

ACORNS

by Charles Hiller

I was asked to write for this paper. I am not sure if they knew what they were asking for when they said unto me, "Hey, are you going to be feature editor for our first paper?"

"Well," said I, "either you're sick or you're desperate for something to take up space." I began to think, "What should I write that would get everyone interested?" I know that most people were tired of hearing about Watergate, the draft and texes, oil and gas, and which hat Dr. Aurand will wear first this year. I knew that the paper

Highacres Collegian

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The COLLEGIAN is located in the Publications office in the S.U.B. game room.

would have something in it to downgrade the poor freshmen, so I thought that I should be a good guy, remember my calling, and not say too much about the freshmen. Then I thought, "What can anyone say about a freshman?"

As I was approaching the Main Building I noticed a lone freshman, standing as if in a daze. Wanting to behave like the proper upper classman I said, "Hey, dumb freshman, are you lost?" I noticed that he was eating some acorns and had some ragweed in his hand. Not wishing to be a bore, I asked why he was eating acorns. Then I said, "Hey, kid, are you late for class or something neat like that?"

He said that his name was Chico Castanedski and he was looking for the fire line, where he was to meet a professor by the name of Dr. Don Huan San, who was going to help him seek out knowledge. But first he had to fill his shopping bag with these acorns. I noticed right away that the local chipmonks were very interested in this shopping bag and wanted to climb into it. I asked Chico, "Say, man, what is this knowledge you seek?"

He replied, "I dunno."

I thought, "This kid needs help," so I told him I would gladly show him where the fire line was and that I would see to it that he got in the right room. He was truly grateful, for he gave me a shopping bag and told me to go to H(Hazleton) and get my own acorns.

The fire line was already packed with freshmen eating acorns; some were climbing trees; some were barking like dogs; and some were just plain sick. I said to Chico, "Hey, man, what's happening here?" He told me that they were all out to seek the answers to all the questions that could be asked, plus those that weren't even asked yet. I said, "WOW!"

When I asked him what the reason was for so many wishing to seek this knowledge, he replied, "I must ask the great teacher at the head of the class, that great and noble what's-his-name, if I want the answer to that question."

Well, I went to the head of the class, and there he was, sitting there, legs crossed, chewing on an acorns. His arms

raised in the air and a hush rushed all over the hill. Someone said, "The great teacher is going to speak!" and silence fell once more.

Then his damp, moldy lips began to move, and a sound came forth. He said, "What good is a coloring book without Crayolas?"

The freshmen cheered; they stood up and clapped their hands and danced for joy, for they had heard it from the great teacher--that real knowledge was knowing that mother still had your coloring book and Crayolas waiting at home by the Saturday T.V. They knew that they could still rush home and see all those real neat cartoons, the best of all being Donny Osmond and Dick Clark's All American Band Stand. They knew that life was all together, and a loud silent cool hush went over the crowd and I noticed that the acorns were taking their effect. They started to fly back to the S.U.B. Some stopped at the book store to buy more coloring books and Crayolas.

At this time they were raided by the campus police and all the acorns were burned, which made the chipmonks mad. Names were taken and next of kin received a letter stating that Johnny and Suey had been bad little boys and girls. The police stated that the freshmen had set a poor example for the upper classmen, and that Dr. San-Tan Ulli had to council them to help them get over the shock of such a corrupt thing taking place on their campus, a campus that had been pure and innocent until this time.

Dr. Aurand stated in a private conversation that the lower classmen had no respect and wanted their pie in the sky now. The Dean said he was worried about what Hazleton would say, wondered if the local townspeople would demand that the school be closed, for the local town fathers would not want such erime to effect the rearing of their sons and daughters. Dr. David was seen putting some acorns in his car, claiming to have seen a Nittany lion cross his path while walking in the woods with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4