

## COLLEGIAN STAFF

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## DON'T GIVE UP!

"People are, very largely, what they make themselves. If they will to do a certain thing, and that will power is consistently exercised over a sufficiently long span of time, they usually arrive at their predetermined goal; likewise, if they decide against a certain objective, dynamite wouldn't get them there . . . You are not fair to yourself to let yourself get discouraged so soon. Besides, you are much too young to really appreciate what discouragement really means; it does not belong to youth."

This passage, from a letter of a teacher to one of his pupils, applies to every discouraged student. Some scholars are leaving college and others are worrying themselves practically sick because of low or failing grades. Some students who have had all A's in high school are below grade at college. But now is not the time to become discouraged and admit defeat. Whatever is done cannot be undone.

Why not exercise whatever will power you have? Do your best, nothing more will be expected of you and surely you will arrive at your "predetermined goal." Discouragement "does not belong to youth."

## WHAT IS WRONG?

During the first weeks of the school term great progress was reported in the musical organizations of the Center. Local newspapers told of expectations of a big year for the orchestra and glee club. New names were being added continually to the membership list.

Then came a sudden lull in these reports. However, various explanations may have been given for this abrupt end in the publicity of the clubs. Perhaps the orchestra wished to keep its progress a secret; perhaps the glee club was going to give a surprise concert that would sweep the students from their seats.

But neither of these explanations are the answer, for this lack of publicity. The real explanation (or shall we call it an apology?) is that there are no musical organizations any longer, and the cause of this lies wholly in the attitude of the student. Student Council has given its full support by buying a piano. Prof. D. J. Lewis has offered his services.

## TO SANTA

Dear Santa Claus, attention please:

Now that my wanting childhood ways  
 Are trampled by the march of time,  
 Requests for treasures of those days  
 Shall nevermore be those of mine.

But to the ill, please bring good  
 health

So they may live in joy through life.  
 To those in poverty, bring wealth;  
 From hunger free man, child, and  
 wife.

The love-sick—bless them with sweet  
 bliss;  
 And those astray, please lead them  
 right.

Encourage the forlorn; and kiss  
 Each lonely heart a fond good-night.

The world—tuck in a bed of peace  
 And cover with sheer happiness  
 Her friendly form; and never cease  
 The lulling airs of heav'nliness.

Sincerely I with hope remain,  
 IRENE E. SHERROCK.

## CAMPUS QUIPS

At the University of Minnesota there is an atom-smashing machine which may soon rival the projectors of the mythical Buck Rogers era. By means of the cyclotron, the high voltage necessary for atom-smashing is obtained. These high voltages are the "gunpowder" used in shooting a bullet into the nucleus or heart of the atom.

A new oxygen mask to protect mental workers from fatigue caused by thinking was described to the American Physiological Association by Dr. Arthur Bills of the University of Cincinnati. (We need about 75 here, eh what?)

## THINGS WE LEARN IN COLLEGE:

1. How to sleep in the classroom with your eyes open.
2. How to turn questions back on professors.
3. How long to stutter, until someone gives the right answer.
4. How loud to laugh at each professor's jokes.
5. How dumb a freshman looks; how silly a sophisticated sophomore

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Miss Irene Sherrock and Mr. Herman Stewart have tried hard to keep the clubs from dissolving their memberships. But since the enthusiasm of the students was not very high, they have nothing to show to the public, nothing of which they might be proud—and predictions for a big year have proved to be unfulfilled.

## BARBS AND BOUQUETS

If everything clicks, "ye gentle reader" should be scanning this column with the spirit of Yuletide abroad. At this stage of the game the freshmen are recovering from the usual high school hangover and forming new credos, while the sophomores are lamenting their broken resolutions of study. Both classes are finding themselves in dire straights (uncharted). Courage, comrades, le diable est mort! We have just begun to fight! Who was so rude as to snicker?

Because of the combined efforts of Mr. Goas and our diligent store committee, our Center has a snappy and efficient store to grace the game room. Bouquets to the financial wizardry of both. The new display case has added the touch artistic.

A distinct boom is being given to our Center by the inroads chess has made. You know—we're going intellectual. Herr Janssen seems to top the experts, with Lawyer Gormely a close second. Frank has a powerhouse backfield of knights and bishops, but we pick Herr Janssen's deception to beat Frank's power by three touchdowns. Maybe somebody should invent a game in which the idea is to trap a "3" average instead of a piece of wood.

Speaking of maneuvering reminds us of General Pershing and the Miller's Daughter. There is as fine a piece of strategy as there is. The General reports: "I came, I fell, but I conquered." If things maintain their status, it looks like the General has solved the problem of perpetual emotion.

However, finesse in such matters is not limited to the freshmen. The two sophomores with the highest averages at the eighth week are getting along famously. Another case where great minds run in the same channels.

By the way, we all should know that the faculty is responsible for our lockers, a fact which should be appreciated. The project was too big for student council and so the faculty literally dug down into their jeans to make this improvement possible. It just goes to show.

Eighth week period: the time of the year when the students first discover that the instructors have been falling down on job.

Illuminating pictures: the "game room" gang arguing as to how much tuition is refunded if a student quits

at mid-semester; the "library" gang displaying "2 plus" and "3" blue-books.

The flickering shadows of Garibaldi Boulevard seem to have put the basketball team in that Walt Whitman mood. Wonder who has scored the most points. Maybe the high scorer is a sophomore who was thinking of buying roller skates. But he decided not to; the distance was so great he'd have to "Earl" them too often. Such timidity; faint heart never won fair maid—or something like that.

Hints to freshmen: Our eminent math instructor is very peeved, to put it mildly, when two red spots appear on his cheeks. Never ignore these danger signals, especially now, for he is in a very trying period. It seems he is nurturing a whatcha-ma-callit.

What sophomore is never on time for anything? . . . Why not remove the rind of the meat when making the sandwiches? . . . Leonard is Walt Witmaning again; sneak a look at his notebook . . . Who does all the work on the Building Committee? . . . Harold Taylor believes he can study better during the yawning hours of the morning . . . It seems physics 231, 232 is making some of the boys wish they were Liberal Artists . . .

Policy of this column: To further the advance of illiterature.

## ALUMNI BITS

From border to border and coast to coast comes the word that our alumni are upholding the name of the Hazleton Undergraduate Center by working hard and getting the usual high grades.

Catherine Sterling, top student of '35, was elected to the Phi Mu Sorority recently. Catherine also made two honorary sororities last year.

Genevra Richards has returned from her practice teaching at Joseph Johns Junior High School at Johnstown, Pa.

Tommy Pugliese has won a feather for his cap. The Frear Hall football team won its first game in nine years and actually climbed to the semi-finals in the inter-hall campus tournament. Tommy is captain of the team.

Selma Rosen, our representative at Syracuse can now be reached at the Alpha Epsilon Phi, the sorority to which she was elected.

Robert Koch and Edward Somers

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