

SEASON HIGHLIGHTED BY COTI LLION

Senior "Sleigh Bell Festival"
Scheduled for Hotel Statler

Snowmen, Christmas trees, bells and tinsel, decorating the student lounge are reminders to Rosary Hill students this week of the Christmas Cotillion, Dec. 30, in the Hotel Statler.

Plans for this year's Senior Prom, "Sleigh Bell Festival" are well under way, general chairman, Carol Gabri- briel, reported this week.

The Niagara Room has been chosen for the Cotillion, and under the direction of Bernie De Maria, decorations chairman, a fabu-
lous holiday decor will prevail.

Members of the Senior Class are busily painting, drawing and sketch-
ing decorations to turn the Niagara Room into a holiday dream come true. Each table will have a mini-
ture Christmas tree centerpiece.

Kathy Bauman, favors chairman, has promised a special favor for each girl in keeping with the theme. Carm Bongiovanni and Pat Troy, ticket co-chairmen, today reminded all Rosary Hill students that tickets are $5.60 per couple, and are on sale now. List-

ings as patrons are available from Pat Drexelius at $5.50.

As in the past, this year's Cotill-
on is open to alumnae and friends. A telephone committee is busy con-
tacting RHC alumnae.

The reception committee is headed by Zari Manzella.

This year's Christmas Cotillion will surpass the memorable holiday affairs of past years, publicity chair-
man, Carol Battaglia, confidently predicted.

In RH Bookstore

Do Xmas Shopping

Sister Magdalah, RHC's entrepre-
neur extraordinary, reported this week that her Gutenberg Hall book-
store now has in stock zipper-front water repellent jackets and white sweathirts for off-campus wear by Rosary Hill students. The jackets are priced at $5.50 and the shirts at $2.70.

This new addition to the stock of full-sized stationary, informal notes, stickers, book-covers and, of course, text books makes "Gutenberg Hall" literally a "one-stop wonder store."

Art supplies are also being sold. All requests, from first-aid to a needle and thread will be honored. With the able assistance of Mary Paul Kennedy, Donna Crotty, Gerry Krasna, Alice White, and Joan Wheat, the bookstore is opened 41 hours a week—8:00 until 3:20, Monday through Friday and Saturday morning— for the convenience of all.

Because of the abundant inven-
tory many a student has reported that she has retraced the flag-stoned path with many purchases but a few dollars poorer than before.

Among the affairs scheduled in connection with the dance is a punch party at the home (140 Lemon St.) of Pat Brechtel, president of the class. Pat has extended invitations to faculty, chaperons, and Senior Class members.

At Faculty Tea

Informal Fun

At Faculty Tea

Informal piano numbers by Mari-

lynn Campbell, and carols by all

who care to join in, will enliven this afternoon's annual Faculty Tea in Daemen Hall.

The traditional Christmas farewell to Rosary Hill students is being given from 12:40 to 3:45. Sister Joanne and Sister Angelica are co-chairmen of the Tea. Every year the faculty tries to make the affair distinct from the previous events. This year the keynote is informality in order to give the students and faculty the opportunity to meet and to know each other on a more in-

formal level.

FRESHMEN SUCCEED

In First Project

First impressions are lasting, and the Freshman Class will long re-
member the fine support given by the entire student body to the "Frosty Frolley."

Class treasurer, Helen Pacini, re-
port a profit, $105.50, after pay-
ing expenses for tickets, favors, or-
chests, and Club rental.

The credit column lists only $105.50 but a more important intangible entry in that col-
ume is the wonderful time enjoyed by all the Freshmen and their guests.

Ascent Cancels

Student Contest

With disappointment and regret, we of the Ascent have found it necessary to close the contest.

Due to the fact that the number of entries in the Ascent Contest failed to meet the expectations of its sponsors, judging a winner would be unfair.

MENC Elects

RH Student

Pat Ryan was elected one of the five members of the Executive Com-
mittee of the New York State School Music Association Conven-
tion, which was held in Rochester December 2 through 4. College students met at the convention to discuss the proposed organization of all the college chapters of the Music Educators National Confer-
ence on a state level. Last year at the NYSSMA Convention, five stu-
dents from five different colleges in the state formed an Executive Committee with Mr. Mudd of Fredonia State Teachers College to tackle the problem. This year, the committee organized a reception for all college students in MENC, supervised the election of the second Executive Committee, and reported on their progress.

Publicity for the college MENC organizations in the NYSSMA News was handled by Pat Ryan. The Executive Committee will try to set up an efficient working organiza-
tion for the inter-collegiate level.

On Saturday of the convention, the Madrigal Singers presented their program at the Eastman School to a very appreciative audience.
The annual Fall Regional Convention of the New York State College Students Association was held December 3, 4, and 5 in the Capitol's State Chambers and Ten Eyke Hotel, Albany.

The picture which enters my mind is one that is fast fading from the holiday scene. It is the miniature manger under the tree. A few years ago, no home decoration was complete without the Bethlehem scene with its cotton-batting snow and painted plaster figures reminding us that this is where Jesus was born—this is Christ's birthday.

Today, however, it is more common to see an electric train with its own elaborate village surrounding the tree, or the presents, from bicycles to skis, piled in every available space. Ironically, it reminds us of the words spoken of that first Christmas—"there was no room in the inn."

A few years ago, a campaign was launched to put "Christ back into Christmas." All of us agreed wholeheartedly with the idea. We realized the need and energetically pasted stickers on our car windows proclaiming the fact. Thus, we did our part. After all, what more could we students do? Could we create our own Christmas? Must we be spontaneous drivers? No, but we could and we still can, in our own homes at least, bring the crib back under the tree to remind us, as well as all our Holiday visitors, that this is the day Christ was born—"Come let us adore Him."

Quips and Quotes

Ever listen in on two-way conversations?

One recently overheard by this writer included a conversation held this month and recorded some rather perplexing data overhead on campus.

For example:

In a recent math class, Mother Marian was heard to say, "In this particular problem we are considering a cyclic quadrilateral."

Any questions about it?

Replied Peggy Farrington:

"I understand the solution ok., but how do you know it was sickly?"

Well, perhaps Peggy was baffled, but she now has plenty of company. Her junior classmates, and with good reason, are considerably worried about Father O'Malley's idle girls running the Musical Theology course. Said he: "When I think of the kind of exam I could give, it appalls even me."

Mr. Eger, after much experimentation has discovered that Carol Kozha thinks "mentally" in physics class. Many are wondering just what method she applies in her other courses.

While returning by car from a recent music concert in Rochester, Sister Brendan requested that her fellow travelers join her in a few "safe journey" prayers. They were recited in a fashion similar to this: Sister Brendan: ".... world without end."

Travellers: "Amen."

Sister Brendan: "St. Christopher."

Sister Joanette: "Oop! No left turn."

Maybe next time Sister Brendan will announce just "stolen" Father O'Malley's parking space, were seeing an explanatory note on the side of the car. Following the written apology for this evil, they had added "We still can." "The early bird is the worm."

When queried concerning the "Fifth Amendment," one of the faculty very emphatically responded, "Of course I know what it is. "Thou shalt not kill."

It is evident that this remark, if not accurate, was indeed made in more than good faith.

A group of students found themselves carried away by strains of "Make Believe" drifting from a car radio.

This song reminds me of George's "social," said one.

"Reminded me of the night I met Ralph," said another.

The third: "Reminded of myself. It's the only song I can play on the piano."

Students Design Christmas Sign

A lovely Christmas "card" from Rosary Hill to all parents, has been prominently on the campus, facing Main Street. The theme of the convention was "The Glory of God's love to God and peace to men that are God's friends," taken from Matthew 11:28, 29—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

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The holiday decoration is an activity undertaken by the Special Projects art class, conducted by Sister Jeanne and Mr. Tambellini. Junior art students comprising this class are:

Pam Neville, Sue Price, Marge Depmeyer, Carol Campbell, Sharin Smith, DeSales McKenna, and Robert Striegel.

Every year at Christmas time, members of the Special Projects class also decorate a large shop window in the downtown section of Niagara Falls. This year the display with its Seven Kings was depicting the visit of the Magi. Three panels, resembling stained glass window, contained images of the three kings. In the distance, the cave is situated against a background of dark hills.

One of the major projects of this class will be during the next semester. The students will design and decorate a chapel at the Roswell Park Memorial Hospital.

Study Forgotten; Idea Begotten

Once upon a time, three Rosary Hill girls were finally getting down to business with a test scheduled for the next day. In due course, however, they had forgotten the rules of study, and consequently fell to more pertinent subjects, or how can college students possibly think of college students? They finally hit upon the idea of a dance, among the five area Catholic colleges, namely, D'Youville, Rosary Hill, Canisius, St. Bonaventure and Niagara. The next day—after failing the test.

The next day—one of the three girls, Joanne Naber (enrolled by her cohorts Mary Ann Bell and Pat Brickworth) approached Dick Gen. of Canisius with the fruits of their labor. The idea not only appealed to Dick, but also to students from the five participating colleges. This was the birth of the "Inter-collegiate Dance" program.

Then came the time for definite planning regarding the first affair, which proved to be an overwhelming success. Since then, each inter-collegiate dance has been attended by an enthusiastic crowd of college dignitaries. The next dance is scheduled for February 1st. If participation is any criterion, the dance will surpass all expectations.

This should prove to be one of the outstanding events in the art department's history, and will give our young artists the opportunity to apply the talent they have developed at Rosary Hill.

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In December 17, 1954 Page Three
FROM THE
THE ASCENT

There is more wanting to the immoral than fair printed word—the eternal truth that children are fondly proffered as a case in point. But the value of whatever else you mayest choose, reader (we pick, prosper, and dangle by the tie-string) at that, is the scholar's premium will not even progress so far as to be pretended to arms then.

With due respect to all antiquated institutions of intellectual leaning, cultural bent, and everyday between-classinal stoup, our column suffices forenomy—interject, please, the triumphant fact, Pierre—the dear and increasingly more-resigned—appearing Student Lounge, the ludious Long-lung-lunge Lyceum there duly apostroph-ed in tripartite for the manner of infirmities it holds and the equally informed manner of ailments, status quo (6), departures which it licenses. Approach, thou task at hand . . .

The smoke cleared, as indeed all smoke must, the left ear of the assemblage (experienced mate-es are there) was baying up showing itself (we were once fresh and bristling antiently slips (keep in mind the rainy window and the clad individual) was texts from the Pedes' Pile (this otherwise created, founded in a green argued in assorted doxologies has lately come in for much comparing—particularly those little direct hits to the corner receptacle), adjusted this ribbing say, I do hope we may have there, pointed loaded and heretofore deflected howlers toward the rising sun, and saluted forth in a blaze of glory mid-morn mufins, and super-smocked Old Olds, to do battle (here intersperse the war cry of the Trojans)—as the reminder of the bar-room, this is to forever encomnseque chering section for the Science circle. As the discussion grew dully adorning to Pro-Sem (no, me girl, Pro-Sem is not the course de jour) we became friendly feeling for, and enthusiasm sacrificially the appurtenances—we must now but that you mention it, Joan Wheat would make a first class young lady, the little animals' (phone)—but now that you mention it, I certainly thought he'd have me girl, Pro-Sem is not the course de jour) we became friendly feeling for, and enthusiasm sacrificially the appurtenances—we must now

Book Club Plans February Program

The lives and major works of Dorothy Fairbanks, Robert Lowell, and Christopher Fry will be examined in panel discussions by the Aquinas Book Club during February.

Planning to make February a real book month, members of the Book Club are currently absorbed in selecting interesting books for the authors and will hold discussions during Assembly periods in which questions from the floor will be permitted.

Tentative plans are also being made for bulletin board displays during February to interest the students in the books read. A better literature, Eileen Cuddihy, chairman of the Book Club, said all those interested in reading good books will be interested.

Another current interest of the Club is connected with the National Library of Medicine. According to the plan, as set up by the Committee, various college book clubs will present the titles, and a brief criticism of worthy recent books which will be included on a book list to be available for all college students.

Mothers Hold Their Annual Party

Christmas movies and traditional Carols highlighted the Daemen Mothers' Club's annual Christmas party last Tuesday.

"Jack Frost," and "The Night Before Christmas" came to the screen of Daemen Hall through the courtesy of Mrs. Henel, and provided the mothers with unexpected entertainment.

A Swiss music-box surrounded by dollers decorated the table. White Christmas tree branches laden with snow were brought to aid the escape in the teeths of winter. The Christmas tree lights were running on a position at 0.18. The oracle of learning so outmoded that they were thought of as being mere personal adornments actually listed of egg-nog and cookies, and Missouri, 12. Herry Perry sold to those in attendance.

Mary Joan Hassett

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Christmas cards are such fun. Christmas cards are a warm, friendly way of saying I love you to the people who are not able to receive them. We like to think about sending them. We plan to send some very interesting experiences connected with Christmas cards in this issue last year. And thanks much for a part of our holiday season. In December of 1951, we both occurred to our little friends. Being almost the same age, we both had many mutual experiences. Nervous tensions additional, and warranting no small mention: Council Mother Marie Walter, venerated by the Secretary's missing report, has, deplored, asking, from the time of the Patent King of Lost and oh-oh-oh-oh-oh, but a few Minutes (here the shaking of heads must be slow and rhythmic, Rufus).

Aye, and remember the Cotillion, for lovely ones—$3.60 is small enough pittance to glitter. May the good angels smile on you and the kind-size nearly kilt brokenly receiving condolences on the true Spirit of Christmas, emphasizing the fact that it is the birthday of Christ.

Students who are participating in the project include: Kay Leiten, Mary Paul Kennedy, Sue Moore, and Shirley Andol.

OOPS! THE LIBRARY!

We got out the cards. They were all addressed, presumably signed, and in fine shape. It was good to see them again. Then a thought hit me—why. What about the friends who had moved or joined the army? (Dear old friends. What a colorful bunch they were!).

We checked the envelopes, made some minor changes of address, and then realized the envelopes of those whose names we did not recognize anymore. We sighed. One was bound to forget a few through the year. Then we got out the stamps, stamped the envelopes, and put them back on the mantel.

Two days before Christmas they were still on the mantel. I grabbed my brother and shook him.

"Didn't you mail those yet?" I demanded. "There's a box at the corner, you know."

"Yeah, I know," he mumbled, "but Dad's got the car, and besides, I thought you'd drop 'em off on your way to school."

"I'm going on a vacation," I replied. Somehow that didn't justify it.

The day before Christmas he asked me when I was going to mail them.

I answered, "Any minute now," and we left our cards to be mailed that day. We bought a big box of cards and signed them. We wrote cute, snappy personal notes on some. E.g. "Myra, keep Herbie away from that mistletoe. Ha, ha—Merry Christmas!" (Herbie and Myrna were sweet on one another in '51).

We addressed the envelopes, and there they are, ready to be mailed—except that we didn't have stamps. That could be taken care of simply and in no time. It would require no effort—just buy the stamps, lick 'em, and paste 'em on the envelopes. Then we'd pop the cards in the corner letter-catchers, and enjoy the subsequent glow of warm, good spirits we'd be sure to experience in knowing how a Christmas card comes from us.

We bought them days before Christmas. We still hadn't a stamp in the house. We addressed the envelopes, and made the tires. Stamps, lick 'em, and paste 'em on the envelopes. Then we'd pop the cards in the corner letter-catchers, and enjoy the subsequent glow of warm, good spirits we'd be sure to experience in knowing how a Christmas card comes from us.

The day before Christmas he asked me when I was going to mail them.

"Any minute now," I replied. Suddenly, we knew again. It was our babies that gave us our Christmas cards that year. We bought them some way out—buying last minute New Year's cards, or belated Christmas cards—the type that read:

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OOPS! Sorry. Missed Christmas. Well, Merry Christmas anyway!

But we didn't. Next year would be better, "We'll all have to do it.Snow's in the mailbox now. Aren't we fretted, to think of a time saving procedure for next year's card routine?" We put them away in 

Christmas Time, 1953 . . .

We got them out. They were beautiful cards, and still on the mantel—unmailed. Uncreased cheering section for the true Spirit of Christmas, emphasizing the fact that it is the birthday of Christ.

We had somehow acquired new experiences. Our envelopes were rumpled, scorned- upon, and Picas-...
TO THE SUBLIME?

(Continued from page 3)

Merry Christmas
and
Happy New Year
FROM THE STAFF OF THE ASCENT