

# DIRECTION

by Maria J. Rovito

The young girl walked down the hill to her room. She had a lot of work to do, all of which she couldn't give a damn about. She wanted to get out, to leave. She didn't know where she was going or how she was going to get there, either. But she knew she had to get out. Get out before her feelings swallowed her and hurt her.

She put her books in her room and began to walk down the hall. She walked out the door, and continued walking. And she began to think.

What is wrong with me? Why don't I care? I wanted so much out of college. Now, I couldn't care. I want to leave so badly, it's pathetic. Yet where would I go? What would I do? Where would I stay? There must be answers, she thought.

"Jean, Jean," someone cried. "Where are you going?"

Jean looked and saw one of her friends. Again she began to think. One of my friends. Just one of my many friends.

She waited for her. Then she said, "I don't know."

"What's wrong, Jean?"

"I don't know. I have to get out of here. Something's not right."

"Are you unhappy?"

"No! I don't know. Maybe I am. Yes, Karen, I'm unhappy."

"Is there any thing I can do? Do you want to talk about it?"

"I'm tired. I'm tired of getting up and going to classes and coming back down to that same room, in that same dorm, where I see the same people all the time."

"Oh. Is that all? I mean, everyone feels that way. It's called spring fever. It happens every year."

"Oh."

"Where are you going now, Jean?"

"Just for a walk."

"Okay, then, I'll see you at dinner."

"Okay."

Jeannie kept on walking, knowing too well that her friend had not understood.

# PRESCRIPTIONS

by Debbie Berger

Now that most of us have just about fully recovered from that all-too-familiar afflictions, "First Week Depression," and since the "End of Term Panic" will not reach epidemic proportions for some time yet, some of us students may find ourselves engulfed in the tedious drudgery that grade-grubbing can become. Members of our faculty may experience similar symptoms as they discover themselves stricken with the "Ten-Week Hazletonian Bug." My prescription for these ailments is as follows: use your mind to alleviate your mind's own tensions. Sit down in some comfortable place and have a not-too-profound conversation with your imagination. If you listen carefully, here are some of the things you may learn from this intimate friend of yours.

With Imagination on your side...

Bean blossoms are bouquets of flowers.

Karen did not care to know how she felt. Jeannie herself was not sure what was wrong. Yet she was not right, and it was more than just spring fever.

The wind was beginning to blow, and the sky was cloudy. If only the sun would shine, she thought. Then I wouldn't feel so bad.

She reached the deserted parking lot and began to walk. She needed someone. She needed someone to talk to and understand her. It was not a matter of her understanding herself; it was just that she wanted to talk to someone else, to get it out of her. But no one would understand. They were as apathetic to her as she was to the work she had to do.

Jeannie sat on the grass and lay back. She heard birds flying and fixed her gaze on them. They're probably flying back from the south, she thought.

She lay there for a long time, staring out into space, with nothing in her thoughts.

Finally, the young girl stood up and walked slowly back to her room.

Cocoons are precious jewels in protective cases.

Bricks are mudpies that someone was allowed to actually bake.

A burnt pot roast in incense from the Orient.

The raindrops are tears shed by the angels.

Hail skipping loudly across your roof is the sound of applause from a delighted audience.

A turtle is a friendly dragon.

The night-light in the hall is the North Star.

Ben and Socrates can be seen hanging around with Highacres chipmunks.

You and your lab partners are Lum and Abner.

So there you have it. Play the game yourself; it's fun.

But when you come out of your reverie, remember that there are enough jewels, audiences and dragons in the world; even without imagination, bean blossoms, cocoons, bricks, and such things are still beautiful.

## CAMPUS CHORUS ACTIVE

The Hazleton Campus Chorus is currently preparing its activities for the coming season. The fifty-six members, under the direction of Mr. Joseph Jumpeter, comprise the largest active organization on campus. This year, there are two new groups in the development stages within the chorus; a nonperforming Men's Glee Club, designed to stimulate interest in choral singing and a performing Girls' Glee Club, which will work to supplement the main chorus.

HCC is also in the process of acquiring the organ that is presently in the Eisenhower Chapel; this will replace the smaller model now in use. The Chorale Singers, a group initiated last year, will be expanded in membership and repertoire, and will probably perform off-campus, as will the full chorus. The familiar Krazee 8's plan to continue in the comic tradition.

With hopes high for a successful season of entertainment, the Hazleton Campus Chorus has scheduled its next concert for December 15.