

THE TAMAQUA CONNECTION

By Donald R. Serfass

(Editor's Note: This feature was written by a former dorm student, now a commuter.)

Living in a college dorm naturally has its drawbacks, but nothing can compare to the pain and mental anguish experienced by the commuter.

After reading the rules and regulations, paying to register his car, and signing his life away, the "fun" begins. The student is now a bona-fide commuter.

The first few weeks don't seem too bad as he gradually accustoms himself to the pace. To do this, he learns his schedule, which is the most important thing for a commuter to do.

Highacres Collegian

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He realizes that the drive to school takes about twenty-five minutes using the fastest route-- Interstate 81. So in order to be at Highacres in time for his first period class, which is at 8 a.m., he must leave by 7:30 at the latest. That means he must be out of his warm bed by 6:00 or 6:15. Now he begins to wonder if college, or anything else, is worth it. For sure, nothing on God's earth justifies waking up at such a ridiculous time! Well, a little less night life would not be too much to forfeit, after all, college is a priority; but then, so is night life.

Somehow or other, the commuter adjusts to his new time schedule-- perhaps reluctantly, but at least he adjusts. Everything is going swell.

Then one morning he awakes, peers out the window, and discovers that 72.5 billion snowflakes are covering the road, the trees, and most of all, the car, the all-important, college-registered car! In commuter language, that means at least an hour of warming up, shoveling, scraping, and defrosting. So even before he gets a chance to scream "Dogammit," he has a migraine.

After a seemingly-unnecessary hour of digging out the poor, entombed puddle-jumper, the commuter is ready to commute, providing, of course, the battery is not dead from that notorious murderer, Mr. Freeze.

To start, it takes him twenty minutes to slide through the snowy roads of Tamaqua. He then recites a quick "Our Father" in order to safely putter up the Hometown Hill. A bit later he asks God to once again give him the perseverance to climb the fantastic one-mile hill at Ginthers. So far, so good.

As he approaches the entrance to Interstate 81, he must make a fast decision. Should he go through McAdoo, Hazleton, and West Hazleton, where it would be safer but considerably longer, or should he try to make it on 81, which is fast, but desolate and probably snowdrifted. A quick glance at his watch shows him that he has already missed his first two classes, so the commuter goes for

broke and enters the ramp for 81, Never-Never Land.

To his surprise, he discovers that 81 is mostly melted and slushy. This means he can go like hell to atone for lost time. But up ahead he spots the sign for the Schuylkill and Luzerne County Line. Now he must slow down because this is where the state cops always ambush unsuspecting speeders. As he shrewdly slows and passes over the county line, the commuter starts to wonder why he decided against attending the Schuylkill Campus, which is not only in his own county, but a bit closer and more convenient, too.

After racing past trucks like Mario Andretti, the commuter miraculously arrives at snowy Highacres about noon. He parks and begins crawling up Misty Mountain. As always, he gets to the top completely exhausted and feeling as though he should plant an American flag signifying that a human being has finally reached the Classroom Building.

As he passes the second floor bulletin board, he notices a sign explaining that the prof could not make it to school from Hazleton (yes, that's right, from Hazleton) due to the inclement weather, so class has been cancelled!

Turning to leave the building, he hears two girls cursing madly because they had walked from the dorm all the way up the hill for this same class.

The now-frustrated student heads down the hill to his car. He spies some more dark snow clouds quietly drifting over the mountain.

It's snowing again.

Letters to the Editors are both welcome and invited. Any student or faculty member who feels that he has something he wants to say, should not waste time only thinking about it, but should write it down and print it here in the COLLEGIAN, where everyone will be sure to see it. Letters can be submitted to the COLLEGIAN office in the basement of the Commons. The letters should be typed and signed.