

The Mansion

Just mention the word "mansion" at Highacres and everyone's eyes light up. "Oh, yeah. The old castle up in the woods that they're gonna rip down. Damn shame."

Much speculation and rumor has been evident among the student body as to the future of the mansion. It seems that no one can get the story straight. That brings us to the purpose of this feature editorial.

The Highacres Collegian has attempted to get the facts about the mansion: its past, its present, and its future.

the past

The mansion was originally built by George Markle Jr., one of the Markle brothers, at the beginning of this century. It is older than the other Markle mansion on campus, presently the Main Building, which was built in the 1920's. Architect of the latter was one Mr. Egger, founder of the New York firm of Egger and Higgins. Perhaps he was also the architect of the older mansion.

Donald Markle later occupied the home after making several additions to the existing building. These included the Ship Room and two bedrooms on the east side. As he had a winter residence in Mississippi, Donald and his wife lived here only during the spring and summer months.

The mansion itself is built of native fieldstone with a slate roof, just as is the Main Building. On the northwestern corner of the house are a lighted swimming pool and shower house, both built into the mountain.

The extensive woodwork in the library or den on the north side was built by an unknown woodwork manufacturer in North Wales, a Philadelphia suburb.

In 1968, the Donald Markle mansion and its surrounding 38 acres and outbuildings were sold to the Pennsylvania State University.

the present

Today the mansion stand empty, cold, devoid of furnishings, and falling into ruin. Several first floor rooms are used to store desks and other supplies. Most of the draperies are still intact.

In recent weeks the Circle K Club has expressed an interest in refurbishing the mansion as a student union, a lounge, or something similar. However, such an idea would be impractical and very costly, according to Frank C. Kostos, director of the Hazleton Campus.

the future

"We are definitely going to raze it," said Kostos in an interview last week. "We have to do something with it. Guarding it makes no sense. But I'd hate to see the building go."

Jack Oswald, Penn State's new president, told students here during a visit last spring that if sentiment ran high in the community, as well as on campus, the possibility of saving it would exist, Kostos said that Oswald was "new on the scene" and perhaps did not fully understand the implications involved.

Ecologists on campus will be pleased to learn that the destruction of the mansion will not result in the destruction of the surrounding grounds. As Kostos explained, the University will try to "keep from ruining too much of the outside." The outside wall near the swimming pool will be retained. The pool, however, will be filled and planted. There is an idea in the works that the area will be developed as a scenic lookout point. The view from the area, overlooking Conyngham and Butler Valleys, can best be described as breathtaking.

In an attempt to kill some rumors, Kostos stated that the proposed \$2.2 million gym will be constructed on the south side of the roadway near the mansion, opposite the latter, not on the same site.

One ironic point in reference to the mansion is that while voices of the student body are loud and in favor of restoring the building, certain vandals amongst us continue to hold booze

parties in it. Not that we have anything against booze parties (heaven forbid), but we cannot tolerate the wanton destruction that takes place during such partakings. Within the past few weeks, the bay windows of the master bedroom have been smashed beyond recognition. If this keeps up, and the pigs are sure it won't, the University won't have to put the job of razing it up for bid. The students will have destroyed it themselves. Damn shame.

Two weeks to zero hour

by Mel Mundie

The final push is on. Two weeks remain in the term and it's time to start planning last minute strategy. You add up the quiz grades and the mid-term. You take an educated(?) guess as to your performance since the mid-term. Another educated guess about how well you know the material that will be covered in the final. You vow to hit the books hard. You'll skip the socializing and play Joe Cool. Forget the chicks and the pinocle man, you've got work to do. Maybe, just maybe, you'll come out of this term smelling like a rose.

The following explanations are designed to aid those who will not come out of this term "smelling like a rose." You could sit around nervously waiting for your parents to get your grade sheet from the University, (it usually comes in the mail the day before Christmas) or you can spend the time adapting this material to fit your own needs.

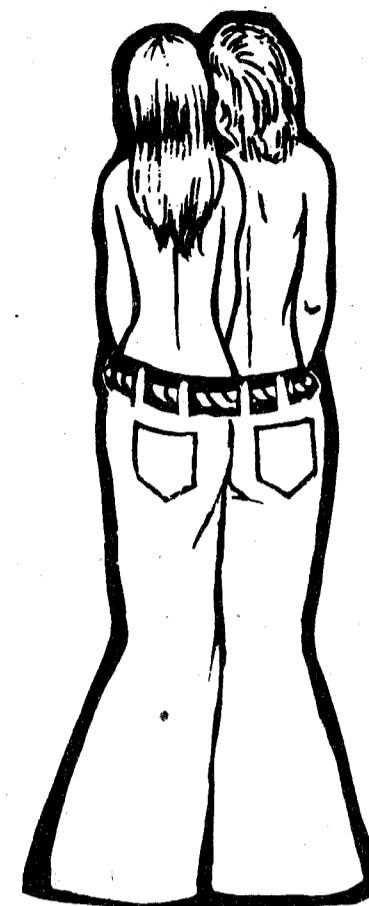
It is first necessary to set the stage with a few casual remarks in routine conversation before the mail arrives, such as:

- It's OK, but it's not home sweet home.
- It sure is hard to adjust to living away from home.
- The dorms are awfully noisy.
- Maybe you could teach them how to cook, Mom.
- It's just like you always said Dad, the kids today aren't even courteous to each other.
- I'll need some time, but I'm sure everything will work out, eventually.

That should cover things in general and generate a sympathetic and understanding mood when the hour of accounting arrives. You'll then need specific excuses. The

Ditto by Richard Rockman

Concerning what Mel wrote in issue No. 2: My sentiments exactly. (Easiest editorial I ever wrote!)



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Exclusive interview with a trout

by Kathryn Dixon

Today I tried the ravine or canyon, Utilizing the forces of gravity balanced by the weight of "Anthropology Today" I descended with the others. The equation for this, you pioneers is:

$$\frac{\text{Speed of descent}}{\text{Number of toes stubbed}} = \frac{\text{Book weight}}{\text{Personal tonnage}} - \text{mud slides}$$

Soon with our feet we will pound out a new Route 80 bringing America to its crossroads-- the New Classroom Building. Of course the water rivelets flowing down between the bleached pebbles and sacred Highacres dirt is indeed a pretty sight, more lovely than our Nittany lion. No rowboat, friends. (No concealed inner tube). I descended without technology, observed the scenery first-hand and actually caught a little trout who nibbled my ankle.

"Watch out, trout!" I said. This troutling burped twice (I can't figure out why) shook his fin at me pedantically (it turned out he was a reincarnated prof), and replied, "Honey, this hill isn't for you. Take the paved path."

"You have a lot of nerve, you little fish," I answered with elocution from Speech 200; The shortest distance between two points is a straight line.

"But you'll slip and fall."

"Really?"

"Listen this slope is only for little rabbits and fish."

"What do you know about rabbits?"

"Well..."

"I know everything about rabbits. I'm a college student."

"And I know more than you because this is Highacres-land, three giant steps from the land of Winnie the Pooh, up up up the yellow brick endurance test. There is a law that states, "The shortest distance between two points is a curve, resembling the dumb-bell shaped curve in fact."

"But Euclid said..."

"You mean; Nationality--Greek, 6 deviations from the norm, mean 0, mode 2.13456, number 181-36-3576?" "I'm getting upset."

"Why? Why? This is wonderland."

"I have to get to my car. I'm afraid I'll slip and spoil these jeans. It took three years to thin these to this blue-grey, almost translucent, embroidery-held-together UNIQUE jeans with personality, that glow in the dark, have collapsible threads and fit my individualistic knees."

"The slope is long and sharp you, youth," the trout replied, "If you die, you'll miss the Friday night jitter-bug, the infinitely exciting dorm life, the sound of the good old Highacres ding-dong. You miss Joe Paterno. He'll miss you."

"Listen, fishy, the water is coming down from the great multiple choice buckets in the sky. I know that when I get to the intersection equipped with ten imaginary policemenfog, and flip my coin and guzzle a good-luck shot and try--it won't start."

"Deary," the trout murmured, its one eye glued to my eye, its other eye adoring the Highacres straight line, "just what do you intend to do about it? Are you against minority Americans?"

We fish are going to convert this college into a four-year lake, thus we do not want pavements up the banks. Here's a few band-aids, do the best you can."

What could I do, fellow students? Fish are people too.

The Highacres Collegian

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Responsible comment to material published in The COLLEGIAN is invited. All letters must be type-written and signed.

Faculty members are students are invited to submit articles to be published in a special section of The COLLEGIAN entitled "Impact." Articles and other material (poems included) should be no longer than 400 words and must be typed.

Incredible but True

James Michener, one of the most successful and popular novelists of our times, interviewed a mother who lived near the Kent State campus for his book, "Kent State: What Happened And Why," published this year by Random House.

In it Michener records the following dialogue:

Mother: Anyone who appears on the streets of a city like Kent with long hair, dirty clothes or bare feet deserves to be shot... it would have been a lot better if the guards had shot the whole lot of them.

Michener: But you had three sons there.

Mother: If they didn't do what the guards told them they should have been mowed down.

Professor of psychology: Is long hair a justification for shooting someone?

Mother: Yes. We have got to clean up this nation. And we'll start with the long-hairs.

Professor: Would you permit one of your sons to be shot simply because he went barefooted?

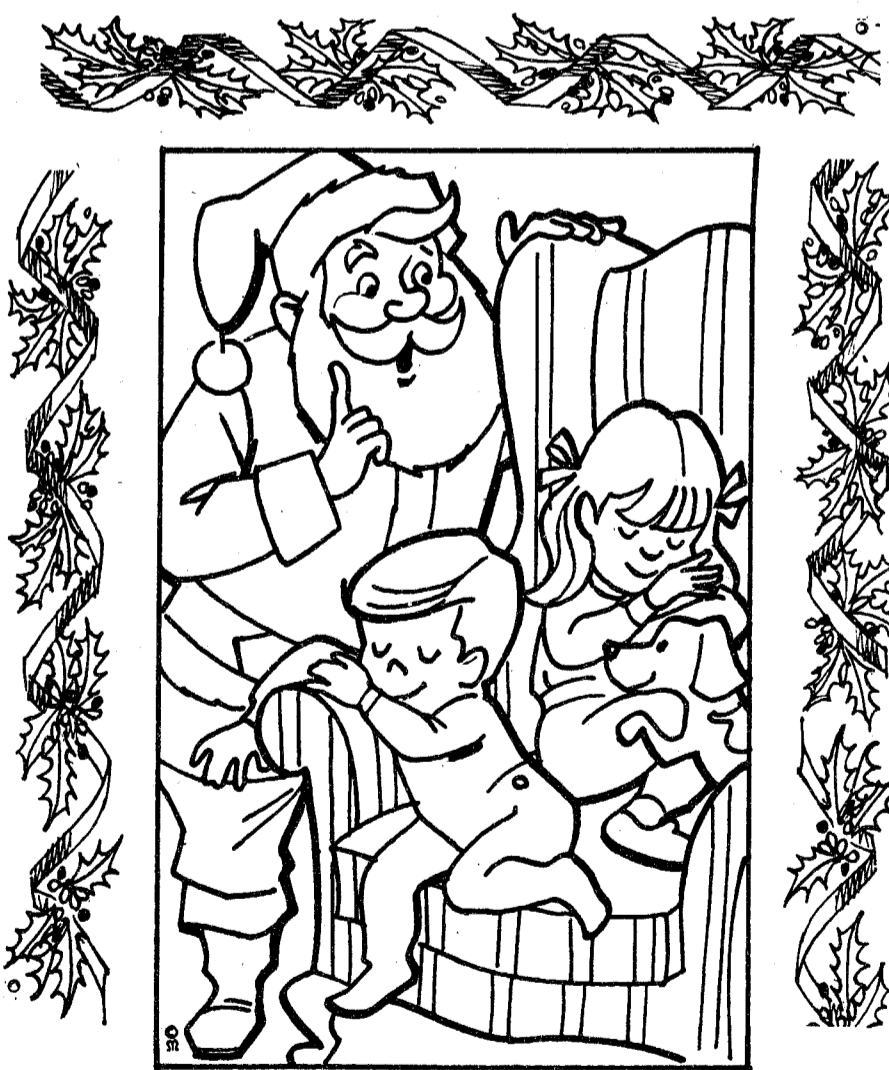
Mother: Yes.

Professor: Where do you get such ideas?

Mother: I teach at the local high school.

Professor: Do you mean that you are teaching your students such things?

Mother: Yes. I teach them the truth. That the lazy, the dirty, the ones you see walking the streets and doing nothing ought all to be shot.



Entries for the first annual Highacres Collegian Christmas Coloring Contest will be received no later than Tuesday, Dec. 14, 1971, in the Collegian Office, Memorial Building. Decision of the judge, Dean Joseph McCallus, will be final. Winners will be notified by mail and will be announced in the next issue of the Collegian.

1st prize: a brown paper bag autographed by Frank Kostos.

2nd prize: a box of Crackerjacks.

3rd prize: 10 back issues of the Highacres Collegian and a copy of the University Senate Rules and Policies, created persons, are asked to meet in the SUB Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 6:30 p.m. to