

**Editorial comments**

**A ten-year plan**

Eleven years ago, President John Kennedy pledged to the people of this country and the world that the United States would put a man on the moon by 1970.

And in July of 1969 Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin set foot on that mysterious satellite. The mighty U.S. had achieved its cherished goal.

On Sunday the United States launched another moonship, Apollo 14, that will once again traverse the void that is space and reaffirm the technology and skills of America and her people.

If this country can embark on and then splendidly accomplish such a lofty goal in just ten years, think of what we could achieve if we diverted our technology to a seemingly more-useful cause--that of humanity.

Everyone's heard of poverty, pollution, peace, prejudice, crime, capitalism, communism, crowded cities, illiteracy, ecology, starvation, demonstrations, and communication gaps. Is this the American dream?

Sure, everyone's talking about the outcome of these haunting realities. But how are they talking about them?

The Vietnam War is reported daily much as a sports score: VC-250, U.S.-7.

Pollution is bad, but people still buy thousands of cars every year (complete with ten-gallons of lead-free gasoline).

Some people live in poverty, while others wallow in the green pools of luxury and wealth.

"Hippies" wear clothes resembling the flag, and they're labeled "Comms" by "good Americans" who can't even remember the words to our national anthem.

Perhaps this is the American dream. Maybe football is important enough to pre-empt a news program on a Sunday afternoon. Maybe soap operas do eliminate social problems. Maybe all those long-haired students ARE communists.

Or maybe these things create the American illusion.

**'Real' face of apathy**

Talk about 'Campus Cop-outs'!

Only 189 out of approximately 650 eligible full-time students at the Hazleton campus voted at the SGA elections on Friday.

That's little more than 29% of the student body. My, such a heavy turn-out for Highacres!

It will probably be the other 71% of this campus's student population that will complain the loudest about the newly-elected members and the SGA's "inefficiency."

Why? That's the way it has been happening for years. "Our" generation is no different from the last one, though we pretend to be.

No excuses this time, students. A few of you may have forgotten your registration cards, while others may not have had any scheduled classes on Friday. How many of you will say you didn't hear about the elections?

But the majority of students who sat idly in the SUB playing cards and drinking beverages do not have any facades to hide behind.

If you were one, why didn't you vote? Didn't you know how to X-in a ballot? Or was your arm strained from overwork?

Don't say you didn't know any of the candidates. Each one had a statement of his/her aspirations posted at the voting place, and most had pictures of themselves there, too.

But somehow, some way, you'll find an excuse. It's always that way.

Youth finally has the right to vote in national elections. It took a long time, but we finally got it. Penn State has always been open-minded to student elections.

You'll get another chance next term to prove your "good intentions."

Don't let yourself become one of the apathetic pack. That group is too large and lethargic already. Besides, they don't even have a charismatic leader like our current SGA president.

For once the minority has over-ruled the majority. Those students who did not vote portray rather vividly the overall values of the national silent majority.

There may not be any hope. But a man limits his ability only in his own mind.

Next time--VOTE.

**Letters to the editor**

Dear editor:

There is a huge gap in our midst, and The Highacres Collegian claims to have discovered its location. Not only have they conquered a territory; they have found a definition, as well. A perceptive body, the Collegian! They know apathy when they see it. And they recognize the culprits. Most recently, the Collegian has directed its subtle campaign at the faculty. In a daring attempt to expose the pernicious GAP, the editors of the newspaper proclaimed, in an editorial called Campus Cop-outs (how sophisticated their prose!), that academic life at Penn State is being threatened by a lethargic faculty. Pointing its bony finger at a rather vague enemy, the Collegian served only to widen the real chasm that exists on the Hazleton Campus: that between good intentions and cold receptions.

The Collegian is not, however, entirely without sensitivity. It did establish for us that what it means by academic life and meaningful student/faculty involvement is the annual Comerity show:

Once a year faculty and students get together to put on the fantastic production known as Comerity. This is perhaps the only significant achievement that this campus can boast about its academic life. (Highacres Collegian, January 18, 1971)

It is significant, and unfortunate, that The Collegian does not, in its definition of academic life, include other successful endeavors by students and faculty. Perhaps its failure to mention the Drama Club's production of "Bringing It All Back Home" in November, 1970, is an oversight. Perhaps its failure to give any newspaper coverage to the production last term was an oversight. Perhaps The Collegian does not consider that the elected members of the SGA and the appreciation of a full audience from both the college and the community is sufficient to be cited as an example of faculty/student dedication.

It does not surprise me that The Collegian is unaware that the Drama Club will sponsor another production called "Moon". Nor does it surprise me that The Collegian failed to remember that last spring I directed a play called, "Wandering" to which the public was invited and for which the Drama Club was responsible. Although The Collegian never surprises me, it is frequently disappointing and frustrating to me. I would hope that other faculty members and students who have been involved in worthwhile activity, even the kind of academic pursuit that does not always show itself in public ways, will respond to The Collegian and make it clear that the most serious misconduct of a public voice occurs when it echoes only its own sound. Ironically, The Collegian is undermining its most important functions...to inform and to communicate.

Susan Miller

That, my "dear" friends, is why I really resigned from the SGA. Because I'm damn sick of trying to represent and get benefits for students who couldn't care less but complain when things aren't moving. Believe me when I tell you that you are very fortunate to have as dedicated a president and SGA that you have. It just makes me wonder and shows more of their dedication that they can put up with the crap that they take from some of you students.

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Think about it. Don't complain but try to help. Attend SGA meetings. I'm positive they will listen to your suggestions. If they don't, then you have something to say. But until then, just keep your mouths shut!

John Martonick

Dear Editor:

As President of the Hazleton Campus Student Government Association, I feel the necessity of answering and correcting many of the misleading implications and inaccuracies contained in an article appearing in the past issue of the Highacres Collegian by Miss Debbie Guydish.

Sincerely,  
Chris Pogozelski  
SGA President

Dear editor,

On Thursday, January 21, 1971 I handed in my written resignation to Christopher Pogozelski, president of the Student Government Association. I did this because I am carrying twelve credits this term and am also involved deeply in the production of Comerity. I feel that I could no longer do the best job possible, so I will open up my seat to someone who is able to do his best.

I wish to put forth here something which I believe the entire student body should be aware of. Although so much

effort has been made by the SGA to inform the students, there still seems to be a mass of misinformation circulating. I feel sincerely that I have restrained myself long enough on these issues and will speak freely here.

I was, quite frankly, irked beyond limits at the column printed in the last edition of this newspaper which was written by Debbie Guydish, Miss Guydish, as most students at Highacres, is sadly misinformed. But I'm not sure whether it is misinformation in her case or merely a simple twisting of facts to suit her needs. I'm inclined to go along with the second since Miss Guydish at least makes an effort to attend SGA meetings. But what I wish to do here is take her column apart piece by piece and offer rebuttals and add a few experienced viewpoints of my own.

From the very outset, Tony Profeta seems to be the human target for her shots. It is true that there was trouble within SGA council and it even went as far as an impeachment movement against him. Mr. Profeta is head of the Student Union Board which is functioning more smoothly than it ever has.

As for Winter Weekend, it seems that a co-ordinated effort such as this might be what some of the students need to get off their behinds.

You mentioned an SGA vacancy, Miss Guydish. There are four. Why don't you run? If you think things are going so badly see what you can do. I guarantee you that you'll do no better than anyone else. You know, it's very easy to sit back and criticize. Try the other side of the fence. I don't think the grass will be greener.

You are misinformed when you say that I had a plan for elections for I did not. I had a plan for the reappointment of SGA so the students would have more equitable representation. I say here that I will explain in detail to you or anyone else should they ask.

The working members of Teacher Evaluation were Philip Zola, Debbie Zehner, and myself. No one else! Tony Profeta should not be given the blame for the committee's lax. The suggestions and static we received from the faculty were too great to conduct the survey. If you do see Rates-P (by spring term, consider yourself lucky) in give a hell of a lot of credit to the people who worked on it because they deserve every bit of it.

The rest of the column is just as ridiculous as the first part and I'm not going to waste time on it.

I would like to say to all students who read this column that whatever they believe, this is their school. It is so damn sickening to see and hear students criticize and then sit on their behind when things are done for them. I tried to sell tickets for Comerity night in the SUB on Wednesday and was laughed at even when I explained that the money was to be used for an award to outstanding students at Convocation.

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concern is in unifying the students of this campus toward meaningful goals and activities. I felt that by lowering the standards of my office to the point of unmannerly "mud-slinging" would further widen the gap the Collegian has tried to create between itself, the SGA, the Student Body, and the Faculty.

If the Collegian and its readers doubt that this is the Collegian's purpose then I ask them to read the past issue's editorial, entitled, "Campus Cop-outs". I can only question the dignity and responsibility of any paper that openly attacks a group that has devoted their lives toward the most immediate faculty-student relationship--education!

This cry of apathy that the Collegian uses in referring to the Faculty, SGA, and Student Body can do no more than widen the gap between these bodies and by trying to question the credibility of the intentions of the Faculty and Organizations at Highacres the Collegian does little more than open an obvious credibility gap of its own. Freedom of the press is a right but not necessarily a weapon! Controversy and satire are also necessities but should not be the goals of a responsible and credible newspaper-facts and informing the University Community at Hazleton should be!

Recently, in referring to the leadership in this country, former Vice-President and Senator Hubert H. Humphrey said, "This nation needs UP-LIFT; it doesn't need scolding." Possibly the Collegian should follow the same pattern...what this campus needs is up-lift and promotion of activities and not scolding for scoldings sake. It doesn't need twisted opinions and implications. If the Collegian feels apathy does exist at Highacres I ask them to consider where it lies. Recently a cracker-jack Collegian reporter asked me to write something about the SGA's very important and newsworthy "Yearbook" projects. I guess that could be what the Collegian would call A-P-A-T-H-Y! Subsequently no article appeared in the campus information media prior to the Yearbook's sales promotion.

Of course, when students failed to support the Yearbook as wholeheartedly as was hoped, the Collegian's non-sports editorial staff was quick to condemn the non-informed students -- and branded them APATHETIC. Perhaps, if the Collegian would take a number of its most proficient editorial opinionators and turned their efforts on facts of concern to the University Community, the paper would truly achieve it's supposed goal!

I must make note that the above comments were my opinions -- for my fellow SGA members must speak for themselves. However, as for Miss Guydish's article I feel I can speak for the entire SGA in expressing shock at the unfounded implications proposed in the lengthy and highly insulting article. I am very disillusioned by her apparent lack of knowledge and obviously narrowed-mind concerning SGA sponsored projects and goals.

Concerning the SGA sponsored Winter-Weekend Miss Guydish questions the dates and activities scheduled? If she had bothered to read the front page of her own paper she would have found out that a committee composed of three responsible people and the entire group of club presidents are in the formative

**Carry that weight**

by Richard Rockman

"Well, the moral of this story...is...if you see your neighbor carrying something, help him with his load, and don't go mistaking paradise for that home across the road."

(Dylan: The Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest)

We have a lot of neighbors, don't we? And every once in a while we see one or two of them struggling with baggage as if they need the arms of an octopus to get everything together. Sometimes we lend them a helping hand. Rarely, two hands. Usually, no hands. Usually, we stand by and watch them slowly buckle under the weight which they are unable to carry without our help.

Take a look at the people around you. Most of them are struggling with an oppressive burden. You are lucky if you aren't. You can't see what they are carrying, but it is there nonetheless. And it is heavier than a bag of groceries. Much heavier. And just because you can't see it is no excuse not to lend them a helping hand. Or two. Is it?

If you were straining under a massive weight, wouldn't you want someone to come over to you and offer his help? Maybe you are. Maybe you ARE writhing under a burdensome stress. You might be smiling outwardly, but crying inwardly. No one knows but you, do they? All of those people around you and not one is offering to help you.

If you are not in this situation, can you do anything less than to reach out to your neighbor and see what you can do for him? To see what is on his mind? Just asking if you can help him might be enough to alleviate his pain. Because he thought no one cared. Would you want anything less done for you?

**Sighted SUB  
...Sank Same**

by John Martonick

I wonder how many students are aware of the fact that with the completion of construction on the new Food Service Building the SUB will quite possibly be eliminated. It is important to consider the consequences if this should happen.

1) If a student commutes, he will have to buy a meal ticket in order to use the Food Service Building. Now, he does not know if he will like the food offered, nor will he wish to walk to the bottom of that illustrious hill in the dead of winter.

2) The commuter student may have no choice but to purchase a meal ticket since there may be no SUB to eat his own lunch in.

3) The overcrowding thus caused in the Food Service Building will create both an extreme fire hazard and will cause an increase in the personnel which must man the building and be paid for their efforts.

Now, it is a fact that at present the kitchen in the SUB is operating in the red. But surely this could be eliminated by a few little steps. In fact, these could be:

1) With a decrease of students eating in the SUB, the staff could be cut or transferred.

2) Students could be hired at a much cheaper rate than the present help.

3) Finally, the food supply would not be as nearly expensive as now because cutbacks could be made.

The fact remains, however, that the final decision is to be made by a Mr. Mueller. This man, in all likelihood, has not the slightest inkling of the convenience and importance of the SUB to the student body.

So this is the situation. Over half of you who read this will be here next year. You will be the ones who benefit from the retention of the SUB. This is one of the only Commonwealth Campuses which has a building of this sort for its purposes. Let us, the students of Highacres, fight for the upkeep of the SUB. It is our burden to bear and let us do it well.

**P.I.S. on U.**

by John Hancock

Once upon a time there was a school located on Underachers Hill. It was Phil's Ignoratio elenchi School, better known as P.I.S. on U.. Since it was part of a large ignoratio elenchi university system, it was officially composed of a whole host of buildings. Five to be exact.

Located at the northernmost section was, of course, the North Building. It was obviously named by the mental giants in control of the campus. It housed the largest classroom, and it's temperature controls were the best available.\*

Across the old pathway we find a place erected in memory of the living dead who lectured within its confines. It too, is aptly named the Memorial Building.

Next, we find the Chemistry Building! We may run a contest for our readers, to find if they can guess the purpose of the building. First prize would be a beaker of H<sub>2</sub>Cl<sub>3</sub>MgK<sub>2</sub>Si<sub>3</sub>NaO (Hazel's town water).

Moving right along, we find the Drain Building. So named because the material which flies in that area ought to bowl its way to the sewer. In here labor Phil's right-hand man and Phil's right-hand man's right-hand man. Two more congenial and vibrant personalities could not be found in all the little red wagons of the world. Looking into the card catalogue, we find exit listed under Hz 5.013 and ask the librarian to guess where that listing is located. Ending up in the basement, she decides it was relisted, and we quickly find the door.

Climbing out from the non-functioning fountain, we hear beautiful chimes tolling the hour, and then spot the hastily-erected eyesore. Ignoring the usually wet and always filthy bench, we move on to the blatantly useless sore, the B.U.S.. Upon entering, we deliberately go against Senate rule No. 49675 1/2 and wager a dime that we can coax a soft drink from the machine.

After participating in stimulating conversation for awhile, all sorts of activities are open to us. First, ping-pong, then we move on to shuffleboard, and finally the ultimate, pinball.

Wary after such exertion, we either pay a parking ticket and walk down? to the upper lot, or don't pay a parking ticket and bum a ride to the other lot. In either case, we find our hearts in our throats (to utilize a wonderful cliché) as we traverse the narrow winding, narrow slick, narrow steepe, hill to the lower lot. Once there, and subsequently in our own autos, we (since there is no traffic light), must wait and find a break in the traffic or starve.

\*During the last great depression (Any relation to persons or things, living, dead, or inanimate, is purely coincidental and not intended to offend.)



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