

COLLEGIAN STAFF

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EDITORS' APOLOGIES

At last your patient wait has ended! The second issue of the "Hazleton Collegian" has come to light. We must tell you why it didn't come out sooner. First of all, a newspaper can't be printed without any news. So we had to wait for new things. By the way, did we succeed or is this a good ancient history paper?

In the second place, we took it upon ourselves to go out and gather ads in order for you to get the paper free of charge . . . And that's one job we didn't relish. However, let it publicly be known that Emer Flounders, our business manager, has done more than his share on the money end of this issue. So did Earl Seybert, who collected the most ad money.

ALUMNI BITS

Our Alumni members have been busy for the last few weeks making news for our paper. Martha Marusak, '35, heads our list this month by her outstanding work on the Penn State debating team. Last year she was a member of the varsity debate squad and entered in eight inter-collegiate debates. She is also out for the swimming team.

Michael Dembrosky, now working for the Penna. Power & Light Company, is married and has two children, Jean Ann and Michael, Jr.

Another among our married friends is Joe Bryzenda, who is now running a butcher shop in McAdoo. He also has one son, Joe, Jr. So you see our Center can boast of ancestors already.

At Mt. St. Mary's in Maryland, Jim Kennedy has been doing very well. He is president of Coal Crackers Club and an officer in Knights of Columbus.

Joe Conahan, who completed a two year course in a State Teachers College, is now teaching in Hazle Township.

Our representative in Penn State's International Club has done it again. He is chairman of the committee which is going to Washington in April to visit the State Department. Charlie Gallagher's the name and he's a straight ticket candidate.

Tommy Pugliese has also come through for the second time. He coached the Frear Hall basketball team to its first win of the season.

A jazz orchestra on the State College campus has a representative of

Plea For Tidiness

We wish to bring to the Center students' attention a small yet important fact. It has to deal with our game room. Students are a little careless about the tidiness of the room. They are poor shots in throwing waste paper in the baskets, and consequently the floor is littered with paper and other refuse.

We are asking the students to take pride in the appearance of their recreation room and to be a little careful in getting rid of their papers. And you cigarette smokers, don't let your stubs go to waste by depositing them in the ash tray and not choking them. Choke them and save them from complete extinction.

Chess and checker players are equally as guilty of carelessness. We have a cupboard for storing the games and yet the chessmen and checkers are scattered throughout the game room.

When you get through with the games, punish the loser by forcing him to put them away.

INTO THE FUTURE

What does the future hold for our growing Center? Our fond dream is that it may develop into a permanent junior college or even a college. Hazleton is in need of an institution of the "higher learning" type. There is an annual migration of hundreds of young Hazletonian collegiates to the neighboring compuses. And there is a similar migration of funds. What could do Hazleton more good than to avert this migration? Hazleton, we know, is in need of some good investments; and, to our way of thinking, its best investment would be (as well as is) the education of its future leaders.

the Center, Carl Schmidt, who can make a violin talk.

Raphael Sotack, whom we old-timers remember for his deep bass, is now in Europe studying for the priesthood.

Bill "Big Mary" Hanisek has changed from pre-med to education. The State College Ed School got a break—maybe.

Al Spalone is now in Washington looking for a government job, and Peter Petrucio has joined the navy.

The alumni are attempting to organize a Center club at the campus. At last reports Mr. Pugh's consent was the only thing needed to put the club into operation. Leaders in this movement are the one and onlys, Charlie Gallagher and Mike Capparell.

John McCann is now at Villanova; Henry Ziolkowsky is at the Hahneman Medical School in Philadelphia and John Corrigan is at the Georgetown Medical School.

Paul Hayes has a position with the W. T. Grant Store of Hazleton.

Fred "Knothole" Holderman is now at Wyoming Seminary in Kingston.

At Syracuse, Selma Rosen made the Dean's List among other things. Look at Mr. Eiche's chest swell!

Donald Carter is at his home in

BARBS AND BOUQUETS

And now your columnist is going to roll up his sleeves, pour a little acid into his ink well, and cast an angry eye at the general apathy of the students toward the grand program of activities tendered to them. This high-hatesque attitude means, incidentally, that most of the student corpus is unwittingly missing an important five credit course of their Center education.

Let's drop the ping-pong racquet for a moment. Today several of the publishers roamed about town extracting ads from hard-headed, albeit amiable, business men. And in doing this, they formed contacts which are definitely important, which may open otherwise closed doors of opportunity. Probably there was added a little grain of experience in human nature, in business, in discovering themselves. This means a healthy step forward. The old balderdash? Think it over. Now will you eat your spinach?

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Debating had but one fresh injection from the freshman class. The Cosmopolitan Club is dwindling in dimensions, although not in spirit, and the Publication Club is grinding slowly along while the Dramatic Club is walking a fence. But the grounds committee has become a legendary name, the Building Committee can only be spoken of in the singular, and the Game Room Committee at present is enjoying an afternoon siesta, except lively Novotnie, the champion organizer of the Center.

And so let's make Center activity hum on all speeds ahead during the new semester. And if anyone brings up the moss-backed argument of activities interfering with study he'll be tucked into one of Procrustes' iron beds. There will also be a mysterious case of arson connected with the ping-pong table.

Congratulations!

Congratulations are certainly in order to the Center's studying corps for its wholesale migration from the game room to the library at the beginning of the second semester. This shows that the students have reached the first milestone toward education. They are becoming sincere and earnest in their efforts to learn something and pass their courses.

How long this study-mania will last, we don't know. But while it does, the Hazleton Penn State Center will remain a scholar's Paradise as well as a high ranking scholastic institution. Keep it up, you fellows (and girls, too), you're doing noble!

Audenried recuperating from an appendicitis operation.

Now that we've shown you alumni what your comrades are doing, we hope you read what those who have taken the Center torch from you are about in their own little college community in Hazleton.

A child prodigy was recently uncovered in Chester, a mere lad of 180 pounds and 10 years who swept through six years of schooling in as many months. Report has it that the Chester lads up here were writing home to see if he could do trig.

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German 4 students were recently puzzled by a ringing sound. The mystery was solved when Mr. Janssen pulled out a large watch with a bell attachment. Question: Was it there to wake the class or to warn Mr. Janssen that he was circumlocutin'?

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The candid camera: Mr. Eiche teasing Earl about his resemblance to "The Hurricane's" sour-faced Governor . . . Mr. Herpel leaping erect with a lap-full of steaming coffee . . . Mr. Kieft filling the air with sugar cubes . . . Tony "Shots" Piccola dressed in white, dishing out groceries at the Giant . . . Steve Zayach learning the "Big Apple" while precariously balancing a slab of cake . . . Several freshmen, puzzled as to including or excluding minus grades in calculating their average . . . Larry Tarleton, leading a night life at the "Hazle" . . . Marie Somers, reserving "The New Morality" at the Public Library . . . Mr. Janssen fortifying himself with a stack of edibles for the ordeal of German II . . . Mr. Goas driving one over the net with plenty of topspin . . . Franklin in a crowded booth complaining of his being a southpaw . . . Bill Savitz forsaking math for a copy of "Life" . . . "Nipper" Gallagher, insulted because his name wasn't mentioned in the last issue . . . Emer Flounders, suitcase in hand, dashing at the last minute up to the Center to register . . . Ross Blyler dutifully swearing to abstain from the temptations of ping-pong . . . Charlie McGeehan committing mayhem over a calculus integration, and our Sec.-Treasurer "all three" scholaress cracking those books.

NEW SCHEDULE TROUBLES

If any stranger happened to be present in the game room on one Tuesday afternoon, he would think himself in the midst of a revolution. And it was only the public presentation of our new second semester schedule. Next to doing one of Mr. Goas' history quizzes, we believe the hardest thing on this globe is the drawing up of a good schedule. No matter how hard the faculty tries, it can't please all the students, can it Gerald? But as one brilliant student (bow, Ruth) remarked: "What's the difference, we still have eighteen hours no matter which way the schedule reads?" Yeah, what is the difference.