

HAZLETON COLLEGIAN

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—The Staff—

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JUNE, 1939

The Charms of Books

Students have complained that the library was not available for evening study. The faculty kindly consented to open the library from seven until ten o'clock on week nights. Notices were posted on the bulletin board for all to see. Not many students have taken advantage of this opportunity. During the final weeks evening study in the library should be extremely profitable to those who want quiet.

A Young Man's Fancy

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Perhaps the male population of the Center is trying to live up to the above quotation, for at all hours of the school day, and occasionally in the evenings, you can see a group of boys on the steps of the school valiantly trying to attract attention of some charming member of the opposite sex. Surely this can't be symbolic of the romantic inclinations of the students. Grandiosity and exhibitionism may be characteristics of the adolescent school boy ostentatiously trying to impress a mere child, but for young men of college age to use these tactics seems incredible.

Thoughts of love, of true love may we add, are essentially evidence of spiritual integrity. Whereas, the sarcastic words of juveniles directed toward the innocent passers-by are anything but virtuous. Of course, the fellows are gentlemanly enough not to let the remarks that pass among themselves reach the ears of the lady in question.

"Hi, Toots" is a very common salutation that is extended to the passing young women. Does that sound like a phrase that will impress the general public favorably?

College is an institution in which, besides other things, the correct

manners should be learned. Hence, the people who chance to hear the men of the Center may be impressed in entirely the wrong way. There are other diversions from school work besides loitering on the front steps of the school and casting chance remarks at good-looking girls. Let us hope that these other forms of relaxation are realized in the near future. Then people will know that the Hazleton Center has courteous students.

R. K.

In The Public Eye

Publicity arises from news, but where there is no news there is no publicity. The Penn State Center has been an established institution in Hazleton for the last five years; yet if a poll were taken among the citizens, it is the writer's belief that comparatively few would know of its existence. In fact, the Center has such little publicity that the majority of people confuse it with the National Youth Center in the city. Publicity is essential for any successful organization; therefore, if we desire our organization to be successful, it must be publicized.

The only way to obtain this much-needed publicity is by means of extra-curricular activities.

Through these activities, provided they be of strong enough character and appeal, we can make the public conscious of the Pennsylvania State College Undergraduate Center.

Our dances should command attention, and our clubs should receive interest from the entire region. This necessary publicity has been given a boost in the past semester but there is still much to be desired.

We, as students, can make this possible by active participation and sincere cooperation in the activities of the Center.

F. G.

BARBS AND BOUQUETS

The Gossip Truth: It seems rather strange that this "colyum" can be written with the expectation that it can be read afterward. Printing really is a wonderful art . . . another thing about the craft that applies to the sheet is that the "colyum" can be longer. . . which means in turn that our verbosity can reign unchecked.

Perhaps she is a habit but the most popular person in this column appears to be Patricia Anne Boyle, who has been mentioned in three out of four issues. It is our sincere hope that the notoriety doesn't disturb her, but there is one more last little item. Strolling around downtown last week, we chanced to enter a drugstore and there found Pat, safely ensconced behind the bulwarks of an American Lit. book. The incongruity of this was enough, but it was also evident that Patricia had been weeping bitter tears. Thinking perhaps that there was some very pathetic passage in the Lit. volume that had prompted this emotion, we solicitously inquired if there was anything, just anything that we could do to obliterate the source of her grief. . . and learned, through her tears, that she had been sent away from the dinner table because she wouldn't eat her spinach!

A blue-book Bon Mot: In that recent psychology journal the question was asked, "Why do men go to war?" And one enterprising male answered, quote: "To protect their property, their relations, fathers and mothers, but not their mothers-in-law."

Glancing through a back issue of the New Yorker, we wound up in the theatrical advertising department. There was a plug for the play "Everywhere I Roam" and immediately beneath "Hellzapoppin'." On down the column we encountered "Here Come The Clowns" with the "Boys From Syracuse" beneath that.

Also in the ad section of a Phila. paper: For sale—1934 car, in first crash condition.

A corsage to Mr. Walters, the gentleman who, above all others, is responsible for our comfort, when not at his furnace or broom, he can usually be found browsing through some idle textbook or passing the time of day with those who have the time to pass away. Among other things "Dad" has a wonderful sense of humor, a deep appreciation of poetry and an insatiable mania for mathematics. He can often be found solving blackboard problems while on his rounds of cleaning. A bookshelf

of learning, a man of wide and varied experience, a toolchest of handiness, he is indispensable.

After seven months in Hazleton we should all be fairly familiar with the city. But how many have ever stopped at noon-time while in the vicinity of Christ Lutheran church and listened to the chimes. From the tower of this building, itself a symbol of faith, religion and power, there peals forth some of the most beautiful music imaginable. As a source of inspiration it is unsurpassed.

And when night pulls the curtain of twilight and pins it with a star, is there any more desirable place than your college, your college town?

The Candid Camera: Frey contributing more heat than light to a discussion in the game room. . . Miss Yotter hiding behind the smoke screen of cigaretence. . . Davis sending out another rocket of laughter. . . Beishline, athlete of the tongue, orating on the mechanism of the bicycle. . . and Tomberg, as restless as a windshield wiper until he gets a game of ping-pong. . . it really appears that Raphel and Chianelli have been struck by moon-lightning. . . Mr. Goas turning diagnostic eyes on anyone with a new idea. . . Puckey starting another conversational breeze. . . Quick, expressing logic to the femininth degree. . . Pol. Sci. as involved as spaghetti and about as digestible. . . Mr. Kieft collecting his face into a sterner expression during a geology session. . . Ramsay propounding some of those extremelined theories of his. . . our neglecting to take a pot shot at Mr. Janssen in this issue. . . Zogby, who walks as to inaudible music, lingering at the door. . . this colyum explaining in a few appropriated words just what we mean. . . perhaps all this is as pointless as a pretzel but we do have a guilt-edged conscience.

Dinner Dance—

(Continued from page 1)

Plans are progressing to have a group picture of the banquet taken by a local photographer.

The committees in charge of arrangements are: General: John Ogrydziak, Mary Ann McClintock, Robert Golden; Program: John Feeley, Martha Clewell, Herbert Enck; Decoration: Robert Miller, Mervine Raphel, Jean Davis, Emily Sperber, Russel Chianelli, Robert Wilson; Invitation: David Yeakel, Marian Quick; Publicity: Paul Hayes.