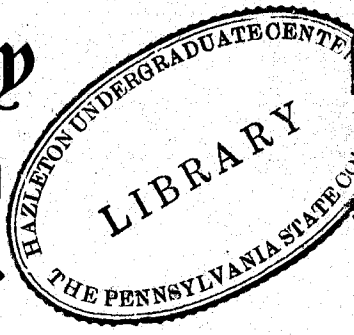




Happy New Year



Editorial



OLD WOOD TO BURN

Ah Christmas! That season of the year that makes the first semester wonderfully short and helps pull (0) down to (-1). But we love this spruce-scented A.W.O.L.

Out of town people will go back home with trophies of a partially completed battle of the books. Family groups will welcome home with open arms and gifts aplenty that stupid guy who sat flunking next to you in your history class.

Santa will leave Jack Intellectual a "Little Einstein Set," and many happy vacation hours will be spent in the fourth demension.

Babs will crash into her hometown like thirty or more reindeers and fashion these strictly "Anthracite Dresses," with the air of a Vassar Moll.

Sad Eye Sal will probably take her two gardianias from the pointsetta prom and press them in her hope chest with the other things of sentimental value.

Phil will go home and sit around with his pipe as if nothing exciting ever happened to him.

Harry will spend every moment of his vacation with Hedda (the real thing—not the nine-by-twelve glossy).

Yes, the vacation will be just what everyone needs—a bowl of wheaties for those last few weeks of the semester.

Synchronize Your Watches!

In a few hours Highacres will be forsaken and tears will not blemish the faces of Jose and Hilda, college students exemplar. The Yule log in the fireplace will burn for the empty chairs in the lounge, and memories of twelve grueling weeks will be reflected from the scorched bricks of the hearth.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU — HIGHACRES, R.D.1.

For The Proletariat

- To Mike Arlotto—a comb and brush set. To Bobby Vilushis—a transfer. To Chad McCracken — a "jumbo" size of peroxide. To Fritz De Fluri — a leadership award. To Nancy Byorick — a new deck of cards. To John Laubach — two packs of bubble gum. To Milly Romanelli — basketball sneakers. To Teddy Yuhas — a cromagnon. To William Thomas — a "3" in comp 5. To John Wersinger — Second Lt. bars. To Aaron Lintz — a laugh meter. To Marilyn George—a tutor in econ. To Paul Corazza — appointment as mayor of Freeland. To Grace Brendalin — platinum branding iron. To Bruce Lustgarten — a bus ride to Shickshinny. To Andrew Tait — long sideburns. To Janet Szutowicz — a bodyguard. To John Kalanik — a director's award. To Sheldon Vilensky—book of Emily Post. To Mike Hildebrand—a copy of the drawing master plates. To Fred Dendler—a shave. To Walter Stone — a box of Ry-Krisp. To Lee Palmer — a guitar. To Jimmy Geffert — a girl friend. To Billy Koehler—one talky-tom-no. To Joyce Bevan—an ROTC appointment. TO ALL STUDENTS FROM THE FACULTY — DAILY SHOTS OF ADRENALIN.

FRED

Bettley was a college man — five feet tall and a yard wide — a real guy. He drank like a fish; he was a mobile smokestack; he was a card shark; he was a hit with the women but he was unlike his college buddies in one particular respect. Although he was a hardened veteran of nineteen winters, he still wrote an annual letter to St. Nick. Yes . . . this one flaw in Freddie Bettley's character had him earmarked as a campus queer.

Each year from Thanksgiving to Christmas, big little Freddie was as bright an example of American youth as one could possibly feast the eyes upon. He helped people put their chains on, he shoveled pavements free of charge, he did chemistry experiments for his classmates, he swore off smoke, drink, and women, and he played first trumpet for the Salvation Army band. In this manner Fred always prepared himself for the greatest day of the year, Christmas.

Freddie's friends laughed aloud whenever he told them that Santa left only coal in the stockings of bad little boys. Poor Fred couldn't figure out why the boys laughed — for he was sure that Santa Claus kept a record of all the good and bad things that we do before Christmas.

This year Freddie asked St. Nick to overlook the unfavorable traits of his friends — "Please, Santa, put the coal in my stocking — Give my presents to Bob, Jack, Joe, and the rest of my friends." Frederick would be happy in seeing his friends happy.

And then it happened! Bob, Jack, and Joe, the same Bob, Jack, and Joe that Freddie had remembered in his annual letter to

Santa, told poor Fred Bettley that there is no Santa Claus. "No Santa Claus—but there IS a Santa Claus," said Freddie with his eyes full of childlike fear. Everyone who talked to Fred that day answered his question about Santa Claus with a laugh or a—"Santa Claus ? ? ? ? Are you kidding ? ? ? ?"

Freddie failed two Bluebooks that week for he could not forget "his" Santa Claus and the scorn that he had been the object of.

The laughter of the students who associated Christmas with mistletoe and vacation did stop, however. Freddie was found in Sid's skating pond early one morning with his throat slashed from ear to ear. Attached to the bloody beer can was a letter addressed to Santa Claus, North Pole.

The letter read:

Dear Santa, I could not wait until Christmas for you—The world laughed at me because I believed in you. They say there is no Santa Claus but I know you will read this letter. I visualized you as being not a tangible but an intangible—and I was happy in my thoughts. The world has gone commercial and Christmas is only a WORD. This is not the type of world for me; I would rather die than live in a materialistic society where you, Santa, aren't allowed to exist.

Faithfully yours,

Frederick Bettley

We must recognize and envy those children and grownups who still hold fast to the old ideals of Christmas. We must leave them in their happiness, for our laughter will make them unhappy like ourselves.

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