willingly offered, giggling the while in an irresponsibly youthful way. With a few deft turns the stranger had adjusted the faulty carburetor. The young people were profuse, though perhaps superficial, in their thanks. I saw an eagerness and a longing I had not before noticed in the eyes of my stranger as he gazed into the strong wholesome faces of the young people and once more made his plea or offer. They reacted quickly and characteristically. "Why! that's all bosh and went out of date with Noah!"

"What did he say? Peace and joy and rest?" It was a quiet whisper from one to another. Then an irrepressible giggle and, "Peace—I need it. Mac and I are always fighting." Giggle-giggle-giggle. "Jay-what's that? Rest?" a sigh followed. "Rest? Oh! God! but I need that but—what are you going to do you have to keep up with the crowd."

The engine started with a whir just then and I did not hear anymore. A screech of the horn, a patter of "Merry Xmas", "Good luck, grandpa, Abraham" and they were off for their city homes or elsewhere.

The stranger looked long and sadly after the automobile and when he finally turned to face me I fancied that a tear drop glistened upon his lashes. I had never seen a face so sad. I protested at the giddy thoughtlessness of youth but the stranger would not listen. He murmured indistinctly something about being reviled before, then his speech came low but clearly, "Yes, I have been mocked, I have been scourged, I have been spit upon. Yea! I have been killed." Something in the tone of his voice or the pathos of his eyes reminded me of one who had wept over Jerusalem saying, "O Jerusalem! How oft would I have gathered ye to my bosom and ye would not. And ye would not." I looked again and it was He whom we have sworn to follow and serve as Master of all denied thrice more upon the earth.

Martha Laird

Home-coming Dance

A dance was held on Saturday night in honor of Home Coming Day. There were a number of the Alumni back for the game and the dance. Alexander's Orchestra furnished the music. Dancing lasted until 10:30

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all.

Anthracite Arts Session Meets



The annual session of the Anthracite Arts Association held here November 17, to discuss phases of vocational work as most important to teaching, is now history, but the new ideas, the fresh inspirations taken away will effect teaching and the work of a great number of pupils for many months to come.

It was regrettable that arrangements could not be made for more students to attend each of the nine sessions.

There isn't space enough to entirely cover all the topics discussed in each section. But we must say a word of praise for the Girl's Chorus, the penmanship exhibit, the fine display of posters in the commercial art section, the very clever appearance of the art department, and last but not least Mr. George J. Keller's talk on "Imaginative Painting".

The effective decoration of the gymnasium for the afternoon reception and the evening dance, were planned by Miss Williams and arranged by the seniors. The cards painted by James J. Johns, for the luncheon tables, helped make the day a success.

A Christmas Carol



Rest lay close about the earth
(Peace, goodwill to men!)
The night of our dear Savior's birth.
(Peace, goodwill to men!)

The stars above were shining bright
(Peace, goodwill to men!)
On shepherds in the fields by night.
(Peace, goodwill to men!)

The Angels came unto them here
(Peace, goodwill to men!)
The men fall on their knees in fear.
(Peace, goodwill to men!)

Their song to earth the angels sang;
(Peace, goodwill to men!)
All through the world their message rang.
(Peace, goodwill to men!)

The shepherds hastened to their King
(Peace, goodwill to men!)
Their love and loyalty to bring
(Peace, goodwill to men!)

Come! let us go and worship, too,
(Peace, goodwill to men!)
As angels, shepherds, wisemen do.
(Peace, goodwill to men!)

And let us all go forth to live
(Peace, goodwill to men!)
To smile, and help, and work, and give.
(Peace, goodwill to men!)

Mary Laird

"Y" Meeting

The "Y" Clubs had a joint meeting in Science Hall on November 14 at 6:40 P. M. The meeting was opened with the singing of a hymn after which Ray Hodges, the leader, said a few words on the topic of the evening, Prayer. The scripture was read by Clarence Wolever. Then the club discussed the "Lord's Prayer. Often when we repeat this prayer, we merely say words, but really every phrase in it has a deep meaning which was brought out in the discussion by the various members of the two clubs.

The meeting was closed by singing a hymn and repeating the Christian Endeavor Benediction.



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Christmas in Fiction



Miss Zona Gale in one of her Friendship Village Stories, "A Great Tree," brought out the real idea of Christmas. Calliope Marsh, a sharp spinster with a heart of gold, has the opportunity to spend Christmas in the homes of her friends or to go to any one of four church parties, but she feels that Christmas is not for any one family or church. From this she conceives the idea of decorating a giant evergreen tree which stands at the crossing of the two main streets. Everyone enjoys the Christmas party that excludes no one. In this story Miss Gale has brought out the true Christmas spirit.

The greatest Christmas story of all, Dickens' "Christmas Carol," is familiar to everyone. It is a beautiful story that has a universal appeal.

Few novelists have used Christmas festivities as a background for their stories. Of those that have, the most famous are those who have contrasted the joys of the Christmas celebration with the sorrows of a few characters. Contrasting is very effective. In Eliot's "Silas Marner" Dolly Winthrop tries to get Silas to go to the church service with her, but he refuses and eats his holiday dinner at home alone. Jean Valjean plays Santa Claus to poor little Cosette in Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables". The same element of heart-ache enters in Du Maurier's "Trilby," Thackeray's "The Newcomer," and Daudet's "Christmas Eve in Exile".

Although many writers realize the value of this contrast many have hesitated to make use of it because they dislike to mar Christmas, even in the imagination, with tragedy.

Myra Sharpless

Christmas Stories



What would Christmas be if we did not have our beautiful stories to read each year? Christmas stories are as valuable in keeping the Christmas spirit as carols, holly, and greeting cards. They become more beautiful through repetition. A story by a modern author that has become a Christmas classic is "The Gift of the Magi" by O. Henry. "The Other Wise Man" by Henry VanDyke is another favorite story that is more appreciated each time it is read. Through legends and stories we can look at the Christmas celebrations of people of other countries whose customs and ceremonies are strangely interesting in comparison to our own.

Christmas stories keep before us the rare beauty and significance of Christmas; they join in to express the general feeling of good will. The Christmas spirit is remarkable in Dickens' "Christmas Carol". For many people the reading of this story is as important in celebration as the singing of carols. Scrooge expresses the joy of Christmas when he says "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a school boy, I am as giddy as a drunken man. A merry Christmas to everybody".

Winifred Follmer

Knierim: What do you want for Christmas?

Mohan: Three A's, three B's, and an E.

Knierim: What do you want the E for?

Mohan: Why I know that's all I can get in sociology.

THE MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

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Ymca. A stowaway who gives his name as "Hank" Warmain has been found on board. He claims he is "beating his way" to Europe to his wealthy aunt to obtain money to have his voice cultured. Stowaways must earn their passage so Mr. Warmian will sing for you two popular numbers of the day "Girl of My Dreams," and "All for You." Mr. Warmain has easily sung his way and is now being flooded with vaudeville offers.

A few days later a stoker was discovered who was supposed to have been from England and was working his way back home. He is a cast-off vaudeville singer who gives his name as Mr. Armand Keller. His voice will not permit him to stoke coal; and to prove it to you, "listeners in" we will have him sing two popular ballads. The first is a theme song taken from that popular "talkie," "Dancing Daughters," and entitled, "I Loved you now as I Loved You Then" and the other is called "Doin' the Raccoon." Mr. Keller for his second number has donned a raccoon coat, derby hat, and is bearing a cane. Quite the thing on the American campus, old deah!"

Nothing of importance was heard from the student ship for a few days when suddenly while listening to the Ymca orchestra which was playing dance music, two loud reports were heard through the speaker in our homes. The ever-resourceful Gutter was on the air. "The ship has been torpedoed!" Everyone will retire to their staterooms until repairs have been made by the crew. Don't worry there is no danger aboard ship, whatever. By the way, I forgot to mention about this crew. I've made many trips across the ocean but I don't believe I ever saw such a resourceful crew. This crew is made up of Captain Ruch; Bob Dew and Jack Taylor, First and Second mates; "Chubb" Poole, steward and Eddie Jenkins cabin boy. The crew can not only man a ship which is shown by the way they have handled this social situation, but they can also do artistic work which has shown up on the deck. They are certainly to be commended for the success of the whole cruise."

The cruise was by this time on its return trip and Mr. Gutter left us listen in on an airplane which was passing over the ship. The plane could not be seen because of the dense fog. A message was sent to the ship and they replied that it was De Mosquito, the noted Italian aviator, who was flying to Dunedon, New Zealand to join the Byrd expedition to the South pole.

That was the last notable thing that happened on the return trip. The collegians as usual had lost the thrill and were already making plans for something else. Something else is coming. In the course of a few months the Y. M. C. A. of the college will run another novelty dance which will be different and if not better than "The Cruise," it will be just as good.

"This is station Y. M. C. A. broadcasting from the S. S. Ymca, now in New York harbor. The situation seems reversed from when we left here. On the wharf now there are happy reunions of lovers and parents, and unhappy reunions of husbands and wives. Mr. Saul Gutter now announces that this is station Y. M. C. A. signing off.

EXCHANGES



The Maroon and Gold staff acknowledges to date the following exchanges:

The Bucknellian—Bucknell University—Lewisburg, Pa.

The Lafayette—Lafayette College, Easton, Pa.

The Snapper—Millersville State Teachers College, Millersville, Pa.

The Beckleytonian—Beckley College, Harisburg, Pa.

The American Eagle—American University, Washington, D. C.

The Campus Chronicle—California State Teachers College, California, Pa.

College Times—State Teachers College, Lock Haven, Pa.

The Indiana Penn—Indiana State Teachers College, Indiana, Pa.

The Mustang—New Mexico State Teachers College, New Mexico.

The Opinator—Wyoming Seminary, Kingstons, Pa.

Co-No Press—Normal School, Cortland, New York.

The Susquehanna—Susquehanna University, Selinsgrove, Pa.

Brown and White—Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.

Frankford High Way—Frankford High School, Philadelphia, Pa.

Haverford News—Haverford College, Haverford, Pa.

The Centralizer—Central High School, Philadelphia, Pa.

Other Colleges' Activities

Cast for "The Whole Town is Talking" is selected.

The Lock and Buskin of Frankford High School, Philadelphia, has selected its cast for

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SEMINARY CONQUERS BLOOM 25-0

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feat. Even the last quarter, the final, deciding period of the game, found Bloomsburg's crippled team of eleven men fighting with Spartan grit and determination against the bitter downfall of the aspirations of their college. Physically they were beaten; morally they were progressing toward a goal, the goal of a moral victory.

The line-up and summary:

WYOMING		BLOOMSBURG
Sturm	L. E.	Creasy
Ambrose	L. T.	Fritz
Garak	L. G.	Krafchick
Baiz	C.	Ruch
Haas	R. G.	Pennington
Kolasky	R. T.	Swineheart
Rees	R. E.	Wadas
Bailey	Q. B.	Kraynack
Welch	H. B.	Warmain
Walker	H. B.	Mowrer
Rorapough	F. B.	Kirker

Score by quarters

Wyoming	7	0	6	12-25
Bloomsburg	0	0	0	0-0

Touchdowns—Bailec 2, Reese, Seiple: Point after touchdown—Walker drop.

Substitutions—Wyoming: McKnig for Sturm, Patten for Ambrose, Shelley for Garak, Gutowski for Baiz, Kear for Haas, Rudolph for Kolasky, Fielding for Rees, Potoski for Welch, Sudnick for Walker, Seiple for Rorapough, Renshaw for Bailey. Bloomsburg: Jones for Kraynack, Reece for Wadas, Taylor for Swineheart Thomas for Kirker, Wudna for Creasy, Swineheart for Taylor, Kirker for Jones, Morgan for Warmain, Jones for Thomas, Taylor for Swineheart, Bitler for Krafchick, Creasy for Reece.

Referee—Mercer, Gettysburg. Umpire, Smith, Gettysburg. Head linesman—Thomas, University of Kentucky. Time of periods—15 minutes.

Christmas Will Illumine Our Land



The simple question may be asked why do we illumine everything for Christmas Day? We burn lights on our tree and in our windows. We use silver stars and tinsel for decorations, but, just where do these customs and merry-makings lead us—on life's great highway?

We hear the Christmas bells, exchange gifts, sing carols and read the Christmas story portraying in our mind's eye the eve of nineteen hundred twenty eight years ago. "Light" seems to be the one word which expresses that beloved story. The star, the angels, the halo, and the supreme glory of our Lord all were gleaming lights conveying the facts of the long told prophecy to the wise men and shepherds so long ago. That same light shines today proclaiming joy to the world.

Christmas should light the pathway which leads to God. We may be in humble circumstances but there is always a hope, a glimmer of light which we may grasp to beckon us on toward our goal. Those who loved the new born babe served God and mankind faithfully. They accepted His Son. We can receive the eternal love by following and serving on the highway to the Bethlehem Babe.

Childhood is illumined by celebrating Christmas. The story of the Christ-child should be taught so that it will be loved by all. Jesus refers frequently to His love for children; the humble and the great share alike with Him. Toys and carols greet the children but the real spirit of giving and the love which prompted that giving should be grounded in early youth for the real business of living. Thus, spiritual values contribute to real joy. The boys and girls are America's pride, through them she hopes to pass on her ideals and posterity.

We should celebrate Christmas in its true meaning three hundred sixty-five days in the year. It will illumine our way toward a mutual understanding of world problems. We fully comprehend the great interdependence of one nation upon another. Each country holds individually political, social and economic problems. We are now on the threshold of a new administration—economic problems, foreign relations and the one great hope for peace are facing us. The world's greatest orators advocate that we as individuals should embrace conscientiously the four-fold life. Humanity is prayerfully reaching for light as a guide in this great struggle for world peace. More than nineteen hundred years ago the Jew and the Roman despised each other but many of them found the common light the Christ-Child to guide them lovingly and bravely on.

May we as prospective teachers strive to live and impart to our associates the type of service and giving that will resound throughout the world "Great tidings and Peace on Earth Good Will Toward Men". May the light so radiate from our countenances when we utter our "good morning" that it will carry the feeling of "Merry Christmas" daily. Then, Christmas will illumine all paths and love will reign forever.

Minnie Melick

McKenna: Do you believe in Santa Claus?

Rovenolt: Why not! There isn't any Santa Claus.

McKenna: Well who is this guy who runs around in red knickers at Christmas time?

Freshmen Girls Basketball



The freshmen girls Basketball season will open at the end of this week. Four-fifths of the Freshmen know nothing about the game, so they must be taught. Basketball is being used to end up this semester for extra curricular credit as athletics will not count as extra curricular next semester, because of the inadequate floor space in the gymnasium.

Miss Loose has found some fine material in her gym classes this year. Several stars have already reported for practice. The stars are going to be placed altogether so that there will be several A number 1 teams this year. So we ought to see some fine games this season. The tournament will be mainly a practice tournament as the whole schedule will have to be revised at the end of the semester.

The teams this year have an advantage over the teams of years gone by, for they have 4 new basketballs for their own use, while before the teams had only one. A test will be given to each player signing up for basketball. Every girl is required to be able to shoot 6 baskets out of 10 tries. Those signing up for the teams will have to play next semester. No one will be allowed to quit the team after they have once started to play. The spirit this year is great. The girls have shown more spirit over the anticipation of playing basketball than they did over hockey. That's good, girls, be sure to support your team after the tournament starts. If enough gymnasium space can be found, volley ball games will also be played.

The First Snowfall



The day is done,
The sun is gone,
The flakes fall light and cold
They flutter down in gentle ease
Poured out from Natures Mold,
In gentle dots they gaily fall
To cast their imprint on the wall
But for an instant,
Then they too
Dissolve and join the melted crew
Of crystals that had gone before
To fall in vain on the earth's floor.
So bit by bit this gallant band
Gain their firm grip on frosted land
And snow lies thick where eyes can reach
A silent lesson man to teach.

Saul Gutter

Christmas Spirit



On Christmas Eve, the little child, asleep
in his trundle bed,
Dreams of reindeers and tinkling bells and a
man all dressed in red,
Who comes to your house on Christmas Eve,
with a bundle on his back,
These are gifts for the good little girls and
boys and the toys fall out of his pack.
Whether you believe this story or not of the
jovial old St. Nick,
Or whether you believe this jolly old man,
can come down your chimney of brick,
He is the symbol of Christmas cheer and the
very spirit of the day,
As he leaves his gifts and spreads his joy and
speeds quickly on his way.

Edward DeVoe

Santa Claus Letters

Bloomsburg, Pa.
December 13, 1928

Mr. Santa Claus,
North Pole,
The World.



Dear Mr. Claus:

It has been a long time since I have asked you for anything so I hope my request will be taken care of before you give all your presents away to people who ask for something every year.

The boys at North Hall want to know, if they can have improved walks leading from their building to other buildings on the campus. I am sure every boy would receive his greatest surprise since he entered school, if this request were granted.

We also wish everybody, "a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year".

Yours very truly,
Steve Dormitory.

Dear Santa:

I am writing to you in behalf of some of the boys of North Hall. I am well acquainted with most of the boys and I think I can make a few suggestions for their gifts, as follows:

- Ruch—a wig.
- Ex—a window sill in North Hall.
- Stien—a few lessons in "How to Reduce".
- Gallagher—a few dancing lessons.
- Shorty—a carton of Beech Nut.
- Palsgrove—some ambition.
- Hodges—a book on "Muscle Building".
- Wambaugh—a steady girl friend.

Thanking you for any assistance that you may render these young students.

I remain,
Joe North Hall

Other Colleges' Activities

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"The Whole Town is Talking," which will be held some time in December.

(The staff thanks the Exchange Editors for their prompt exchanges and would appreciate further exchanges and comments.)

Prizes offered for Inter-State contest in March.

High Schools of Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio and the District of Columbia will hold separate State Extemporaneous Speaking Contests. Scholarship prizes for the winners of the three state contests will be offered. Pennsylvania do your best.

Social Dancing

At Normal School, New York, classes of social dancing are being held in the Gym after school two days a week. These classes are organized to give a general course to those who cannot dance. What a splendid idea!

Broadcasts Program

Station P-H-I-L-O broadcasted a literary program from Philo Hall, State Teachers College, California, Pa., November 13. The program contained readings, musical numbers and jokes. Judging from your paper we believe that all the members of the society "tuned in" on it.

Christmas Cards Customs



The pretty little present day remembrances commonly known as Christmas cards had a very curious beginning. They really are descendants of the "school pieces" or "Christmas pieces" which were popular between 1800 and 1850.

The "pieces" were sheets of writing paper, usually decorated with elaborate pen-flourishes of birds, scrolls, or something of that sort and were sometimes headed with fancy copperplate engravings. The school boys utilized them at the approach of the holidays on which to write letters carefully and thus exploit the progress they had made in composition and chirography.


In 1841 one of the four publishers of these "cards" put out thirty different subjects each year and sold about five hundred of each kind but about one thousand of those were of the Life of Christ. Most of the subjects were taken from the Old Testament. The best customers of these were Charity boys who used to take them around at Christmas time to show to their parish and incidently to solicit a trifle.

The first real Christmas card was published in 1846 by Mr. Joseph Cundall, a London artist; however, Mr. Henry Cole originated the idea. The drawing was made by J. C. Horsley, R. A.; the lithographical printing by Mr. Jobbins of Warwick Court, Holborn; and the painting by hand. About one thousand copies were sold of the first Christmas card. What a difference in comparison to the millions sold to-day.

Harriet Harry

I Do Not Like a Roof Tonight

By Grace N. Crowell

 I Do not like a roof tonight,
I long to walk a barren field—or lie
Face upward on a hill and watch the sky
Sparkle with silver—and to know
That one night, long ago,
These same stars, with the same hand guid-
ing them,
Shown down on Bethlehem.

A Roof shuts out the stars—it drugs with
sleep

I wish I were a shepherd of white sheep
Out on the hills, and for their sake
Must keep awake
And I would see the radiance of the sky,
The rapture of the slow stars marching by:
The near ones bright—the far ones dim,
But speaking, every one, of Him.

I Do not like a roof tonight
But from the fields, If I should hasten down
Toward the glimmering lights of any town,
I think that I should find the Christ-child there
Under a star—somewhere
Faith or fancy—call it as you will—
The stars at Christmas guide me to Him still
Selected—Good Housekeeping Mag.

"Frosh" Will Wear Dinks



On November 20 before a large crowd of enthusiastic fans, the football team representing the Freshmen class went down to defeat before the onslaught of the older and more experienced Senior team.

The day was a gray, gloomy affair and the field was a sea of mud. Before the first five minutes had passed both teams were covered



Christmas Greetings



Capitol Theatre




with mud and were beyond recognition of even their own classmates. Brains and speed availed the Frosh but little when the Seniors would set in play their perfectly moving machine. The fast pace soon asserted itself and before the final whistle had blown the Seniors had piled up enough points and given the Frosh enough football to last them for many days.

Bobby Wilson played a marvelous game while LaVigna of the Frosh team covered himself with great glory and a still greater amount of mud.

The final score was upper-classmen 18—Frosh 0.

What's Christmas Without Snow?

 As I sat by the kitchen window
While the sun was going down o'er
the hill

I saw the grey shadows creeping
Ghost-like o'er valley and rill.

A cold sharp wind was blowing
And howling thru leafless boughs
While from the barn out yonder
Came the "moo" of the shivering cows.

Then as the shadows grew deeper
And the wind ceased its weary moan
Clouds filled the sky above me
Hiding the starry dome.

Hours I sat there reading,
The oil was burning low,
Then some one shouted
Come, see the fallen snow.

Next morning when I awoke
The sun was shining bright
And the whole outside seemed different
From what it did last night.


The snow sparkled like diamonds
Under the sun's bright glow
Now we can be joyful and happy
For what's Christmas without snow!

J. Fred Berger, '30

Rovenolt: Where did you learn that curse word?

Stoddard: Oh the Salvation Army, Santa Claus said that when I pulled his whiskers.

Christmas

 Bring Christmas candles wee and red
(Hush, she's asleep in her tiny bed)
Hang the holly, festoon the walls
Deck the firs with rich red balls.

Tinsel drape like frailest web of spider
Touched by fairy wand or tiny scepter,
Tint with balls of pink and blue,
Paint there a touch of every hue.

Bring gifts wrapped and tied,
Showy boxes no longer hide.
Slip toys into each stocking toe,
Wind walking doll; she will go.

But better, dearer, finer taste to bring
The Christmas spirit to make hearts sing
For this Gift to us was freely given
To bring on earth a bit of heaven.

Marie Nelson

She staggered,
Not so much from
The wind and cold
As from a heart
Broken and old.

She stumbled,
Not because
Of the blinding glare
But from a soul
Filled with despair.

She fell,
Fell like a bird
Exhausted from flight
And so did a star
On cold Christmas night.

They found her next morning
Against the church door,
A poor frozen soul
That would struggle no more.

In her hand they found
Clutched ever so tight
A rosary she carried
On dark Christmas night

In a mass they held
The next solemn night
They prayed for a soul
That had struggled to do right.

M. Sekulski

Voigt: Did you know that they don't have any insane asylums in Arabia?

Drummond: No, why don't they?

Voigt: Because there are nomad people in that country.