

HAZLETON COLLEGIAN



Vol. V, No. 9

PENN STATE UNDERGRADUATE CENTER

June, 1942

This Summer

Good evening everybody. This is your traveling reporter reporting his report. It seems that almost every member of the student body is going to be a busy little bee this summer (let's hope no one gets stung). All these fighting songs that have been blasting away on the record player in the game room seem to have had great influence on certain big, strong handsome male students—all right then, they've had a great influence on certain drips. Messrs. Adkins Maher, Warfel, and Martini are all up in the air about this summer—they're all thinking of becoming flyers. George Sholtis is going out to the campus unless the draft changes his name to "Yard Bird" Sholtis. Ario Brennan is going back to nature as a tree surgeon's assistant. (I could make a crack about hoping he isn't barking up the wrong tree—but I won't.) "Chuck" Cowell is leaving the Center for somewhere, sometime after school closes, where he expects to get a job doing something. He was the only person I talked to who knew just exactly what he was going to be doing this summer.

The Center has a certain girl here now, but it's not for Long. She's going to go down to Maryland near an army camp—somebody should really warn those poor boys. "Our boy" Winnett is going to grace the campus with his presence—he will be accompanied by his "prevariciousness." Edmund Pinger, the originator of the new methods of pronunciation now known as "Pingerisms," is thinking very seriously of continuing his pencil-pushing activities out on the campus. Wade Gregory is going to be a farmer boy and turn to pitching hay instead of woo. In answer to my query about this summer's activities Alice Yost replied, quote, I wish I knew, unquote. You see, she's still in a daze. Because of the sugar shortage Miles Bonner is going to have to give up his fudge making and get a job somewhere.

Not all of our students are planning to leave town. Genevieve Swankoski, Jean De Marco, and Jacqueline Kistler will all be back at H.U.C. pursuing their studies or . . . Bob Holtzclaw is going to spend the summer dating Betty; H.U.C. will be his sideline.

And where are the faculty going to be? Probably right here in our little old frame building, keeping cool as cucumbers in Rooms Four and Five. There are rumors that if they aren't busy enough with regular stu-

WHAT'S NEW

Coming to a close is another school year. Because of the accelerated program adopted by Penn State in the interests of the national emergency, the Hazleton Undergraduate Center ends its year on May 8 instead of in June as usual. But only for a brief period will classes cease, for on May 18 the merry-go-round starts again. On that date, too, sophomores register for the first semester of the new college year; and on June 8 the freshmen begin their college work.

As we write the end to a year filled with study and laughter, we wonder if maybe we won't miss the 8 o'clocks and bluebooks, the long hours in the chem lab, the attempts to convince the prof that we really did see those little squiggles through the microscope,—and above all, the parties; we'll never forget those parties!

The social program was a gay one this year. Roller skating, a revival from our childhood days, was the fad—even during the winter when we would have enjoyed ice-skating. We can't forget the thrills and spills—nor the open houses which followed, bringing needed relief to our constitutions after our mad whirls round the rink.

A "bang-up" party was the Wild West shindig. From the number of seegars (candy) and likker (soda) consumed, we wonder just how some buckaroos managed to get home.

Why not have Center bowling teams—men vs. women? This is not impractical since the co-eds proved their ability at the "Y" open house. Included in the night's activities were swimming, ping-pong, pool, volleyball and basketball. The sophs showed the frosh how to play that last game. 34 to 21 was the score. After a completely exhausting time, everyone found the delicious and substantial refreshments most welcome.

Something new has been added: a Chem Club. Sounds a bit dull, but just wait until they've shown you their incendiary bomb demonstration, and then we'll ask you for your opinion. An open house at the Center was enlivened by the Chem Club's demonstration, and Billy Muir still can't see why a bit of powder on a piece of metal stuck by a hammer will produce such a loud crash.

Students, they will have an I. E. S. program; that is, a program of defense training for recent high school graduates. Keep 'em sweating, profs.

Another new feature is the baseball dart board made and played by the Center students. When the weather keeps our softball players from practicing outside, they can keep in training with this game. And don't let anyone tell you that home runs are made just for the asking.

A lot of other things happened at H. U. C. this year. Remember the exhibit of non-objective paintings? That gave most of us a new conception of art. Some people talked learnedly about color harmony and rhythm of line—while others tried to figure out how they got "White Symphony" out of the big painting in room 4. But it was an experience. Less bizarre and more to the taste of the average students were the seascapes and John Henry Newman's water colors.

Have you noticed that the Center is now open every night? And have you noticed just what goes on after you leave at 5 o'clock? If you had come in you would have imagined your watch was fooling you and that it was really 9 a.m. instead of 9 p.m.; for you might have seen Mr. Brentin holding forth in Spanish or Mr. Chase with his class in Military German. But whatever night during the week you came, you would have found the ESMDT classes in full swing. Did you know that almost 400 people registered for these defense training classes? H.U.C. is doing its part for the war effort.

Most of the H.U.C. students and three faculty members came to school at 8 o'clock every Wednesday morning to take the Red Cross first aid course. If worst comes to worst, sixty-seven people around here would know what to do—we hope. We also hope that those students who would sling a man with a broken neck over their shoulder never find us in that condition.

Then there was the Time Current Events Test. Miles Bonner was highest among the sophomores; George Seidel among the freshmen, and Mr. Isenberg took the honors for the faculty. Most of us were made very humble by our failure to recognize more than two or three of the faces which stared at us and by our complete ignorance of the location of what the editors considered important places.

About the only time some men encourage a girl to keep her chin up is when they want to kiss her.

Chem Prof



LESTER KIEFT

Probably the most familiar character in the building is "Doc" Kieft. For five long years he has been doling out the theories and practice of Chemistry. Those who have worked under him have been impressed by his faithfulness and his patience when working with students.

Those of us who have become his friends have only one regret—we have taken him for granted. Now, after years of service, he is going to leave us to be Assistant Professor of Chemistry at Bucknell University. Although the Center won't seem the same without him, we are very happy to see him advance.

When asked to give a statement to the students, he said, "I have always enjoyed teaching at the Hazleton Center and Mrs. Kieft and I will miss the many friends we have made here. My very best wishes to everyone for success."

I am sure that I state the students' opinion when I offer him best wishes for success and happiness in his new position.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

If at first you don't succeed, try a little ardor.

The main campus covers 200 acres. The college valuation is now over \$16,556,000.

Sign on student's door: If I am studying when you enter, wake me up."