

HAZLETON COLLEGIAN

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—The Staff—

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APRIL, 1939

We Have a Message

There has never been a time when it has been more necessary for us to know how we really felt in regard to our country and never a time more appropriate for us to express that feeling in our everyday life. The spirit should be that of Americanism, true regard and love of our country. Propaganda machines have been rolling their juggernaut of lies and destruction through our population for the last few years. . . and in their wake have left converts to a new faith. . . Fascism. We do not desire that teaching, need none of its un-Americanism and shun its tenacious and warped grip on life. Rather we should do our utmost to help stamp it out. But we, as leaders of the future, as the probable *cannon fodder* in advent of war, can ably forestall any such crisis within our boundaries by refusing to condone these activities; we must allow the words to be spoken, the doctrine to be preached. . . that is provided for in our Constitution which gives every man the right of free speech. . . But there is also provided the right for us to do speaking of our own, we can in turn deliver a message to the people. . . A message of real Americanism. Not alone through the medium of speech but in the way we live, by the way we conduct ourselves, by our attitude toward our country and the manner in which we evidence our respect. By these means, each of them small, but added together equalling a gigantic total of opinion, we can prove to all and especially to those who would rape the ideals of the greatest democracy that will ever exist, that there is no part that we desire of their doctrines.

"The Jitterbug"

One of the most disillusioning things the freshman experiences upon coming to college is the light manner assumed by the majority of those attending college.

Instead of the quiet, soft-treading book-seeking students with goals in view the libraries are filled with noisy joking idlers.

The traditional student was a breathless person chiefly concerned in enlarging and broadening his knowledge, carrying a good set of books, keeping his notes in an orderly manner and organizing and interlacing the material of the different subjects of his course. He took part in "bull sessions" which consisted of subjects of earth-rocking importance to him.

Today the average college student is a breezy fellow with the bottoms of his trousers turned up over his most disreputable shoes, a cigarette hanging from his lips and a battered hat jammed on the back of his head. To slide by with the least possible amount of scholastic work he can do is his idea of smartness. His repertoire of music consists in knowing the latest releases of Artie Shaw and Larry Clinton.

And so the serious few are hampered by the lagging majority and go about their studies to get all they possibly can out of college in spite of everything.

NEW STUDENT

The Class of 1960 claims George, son of Mr. W. Lewis Shetler, as its own. George came to look over the College and the Collegian while copy was being read for this issue. He seemed to approve.

BARBS AND BOUQUETS

The Gossip-pel Truth: After a lay-off of approximately three months the staff really came through on this issue. Such hard work and diligent application was not unexpected but was still a surprise. . . even the tips that came to this column were all straight. . . a little thing that merits mention since it happens so infrequently.

The Best Crack of the Month: Someone espied Hartman promenading into the Reading gym at the Hazleton-Palmerton playoff. The time was the evening following the day he tried to plow his crate through three tons of solid coal truck. Young Jimmy's forehead was blotched with two good sized patches and some wag remarked, "Aha! I see they've finally knocked the horns off him!"

* * *

In preparation for coming events, quite a few of us should familiarize ourselves with orchesographies. It might even be a good idea to become an introspectionist to the extent that our behavior and disposition does not maltreat the sensitive surfaces of incipients.

And really Miss Yotter owes us a vote of thanks for this little dictionary exercise. Our erudition restrains us from epigrammatic language. . . this is called heteronymous writing.

* * *

This newly formed club. . . the Salmagundi Club. . . need not be a mystery any longer. Webster yielded a satisfactory explanation of the meaning: Quote: Salmagundi—a mixture of chopped meat and pickled herring with oil, vinegar, pepper and onions. That takes care of six out of sixteen and the other ten members probably come under the heading of various ingredients.

* * *

It has generally been the policy of this column to vote a bouquet to one person or group of persons per issue. But we have never been over-generous with our verbal corsages. However, this edition the plum is plucked for Mr. Shetler. In the few short months he has been with us, we have yet to hear one student who doesn't like him. . . and that's saying a lot, coming from the people in this 'jernt'. . . He does possess one factor that no other faculty member can boast of. . . a near chuckle that is indicative of continual good humor. It's a good trade mark.

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The Candid Camera: The sedate aspect of the Center without Pat Joyle's magnetic personality and come-hither glances. . . Flo Rowse as the new glamor girl specializing in naive. . . the rush of out-of-town students for

the railroad station the last day of school before a holiday. . . Suydam looking for the brass rail around the bottom of the new library desk. . . the clatter around the ping-pong table and the clamor for a new record. . . Corby ending another joke with an explanation point. . . Mr. Janssen convincing himself that his role in Hazleton is that of a "missionary among the heathen". . . and Miss Yotter handing out a scoop to a cub on the Collegian. . . Barnes, last year's 'white hope' to the ladies, patiently waiting for a game a ping-pong while on one of his infrequent visits to the Center. . . the alumni that occasionally drop in and depart, sadly shaking their heads. . . the rain hammering away like a barrage of mitraille. . . Golden, tipsy-toeing up the front steps after an evening in the throes of dawn. . . Gallup and Mary Ann sending those person-to-person looks across the library. . . Davis just glamoring for attention. . . and Sperber slipping away for another clandestine visit with her books. . . Stull, swallowing Mr. Eiche's philosophical goldfish verbatim. . . the publications room, as private as the tomb of the unknown soldier. . . And we have just read that some eminent scientist has discovered that a jitterbug is not an insect but merely a human that acts like one.

Club Doings

PHOTOGRAPHY: Mr. Kieft, faculty advisor for the Hocus-Focusers, has announced the addition of a dark room to the facilities of the club. At present the room is not entirely ready for use, but soon will be in operation with the installation of shelves and tables. In the near future a contest is to be sponsored among the members for pictures that are to appear in the Collegian.

DEBATING: The debating season wound up with a victory by forfeit for the Center team. The Campus debaters failed to appear because of unforeseen financial difficulties. The question under debate was "Resolved, that the United States Government should cease using public funds for the purpose of stimulating business."

GLEE CLUB: The Glee Club has been thriving under a new joint management. Mr. Shetler has assumed direction over the musical end, while the finances and general management are taken care of by Mr. Isenberg. The organization is planning to purchase new music to be used in preparation of a public concert. A constitution has been drafted which is to serve for the organization of future Center glee clubs.