

HAZLETON COLLEGIAN



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

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Editorial



If you bought a new spring suit recently, it probably was priced at less than one hundred dollars. It is safe to bet that for this hundred-dollar purchase you went to great length to select just the right color and type of material; you had the suit fitted and tailored; in short—you made sure that you got your "money's worth."

How about your college education? Are you getting your money's worth out of it? Do you realize how much it costs, in terms of money, for your four-year college degree.

The tuition charges are relatively low here at our state-subsidized institution, but living costs are always constant. At a nominal rate of one thousand dollars per year, subsistence, plus approximately five hundred dollars per year in actual costs, the price of your degree is tagged at six thousand dollars. There is another factor to be considered, though,—loss of wages, if you actually had gone to work instead of continuing your education. At an average two thousand-dollar per year job, four years of non-rewarded activity adds another eight thousand dollars. Thus, the price tag of your degree reads something like fourteen thousand dollars.

You may argue, "don't pay for it—but someone does, whether it be your parents, benefactors, or government, someone does pay. I'm sure that if you were handed that amount of money and four years of your life you would certainly shop around for exactly what you want, and you would make certain that your choice would fit you perfectly.

Is your college work in style and well-fitted?

On Good and Bad

What do we look for in a good teacher? That is the problem which this article will air. Our staff put this question directly to the students, and these are the resultant answers: Understanding; consideration, courtesy, patience, open-mindedness, broad-mindedness, sympathy, and understanding of the individual problems of the student. Instructors evidently are to be father-confessors at large. A teacher has approximately one hundred students, and he is supposed to understand every one of them. A psychiatrist takes his patients one at a time and collects twenty-five dollars per visit. Teachers' salaries don't come anywhere close to that.

Only a few of the students queried even mentioned the instructor's knowledge of the subject. This must be the most important consideration. The greatest teachers in early times, like Aristotle, or of more recent years, John Dewey, were people who did research in their chosen fields, rather than on their students. The term "scholarship" used to mean true scholarship; not a frantic race for a diploma which has more financial than academic worth. The time when men would endure great physical hardship in order to hear a famous lecturer speak is past.

It is not fair to say that our present teachers do not take an

"PHYS ED"

In accord with our policy of featuring one of the departments or divisions of our school, we present a story of the department which is unknown to the veteran and girl students, but near and dear to the hearts of the non-veteran men—The Physical Education Department.

Ringmaster, boss-man, and guiding light of this subject is Mr. Syd Rudman—everyone knows Syd—he needs no introduction, but we will tell you a little more about him later in this article. The main tent for Syd's performances is the "Athletic Field;"—right now it is a glorified parking lot with one end enclosed by mud banks. These mud banks were to surround an ice skating pond for winter recreation

and exercise, but the story of the "Skating" is already famous. First we'll look into past accomplishments:

For many months now, the students of Phys Ed have been supplied with natty Nittany lion outfits, properly labeled sweat suits. It was very apparent when these suits arrived last fall, "Penn State" sweat shirts blossomed by the dozens on manly student torsos—here we must digress for a minute and deplore the absence of women's classes. It is feared that if the weather does not soon remain good and those aforementioned mud banks are not soon cleared away, these students will not get their money's worth out of their calisthenics costumes.

Water Safety Course



Water Safety and Life Saving have been added as a regular course this semester under the official college catalogue title of Phys. Ed. 9. The "classroom" is the local "Y" pool—

"M", of course. The students who successfully complete this course will be awarded Red Cross Life Saving certificates and emblems in addition to regular academic credit.

WILKES BUILDS NEW GYM

Wilkes-College of Wilkes-Barre, Pa. has begun the erection of a quarter-million dollar gymnasium. Plans call for its entire completion in seven months. When finished, this edifice will be used for athletics, and as a

center for other student activities.

This project will certainly add much to the worth of the school, both physical and educational.

(This article is printed as a hint and as a matter of general information.)

interest in the student. For instance, here at Highacres few if any instructors will refuse to spend after-class time for some special individual problem.

Frequently we are "stuck" with a teacher who brings more than a text-book knowledge of his subject to class; one who goes beyond the questions in the back of the book, so to speak. That teacher is usually the least-liked and most-misunderstood member of the staff. Because he assumes that his students have mature backgrounds, he is labelled a poor teacher. How often has the phrase "Why doesn't he come down to the student's level?" been heard. A more college-like cry would be "Why don't we get up to that teacher's level?" or at least, "Why don't we meet him halfway?" The famous quotation from the Bible might be interpreted to say "When you were a child, you were spoken to as a child", etc.

The choice is ours. Do we value a teacher's technique above his knowledge? This article does not pretend to answer the question, but it should give every scholar something to think about.

The next time you are about to voice a complaint about the shortcomings of a teacher—pause and remember that you may find yourself in the same position some day.

**"For none can tell to what red hell
His sightless soul may stray." — Wilde**