

**HAZLETON COLLEGIAN**  
 PUBLISHED BI-WEEKLY  
 BY THE STUDENTS OF THE HAZLETON UNDERGRADUATE CENTER

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**Student Or Faculty Activity?**

The radio forum presented over WAZL last Saturday inaugurated a new student activity at HUC; yet, only one student participated. Is the weekly forum to be presented for the forum's sake, or is it to be presented as a student activity? The COLLEGIAN feels that as a student activity it should be conducted by and for the students. True, topics of discussion, material to be used, and participants should be subject to faculty advice and supervision; however, members of the panel, and the moderator should be made up from the student body, with a guest attending each week. This guest could be a business or professional man from Hazleton, or a faculty member. He or she, could either be a member of the panel, or the moderator for the session. The COLLEGIAN feels sure that the faculty members would gladly acquiesce to this idea. It would give students valuable experience in radio delivery, poise in speaking, and broaden their outlook on current problems of today. Many subjects could be undertaken; current events of national and local interest, controversial subjects of past history, and subjects in interest to HUC's student body as a whole. Making it a student function entirely would increase the interest of the entire forum. The studio audience should be augmented by students because their own members are a part of the forum. Your radio audience would be greatly increased, and HUC would benefit by the publicity. Members of the panel should be selected from all students who wish to participate, instead of just a chosen few.

Let's make it a student, not a faculty activity.

**LET'S GET IT, STUDENTS!  
 What? Why, That College Spirit Of Course**

Students of Hazleton Undergraduate Center, what are you going to tell your grand-children of your of your college life as you bounce them on your knee? Certainly you will tell them of the struggle that was necessary to maintain scholastic standing; but that isn't the full extent of college life. When your little grand-children look up at you with those blue eyes and say, "Grandpa (or Grandma), is that all there is to college?" What are you going to tell them? Will your eye dim with tears as you recall those amusing adventures; those close friendships, and extra-curricular activities, or will you sadly say, "Grand-children, I made one of the greatest mistakes of my life in college! I was a 'dead head'."

Let's go, students! The faculty is with us. We have a dramatic club, band, men and women's glee clubs, a sorority, student council, a swell bunch of classmen, and a newspaper. They all need your support. Their success depends upon your participation.

We have a basketball team. A team which has given Coach Rudman an optimistic outlook on their future. When the season commences, let's all attend the games. Let's cheer our men on to victory. What? You say, "Bosh!" "Kid stuff!"

For the benefit of those who haven't had this month's issue of the "Reader's Digest," I should like to repeat a story contained within its pages:

"When Stanford University first opened its doors, a short chunky fellow was one of the first to register.

"This fellow was deeply interested in football, but there wasn't any team at Stanford.

"A group of University of California students made sarcastic remarks about Stanford in the presence of this chubby individual. He was enraged. Gathering a group of students, he started a football team.

"Since he did not have any football ability, he served as coach and trainer. They trained on sand-lots.

"He challenged U. of C. to a football game. They accepted, much to his surprise. At the game he collected tickets, ushered, distributed equipment, coached, and gave a pep talk between halves.

"Stanford defeated U. of C. that day and it was one of the greatest upsets of all time. But under the inspiration of the chubby individual, the Stanford team played 'over their heads'."

That chubby fellow was Herbert Hoover, later to become President of the United States. Kid stuff, huh?

We realize, many of us are a little old and have been around, but gentlemen, let's let loose. You're only as old as you feel, and besides age will come soon enough.

Now, by "School Spirit," I do not mean rowdyism or activities which will taint the name of our college. We must use discretion when we release our inhibitions. There is a time and place for everything. When an activity is somewhat questionable, consult Mr. Goss, our administrative head. He's a good "Joe" and will welcome your confidence.

**POET'S POINT OF VIEW**

This week as the leaves on the trees become fewer and the golden days of Indian summer pass quickly, our student poets turn their thoughts to love. Perhaps remembering a summer romance, moonlight on a resort lake, or the soft strains of music at a summer dance, our poet offers three poems on the emotion that has transferred man into a social creature.

**A POEM OF LOVE**

I have come to drink at the fountain of your beauty,  
 I have come to share with you the depths of our emotions.  
 Whiteness and sortness are yours.  
 Surely nowhere will I find more of generosity and deep satisfaction.  
 Between you and me there is a bond—  
 There is a bond tempered by the seared heat of desire  
 And hardened by the cold facts of mutual need.  
 In youthful eagerness I come to you and you know me;  
 In maturity I will turn to you and you will show no less generosity.  
 Calmness and steadfastness are yours.  
 For with the advancing years when others come and go,  
 You will change not.  
 Between you and me there is no wall—  
 There is no wall of discontent, nor is there a wall of hostility.  
 In all the days of our living there has been no wall.  
 And to the days of our dying there will be no wall,  
 Forever and ever, I love you.

**THE LOVER'S RESOLUTION**

I loved a lass, a fair one,  
 As fair as e'er was seen;  
 She was indeed a rare one,  
 Another Sheba queen;  
 But, fool as then I was,  
 I thought she loved me too:  
 But now, alas! she's left me,  
 Falero, lero, loo!

**WHAT'S THE USE?**

Razors pain you;  
 Rivers are damp;  
 Acids stain you;  
 And drugs cause cramp.

Guns aren't lawful;  
 Nooses give;  
 Gas smells awful;  
 You might as well live.

—Siegmond K. Knies, Jr.

**LIBRARY NOTES**

A new set of the Encyclopedia Britannica has been added to our library. This new set (1946 version) is dedicated to President Truman and King George VI of England, leaders of the two greatest English-speaking countries of the world.

Are there any particular magazines that you would like to see in our library? Perhaps you have a hobby and would enjoy having a magazine in connection with it, such as CAMERA, if your hobby is photography.

Since the magazine department is being increased, it is hoped to put in magazines that will be of great interest to the student body.

Leave your preferences at the circulation desk in the library.

During a recent discussion in one of Miss Garbrick's music classes, the students were asked to give an example of rhythm as it is used by the American dance orchestras and also by foreign orchestras as well. One student gave the following example:

It seems that during his experience with the U. S. Army in China, he came across an oddity that exemplified the topic. One day as he was walking down a street in a Chinese town, he saw a procession coming down the road toward him. Upon inquiring what it was all about, he was told that it was a funeral procession for a young girl who had died only a few days before. Heading the elaborate array was a brass band composed of gaily dressed musicians marching in order and file. When the band struck up with what he expected to be a drab and droll dirge, his mouth dropped open and he could but stand and stare. The tune that the band had chosen for this occasion was: "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?"

**Thanksgiving**



**COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE**

Come, ye, thankful people, come,  
 Raise the song of harvest home;  
 All is safely gathered in,  
 Ere the winter storms begin;  
 God our Maker doth provide  
 For our wants to be supplied;  
 Come to God's own temple, come,  
 Raise the song of harvest home.

All the world is God's own field,  
 Fruit to His great praise to yield;  
 Wheat and tares together sown,  
 Unto joy or sorrow grown:  
 First the blade and then the ear,  
 Then the full corn shall appear;  
 Grant O harvest Lord, that we  
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.

—Henry Alford

**Personality Sketches**

**MISS PEARL G. GARBRICK**

The name of Miss Garbrick has become synonymous with progress. As head of our department of music, her efforts in organizing the band, glee clubs, and orchestra can not be overlooked nor can their success be underestimated if student cooperation remains at the present level.

Under her expert instruction, students of HUC are exploring the mysteries of music. Students are whistling and humming such selections as Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony," or "Habanera" from Carmen.

Miss Garbrick was born in Bellefonte, Pennsylvania. Her first ambition was to become a musician which was traditional in her family. Her brothers and sisters all play instruments of various kinds and they had a family orchestra.

At the age of five, Miss Garbrick displayed her musical talent. Consequently, she was given piano lessons.

She has attended Westminster University, Thiel College, Temple University, and Penn State. She received her B. S. in education at Temple and her M. A. in music at Penn State. Miss Garbrick was a member of the orchestra of all above mentioned colleges.

Miss Garbrick has acquired a great deal of experience in teaching as supervisor of music at Tidioute, Pennsylvania, and at California, Pennsylvania, and director of music in Cumberland, Maryland and Carlisle, Pa. She was one of the first two ladies to be elected to membership in the Pennsylvania Band Masters Association. This occurred in the spring of 1946.

Miss Garbrick was hostess to the Southern District of the Pennsylvania School Music Association this year. She was appointed to the staff of

the Hazleton Undergraduate Center as instructor of music at the start of the fall semester.

When asked her ambition, she replied, "My ambition is to make the music department of HUC comparable to that of Pennsylvania State College."

**ANNE McHUGH**

Anne personifies the typical coed attending the HUC. Her casual manner, meticulous dress, and personality make her easily detected in any gathering.

She was born in 1927 in Hazleton. She attended the Hazleton Senior High School, and entered the HUC in the fall semester of 1945.

Anne's college activities revolve around her study of music. In addition to being an accomplished violinist, she is a member of the Glee Club and the Orchestra. Because of her brilliant playing, she is in constant demand for many civic and school functions.

She is also an active member of the girls' sorority, Omega Chi Tau, and is secretary of that organization.

During the past two summers, she was an instructor in the Hazleton City playgrounds.

Her opinion of an ideal date is a boy who is "well mannered and one who is not egotistical."

One of the students, while listening to the program: "The Platter Party," that is presented over radio station WSB in Atlanta, Georgia, heard a selection played that was dedicated to "Some of the boys" at HUC. The title of the record was "Behind Those Swinging Doors" by Spike Jones. Now, who could they be?