

ROTC NEWS

By L. Sorokatch

Captain Paul Harhi has succeeded Major E. Carper as the Associate Professor at Highacres.

Captain Harhi is a native of Mahoney Planes. He received a BS degree from East Stroudsburg State Teachers College and did post-graduate work at Bucknell University. The Captain has served a total of nine years with the US Army & the Air Force. Before his assignment here he was at the Altoona Center. Prior to that, he served in the Far East as an advisor to the Republic of Korea Air Force and with the United Nations inspection teams in Korea and Japan.

Before leaving Hazleton, Captain Harhi hopes to work towards a MA degree in Education and then teach at the Air University, Maxwell AFB, Ala. His highest goal in the USAF is to teach at the new Air Academy at Colorado Springs.

Capt. Harhi resides at 806 Peace St., Hazleton, with his wife Sophia, and his two children, Paul Jr., six, and Shirley, five years old.

Highacres spreads the welcome mat for Captain Harhi and his family and wish them success here and in the future.

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NOTE: We would appreciate receiving from the student body, letters or articles for publication.

COWEBBS AND OLD LACE

By Warman

When Professor Steel wasn't looking the other day, we snuck into his attic and filched his prize collection of antiquated store bills and letters that have been lying around Highacres for a couple of decades. From what can be deduced from these moth-eaten papers, things must have been lively around this area in the Roaring Twenties.

Nothing today is comparable to the Lost Generation and their fabulous prohibition cocktail binges, the inimitable flappers, and other misadventures, unless you put the Charleston and Rock 'n Roll on the same plane. However, the events must have been pretty confusing to Joe Coal Miner when the millioniare class started living it up in Luzerne County.

Quite a few of these bills reflect the ease at which society was carrying on around here. Can't you just see yourself sitting down to a meal of guava jelly, P&B chow chow, Japanese crab meat, and can shad roe, and washing it down with a bootleg chaser? Heredity being what it is, perhaps this is why there are so many ulcers floating around today. Egads! Here is a bill that is hard to swallow. You ate your Japanese crab meat with a fork that cost \$110. Even the rich must have been aghast at this because they only paid \$47 for the knife. Aha, here is a bargain. You just washed your hands in finger bowls that cost \$45 a dozen.

What's this! Forty dollars for a handkerchief! A guy couldn't afford to have a cold in those days. Oh well, at least the suit was cheap -only \$135. The ladies of the house were not ones for letting the clothes grow on their backs either. Here is one thrifty socialite buying three gowns in one day (6/6/24) for a mere total of \$570. And she had the gall to wear them a half year before she bought another.

(Cont. Page four)