

**HAZLETON COLLEGIAN**  
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 BY THE STUDENTS OF THE HAZLETON UNDERGRADUATE CENTER

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**A SUGGESTION**

Many words have been written relative to the condition of the game room, and many more will be written until the students act in a manner which is becoming of ladies and gentlemen. Most of the students are accustomed to making the best out of a bad situation; but, that trait is sadly lacking in the general behavior thus far. Time and time again the students have been told about keeping the game room clean; however, the filth, the dirt, obscene language, and misuse of the furniture goes on. The game room committee appointed by the council is hampered by the lack of funds and therefore cannot supply suitable facilities at this time; but no co-operation from the students is forthcoming.

As you have no doubt noticed, there are blackboards in the game room. What is written on these blackboards? All one can see are meaningless pictures, jokes that are strictly from hunger, and a lot of senseless chalk marks. True, a student may work a math problem on the board; this is all well and good, but at least he could have the grace to erase it when finished.

The record player has been installed, and records have been obtained, but if the machine and records are to be abused as they are now, it would be much wiser to do without them.

The COLLEGIAN does not know what action can be taken to bring the students to the realization that the game room is a place of rest and recreation and not a sink-hole for your refuse, but if its use could be denied to all except those wishing to make purchases at the store, the COLLEGIAN would advocate it.

Here are a few suggestions that could be carried out—funds permitting: Cover the blackboards with celotex or some other composition material. This could serve a dual purpose; it would eradicate a sore-spot, and serve as a bulletin board; thereby, relieving the congestion in the upper hall. Maps, pertinent publications, and other items of general interest could be posted; this would make it look more like a college game room instead of the club room for the local sheet-iron gang. Better and more adequate furniture could be installed, and the whole room brightened up.

These are but a few of the things that should be done. Perhaps they are impossible; if so, then it is up to the students themselves. If the students will not act in a fitting manner, the game room will continue to be a black mark upon the school; it is up to you. Think it over.

**OVER THE HUMP**

The first twelve weeks of the semester are over; for most of us it has been a rough and crucial period. The marks are now in, and we can sit back and take inventory. We know what is expected of us in the various subjects of our curriculum, and also know just about what we can do. Most of us; out of school for some years, have done a wonderful job. We have proved that we are serious in our desire for higher education, and can be an asset to our school and country.

Besides scholastic achievements, we have not been idle in extra-curricular activities: HUC has held two parties that have been great successes; the glee club and band are rounding into great shape; the Dramatic Club is laying its plans for an active program; the girls' sorority has planned extensive activities; a fraternity is in the making; we can expect a banner year in sports, and last but not least, ye olde fishwrapper (*The Collegian*), is showing some semblance of becoming a newspaper. Yes, take a look at the record, it is one we can be proud of.

What is the reason for our success? Is it because of the leadership of Mr. Goss, the great work of the faculty, or the work and co-operation of the students? No, it is none of these, but a combination of all three—a spirit of co-operation that has brought out the chaos and bewilderment of those early October days, an organization that acts with efficiency and dispatch.

We are over the hump; but before us are greater heights that must be scaled, greater obstacles to surmount. Can we do it? *The Collegian* feels that it can be done. We have shown our strength and initiative; we have shown that we can co-operate, and with the last twelve weeks to look back upon, we cannot fail.

**LETTER TO THE EDITOR**

**CONCERNING THE TURKEY TROT:**

I don't know whether it is a carry-over from army life or high school days, but the conduct of the students during the program that was presented at intermission, certainly was not befitting of college students. Either the students or their guests are at fault, but, never-

**Personality Sketches**

**MR. RICHARD K. COBURN**

Mr. Coburn is the most recent addition to our teaching staff. He resigned a teaching position at the University of Maryland to come to the HUC to teach Mathematics this fall semester.

He was born in 1920 in Salt Lake City, Utah, and is a Mormon. He graduated from the Utah State Agricultural College in 1942. At present, he holds a B. S. degree in Mathematics, and is working for his Masters degree in Physics. Among his many accomplishments, he is particularly proud of the fact that he was Intermountain Ping-Pong champion for two years.

For those of you who think that the HUC is devoid of any glamorous personalities, Mr. Coburn was a "cloak and dagger" man in the U. S. Army Counter-Intelligence Corp. He spent some time in Washington, D.C. as a special agent, and then left for overseas service where he continued in that capacity.

His main ambition is to finish his Ph. D. work in mathematics and become a college professor.

He likes the "Mountain City" very much and would like to make his home here.

Mr. Coburn's opinion of an ideal woman is one that is "Tall, good-looking, blonde, doesn't drink or smoke, and has a college education."

Concerning the students now enrolled here, Mr. Coburn said, "In spite of the fact that most of the students have had their education interrupted by the war, they are making a serious effort to make the best of the advantages of the opportunity afforded them here at the center."

Like many of us here, the happiest moment of his life was when the Army no longer considered him essential.

**LYN ROWLAND**

Lyn is one of the more ambitious and energetic members of the student body. He is very active in school social functions. He was president of the freshman class and has served on the Student Council for two terms.

Lyn was born in 1928 in Hazleton. He graduated from the Hazleton High, and entered the HUC in fall semester of 1945.

His childhood ambition was to be a chemist; but after being subjected to the "rigors" of the lab, he decided to be an electrical engineer instead. When he isn't busy studying, he spends his time dancing, horseback riding, and hunting.

When asked his opinion of an ideal date he replied, "A girl who likes to dance and one who directs her attention to her escort."

**MISS MARGARET E. CAMPBELL**

Hazleton Undergraduate Center is fortunate to have as librarian, Miss Campbell, who is not only capable in her position, but who possesses an understanding of the G. I. student—and understanding that she acquired during her period of service in the Waves of the United States Navy.

Miss Campbell was born in Lancaster County, "The Garden County" of Pennsylvania. Her earliest ambition was to become a lawyer.

After her graduation from Marysville High School, she attended Bucknell, where she obtained her M. A. in English.

Miss Campbell has taught in East Donegal, Lititz, and Marple Newton, Pennsylvania.

In March of 1943, she entered the United States Navy, and was sent to Smith College at Northampton, Mass. Upon completion of her course at Smith College, she was given the rank of Ensign.

Miss Campbell served at the naval bases of Norfolk, Va. and Seattle, Washington. When asked the highest rank she attained, Miss Campbell replied, "At the time I retired, I was a

Lt. J. G." Her "retirement" came on December 8, 1945.

She commenced her duties at the Center at the beginning of the present semester.

Our library, which was certainly in a "sad state," has begun to progress under her efficient direction. Miss Campbell fully realizes that a good library is a college necessity.

**ELEANOR MORAWSKI**

Eleanor's sense of humor, and her ability to give and take a joke has made her popular with both the male and female members of our student body.

This modest, petite lass was born in Hazleton in May, 1927. Her childhood ambition was to be a chemist.

She graduated from the Hazleton Senior High School in 1945, and entered the HUC in the fall semester of that same year.

She is at present continuing her study of chemistry with the ultimate hope of someday becoming a famous research chemist.

Eleanor has been an active member of the student council for the past two semesters. Last semester she ably served as secretary of that organization. She is also a member of the girls' corority, the Omega Chi Tau.

Her opinion of an ideal date is "A boy who is intelligent, has a good sense of humor and a Pontiac car."

**JOHN L. APICHELLA**

"Appie" needs no introduction to the students of HUC. His exploits on the gridiron and under the basket during his high school days have made him well known to all. An amicable manner and a reputation of good sportsmanship have gained him many friends on and off the field of sports.

Born in Hazleton in 1924, his earliest ambition was to become an Indian scout. He attended Hazleton High School where he graduated with the class of 1942.

Soon after his graduation, he left Hazleton to accept a government position in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, where he remained for one year.

"Appie" entered the army in 1944. He participated in the campaign of North Africa and Italy. After spending twenty months overseas, he returned to the "States" to be discharged in 1946.

John entered the Center this semester where he is now majoring in physical education. His ability as a basketball player has been recognized by Mr. Rudman and "Appie" is playing forward on our team.

When asked his idea of an ideal date, he replied, "I like a girl who is over 20, slim, blonde, and likes to dance."

**NANCY W. ROWAND**

Nancy, besides being one of our most attractive co-eds, stands very high in scholastic standing. Her quiet personality and splendid manners have made us all happy to have her as a friend.

Miss Rowand was born in Philadelphia in the year 1928. Her childhood ambition was to become an archaeologist.

She graduated from Hazleton High School with the class of '46', entering the Undergraduate Center at the beginning of the present semester.

Nancy is majoring in medical technology. Her present ambition is to become a laboratory technician.

When asked to give her conception of an ideal date, Miss Rowand replied: "I like a fellow who is well-mannered, and can dance."

"Truer words were never spoken." Ah, but true words leave hearts broken!

Truth is only for the wise . . . Lovers ought to stick to lies.

theless, unnecessary noise and other distractions did exist while the program was being presented.

And also, the dance lost some of its "color" when a few gentlemen came wearing sweaters instead of the prescribed suits. The two dances undoubtedly were a success, but due to the failure of some to comply to rules of conduct, they still resembled a "nightly shindig" rather than a college affair.

—A STUDENT

**POET'S POINT OF VIEW**

After tracking down stories, digging up news, and arguing with the re-write man, a reporter sometimes wonders whether it is really worth the effort. It is in times such as these that our erst-while members of the fourth estate get lyrical and sentimental. Instead of nonsensical doodling, this is what we sometimes find on our scratch pad.

Wherever I may wander  
 On the face of this broad earth,  
 When I hear the soft rain falling,  
 It will call to mind your mirth.

Should I see a gorgeous sunset,  
 Nature's most dramatic flair;  
 It won't be just a sunset,  
 But a picture of your hair.

If I glimpse the crimson wine;  
 The be-ribboned noble sips,  
 The wine will live and speak to me  
 To tell me of your lips.

And when life's sand clock's emptied  
 And I write my final score,  
 To enter eternity,  
 Your face will close the door.

\* \* \*

The words came easy to my agile tongue;  
 Too easy perhaps, for I spoke them often  
 To those less worthy of their benediction

When I was to speak to them.  
 I took them and made their meaning cheap  
 With repetition, often without thought,

Words which too often are a fervent prayer,  
 Became to me a form of flattery.

Now the words: "I love you"  
 Cannot find their way  
 Past lips that uttered them so often;

For Darling, every syllable's new  
 I've never said them with my heart before.

\* \* \*

**CHRISTMAS—1942**

I am far away this Christmas  
 From things I love so well  
 And will not hear the Christmas carols,  
 Nor the ringing Christmas bell.

No holly wreath before my door  
 No tree in splendor bright,  
 No snow to change the barren ground  
 To a pure and reflecting white.

Still I wish a Merry Christmas  
 To those I can't forget;  
 my mind's at peace this Christmas Eve,  
 My heart is with you yet.

**Library Notes**

Recently we heard some students complain that at times there is no student librarian on duty just when they want to check out a book. We don't blame you for being annoyed. If you're in a hurry to get to class, naturally you want to be waited on at once. But you don't understand why a situation like that occurs.

In the first place, we do not have enough student librarians to man the circulation desk at all times. If anyone is interested in working a few hours a week in the library, please leave a copy of your schedule with Miss Campbell. Even when someone is on duty, he or she occasionally leaves the library to pick up the mail, put up notices, etc. Ordinarily, the circulation desk will not be without someone to help you for more than a few minutes. If you can be just a little patient, you will be taken care of.

Are there any magazines you would like to see in the library that we do not at present subscribe to? If you have a hobby or some special interest, perhaps there is a magazine that will help you to develop it. Or perhaps there are magazines that you like to read just for relaxation. Girls, do you like Vogue and Mademoiselle? Fellows how about Esquire and Saturday Evening Post? Just write your choices on a piece of paper and leave it at the circulation desk.

"Jazz" is intoxicating music," says a poet. This is quite probable when one remembers that syncopation is just a quick movement from bar to bar.