

On the lighter side . . .



Bosco's Department Store, Laurel Mall, Hazleton, celebrated its grand opening October 7. Bosco's bought and renovated the old Boston Store.

Can't be found in a new town

Eric Riedinger

Strange surroundings, oh strange bed,
strange place to be,
Drinking wine by the window pane
and thinking where it's all been,
All the memories locked in my head,
It seems forever started only yesterday,
Can't even see past me.

Oh, in a new town and feeling so down,
Not even a familiar sound, through
the night's frosty ground,
Feeling so down, can't be found,
can't be found . . .

I met on the beach, last week
on the sand we laid,
All the memories lost in my head,
Long blonde hair, resting in the shade,
Eyes so wide, I could feel the
drifting tide,
The lights were going down as
she whispered a familiar sound,
Boardwalk noise, shells in the
sea and can't even see past me.

Oh, in a new town and feeling so down,
Have a girl in my heart,
But, on yes, we had to part,
Feeling so down, can't be found,
can't be found . . .

Highacres personnel changes take place

by Donn Roberts

During the Fall term, several personnel changes occurred at Highacres. Among these are Ms. Sue Ann Cervasio, Miss Cheryl Hinkle, and Mrs. Claire Richardson.

Sue Ann Cervasio had held a clerical position on the Library staff for almost two years when she was transferred to a clerical position in Dr. White's office. "It really is the same type of job, except here I do more filing, typing, and phone answering. Also, I get

to see more kids. I don't mind the switch at all, just as long as I'm working at Penn State!" Explains Dr. David, "In Sue Ann's case, it was a matter of putting people where they were needed the most."

For Cheryl Hinkle, the job will last only until December, when Mrs. Michele Jais returns from maternity leave. "Even though it is only temporary, I'm glad I have it. Now I can earn money while deciding which way to go

with my major, which is in the Administration of Justice."

"I really lucked out when I got the position! I graduated in June and was up here for a practical when I heard about the position and, what do you know!"

Dr. David, the only one responsible for making a job offer, said, "When the former Assistant Manager of the Bookstore resigned, Mrs. Richardson was offered the promotion and accepted it."

A corny tale of a freshman

by Jerry Trently

Bob was far from bright. In fact, most considered him the slowest-witted student ever to attend Highacres. No one knows just how he was accepted in the first place, but nonetheless, Bob wandered around the campus with a grace of a two-legged turtle.

Bob was strange, too. Kids just laughed at the freshman as he went from class to class, comprehending and speaking nothing. Harassment constantly plagued Bob. He lived like a hermit and slept in his car. He parked in the Laurel Mall lot to avoid college pranksters. Between classes, Bob collected acorns by the hundreds. Rain or shine, he collected them until his trunk overflowed.

As the semester wore on, professors awed at the consistency of Bob's grades. He was failing every class and was absent most of the time. Instead he would be seen hunched near oak trees collecting his bounty.

One night, faintly illuminated by the lights on his dashboard, Bob sat, prudently examining an acorn, deliberating on every detail. He broke it open, bisecting it like a biology buff with his first frog. His hands trembled as he raised the acorn to his lips. With as much caution and reservation as a first kiss, Bob slowly pushed

the acorn into his mouth. He chewed, paused briefly, then swallowed it. His fascination became an addiction as he began eating acorns as if they were popcorn at a movie theatre.

When Bob woke the next day he felt different — Not so much physically, but mentally. He couldn't wait to get to class, he had a vigorous, fresh attitude. For the first time in his life, Bob took notes. After class he spent hours in the library combing the shelves for books. He was a changed person. He secured a job, he moved to the dorm, he joined clubs, and finally developed character.

However, Bob still ate acorns. He collected them at night when no one would see him. In the meantime, Bob's grades rose astoundingly. He was pulling

straight "A's" and rising steadily in academic standing.

For kicks, Bob took his college boards over. He was the attention of national magazines, newspapers, and news broadcasts after he obtained the first perfect score in the history of the SAT.

After weeks of coaxing, Bob agreed to a press conference. It was a spring day in the gym when he addressed the overflow crowd of students, reporters and faculty. He knew the acorns were the reason for his high I.Q., but he chose not to reveal it to anyone. After all, they might think he was "nuts."

Below is a Cryptogram. Try your skill at decoding the secret message.

QJE	NJK	NFR	CLQ	RWP
QJU	UXF	NNW	KDC	FJC
LQO	XAC	QRW	PBC	QJC
PXK	DVY	RWC	QNW	RPQC.

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