

HAZLETON COLLEGIAN



HAZLETON UNDERGRADUATE CENTER
PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE
Highacres, R. D. 1, Hazleton, Pa.

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Editorial



Editorials always seem to be about school spirit—and this one will be no exception. There is a real feeling of pride and unity here at Highacres but it is rather vague and elusive. Because participation in school activities is an excellent barometer of this spirit it is the subject of the following paragraphs.

Of course, any student body, composed mainly of commuters, will not be available around the clock, as in the case of a school with a resident population. However, we do have a fine activity program; it is worth some extra time and travel. The numerous clubs are so diversified that no one can truthfully say, "I'm not interested in any of these activities." The various language and technical clubs, the mummy society, the dramatic organization, and this newspaper, all want and need people with talent and interest in these channels.

Everyone has a chance to voice his opinion on matters of council, a fact which is not universally known and certainly not taken care of. Don't gripe in the Snack Bar; let your voice be heard at Student Council meetings. You have told the class officers that you want them to make policy; follow this up and give them some idea of what that policy is.

If enough students do these things we will have a new, lofty school spirit to match our new, lofty school.

THE DOODLE BUG?

Are you a doodler? The term, although coined in recent years, describes a practice which must be as old as writing. Everyone loves to scribble in a preoccupied manner. Here at Highacres the custom is particularly prevalent. Very often the results are quite interesting and humorous as long as they are confined to sheets of paper, book covers, and blotters.

However, not all people appreciate the same types of art. Since many different people make use of the desks and tables in the course of a day, may we suggest that doodlers refrain from decorating these tables and desks?

Remember the best way to keep your name before the eyes of future students is by performing worthwhile deeds which will be remembered through the years rather than by carving or drawing on desks where it is often most unwelcome.



So I walk into the snack bar bright and early Tuesday morning, do an about face (thanks to Sergeant Gordon), and start down the hill to catch the next bus to town. Either I was at the wrong place at the right time, or I was still sawing the timber. Some collegiate looking freshman (I knew he was a freshman because he wasn't wearing his dink) stopped me at the bottom of the hill and convinced me that I was at Highacres, "The Pride O' The Anthracite." I shifted my books to my other hand and proceeded up the hill in second gear.

Since I was not yet convinced that I had been in the snack bar, I asked some intellectual looking sophomore (with horn rims and homburg) for directions to the same. We won't go into the matter of this sophomore's directions—let it be said, however, that I wound up in the wine cellar.

In due time I stood in the snack bar — Ahhhhhhh — Utopia! Paint?? I didn't believe it either—but it was there—Green and a special blend of —of aaa—well let's say pink, brown, green and yellow (it must be expensive paint—the colors change you know—it's simply ultra-ultra).

Let it be said (in all sincerity) that the student body is very pleased with everything that has been done for us. We take up these few lines in tribute to the entire faculty and anyone else responsible for converting Highacres into a College Campus in so short a time. The snack bar is something very necessary in creating that school spirit which we lacked last year but definitely have this year. Thank you a million!

Yes, despite the sexy paint and the trillions of coffee cups that keep spilling on you, this little snack bar is home. We like to call it "Re-nege Gulch"—where men are men and women retreat to the Lounge. Kipling once said: "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke." He had a point! But then, I don't blame the "fems" for taking off—I took off in due time myself. Charles Lamb had a point when he said: "For thy sake, tobacco, I would do anything but die!" **THANK YOU!**

THE WHISTLER

BARS AND STRIPES

The following men have been recommended for promotion in the ground and air divisions of the Hazleton Center R.O.T.C.:

Air Officers

- Commanding Officer (Majorx Elwood Shafer.
- Executive Officer (Captain) Neil Lewellyn.
- Adjutant (1st. Lt.) Bernard Daday.
- S-3 (1st. Lt.) John Ravina.
- First Sergeant Walter Stone.
- Guidon Bearer (Corporal) David Evans.
- Flight Leader (2nd. Lt.) Henry Ziegler.
- Flight Leader (2nd. Lt.) Aaron Lintz.
- Flight Sergeant (T/Sgt.) Sheldon Vilensky.
- Flight Sergeant (T/Sgt.) Michael Sekerak.
- Flight Guide (S/Sgt.x John Kollersar.
- Flight Guide (S/Sgt.) George Welkie.

Staff Sergeants

- Kenneth Van Buskirk, John Schaffer, George Martini, Ellis Kocher, Ralph Aloï, Wayne Young.

Sergeants

- Thomas McGinty, Anthony Anella, Dennis Conahan, John Conahan, Burton Minkin, Lee Palmer.

Corporals

- Thomas Dougherty, Leon Lefkowitz, John Pappas, John Krouse, Albert Hummel, Alfred Skaala.

Ground Officers

- Company Commander (Captain) Jack Sipple.
- Executive Officer (1st. Lt.) Robert Gerhard.
- First Sergeant Joseph McCullough.
- Guidon Bearer (Corporal) Scott Dotterer.
- Platoon Leaders (1st.Lt. Robert Diefenderfer and John McNally.
- Platoon Sergeants (T/Sgt.) Emerson Knyrim and George Scheers.
- Platoon Guides (Sgt.) James Gelfert, Paul Corazza.
- Squad Leaders (Sgt.) Robert McHale, John Wersinger, John Marchetti, Joseph Shiptowski, Arthur Snyder, Joseph Yurso.
- Asst. Squad Leaders (Cpl.) Fred Oberholtzer, Morrel Fox, Myron Cornfeld, Richard Caccese, Bruce Lustgarten, Richard Dempster.

TIDBITS

Mid-Semester marks are on the way, What is the old man going to say? (If you have trouble thinking up logical excuses, John Conahan is a mastermind in that field.)
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The "grape vine" has hinted that Al Einstein has been making up our Chemistry bluebooks.
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Although few people believe it Bill Kahler left his hat in the snack bar last week, and the aged morsel came walking into Bill's Chemistry class—we are still trying to find out how it opened the door.
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Some say Steve Gerlach is sure of getting the "Joe Ambition" award of the year.