

YOUNGSTOWN COLLEGE

Penguins Play
Oberlin at
McDonald
Saturday Night
8:00 O'clock



Greetings
of the
Season

Vol. 6

Youngstown, Ohio, December 20, 1935

No. 4

YULE DANCE OPENS HOLIDAY SEASON

Dean North Speaker At Cosmopolitan Club Dinner

The Cosmopolitan Club of Youngstown College held its annual dinner on December 14, 1935, when twenty-one members were received at the Skot Wik Tearoom. Carolyn Knox, the social chairman of the affair, was assisted by Ann Malmer and Winnifred Chappell.

Names of different countries representing the club membership were placed against a background of red and gold, adding a colorful note to the dining room.

Miss Eleanor B. North, the speaker of the evening, gave an inspiring talk. Dr. and Mrs. Henry V. Stearns, club advisors, were the chaperones. Ann Malmer, accompanied at the piano by Dr. Stearns, sang "Silent Night, Holy Night" in German. Following the dinner, the members of the club gathered around the piano and joined in singing Christmas carols. A novel game of countries representing twenty-one different lands was enjoyed. Bill Lackey and Klay Wilcox tied for the prize which was a luscious lollipop—according to Christina Malmer.

Val Orsay displayed what the well-dressed college girl will wear; Chris Malmer interpreted grace, while Adam Costarella and Gene Boccia rivalled Fred Astaire in their exhibition of plain and fancy dancing.

A Former Student Succeeds

Fully Spain, former Youngstown College student now attending Ohio Northern University, at Ada, Ohio, returns to Youngstown to visit friends and explain how a student who really has the ambition can earn his way through college.

Spain attended Youngstown College for two years, and is now a junior at the Ohio Northern University Law School. During his freshman and sophomore years at Youngstown College, he earned part of his tuition by working in the cafeteria. At Ohio Northern, Fully Spain is earning his way by working in the position of secretary to the dean. In addition, part of his expenses are taken care of by his income from his own tailoring shop—the only tailoring shop in Ada.

Spain's home is at 356 Iddings Avenue, Warren, Ohio.

THE GUIDING STAR

A silence lay o'er the little town,
A night so long ago;
The shepherds saw the heavenly sight,
The Star of brilliant glow.
They heard the angel chorus singing
"Hosannas to our Lord."
They sought within the lowly manger,
And knelt in one accord.
And found the Saviour in Mary's arms
To free all hearts from sin;
For man had fallen from High Estate
And needed love within.
The Wise-Men led by the gleaming Star
Brought of their richest store.
That Guiding Star has led e'er since
And will forever more.

—Mary Anne D'Ovidio

OVER-NIGHT TRIPS PLANNED BY OPEN ROAD CLUB

At the last meeting of the Open Road Club, new members were mentioned, to be acted upon at the next meeting. A committee composed of Harold Kennedy, chairman; Mary Turner, and Chester McCracken was told to plan for four over-night trips during the next year. These trips are to be scheduled affairs and the Club will take other over-night trips as the occasion or opportunity arises.

Hiking plans for the next year call for a trip to be taken every second and fourth Sunday of each month, with special hikes if the need arises.

Any student of the College is eligible for membership and is extended a cordial invitation to make application to the members.

Last Sunday, Meander Dam was the object of the hike. A study was made of the plant and animal life of the dam and its vicinity. Mike Malmer gave a short talk upon the subject of erosion, and explained how the land around Meander was being reforested in an effort to check this ever-present menace which is threatening to carry away much of our fertile soil.

WHAT NOW?

Y. H. W. P. D.

Roosevelt gave you the A.A.A., Johnson gave you the N.R.A., and now the Junior Class gives you Y.H.W.P.D. Now in event that you are wondering what this means, we'll spill it. As you all know, the Junior Class is attempting to foster a bit of school spirit here at Youngstown College, so we have decided to have a Youngstown Homecoming - Westminster - Pep Dance. We wanted to have a Homecoming dance, but that didn't seem to be just the right thing, then too, we wanted to have a pep dance, so we have combined the two into a grand party. Old coats and sweaters are going to be the style for the evening, so you can't use that old excuse that you have nothing to wear. The members of the basketball team will be the guests of the Junior Class. So let's all try to come.

THE JUNIOR CLASS SOCIAL COMMITTEE

The following are the members of the social committee for the Junior class:

Harold Kennedy, chairman; Phyllis Moench, Ted Bender, Don McCullough, Harvey Alburn, William Ungar, Laurabelle Wrighton.

YOUNGSTOWN COLLEGE CELEBRATES ITS ANNUAL CHRISTMAS DANCE

The Christmas vacation will be ushered in by the seventh annual Christmas dance on Monday evening, December 23.

Betty Kile and Ray Codrea as co-chairmen have arranged a variety program for the dance which from all indications promises to be the greatest dance in the past few years.

John Logan as chairman of the dance committee in conjunction with his assistants has chosen Charlie James and his orchestra to provide the dance melodies. They will play from 9 to 12.

The entertainment is under the direction of Judy Herr and Bill Lackey, co-chairmen. Rose Rosapepe is chairman of the dance programs committee, and Bill Ungar supervises the decorations.

The faculty and student body are urged to attend.

—Fay Treffert.

Phi Sig Formal Dec. 28 at Stoneleigh Tea Room

Memories of its former glories will be recalled at the old Arm's home, now Stoneleigh Tearoom, when Phi Sigma Epsilon adopts it for the night of December 28th. Social chairman George Schoenhard, aided by William Lackey, Karl Sherfel, Jim Turner, Chester McCracken, and Dazo Kovach have arranged a novel party. Instead of the old fashioned dance or card party they have developed a breakfast dance. Yes, that's correct, instead of having a meal first and then attempting to dance they have reversed the process. So from 10 until 2 a. m. they will dance, and then when all are tired and hungry, a complete breakfast will be served. Ham and eggs will be the main diet. Joe Fisher will take the part of Santa Claus, it seems that Joe was built for it, and at midnight will distribute presents to the members of the fraternity, and to the ladies the favors which Roy Walters, Don Swaney, Peter Deleo, and Chester McCracken have been keeping such a secret for several weeks. "It's Three O'clock In The Morning" will be the official song for the evening.

THE JAMBAR

Published by The Students of Youngstown College

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SCHOOL SPIRIT

(Note: The following article appeared as an editorial in a College newspaper.)

Occasionally you can pick up a college paper and read in the editorial bitter criticism of various activities and happenings, and you can read between the lines and see through the duplicity of the man who wrote it. Now this is not an apology for what is to follow. Personally, I detest a guy who whines and cringes. I write guy with the fullest intent; certainly such a creature is nothing but a person to scorn and ridicule, while a man is someone who will not flinch, nor turn sour, nor to self pity when his name is up to take a rap.

I think you all, see eye to eye with me on that score. If you do not, I do not mind telling you that I think there is something wrong with you, that you ought to see a psychiatrist. But anyway, I will be responsible and will not cringe in speaking out as I believe I must.

The spirit of things at ——— is comparable to that of a common ordinary angleworm after a heavy rain. And while comparisons are always odious, so are angle worms after a heavy rain, and just so is the spirit manifested by the students of ———, by the football players, and by the alumni as well.

Since I have come to ———, I have had a penchant for analysis of this ghost called *School Spirit*. If I give the various degrees of comparison as the years rolled by I am forced to render my comparison of *School Spirit* thusly: *dormant, dying, dead!*

This seems to be the year of death. The whole matter seems to be a case for the undertaker. But maybe I'm wrong? I hope to God I am. And with that hope I plead with you students, you football players, and you alumni of our *Alma Mater* to stand by for rescue work.

They say that rats scam from a sinking ship. Maybe the sailors are right. You do not like the inference—or do you? Then why in the name of ——— don't you come to life, you collegiate hot-shots, you mites of the gridiron, you ardent, vainglorious alumni!!

I think I know what ails you all, but I doubt whether my diagnosis would help you. You are all too

smug, too self satisfied, too supposedly sophisticated.

You alumni, you have a good man as president of your organization; why don't you let him feel that he is president of a living group of men? I know conditions in the Association are not ideal for the president to do much about them, if you continue to let things ride. But why let things ride? To me, that dissatisfied but indifferent feeling, paradoxical as it is, which persists should be swept away with a few necessary changes.

And you football men, who ever told you you could be good at anything, be it ditch digging or playing tiddle-winks, without taking an interest in that thing? That old literary motto, "if you can't put fire into your writing, put your writing into the fire," applies to everything else worthwhile as well. Evidently you think you are good because you were the second stringers of last year's fighting eleven, if we are to judge from that smug and self sufficient attitude you assume. But I'll let you off easy, because I do believe you will be moping around here feeling so small that you won't be able to reach the cellar windows when you try to sneak in.

It is to you college boys, and after all you are nothing but boys, gawky, conceited, bright but ignorant, that I speak more directly and specifically. You want the Student Council to do things for you, to go moaning to the authorities with a lot of complaints which may be justified. You see the lack of many things in the College. Everybody does. You think it pretty clever of you to criticize. It isn't. Even I can criticize, if you notice. And just to show you how easy it is, even you can be criticized, you, you perfect beings, you, God's gift to brewers and cigaret dealers!

You moan at the beginning of every year, that there aren't enough social functions. Then when as many as two (1 more than 1) are held in the short space of three months, you moan again at a pitch on the other end of the scale.

I think I know why you moan so. You really do want these social functions, but when they are presented to you, you kid yourself into the belief that you won't have a good time with the local brand of ruffles and frills. The male is a funny animal. He is anything but

practical. He is a dreamer, an idealist, a romanticist; while the female is a realist, a schemer, a utilitarianist. And the dumb male persists to let his dreamings interfere with what his scheme of things in college should be.

Of course, it doesn't do much good to mention all this. You know better. You know everything—well not everything, just 9-10ths of everything, your Susie Mae back home knows the other 1-10. That's what you think.

You do not believe what the poet said:

*A fool there was and he made his prayer
 Even as you and I,
 For a rag and a bone and a hank
 of hair,
 Even as you and I*

You know that isn't so. You are positive you can't have a good time at a dance with somebody else. You wouldn't think of stooping so far beneath your assumed dignity as to have a respectable good time with a girl close at hand. But we can't criticize you for that. No sir. You are right, absolutely. After all, aren't you perfect? Aren't you God's gift to the local brewers and cigaret dealers?

—Think!

THE PROF. vs. THE BUG

Many, many years ago friends when meeting would greet each other with a "How do you do?" a "Good morning", or perhaps a "Lovely day, isn't it?" But not so today. These salutations have been replaced by "What's the number?" or "Did you hit today?" "Box 515" is no longer merely a General Delivery address, but a headache to many gambling bosses.

Gradually the three little numbers have worked themselves into our social and economic life. What is the great fascination in this "racket" that has placed the "bug" on par with other great American institutions as "chewin' gum" and "smachin' hours". "There is a psychological compensation", says Professor Bare, "satisfying the urge for adventure, curiosity, perhaps mastery, escape from the safe, the conventional, the thrill of excitement, risk, etc., in taking chances. It brings a dubious kind of satisfaction". "But there are ethical dissatisfactions, for I rob some one if I win, and I rob myself if he wins. It is anti-social because it is anti-personal. It harms social solidarity. It destroys my fellow feeling—"I must take care of my brother"—that feeling is too easily lost without adding to the ways of losing it.

"The profits go to a few individuals who use that profit for further anti-social purposes. It creates, feeds, and encourages crime on a bigger scale. It hurts society collectively and individually."

"It is deluding. It is presented as a harmless game. Under cover of that it robs and uses the money for ulterior purposes." Your chances of becoming a millionaire by playing the "bug" are very negative. According to Professor Foard, "if you play the bug three hundred times a year (counting out holidays) for ten years, you will, with average luck, "hit" three times. If your play is for the minimum, one cent, you will pay out thirty dollars, and collect twelve

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THE NEON

The policy of the "Neon" for 1936 has been determined and can now be announced to the student body. The staff hopes that the policy will meet with complete approval, and urges that students express their reaction to the proposals.

Inssofar as possible, the Annual Staff does not recognize any such thing as a "Day School" and a "Night School". It recognizes only a Youngstown College indivisible—made up of cooperative students—each working for the welfare of the whole. It is upon this theory that the policy of the Year book is founded. Only through united action can the "Neon" for 1936 be a success.

Few students realize what an undertaking the publication of an annual really is. Few realize that about one thousand dollars is spent for this purpose. In other words, the "Neon" staff has to collect nearly a thousand dollars to make the yearbook a financial success. Only about two-fifths of this money is supplied from the student activity funds. The remainder (about \$600) has to be collected from other sources.

To finance the undertaking, the staff has adopted the following means:

1. Advertising space will be sold. The price for this service will be \$20 for a full page; \$12 for a half page; \$7 for a quarter page; and \$4 for an eighth page.

2. Students paying an activity fee will be asked to pay only 50c for an Annual. From Junior and Senior students this money will be collected at the same time that individual pictures are taken. From Freshmen and Sophomores this 50c fee will be collected by the sale of Annual tickets. A ticket will entitle the student to a copy of the "Neon". The yearbook will be sold at a higher price to those paying no activity fee.

3. As of other years, page space will be sold to fraternities, sororities, and other organizations. A nominal price will be charged: \$5 for one page; \$4 for each additional page.

Thus it can be seen that cooperation on the part of each individual student is necessary.

Can Youngstown College afford and support an Annual? The "Neon" staff thinks that it can. What do you think? . . . Good. . . . Then let's cooperate.

Junior and Senior students are asked to get their individual pictures taken as soon as possible. The Chesshire Studio at the G. M. McKelvey Co. has been selected as the official photographer for the Annual.

Please get your assignment card from Bill Best or Bill Ungar before going to the photographer.

Additional information may be obtained from any member of the "Neon" staff.

By actual count, excluding the coach and drivers, there were 19 Youngstown College supporters at the Mount Union game. This does not seem to be many, but the "boys" can tell you that they made up in spirit and noise what they lacked in numbers. Here's hoping that a few more students will be able to attend the games. P. S. Boys, I know a great many girls (good looking ones too) who are looking for dates for these ball games. Interested?

Our Boys In Red, Do You Know Them, If Not —

KNOW YOUR VARSITY

Out of eleven players nine are new to the school. Therefore we will try to give you a description of each player on the team.

William Lackey, a graduate of East High in 1933. Bill is five-feet-six and weighs about one hundred and forty. He plays a forward position. Bill played with East in '33, with the State Champion E. M. D. Club in '32 and has played two years of varsity ball for the College.

Robert Schultz, a graduate of South High in 1930. "Pop" is five-feet-nine and weighs one hundred and forty. He plays a forward position. Bob played freshman ball at Muskingum College in '31, with the Evergreen Presbyterian team in '31, and has played varsity ball for the College in '32 and '33.

Thomas Robinson, a graduate of Rayen High in 1934. Tom is six-feet and weighs one hundred and seventy-five. He played with the West Federal Big "Y" in '33 and '34. He is a center.

Louis Simko, a graduate of South High in 1932. Louis is five feet-eleven and weighs one hundred and seventy. He is a guard and has played with the L. A. Thompsons and Christ Mission teams.

Harry Pugh, a graduate of East High in 1933. "Red" is six-feet and weighs about one hundred and seventy. He plays a guard position and has played in 1931, '32, and '33 with East, in '34 he played freshman ball at Ohio University. Red was captain of East in 1933.

Anthony Vivo, a graduate of East High in 1935. Tony is five-feet-eight and weighs one hundred and sixty. He is a forward and has played in 1933, '34, and '35 with East. He was captain of the East High City Champions in 1935.

Stephen Nagy, a graduate of Hubbard in 1935. Steve is five-feet-nine and weighs about one hundred and thirty-five. He plays a forward position and has played with Hubbard in 1932, '33, '34 and '35. He has also played with the Hubbard St. Pats and the Nash Benetts.

William Litvin, a graduate of Niles High in 1933. Bill is five-feet-ten and weighs one hundred and fifty. He played with the College Reserves and varsity in 1934. Bill is a guard.

Raymond Codrea, a graduate of South High in 1931. Ray is five-feet-ten and weighs one hundred and sixty. He plays guard and has seen service with the College Reserves in 1933 and last year's varsity.

Robert Taylor, a graduate of Rayen High in 1934. Bob is six-feet-two and weighs one hundred and seventy. He is a center and has played with First Christian, and the freshman team at Washington and Lee.

Chester Deluga, a graduate of McDonald High in 1935. He is six-feet and weighs one hundred and fifty-five. He played with McDonald in 1933, '34 and was captain in '35. He is a forward.

Stanley Sylak, a graduate of McDonald High in 1934. He is six-feet and weighs one hundred and sixty. He is a guard and has played in 1931, '32, '33, and '34 with McDonald.

Coach Sweeney Predicts Good Season

After putting his charges thru three weeks of hard workouts our cage mentor, Ray Sweeney, is confident that his outfit will win more games than they will lose. He admits that they will lose ball games because of their inexperience and exceedingly hard schedule. Westminster, Mount Union, and St. Thomas he considers the toughest games. The coach believes that his new system will be quite successful with Ohio teams. The system is like that of Westminster, who has turned out some great teams. One thing is positive from an outside point of view, that if the students back their team as hard as the team works, then Youngstown will be practically unbeatable on their home floor.

PENGUIN PRACTICE

The date of the first home game is December 21—a Saturday night, at the McDonald High School gymnasium. How about a little support from the student-body, or is that asking too much? Youngstown vs. Oberlin.

Dr. Foard has scheduled another home game to take the place of the Waynesburg contest. It is the West Liberty team and will be played on the Central "Y" floor on January 9, 1936.

After about six weeks of practice a lot of new names have developed in the locker room. Here are just a few as a sample: Harry Pugh—"Carnation"; Louis Simko—"Snail"; Bob Taylor—"Feet"; Bob Schultz—"Grandpappy"; Bill Lackey—"Muscles"; and Bill Litvin—"Roughhouse".

Looks like we were right when we said "Pop" Schultz couldn't take a tough work-out. One hard practice and "Pop" had a bad ankle and a charley-horse.

Keep your eye on Tony Vivo at the games. High explosives come in small packages.

Every once in a while "Red" Pugh comes to practice all inspired and raring to go. Who is she "Red" and give us her phone number.

Anyone five-feet-six and weighing about one hundred and forty pounds, and owning a "Tux"—see Bill Lackey before December 24.

Danny Opritzka thinks he would be a good wrestler after his encounter with Pugh and Codrea. What about that German-goiter Danny?

We sure have some lively "pep" meetings. There is about as much pep in the student body as there is in a worn-out workhorse. (No insult meant to the horse). After a game the students "woof" about how certain players loafed, and yet during "pep" assemblies and games they set on the backs of their necks and never utter a word. Now at the Oberlin game on Saturday night, December 21, get out and show the team you are back of them.

Stan Malys was appointed assistant manager as the result of Nate Williams' resignation.

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PENGUINS LOSE HARD FOUGHT GAME

The Penguins went down to defeat at the hands of Mount Union, but they went down fighting. The game was close all the way and Mount Union had to keep their first team in until the last few minutes. It was just a case where experience won out over green players. Youngstown showed possibility of becoming a strong outfit before very long. Give our boys a few games experience and then watch out opposition! Windland and Swope were the big guns for the winners while the entire Yoco team played good ball.

TOO MUCH EXPERIENCE

Youngstown—24			
	G.	F.	P.
Lackey	1	4	6
Nagy	0	1	1
Schultz	1	2	4
Vivo	0	0	0
Robinson	0	2	2
Sylak	0	0	0
Pugh	2	0	4
Simko	2	2	6
Codrea	0	1	1
Totals	6	12	24
Mt. Union—40			
	G.	F.	P.
Schiltz	2	2	6
Shadle	1	0	2
Rowland	1	2	4
Rice	0	0	0
Wilms	0	0	0
Weaver	2	1	5
Windland	4	4	12
Andrenni	0	0	0
Swope	3	1	7
George	2	0	4
Hope	0	0	0
Ziemki	0	0	0
Totals	15	10	40

W. A. A. HOLDS FIRST CHRISTMAS PARTY

The Women's Athletic Association held a Christmas party Thursday evening, December 19 in Wick Hall for all girls who have been participating in intramural sports.

The hall was gaily decorated with trimmings that carried out the spirit of the season. A large Christmas tree was the center of attraction being surrounded by several gifts for the girls. Santa Claus appeared in the midst of the fun and distributed the presents.

Christmas carols and songs were sung by the entire group during which a short play was presented extemporaneously by some of the guests. Dancing and cards were the main diversions of the evening. Later a buffet luncheon was served with dainty holiday favors and delicacies prevailing.

The party was in charge of the following committee: Refreshments: Connie Sabatino, chairman; Helen Johnson, Ann Volk, Philomena Russo; Entertainment: Mary Louise Plegar, chairman, Frances Palchessky, Sally Allen, Winifred Wetzel; Decoration: Lois Shaw, chairman, Anne Monahan, Mayme Tuociarone, Matilda Gayevsky; Invitation: Helen Thomas, chairman, Madalaine Marget, and Tillie Gogesch.

Shortly after Christmas vacation, a more formal party will be held at which the new members will receive the club's emblems. The plans have not been completed.

THE PROF. VS. THE "BUG"

(Continued From Page 2)

dollars. In other words, you pay six dollars for each thrill you receive of "winning". Youngstown College basketball games will give you much more for your money."

Professor Bowden settles the "bug" question by stating, "I haven't got 'em."

Three members of the faculty are definitely antagonistic to the racket. "Open tolerance for any racket" makes for further lawlessness"—Professor Semans.

"The worst thing about the 'bug' racket is that it is a racket; that is, that it is run by racketeers. The effect of gambling on the individuals who form the habit is demoralizing because it cuts the nerve of effort and self-reliance, and tends to make people willing to acquire values without giving equivalent returns in service or other values. But worse than the moral effect on the individuals who play the bug racket is the fact that their money goes into the treasury of the gangster underworld where it is used to finance their war against our institutions, our society, and our government itself. The fact that they seek to corrupt our officials by a lavish use of 'bug' money, is a genuine menace to good government".

—Dean Wilcox.
"What fools these mortals be! We must protect the weak and reckless as well as the children".—Dean North.

So there you are. Draw your own conclusions and act accordingly.
—Frank Jaczko.

ODE TO MORPHEUS

Strange things happen it has been said,
To those pursuing knowledge,
But the strangest case I've ever seen,
Occurred at Youngstown College.

It happened one day, I forget the class,
My thoughts were very deep,
When I noticed a lad on the other side,
Believe it or not—asleep.

Now I smiled a bit at this strange thing,
Although it's happened before,
Then at my side I became aware,
Of a soft and gentle snore.

One by one they fell asleep,
The Prof. undaunted spake,
But as I looked about the room,
I found just me awake.

The Prof. then stopped and looked around,
Got up, turned out the light,
And snuggling deeply in his chair,
He mumbled low, "Goodnight".

—Ted Bender.

Perhaps some of you Night School students fail to realize the value of your College life. Of course, the activities of the evening students is somewhat curtailed, but even at that there is a great opportunity for participation in College affairs and activities. We realize that all of you students are working during the day and coming to school at night. And it is apparently quite natural that you feel that you do not have time for College activities. If you have been in this impression, we are afraid that you have been merely fooling yourself. The College plays, dances, basketball games, and the likes are really a part of your education, and when you fail to attend these you are missing part of this. Education is Life, not merely preparation for it, so let's see you out at some of these activities.

THE MEAN ONE

By Louis Davidson

And now that Christmas is upon us I wish to relate, with due consideration to the spirit of the holiday, an incident in the life of one I. B. Flint, the meanest man in town. A villainous blackguard, a parsimonious miser—so the townsfolk dubbed him. Yet he possessed a kind heart. The villagers certainly didn't know it—and neither did he—until one day . . . but on with the story!

The Meanest Man in town walked down the avenue, on the morning of the day before Christmas. "Old Ebenezer Scrooge," the people dubbed him; hard, avaricious, and unkind; apparently hating fellowship and inviting no friendly advance.

If the Meanest Man ever longed for friends, the world knew it not; in the days gone by, he had managed to place an embargo on the milk of human kindness and, eventually, his neighbors came to abide by it; for years now, he had been left to himself, embittered and defiant.

But the Meanest Man made money—and that afforded him what lean happiness was his.

As the Meanest Man passed through a small square-like park, he found there a group of school boys, tossing to and fro, a round stiff-leathered football.

"Damn 'em, with their noise," he muttered, "I wish—"

But the sentence was summarily cut short, for the ball sailed toward the path and struck the Meanest Man squarely on the mouth.

The lads fled in consternation; the ball rolled unheeded on the grass; a trickle of blood issued from the lips of the Meanest Man.

Awe-struck, but considering themselves lucky to escape the immediate results of this untimely accident, the youngsters slunk homeward, leaving the Meanest Man to splutter his rage for a few moments, after which he proceeded to the office of his physician for repairs.

It took a tiny strip of tightly drawn, flesh-colored adhesive plaster to patch the lips of the Meanest Man, after which, he collected himself sufficiently to resume his walk toward his own office.

And then a strange thing happened. Notwithstanding his recent discomfort and anger, the Meanest Man walked along and smiled. The people that he passed were—most of them—his enemies, yet he smiled; at a busy corner, a boy on a bicycle, almost ran him down, but still he smiled; his eyes, perhaps, retained a glint of their accustomed hostility, but to those of his fellow-townsmen, whom he chanced to meet, the Meanest Man appeared as a new being; there was something there in the face that had always scowled at dogs and children and acquaintances, that betokened a softened heart and a reconstructed spirit in one upon whom they had looked as beyond the touch of human sympathy.

As the Meanest Man walked, smiling, he approached the church. The venerable parson, standing hard by the entrance, saw and felt the mighty change in this man, who had never, within his memory, crossed the threshold of God's house.

"It is the Spirit of Christmas," breathed the clergyman to himself, "the heart of a strong man has at

last been touched; I will speak with him."

"A very good morning to you, Sir," said the parson, "I trust that you are about to have the happiest Christmas of your life."

The Meanest Man looked upon the speaker, first, with unuttered amazement. When, before, had any man addressed him in this friendly manner? Was it money that this fellow wanted? Why should one who was almost a total stranger, venture to disturb his morning stroll? And still the parson smiled and cordially held forth his hand.

"Maybe—just maybe," thought the Meanest Man, "this preacher has a kindly heart; perhaps instead of being a fanatical back-biter, he really means well."

"And why," answered the Meanest Man, aloud, "should I seek a Happy Christmas and what do you think would make me happy?"

"There is only one way," replied the parson, "and that is through bringing happiness to others. The smile on your face, as you came up just now, seems to mean that this day you shall give joy to one of the least of these."

The Meanest Man choked back an imprecation and hurried on.

At the next corner, he met a successful business man, with whom he had kept up a little more than a nodding acquaintanceship, for many years.

The business man stopped in his tracks, looked at the Meanest Man closely, started to go on, halted and finally advanced with outstretched hand.

"Why, hello, Old Scout," he bantored, "glad to see you looking so fine and happy; your smile is like a million—come over to the club for a chat."

"I'm sorry, I haven't time to go to your club," compromised the Meanest Man, "but we'll walk along together until we pass the door; I've an other appointment."

And people wondered at the strange spectacle of the Meanest Man and the business executive as they moved through the throng.

When the Meanest Man was alone again, it occurred to him that twice that day, he had been accused of smiling. He couldn't understand and perplexedly shook his head.

At a down-town street intersection, a tiny slip of a girl, thinly clad and showing evidences of undernourishment, came timidly to intercept him.

"Please, Sir," she cried wistfully, "mother is quite ill today and Jimmy's working at delivering groceries and ain't gonna get his pay until Sat'day and I've slipped out for help. I've watched, oh, so many men go by and they all seemed so busy, I was afraid to speak to them; but you, sir, smiled so beautifully, I felt like I could ask you, and will you please get us the medicine?"

The Meanest Man looked down, and was touched. He trust a handful of silver coins into the child's eager grasp and asked for her address—and like a flash she was gone.

"Try God's name, what do they all mean?" cried out the Meanest Man. "Smiles? happiness? when have I smiled? What have I to be happy about—and yet—maybe I haven't as many enemies as I thought and if they call me the Meanest Man, very likely I deserve it."

And so perturbed and upset was the Meanest Man that he decided not to go to his office and, instead, he walked back over the route that had brought him such a strange series of adventures.

Along the way, winter birds caroled in the trees; carts laden with mistletoe and holly, lumbered by; eager faces stood out from the throng and nearly every passer-by had tucked under his arm a mysterious package that would mean, to someone, Christmas joy on the morrow.

And the Meanest Man had a thing happen to him—almost as swiftly as came the light which struck down Saul of Tarsus.

As he reached the church, the parson was still standing by the door.

"We meet again, parson," said the Meanest Man, "and let me return, tenfold, your Christmas Greeting of a half-hour since. I've thought over what you said about making others happy. I doubt if I really know how, myself, but I want you to see that it is done and if you need more money than this, just let me know."

"God bless you, Sir," replied the parson, as he took into his hands the roll of crisp banknotes. Then the Meanest Man sent a lot of toys to the house of the little girl; then dropped in at a neighbor's veranda for a few moments' chat—a thing which they couldn't understand; but when he left, Mrs. Neighbor said:

"I don't see why folks call him mean—I think he's nice—really nice."

After he left, the Meanest Man stroked a dog on the head, bounced a child in the air and went home, happier than he had ever felt over a mortgage foreclosure in all his life.

After supper, the Meanest Man called in his physician and said:

"Doc, a strange thing happened today; everywhere I went, people have said that I was smiling, yet I wasn't the least bit conscious of it. You're a bit of a psychologist—could I smile without knowing it?"

"You haven't been smiling," explained the medical man; "when I put that tiny strip of court-plaster across your wound, it just drew up the corners of your mouth a little and gave your lips the appearance of a smile. I noticed it at the time. But why do you ask? Did someone try to take advantage of you?"

But the Meanest Man was going out the door.

"Wait, where are you going?" called the physician.

"I don't know," said the Meanest Man, "but I've got to find a boy who lost a football, and when I do, I'm going to give that kid the best Christmas he ever saw!"

BETA LAMBDA NU

Beta Lambda Nu honorary biological fraternity, held a meeting last Thursday night in the biology lab. The purpose and aims of the organization were discussed and explained by the members. Plans are now being formulated for the Fraternity taking an active part in the coming Open House. John Bell has been appointed chairman of a committee whose work is to select some phase of biology which can be best displayed, and work will be started upon it immediately as his report is in.

PITTER PATTER

Only people in love should read Plato's *Symposium* is the opinion of the students taking the Philosophy course. So that's why D'Orsay gave that advice to the lovelorn in class recently.

Was his face red? Ask Jack Kenaston who went into the library especially to talk to Ann Malmer and did—and Ann turned out to be someone else.

Then there is the evening school chap who spent the majority of the class period diligently cleaning a hat which he assumed was his, only to have his professor claim it at the end of the hour.

When Dr. Bowden appeared to doubt Al Button's answer of nine millions to a history question, Al very obligingly raised it to nine billions.

The early philosophers said that there is no empty space. That's a very consoling thought; most of us need some reassurance especially after the mid-semester grades.

It's just about this time that many of us will begin to dig deep in some of those fertile fields that Bob Schultz was so interested in during the Special Methods class.

"Ah, the world at our feet!" exclaimed Miriam Hanelin when Dr. Burt parked a map of Europe on the floor during the Ethics class hour.

Admiral Byrd, please take note: The feminine members of the philosophy class have discovered a Little America right here in Youngstown College. It is room 110 after the male philosophers have secured their quota of fresh air.

The German students of the fifteenth century were distinguished from the rest of the people by what they wore around their necks. Bill Best's statement as to what distinguishes the present college students is censured.

Marian Axelson believes in taking everything with a grain of salt.

Who said that the days of chivalry were dead? Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning Billy Litvin escorts a certain little brunette to her classroom, then he enters his own room looking like the cat that swallowed several canaries.

Dr. Reid gets the credit for this one: It seems that the devil and Saint Peter had had an argument over the boundaries of their respective domains. They built a fence between the two and the devil, out for all he could get as usual, had taken in too much territory. The worthy Saint threatened to sue him, whereupon old Nick looked him over and inquired, "Just where do you intend to get a lawyer?"

It appears that the glamorous Peggy has given Clay the air and decided upon a dark-haired shiek. Tough luck, old man, but such is life.

You upperclassmen could take a few lessons from our blonde Casanova, Eddie Baker. Does he know how to handle the young and fair?

After watching a few members of the Freshman Class wander into the dance, Don Swaney the sage of the Engineering Drawing Class, remarked: "You can take the boy from the farm, but you can't take the farm from the boy."