

Hazleton Collegian

HAZLETON UNDERGRADUATE CENTER
PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE
Highacres, Hazleton, Pa.

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I Don't Get It

For the life of me, I couldn't imagine the parking lot being in worse shape than the way it was when I first drove my car into it way back in 1949. But, it is.

Last year it was only the two feet of loose ashes I had to contend with. Now it's milk containers, empty "coke" bottles, paper bags, half-eaten sandwiches, and banana peels. I have been observing this phenomena for eight weeks now and have finally come to the conclusion that someone actually eats lunch in the parking lot. Deductive reasoning, I believe, Comp. "5" calls it. Everyone knows that Student Council is in a "mell of a mess" financially and couldn't possibly purchase garbage cans for such an unlikely picnic ground. So . . . if the parking lot picnickers will refrain from littering the parking area, the woods surrounding it, and the highway between Rossi's and the entrance, nothing more will be said. n

If, however, the practice continues we'll have to huddle the cars closer together to give the rats more room. Strong winds blowing across the highway from the parking lot to the florist's greenhouse will wilt the peraniums and Student Council or the school will undoubtedly receive many court summons. If the highway littering is not abandoned, State policemen will be mad as hornets and will swarm upon Highacres as they do upon speak-easies just before election.

You see, nobody gains by such practice excepting, perhaps, the "Collegian", which could print headlines and front page stories from such hullabaloo.

Collegiate Press

Recent troubles of student newspapers at Brooklyn college and Michigan State college illustrate how dangerous it is becoming in many places to speak one's own mind.

BOTH PAPERS were ordered suspended, but the Michigan State News again is operating under somewhat questionable circumstances. Viewed in the context battle now being waged to preserve a freedom system that includes freedom of the press, both cases would be ridiculous were they not so symptomatic of a dangerous trend in American thinking.

The Michigan State News was suspended for criticizing editorially the Wolverine Boys' State, an American Legion-sponsored "citizenship institute." The News decried what it thought were militaristic methods at the institute and objected to a mock trial of a Communist which it said made a farce of American justice.

During the summer, when the paper was suspended, the college announced that publication would be resumed only under strict supervision. An editorial in the first fall issue admitted that a faculty advisor had been appointed for the paper, but insisted that he would not be a censor. (This may be true, but it's just what a censored paper would be expected to say about its censor.)

THE VANGUARD of Brooklyn college was suspended after it violated a recent publications committee ruling requiring it to print an editorial expressing the opposite view every time it took an editorial stand. (We'd like to see the Vanguard print an editorial favoring cancer to counteract its own editorial supporting the cancer fund drive.)

But the underlying reason for revoking the Vanguard's charter was its support of the right of "communist" organizations to meet on campus and the editor's statement to the New York press that the college administration was attempting to gain control of the newspaper.

It would seem that both colleges were interested not so much in freedom as they were interested in having only their own views expressed and contrary views suppressed. We should be thankful that at Penn State it still is possible to have a free newspaper in which varying views can be expressed, and we should hope that everyone—students, faculty and administration—will strive to maintain the healthy situation we have here.

A Panacea

What would you say if someday, as you were walking the hill from the parking lot, the ground would rumble and a modern activities building would loom up in the plot of ground below the athletic field? You can't imagine it? Well, it is possible in the near future!

The people of Hazleton aren't aware of the inconveniences endured by the students at P.S.C. They don't realize that our males must use their only vehicle, the thumb, in order to attend physical education classes in town. What is more, they can't even imagine that the girls do not enjoy even a smattering of physical education in their two-year stay at Highacres. Hazletonians might agree that it is advantageous for a growing college to increase its prestige by renting local halls for its social activities. However, they will also agree that it isn't fair for students commuting everyday from Nanticoke, Wilkes-Barre, and Berwick to travel the additional distance to town in the evenings for a social event. Consequently, only a very small percentage of the student body attends dances in town.

Since the outbreak of war in Korea, our country has placed an emphasis on military training and the teaching of democracy. De we have the facilities at Highacres to insure these teachings?

We have R.O.T.C. classes, you say. Yes, we do have R.O.T.C., but how effective is a military training course when no space is available for drill in rain, snow, and bad weather? The student Council, our governing body, is largely an implement of "making democracy live." However, how many students can actually see the wheels of Student Council turn in a room that doesn't even seat fifty people? At the student rally on Thursday only 21% of the students attended, but sardines would have been more comfortable.

You ask, "Why should I contribute to this drive? I won't be here to benefit by it." Well, the community leaders who are supporting this drive aren't spending their time and energy because they themselves, the Community of Hazleton, or the Pennsylvania State College will benefit by an activities building. They are supporting this drive because we, the students, will benefit. Remember, these men, the Community leaders of Hazleton, are the same ones who promote the Auto-Lite-drive, the St. Joseph's hospital drive, and the Community Chest drive. They are the men who were responsible for acquiring Highacres as a permanent home for the Hazleton Center. If they hadn't stuck out their necks, the

(Continued on page 4)

IDYLLS OF OSCAR

BY HENRY PAULICK

Have you ever had one of those bad days that just makes you want to give up and take a slow boat to Umbrasgovnia? Then give me your ear for a minute while I unfold the details of my "blue Monday."

One fine Monday morning, October 24 to be exact, I unwrapped myself from the arms of Morpheus, kissed the rosy lips of dawn, and prepared myself for a fine day at Highacres. I bounded out of my indoor spring mattress and flipped the curtain up to let in the joyful rays of the cheerful sun. Lo and behold the sun was not there. Instead, the dismal patter of rain running down the window greeted my road-map eyes. "Alas," I thought, "what fun I shall have climbing up the hill to school with those nasty drops of rain bouncing off my proboscium."

As I selected a pair of trousers from a hanger for use that day, three other pairs became jealous and fell to the floor. I hastily placed these three pair of trousers back on their appropriate hangers, when a few other pair of trousers decided to join in the melee, and they too fell on the floor. At this point I uttered some secret oaths that are usually not used in the presence of elderly ladies and exceedingly bright young children who pick up new additions to their vocabularies rapidly.

I reached for my shoes, but alas and alack, only one of the shoes was present . . . I formed a mental picture of my faithful canine companion gloating over my loss. No doubt he had to be cute and carried my shoe off to some distant hiding place. I very easily could have dismissed the matter entirely and used another pair, but I had made up my mind to wear that pair or nothing, and it looked as if I were going to go with one shoe only. After thoroughly searching the household, I found the mate to the shoe, as you would have it, only a few paces from where the other had been. I tried to compose myself. "By the beard of the Prophet," I said, "I'll go dash some cold water on my face and wake up completely before this farce continues any further." And cold water it was indeed; the fire had gone out, and I had to build another fire to heat some water for shaving purposes. In my frame of mind building a fire was a major effort. After threatening, cajoling, coercing and intimidating all of the fire-building supplies, I decided to continue grooming myself. Now I don't take a very cheerful attitude toward shaving, but a quick glance at my reflection in the mirror convinced me that shaving would be necessary. I also know that it is practically impossible to run out of razor blades, shaving cream and Toothpaste all at the same time; but I guess I am the special sort of individual, for this is exactly what happened to me. When I noticed that I had run out of shaving supplies, I didn't get peeved in the least. I simply reached for my brother's shaving kit; I'd make use of his shaving gear. As Madame Fate would have it, brother was spending the week-end at his mountain hide-away at Joe's Pool Room, and had taken his little kit with him; so I was back out on the limb again. Nasty little things began to run through my mind when I

thought about the futile search I'd have looking over town for a place to purchase the necessary articles at this early hour. I decided to use an old blade and some soap, but do you think I could find a used blade? I looked in every nook, crack and corner without success. Tiny little clouds of steam began to emerge from my ears, and the usual incantations began to escape from my troubled body when the jingle of the phone brought me back to reality . . . I couldn't imagine who would be calling at this early hour, but I thought that if I answered the phone, I might be able to borrow some blades, toothpaste, courage and strength from the party calling. I gently picked up the phone and identified our residence in the sweetest tones I could muster under these trying conditions. One of those young sweet things who manages to call the wrong number nine out of

ten times and insists that she has the right number all the time was on the other end of the line. Well, this young sweet thing gasped, sighed, and in between great big healthy crunches of bubble gum informed me that she would like very much to speak to Gertrude, because she had loaned Gertrude a book that belongs to Tommy, and Tommy will want that book back today, because he borrowed it from Ethelbert, and he in turn has failed to return this same book back to the library at the designated date, which is two weeks now, and if she doesn't get the book back today, something terrible will happen, and oh my goodness, oh my gracious, she has to get the book, or she'll simply die. This sad tale touched me indeed, and I replied that I was sorry and would like to see all of them happy and smiling; but due to the fact that we had no Gertrude within four miles, I thought she had the wrong number and she should look up the correct number and try calling this Gertrude again.

After touring the neighborhood, I finally managed to find some blades, and thoroughly soaked and dripping water, I stumbled back home to shave. Of course the fire had gone out again, and I had to re-kindle it. I now had some hot water and razor blades, and with some soap, I started to shave the whiskers from face. I cut myself and finally gave the job up. I plugged the holes with newspaper and headed for the corner restaurant. I had to get out of the house. I dashed into the restaurant, brushed the rain off myself, prepared for a nice

(Continued on page 4)

Gov't Cuts Building Projects?

The fate of the Student Union Building on main campus may serve as a warning to the local Activities Building Drive.

"The news that construction of the Student Union building must await approval of the National Production agency no doubt came as a shock to a good many students, particularly in view of the assessment being levied on the student body to pay for the building.

ALTHOUGH STUDENTS may fume over the possibility that construction of the building this year and its use next year may be denied them, there is little they can do about it except hope that the building will be approved. Refusal of NPA to approve the construction would be a hard pill indeed for Penn Staters to swallow, especially after it appeared last spring that the decade-long fight for the SU had ended.

The NPA has ruled out construction of certain types of recreation and entertainment buildings, but buildings like the SU may be reviewed. College officials believe that inclusion of offices and food and other services in the SU may sway Washington officials in favor of granting approval.

It construction of the SU is turned down now, it will be a hard blow to students who have given time, effort, and money toward its realization."