

Edna: the poor student's philosopher

When questioned on "campus apathy" one student replied, "Who cares about it?" Sound familiar? You are really getting apathetic if:

you stop typing all papers and handwrite them, because it is faster.

you forget to eat lunch due to lack of interest.

the face of your advisor is no longer familiar.

you stopped looking for the new location of the Dean and business office.

the only profs you know are your present instructors, and even they all look alike.

you never missed the COLLEGIAN.

you don't know where the soccer field is.

you have not yet seen a week-day movie in C-1.

Frisbeeing is a drag.

you belong to nothing, care about nothing and do nothing about anything.

If this sounds like you, take Edna's advice: dig a six foot hole, jump in, and cover yourself up, YOU ARE AS GOOD AS DEAD ANYWAY!

The Harbingers of Spring

by Deborah Berger

Hi folks! Happy Spring! I am sure that those of you who love the COLLEGIAN as I do will join in congratulating my will-power. I have not, as you can see, begun this column with "Sprin has sprung." At any rate, I know Spring is coming to Highacres, and we will have to be satisfied because we can not afford the Rolling Stones.

You have probably noticed that the harbingers of Spring here at Highacres are not your usual robins and flowers and sunshine and grass(ahem). Before I get any deeper into this, let's list some things that you can notice that will assure you that Spring is about to make its annual resilient leaps. For example:

When you walk past the South Building, and you notice that the Music 86 class is actually enjoying its work;

When you notice that more and more students are putting creases in their jeans;

When you experience a strange, sudden urge to go to class—simply to prove to yourself that your're still alive and well;

When you sit on the grass

under the flagpole and compile a "List of favorite-sounding words regardless of meaning"; (my own personal list includes poppycock, filibuster, nebulous, spackle, jejunium, glacier, and, of course, quaquaire)

When you can't see the crowd at the athletic fields and courts for the people;

When you go to the SUB to be alone;

When you sepulcher a grudge or resuscitate a friendship;

When you forgive Hazleton (The Holey City) for knocking out your wheel alignment;

When you find yourself saying hello to people with whom you are not acquainted;

When you drop by to see your advisor, and you don't have any problems or gripes;

And when you feel something like pity inside for those who say that Spring has never affected them;

Then you know that your head has been ventilated by the breeze of the new season.

Off Your Ass and into Politics

by Tricia Fisher

It's beginning to get to be that time of year again, folks; the grass is growing green, the birds are singing, and the beautiful co-eds are coming out of their winter woodwork to soak up the sun. Highacres is beautiful in the spring. Ask any of the kids sitting on the wall or running around the Virgin Well, but don't quote them—they're probably skipping class. But no matter, just a lung full of good old Highacres' air will tell you: This is one helluva place to be in the spring.

Sort of makes you feel like this place would make a great college campus, doesn't it? Well, surprise, surprise! Believe it or not, kiddies, that's what it is. Of course, if you spend any time at all here, you're probably convinced that it isn't—that all these people aren't students at all, just little dummies that mommy and daddy had wound up in September, and that they're just about due to run out.

What this place needs is some pride—some real honest-to-God "I'm here and I'm worth listening to" pride!

There it is! Feel it? It's that little twinge you feel in your tummy when you get screwed by the system. It's that twitch you feel when someone tells you to shut up. It's that nausea that spreads through your system when you hear all that crap that is being forced on you. At times, it's almost enough to make you want to stand up and say something—almost. Don't

worry, it's not anything serious, just a bad case of "I'm only a student with the winter blues."

This dreaded disease has many symptoms: a mind-crippling wish to conform, a desire to eat and smoke too much, and a strange compulsion to play pinochle, ping pong, or watch television. But the most obvious symptom is cronic complaining. The patient complains about classes, profs, parents, the vending machines, and other assorted favorites; however, the favorite innocent victims are the S.G.A., the Residence Hall Association, the COLLEGIAN, and the pinball machine.

While much really can't be done about the last thing on the list (except a little loving care and understanding), the first three can be reviewed. Well, after all, isn't that what you've been complaining about? The S.G.A. is a bunch of blockheads, the R.H.A. is a bunch of old fogies, and as for the newspaper—well, let it go at, "they're a bunch of illiterate wierdos."

Now is the time to stop complaining and put a little action where all that mouth has been! S.G.A. elections are coming up soon. Signs will be up announcing petition-time. All it takes is some guts, a two-term stay next year, and twenty-five signatures on a petition. If you were one of the people who mouthed-off all term about the S.G.A., maybe it's time to get off your ass and into politics.

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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.

SUB CULTURE

by Sheryl Pollock

In the midst of any community there is likely to be one place that remains tranquil and discreetly lighted all day. Here at Highacres, this is the television room of the Student Union Building. The door is always open, the low volume of the television soothing, the whole environment more conducive to reflective scholarship than the bustling library which would otherwise be the logical retreat for the studious. For similiar reasons, however, this domicile is also the nesting place of another flock of students. There they sit in comparative snugness actively engaged in coquetry. Although their indiscreet gestures tend to bother those not actively engaged in studying, they prove to be advantageous for the scholar. Since observing the coquetry of others tends to be embarrassing to the viewer, it keeps the student's eyes on his book. Not being aware of the time (it is very difficult to look at the clock without glancing over to the occupied couches first) the student is less apt to realize that it is time for a break. Consequently, there are no distractions and more uninterrupted studying time. There are, however, painful consequences of this. Ninety-five percent of those studying in the television room wind up with a stiff neck at the end of the day. So even though studying may mean a pain in the neck, in the name of scholarship I'm all for osculation.

Spring Fever

by Janilou Maderick

On any given day, book-laden Highacres students can be observed treking laboriously up to the classroom building. The grimace of dedication is on their faces as they try their best to ignore the bright sunshine and blue sky. Invariably, a great number of students enter this building of Knowledge only to emerge but five minutes later in groups of two or three, minus books, smiling, and perhaps carrying a tennis racket or frisbee;

It has been suggested that the close proximity of the classrooms to the soccer field and tennis courts contributes to the increasing number of classes being cut spring term. This cannot be denied, but the most driving force behind this phenomena is that age-old ailment—spring fever.

It is happily reported that the PSU faculty has been, for the most part, sympathetic to the springtime epidemic sweeping the campus. Various faculty members have been known to aid in the rescue of a kite that has been treed, a tennis ball that has found its way into the woods, and the return of a wayward frisbee. The friendliness of the Highacres' faculty is especially helpful, perhaps mostly in the all-to-frequent cases of meeting one's prof while returning from

a rousing game of softball, enjoyed while cutting HIS class. Their understanding has, in some instances, expanded to include the possibility of conducting classes outside. Contrary to popular rumor, these classes need not turn into a butterfly chase.

It is true that Highacres is not exactly well-known for its over-abundance of "nice" days or good weather, but that, singularly, should not be the basis for a decision to cut a class on a spring day. A word to the wise can perhaps be explained by the following observation: The current epidemic of spring fever is inevitably replaced in early June by one equally virulent and often more dangerous—final fever. So, take the advice of one who knows, and at least make an effort to maintain a balance between

Thanks Dean.....

Thanks to Dean McCallus, Mr. Paul Cerulla, and the security and maintenance people for allowing us to utilize our offic over the weekend. Without their help we never would have been able to complete this issue on time. Thanks, again.