

Collegian

Pennsylvania State University Wilkes-Barre

Dear *Collegian* Readers

Dear *Collegian* Readers,
 I have thoroughly enjoyed being a part of *The Collegian* and am most proud of those who have worked alongside of me throughout my two years here. Although I'm very excited to be moving on, I am also very sad to be leaving such amazing people. This campus has done a lot for me over the past two years, and I'm not lying when I say

that coming here was the best decision I've ever made.

As Editor, I have most enjoyed the works of the other writers and hoped that you have too. In this issue, you will find some impassioned writing that shows boat loads of potential. I yet again hope that you enjoy reading what we've so much enjoyed writing. And I'd like to thank Scott Lees for being my

layout editor and Dr. Berzsenyi for guiding me through the transition. Also, I'd like to give special thanks to Hollie Browning; she was a real inspiration for me to keep trudging on, and I am forever grateful. It was a blast, and good luck next year. FIGHT ON STATE!!

Sincerely Yours,
 Alex B. Manorek, Editor In Chief

12 Dollars Down and the Battle Rages On

And so it finally happened. The inevitable peered its ugly head Monday morning between the hours of 9 and 10am on me, an unsuspecting victim who was walking to her car after attending a Sociology class in the Tech Center at Penn State Wilkes Barre. My enemy, a man with white hair and a badge, was walking around doing what he does best, passing out parking tickets to the illegal, rebellious college students who dared to park in the lot without an authorized permit.

That's right, you guessed it, my defiant acts had finally caught up with me, and I was given a parking ticket for an outrageous 12 dollars. The crime I committed, as ridiculous as it sounds, was illegally parking in a school parking lot where I pay tuition to attend.

Perhaps I should have just parked in the other lot across campus and walked whatever the distance may be to get to class as other students without the special blue pass are forced to do. But I disagree too strongly with that notion and with a valid reason, I may add. I can't see the fairness in someone who has all of her classes located in the Tech Center being forced to park across campus because they were not randomly chosen to win the parking lottery.

The real question that needs to be asked is, "why do we even have a lottery in the first place?" Our Student Activities Coordinator Jackie Warnick-Piatt explains how the Tech Center parking lot once primarily served the Continuing Education programs. Then, Gary Biesel, head of campus security, said that at one point the parking lot was on a first-come, first-serve basis, but students would end

up parking in inappropriate spots, making it hazardous in the case of an emergency.

So, years back, students proposed the solution of assigning designated students to the sacred 96 spots available in the lot through a random lottery drawing. The rules of the lottery became as follows: freshmen and sophomores are allowed one chance and juniors and seniors are allowed two chances. With the rationale that freshmen and sophomores typically have the majority of their classes in the gym, science center, and Hayfield buildings. As this does not apply to all lower division students, those Tech Center Students without lottery drawing parking permits are disgruntled.

This may seem like a foolish question, but it's begging to be asked: Why are students that live in the apartments on campus allowed to enter the lottery drawing? It seems absolutely ridiculous that they would need to drive from their apartment to the tech center parking lot to get to class. I may be going out on a limb here, but I think it's safe to say it would take practically the same amount of time to walk there as it would drive. By the time they got into their car, stopped at the appropriate stop signs, and found a parking spot, they could have been entering the door to the tech center if they walked there instead. Well so far, the lottery system seems to have a few flaws, but I left the best one for last. The twelve dollars that is charged for wrongfully parking in the lot goes to the SGA end of the year banquet. With the amount of tickets campus security gives out, this banquet must have enough food to serve everyone at University Park. I'm not sure who decided where the money would be best spent, but an

end of the year banquet was really the best idea?

Many people, probably those who all have a special blue pass, see no problem in the current system and feel it's just a matter of students being lazy. Jackie Piatt, who oversees the lottery drawing, believes it's good exercise if you have to walk across campus. A very valid point, but I must stress this is not a matter of being lazy. When it is 8:57 and 13 degrees out, I find it hard to convince myself to park in the other lot for my 9:00 class and walk, knowing for a fact there are open spots in the forbidden Tech Center parking lot.

I understand that the students created this lottery, as what they felt to be the best solution, but it's obviously not working. If you randomly select a group of students from campus, 5, 10, 40, 100, whatever the number may be, I can guarantee you that, when asked, one of their main concerns would be the parking situation.

Now, in a world with so much going on, it seems silly to be bothered with this trivial issue of parking, but to those without a special blue pass, it ranks right up there next to solving the social security problem. Okay, so it may not be as pressing as social security, but the Student Government Association should strongly reconsider a new alternative for the parking situation.

Until then, I will continue to use my antics to avoid getting another ticket. Sadly, I can not dispense my sacred plans to outwit campus security for obvious reasons. But for all of those without a special pass, my sincere best wishes go out to you.

Sheri Flannery

Inside this issue:

- Dear Collegian Readers 1
- 12 Dollars Down and the Battle Rages on 1
- Poetry 2
- Interested in Studying Abroad? 3
- 2 Months of Pure Anticipation 3
- The Cookie Jar 4
- Something's Missing in 5
- Poetry 5
- Response to 12 Dollars Down and the Battle Rages on 5
- Former Penn-State Student, A Miracle Vaccine Finder 6
- Editorial Staff 7
- Advertising 7

An Angel

By: Matthew Filingo

Over the waves- of rolling breaks
I wish I could say- she came to me,
Stubbornly sweet, censoring to me
Only what's right, hoping her lust
Would never tickle her breast.
My words were smooth-soft satin
sheets Leaving her mind a sticky,
sweet mess. She was lost in my eyes
while walking past
Though her heart was closed tighter
than clamps.

My world;
a black and white picture
show
where characters continu-
ously run from themselves.
The world around them
starts to fade
and then I'm back to this
picture show;
This black & white, two-
sided reality trip
But I guess I met a lot of
people there
In my world
passion blows with a summer
breeze
straight through a broken old
window frame
As tears fall like a rain storm

MY WORLD

I'll never see
I realized this world has no
end.
My world;
this two-sided, black and
white reality trip
teaches me not to think of
who I was before.
I know my scars are massive
but they're not all I am;
if only you would look a
little closer.
If only you knew the truth
behind the depth;
I wonder if I'd be human
then.
In my world
songs ease the rage inside
and into the melody a person

screams.
My inspiration comes from
deaths
I haven't overcome, the fa-
ther I lack,
and the love that has left my
heart in pieces.
Then I'm back
to this picture show furious
that I must write my soul
then sell it in black and
white.

--end--

By: Hollie Browning

A Part of the Scenery

The hands of time stole her
only passion.
What of dignity and pleasure
now?
She can see and smell.
She can touch and feel.
But who cares about any of
that,
Since she hardly ever smiles?
She raises her head and
shouts,
Does this mean they heard
her?
Yet no one knows how to
listen carefully.

As snow covers the branches
of trees
And the lakes freeze, she falls
to her knees.
She's become a part of the
scenery.
She says to a lover that isn't
there,
"I don't need sympathy or
charming sensitivity.
I need the one I love."
She raises her hand to her
face,
squinting to see through the
thick snowfall.

While a tear fell from her
right eye
She realized loneliness was
an unwanted issue
mistaken for something else
much too often.

By: Hollie Browning

The Coffee Shop Special-Saturday:

It was like a coal furnace at
Christmas time.
Each patron had their own
stick, burning to the fingers,
Eagerly consuming pick-me-
ups on this windy, wintry
morning.
Clouds rolled past quicker
than cars.
The air was emptier than the
pockets of those fellows,

Lazy and ignorant as the bum
down the block.
Muddy tires, jacked-up
wheels, flannels, beards and
jeans-
Little boys on the playground
comparing scars.
The American Flag (rippling
in the wind) hiding behind
the pines
Was a savage beast in search

of food.
Tombstones overlooking the
beaten street- crooked,
cracked, falling-
Divulging the Reaper's final
plan.
Yes, Saturdays sure are spe-
cial.

By: Matthew Filingo

Interested in Studying Abroad?

France, Italy, Australia, Spain—have you ever wanted to travel and see the world? I know I have. Do you still want to? I bet you're saying, "How do I have an opportunity to go, being at a small campus?" The answer is "you do have an opportunity!" I bet you're wondering how do I get started, right? Well, this is how.

The first step is to do research. If you are interested in a specific country or city, research everything about it. Make sure if you do decide to follow through to talk with your advisor. It is better that he

or she is clued into your plans and then can help you with the process of applying.

Then it is time to do your Penn State homework. The best information on study abroad is found at www.international.psu.edu. Here, you will find everything you need from cost to names of participating universities. Most importantly, you will find the application. **Keep in mind if you do plan on studying abroad, you should apply at least one year to eighteen months ahead of time.**

Explore each university you are interested in and make sure it is the institution you want to attend. Everyone has their preferences. Maybe you would rather stay in an urban area rather than rural? Also, don't forget to check out what activities are offered from shopping to dining at restaurants and other cultural events like attending museum exhibits or local music shows. Again, talk to your advisor. Now, it is all up to you. Study abroad is an opportunity of a lifetime, so why not take advantage of it ?

Two Months of Pure Anticipation

It is 6:30 pm Sunday February 12, 2006, and a chilling wind hollows in front of Wal-mart. In this scene, Sarah Popky and I are outside of Wal-Mart freezing our tails off canning. It is at this moment when I detached myself from the harsh wind and when a thought that entered my mind: soon, in roughly 7 days and 30 minutes, I along with nearly 700 other THON dancers will be coming together in a culmination of our efforts to raise money for children with cancer and their families. My own anticipation had really started approximately two months ago.

In these two months, I've had to make some adjustments to my everyday life; and, boy, am I grateful I did! Dramatic adjustments I made were eating right and exercising. I began dieting to build up the energy reserve for the task of dancing for 48 hours straight and to maintain my weight without gaining. Also, to strengthen my muscles, I had to start working out.

Through my no caffeine, high protein, high carb diet, I was able to lose just about 11 pounds. At that moment, I can tell you that I was in the best shape I'd ever been, and I felt like I could take on the world. Another adjustment was my approach to my school work. I've

been notorious for all-nighters, as I'm sure many of you are. It's a nasty habit to get into, relying on caffeine, cigarettes, and sugar to stay awake, and it's an even nastier habit to kick.

Perhaps my toughest adjustment came a few weeks later: the day I decided to kick my pack-a-day smoking addiction. I'm going to tell you that it hasn't been easy, but I've been successful. Something driving me to stop as I get the urge to light up is the simple consolation that I'm doing this for a purpose bigger than myself. This purpose transcends any individual and is far bigger than the entire University. This purpose is THON.

In my last article, I had told you of my inspiration derived from Liam James Kane, a child with cancer associated with THON. Well, that inspiration is still unwavering, and it is getting greater in its resolve. I keep a constant reminder of Liam as I log on at school. A picture of him nestled in with a stuffed animal of his is my desktop. As the months have turned into days and the days soon to be hours, I've become more anxious and Liam has helped to counter my anxiety.

It is strange how just gazing at a picture of this little boy can build strength within. I'm also

inspired by the recent CCSG dancer retreat, in which, I was able to meet with other dancers from around the commonwealth and share in some great experiences I'll cherish for the rest of my life. During this retreat, I was introduced to CCSG's THON child, Zach, who is a wonderful two year old ball of energy with whom I had played for about 45 minutes. With balloons and his tackling me like a little Paul Pozlusny, my time with Zach at the retreat ranks up there with the birth of my nephew. Zach is just such a courageous young boy. Imagine just for a moment that you're a parent and that your son is just 11 days old and already has had two surgeries and a kidney removed. 11 days old!! Now at two years old, he's a joyful little boy who's just so purely innocent that you long for those days that you could truly run again.

Well for at least another five days, I was left to combat my building excitement. This retreat, five days from the THON dance marathon, opening up my inner-child and bringing out something in all the dancers we never quite knew we had. All that's left now is this feeling of anticipation.

By
Alex B. Manorek

The Cookie Jar

Dan Pape

“Put it on channel forty-seven,” Joey said, looking imploringly at his older brother.
“No, I’m watching the game,” Brian said, not taking his eyes off the T.V.

Brian was sitting in their father’s chair, resting his feet on the coffee table. He was wearing faded blue jean shorts and a white t-shirt. Joey was on the couch, wearing a *Captain Skirko* shirt and red shorts. Brian was eleven and Joey was nine and they both had bright green eyes and dirty blonde hair like their father. Joey had a small bruise on his left cheek and Brian had to keep brushing his hair from his eyes. Outside, the Trollker sisters (Joey and Brian called them the “Troll Sisters”) were riding pink bicycles in the street. It was a muggy August afternoon and the sky was cloudless and a languid blue.
“Mom said I could watch *Captain Skirko* when it comes on,” Joey said.
“But Mom’s upstairs and we’re watching the game,” Brian said, again not looking at Joey.
“I’ll call her and she’ll make you,” Joey said, trying to sound threatening.
“Don’t,” Brian said, looking over at his brother on the couch, “leave her alone.”

Their mother was upstairs in her room, where she usually was now a days. She had been on vacation for what was going on three weeks now. The boys didn’t know what she did up there for so long, but said she just needed time to think.
“C’mon Brian, give me the remote,” Joey said, trying to make his voice as high-pitched and whiny as he could.
“No, now shut up and stop bothering me,” Brian said, a tone of finality in his voice.

They never used to fight this much. One night, about a week and a half ago, Joey had come downstairs for a glass of water during the night and had heard his mother talking on the phone to his Aunt Kate. She was sitting at the kitchen table, with her back to the doorway, so Joey hung back and listened.
“It’s like World War III here Kate, the boys are constantly fighting and I don’t know what to do,” she had said a hint of desperation in her voice. “I’m either up in my room all day or down here in the kitchen, not doing anything, I just can’t seem to focus,” she said sighing. “Sometimes I wonder if I did the right thing, making Chris leave and all.” At this point, Aunt Kate had yelled something loud enough that Joey could hear the word “prick,” and his mother had started crying.
“I know, I know, I’m just not sure how we’re going to get by.” Then, his mother had turned around and saw him standing there, watching her intently and fiddling with his pajama pants. She had wiped her eyes and ushered him back into his room, without a drink.
“I love you baby, you and your brother, Mommy just needs some time to herself okay? Everything’s gonna be alright.” She had kissed him on the forehead and left the room, shutting the door behind her. He heard her sob as she made her way down the stairs.
“C’mon Brian, I want to watch *Captain Skirko*!” Joey cried, loud enough so that they heard their mother’s voice call down to them to please keep it quiet.
“Now look what you did,” Brian said, “shut up or we won’t be able to watch anything.”
“But you don’t even like baseball,” Joey said, “You’re just watching it ‘cuz Dad always used to.”
“Shut up Joey, or I’ll come over there and make you!” Brian said, a glint of anger in his eyes and his cheeks blushing slightly.

Joey knew it was true, Brian had only started watching baseball after their father had left. Actually, he didn’t really leave; so much as he was *thrown* out. Their Uncle Jack and Aunt Kate had come over one day after their “lessons” had been particularly bad and Uncle Jack had physically taken their father out through the front door while Brian and Joey watched from their parents’ window. Uncle Jack had told their dad that if he ever came near them again he would “rip his fucking head off and shove it clear up his ass.” That night, their mother had told them that they wouldn’t be seeing him again for a long time, maybe not ever. After that, Brian had been sitting in their dad’s chair watching a different game everyday, and everyday their mother would take turns from staring out the windows in her room to staring out the windows in the kitchen, and everyday the two boys would fight over something.
“Gimme the remote you jerk!” Joey said reaching over to where it laid on the chair’s armrest.
“Get outta here you little shit!” Brian yelled, kicking his brother’s extending hand with his foot.
“Ow!” Joey yelled, and, standing up so quick that he almost lost his balance, marched over to the T.V. and manually changed the channels. Brian watched this, and, waiting until his brother sat back down and shot him a defiant look, flipped the channel back over to the game. Seemingly undaunted, Joey got back up and changed the channel back again with the buttons on the side of the T.V., then, facing his brother with folded arms, attempted to block the sensor. Brian shifted to the left in his chair, and put the game back on. Joey turned to repeat his action, but this time Brian shut the T.V. off. Joey turned it on, Brian shut it off, and so on until Joey faced his giggling brother with clenched fists and yelled “stop it!”

Brian stood up smirking, and dangling the remote, said “If you want to watch that dumb show, you’ll have to get this off of me.”

Brian had a full foot and some fifty pounds on him, but Joey was not afraid, he was a tough boy, his “lessons” had always been the worst. Their dad would always say in his slurry voice that “Everythin’ has its God-given place; sometimes someone’s jus gotta put it there.” Joey rushed at his brother and they both fell into the chair, kicking and punching.
“Give it to me!” Joey cried, trying to pry the remote out of Brian’s hand.
“No!” Brian yelled, pushing his brother so that Joey’s back hit the edge of the coffee table and he let out a gasp of pain.

They grappled again, rolling around on the gray carpet and knocking plants, books, and little “Precious Moments” figurines off of the bookcase on the wall.
“What is going on down here!?” their mother cried, pulling Joey off of Brian, who took a small tuft of Brian’s hair with him. “Stop that right now! Why are you two fighting now?” their mother asked, slightly bewildered as if she had just woken up.

Standing side by side, they both explained their cases at the same time, each of them speaking so fast that their words were almost indecipherable.

“That’s enough,” their mother said, shaking her head and putting up her hands, “give me the remote Brian.” He did, and she looked down at it and then at the two of them and said, “We’re a family you know, and we have got to stick together.” She said this slowly, almost as if she was trying to convince herself as well.

She turned from them and walked in to the kitchen. They could hear a small noise as she dropped the remote into the cookie jar, her hiding place for all things, and drew a chair. Brian nonchalantly wiped the trickle of blood from his nose with his hand and looked to the side at Joey, who looked right back, and then followed his brother’s shifted gaze towards the buttons on the television. They stared at each other again, but at that minute, a soft sound began to permeate the air. Their mother was weeping in the kitchen. Joey made to go towards her, but Brian stopped him with his hand and shook his head. He mouthed the word “outside.” Joey nodded slowly, and followed his brother out into the street, where they sat on the steps for what seemed like hours without speaking until the sky darkened and it stared to pour, forcing them inside to sit in the T.V. room and stare at the black screen.

SOMETHING'S MISSING IN SPRINGFIELD

It is Sunday 8:30 pm, and I'm sitting here baffled about the half hour of television I've just witnessed. As I've done on Sunday's pasts over countless years, tonight I tuned into Fox and watched a staple program from my childhood, *The Simpsons*. However, tonight, it was different. Tonight, I felt that something was missing. The missing ingredient was humor--or at least humor failing to reach a standard *The Simpsons* has set for many years. So what's happened to Springfield's favorite family?

The episode I watched was based on the bit character Ground's keeper Willie. Willie is the subject of a bet made by Bart and Lisa Simpson. Lisa bets Bart that she can "civilize" Willie—a take on *My Fair Lady* or *Pygmalion*, depending of whether you like to read novels or see film musicals. The result—a good 20 minutes of so-so comedy stealing precious moments of life I'll never get back.

Throughout the episode, you find yourself trapped in hopeless musical numbers and cameo appearances by even more bit characters. . . Oh and a sub-plot of Homer using his body as vehicle for advertisement. See, Homer is in search of a new pair of blue pants and turns blue pants into a fad, which makes for very unfunny TV. Both plot and sub-plot lacked in the usual "*Simpsons*" flare, and I, as a once diehard fan, have become accustomed to a high quality show with unexpected moments of ingenious comedy with a satirical bite on family life, American mid-western culture, and clashes of ideas among different political perspectives.

What's wrong? Well I've come to terms with a few things. First, *The Simpsons* seem less satirical and more over the top now. If you venture down memory lane, you'll find that in seasons past, *The Simpsons* were confronting important, current social themes. Rather, now it just seems that they're trying to get more cheap laughs with less intelligent slap stick comedy.

Second, I'm too familiar with the characters. I mean there's only so much a person can take after 10+ years of static characters: Homer's stupid antics are loveable still, but funny no more; Marge with her pretentious nature was never funny, but Homer needed the "straight man" to work off of; the sibling rivalry between Lisa and Bart has lost its luster and gotten old. I think what I'm trying to say to *The Simpsons*' writers, "We get the point."

But, could the show survive if the characters developed and matured, learned from their mistakes from previous episodes? I doubt it. They'd lose what made the characters interesting, annoying, laughable, ridiculous, smart, loveable, etc.

The thing is maybe they've gone past *Seinfeld's* and *Everybody Loves Raymond's* early bowing out, which was a while before running out their welcome with viewers and facing cancellation by the networks.

If I could offer some advice, I would suggest, "Quit now." *The Simpsons* were once a modern day satire, non-conformist to the contemporary comedies of their time. Now, it seems as though they've run their course with these characters. I know that it will be a sad day for millions like myself who can't bear to imagine Sundays without *The Simpsons*.

By
Alex B. Manorek

Only Just Begun

I see
The lungs
Full of smoke;
My vision is unstable.
Shots, drafts & whiskey-on-rocks
Provide much comfort in times of trouble.
I want to call, just to ask you a few questions,
But I'm sure that it's forbidden. That tickle inside
My chest has just become an ache- the pain from longing
Too much for my final mistake. Then, a weighted rope, knotted
Straight through my heart, descends under water, draining my breath.
Framed photos of you (though scattered on shelves) still linger around.
I find delight in the weightless flight of some, still-scented hairs.
From our last encounter, I detect tiny traces of your favorite
Perfume. I can still savor the sweet taste of you.
Your skin- like a cloud of cotton- was a free-
Flowing fountain. The way you
Shivered, smiled, and lied-
Loving you was easier
Than eating ice
Cream as a
Child.

By: Matt Filingo

Faculty Response to "12 Dollars Down and the Battle Rages On"

I'm very glad that the many, many students who share Ms. Flannery's position identify the parking situation as their primary concern on campus. This focus shows that there aren't more serious, debilitating, or threatening situations to worry about, which means we're generally pretty happy. I think that this is the positive side of the parking dilemma with some unplanned exercise to aid our health.

Final thought: if our parking situation upsets us, we can be glad that we aren't at U Park.
By: CHRISTYNE A. BERZSENYI Ph.D.

“Former Penn State Student, A Miracle Vaccine Finder”

Dr. Joyce Van Eck is a regular 47-year-old wife and mother of two boys. But when it comes to the studying of New Castle Disease, a virus that affects poultry, she sure knows what she’s doing. The former Northeastern Pennsylvania native is now a senior research associate at the Boyce Thompson Institute at Cornell University in Ithaca, New York.

For the past seven years, Dr. Van Eck has been searching for the vaccine to cure the New Castle Disease that now helps to treat chickens on large commercial farms in the United states as well as abroad; this wonderful discovery will improve the quality of the food we eat! Plant-based rather than animal-based, the vaccine will help any animal inflicted with the disease because it is fatal to livestock; this extraordinary breakthrough may one day even be used to cure human disease.

In February this amazing find received approval from the federal Food

and Drug Administration. Joyce started young; thanks to St. John the Baptist in Pittston (her elementary school), and a certain nun who taught her there by bringing a light into an incubator and hatching chicken eggs, Van Eck’s interest was immediately captivated. Right then and there, she knew the area in which she wanted to devote the rest of her life: science. A graduate of Penn State, (another great reason to love her), Van Eck spent two years at the Wilkes-Barre campus before moving onto University Park, graduating with a degree in biology. Just like the sciences, Nick, another student at Penn State, also caught Dr. Van Eck’s eye; they soon married, but waited to have children in order for her to successfully finish school. He fully supports her with every decision she may make. Because both Nick and Joyce are researchers, they know how time consuming and hard the profession really can be. Professionals are ex-

tremely trained in very technical fields, and the job is tremendously time consuming. Recognition such as this is rare, but Joyce worked to her fullest potential to change that fact.

The University of Delaware is where she received her master’s degree, and Cornell University granted her a doctorate in plant science. An extremely humble, smart, and talented woman, Dr. Van Eck did not even tell her mother, Sophie Krzywicki, about the life-changing news. If Joyce’s husband had never taken the liberty of clipping articles from pieces of work such as the *Ithaca Journal* and sending them to family members, Sophie Krzywicki would never have had the chance to show how proud she is of her deserving daughter. Van Eck is not out looking for publicity. She is just doing her job, which is doing the world a favor. You go, girl!

by Lauren Wasilewski

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