

COLLEGIAN STAFF

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THE LAST LAP

We are entering the home stretch of the second semester race. Before we know it the final tape will loom up before us—the final exams will darken the horizon. Then after the race the Victory Picnic and Banquet will culminate our first year in the Broad Street school building. Then we will disperse with fond memories:

Memories of the ping-ponging of the table tennis ball; of the cup-winning basketball team (Charlie McGeehan can tell junior that some day); of that unique Faculty get-together party unsurpassed by any except Council's Christmas party; of "Hot-Fingers" Beltz; of Santa Claus Piccola; of the valiant James Dyke and of Mrs. Brindell's trip to college; and on, on, on . . .

But did we say disperse? No, not with the strong Alumni Association we have. We are forever a part of the Hazleton Center. As members of the Association, we will strengthen the organization and take our place among the leaders.

Advice to Bookworms

Did you ever seriously think of "raising" books? Of buying the best sellers and classics and saving them for your home library? It's the greatest fun once you get started. It may mean less spending money; it does mean, however, hours and hours of enjoyable reading and possession of durables that become priceless with age. Just talk to any man that bought his library piece-meal. Notice how proud he is of his achievement, how much attachment he has for his books, and how he looks upon them as part of himself—the more lasting part.

And then look at what cheap rates good books are being sold today. For example, take a gander (a glance we mean) at the assortment that Mr. Eiche has on display. There are the valuable Graphic History of U. S. which sells for only 75c, Men Who Lead Labor (35c!), Labor Spies, Flivver King (25c).

SCHOOL BOOKS

Call of the Wild.....5:05 Bell
It Can't Happen Here.....Extra Holi-
days or Trip to the Campus
All Quiet on the Western Front,
Library
So Big Home work assignments
The Harbor Gameroom
Great Expectations Reports
Les Miserables Class Skippers
Gone With the Wind H-2-S

A GIRL'S IDEAL MAN

An enterprising "Collegian" reporter dared to confront the female part (or the minor part as the sorrowful males sadly known) of the Center students and have each girl picture her "ideal man." And the girls ran true to form. Where can you get such men?

Gertrude Hecht:

"Very intellectual and looks down on others less intellectual. Great deal of common sense—not stolid—much nervous energy—inarticulate—medium size—dark hair—superior intellectually rather than physically."

Marie Somers:

"Must be a 'Somebody' not one of the crowd—must have personality must have a sense of humor—must have something to say and ability to say it—must have intelligence—not a social climber—satisfied with his best—taller than I, not stoop-shouldered, preferably dark."

Anne Greshko:

"Must be a gentleman. Must be able to talk intelligently. Must not be stubborn or indifferent. Must be a good dancer and must have good posture—lots of fun."

Ruth Bachman:

"Dark and curly hair. Must be an upperclassman—an engineer preferred—must be up on the latest jokes—must have a car, Plymouth preferred. Sense of humor, not fat, neat, good disposition."

Irene E. Sherrock:

"He must be very intelligent and have some one great ambition in life. Must be very neat and particular about himself and his work. Must love music, sing well and be able to talk about it for hours. Must have a very good taste for fine things—not common. Must be a refined gentleman and able to put up with a temperamental person. He must not be a 'yes' man; have a mind of his own."

B. J. Newell:

"I want the whole world to love him, but he must love only me."

ALUMNI NEWS

We have been hearing rumors that our alumni news service is of interest to some of our readers. Don't blame us for this situation; it's the alumni's fault. They're so gosh darn busy bringing honor and glory to their Alma Mater that this column can't help but reflect some of it.

Martha Marusak has been on a week's tour with the varsity debating team.

Again local boy, Carmen Carroto, makes good. A star member of our team in '35 and '36, Carmen is varsity basketball material at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and Science.

We give our utmost respect to Becky Baskin, who is carrying the tremendous burden of twelve subjects this semester. Becky is also a member of the French Club.

Donald Carter is back in school after his operation and giving his usual tip-top performance once more.

BARBS AND BOUQUETS

When H. L. Mencken was feeling slightly depressed or was particularly conscious of the insoluble riddle of existence, he would mix himself a stiff dram of poetry and philosophy. Similarly, since the approaching of the end of the year has sobering effect, your columnist feels the urge for lyric reflection.

It is always with real deep regret tinged with nostalgia that the student turns and takes a last, slow look at the building within which he has worked for the past eight months, no matter how much he may be blinded by the promise of the future. To be sure, they were months of work; but he knows they can be trained lamplike on the future.

As he looks back over those months, along with this realization little corks of trivia bob irresistably to the surface of his memory. He recalls the overpowering aroma of Mr. Walter's pipe as he passed in the halls, or the surprised dismay of the library gang as the odor of H2S crept stealthily up the stairs from the chem lab below. The rare ecstasy of seeing Mr. Herpel puzzling over a differential equation. The rare phenomenon of triumphant surveying a solved quadratic with chalk—dust covered fingers. A session of bickering in student council or falling asleep over history notes at 3 P. M. And he remembers, if he is lucky, the quiet, solid happiness of having worked and lived to the utmost.

To the Art 2 class goes the award of the month for being the merriest class within our learned plasterboards. It seems that while engaged in sketching a cast one can shift his brain into neutral and allow his tongue to idle on, as has been so aptly put, and this results in a merry stream of wit and cajolery from our artist, interspersed with vocal renditions of the current song hits. Larry Tarleton's imitations of Charlie McCarthy argue that he has missed his calling, while Tony Piccola joins the immortals with his homely, farcical philosophy.

Mr. Eiche recently put one of his favorites among the books in the store, and kept constant watch to see what student would purchase it, for a revealing sidelight would be thrown

Alice Itter has been elected to the Pi Lambda Theta honorary education sorority. Congratulations, Alice.

We also have an active representative at West Chester State Teachers' College. Tom Brennan ("Zest" to us old-timers), who helped to initiate our "Collegian", is also working on the West Chester paper as a feature writer.

And as a grand climax we have received news that Joseph Fedor has been offered a graduate fellowship in the school of Chemistry. Mr. Eiche will lose a few more buttons on learning this.

on that person's mental machinery. Even Mr. Eiche was a bit unprepared for the person who finally bought it—Mr. Walters.

The weekend of April 2 our four student council delegates wined, dined, and conferred with the other Center delegates at Pottsville in an effort to rectify the problems which beset the various Centers. Our legislators lunched at the Necho Allen on Friday, conferred all afternoon, and then dined and danced all evening at the Necho Allen Hotel. At the banquet our own Mr. Eiche related several of those Dutch jokes for which he is justly famed.

One of the more important measures passed at the conference was the agreement that, in Inter-Center Relationships, basketball players must carry at least twelve credits, and are ineligible after four semesters of college work, and also if they fail six credits during a semester. The growth of athletics in our Centers has been mushroom-like; already it is being [Continued on page 4]

An Ad Getter's Tale

I walked out of a busy department store, sat down wearily on the curb, and sighed. It had been a hard struggle, but I had won. In my hand was clutched one dollar and twenty-five cents (\$1.25) for a whole 1-32 of a page ad. It certainly was wonderful what you could do when you made up your mind. Before me stretched building upon building that I had been in that morning, not all with the same result. With each one there was a personal thought attached. In one store I had chased the advertising manager from basement to top floor, around the counters, up and down elevators, and finally trapped him after half an hour in an office within an office stowed away on the third floor. The result? Well, why go into that? And just down the street was a man who told me he didn't want any more customers so why advertise? Now that is certainly being satisfied with one's lot in life. But the personal contacts aren't the only pleasures in this work. There are sore feet from pounding pavements, fallen hopes, embarrassing moments, hard feelings, and so many other little joys. If the experience did nothing else, it made up my mind for me on one particular thing: I'll never solicit ads again as long as I live, I hope!

CENTER NATATORS ENJOY Y. M. SWIMMING PARTY

The swimmers and would-be swimmers amongst us had a splashing swell time a few Wednesdays ago in the Y.M.C.A. pool. About twenty-three students attended this affair and, we believe, all of them got wet.

After their Y dip the natators paraded to the Center buildings where they received a generous portion of ice cream, cake and birch beer.