

Hazleton Collegian

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

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A Fiasco?

Nineteen-hundred and fifty years ago, when Christ was born, scripture tells us that the news was heralded to the world by legions of angels. "Peace on earth — good will toward men" was the message which preceded the news.

Every year after that this message was recalled. How odd it will be this year when the carolers sing "Peace on earth—good will toward men"! Strange as it is we have taken a sacred message and fashioned it into a fiasco! To accuse ourselves of such a sacrilege hurts our pride, and so we tend to select individuals to bear the guilt and consider ourselves innocent.

It is our voice that speaks through the medium of the officials we place in public office. So it was our voice which spoke at Yalta, at Pottsadm, at Dumbarton Oaks. It was our voice, our opinion which allied our country to communism to defeat Hitler. We thought at the time that "the end justifies the means"—knowing that we were allying ourselves with a menace even far greater than Nazism. We see now that the end did not justify the means. We know now that our mistake has brought about the current crisis we have to face.

Suppose that this year we give a different slant to the Christmas carols. Suppose that this Christmas we take the angelic message "Peace on earth—good will toward men" and instead of treating it as an actuality, suppose we treat it as a promise. Suppose we are sincere in this promise. Then wouldn't Christmas this year retain its spiritual meaning and not be a grim reminder of our mistake? Wouldn't Christmas in 1950 still keep its sacred quality and thus turn back the possibility of our twisting the Christmas story into a ridiculous fiasco? — into a sacrilegious farce?

Why Leave?

Tomorrow night the Student Council will hold the most gala affair of the fall semester — the Christmas semi-formal. The success of this dance depends largely upon the number of couples who attend, but the attendance is not the main problem plaguing Student Council. Their problem is how to keep the couples there once the dance has started. Seventy-five couples may be dancing when Scotty Parsons finishes his first song, but how many will remain when the lights are turned low and the last strains of "Good Night, Sweetheart" are played.

The fad of leaving a dance before intermission and then rocketing from one pub to another began during the war years and has continued until today we consider it a national problem affecting every school and college. Some authorities on juvenile delinquency believe this craze began because most high school students had never spent a "sophisticated" evening, visiting nite clubs, etc.

We are no longer high school seniors. Probably every student at Highacres has visited a nite club, worn a dinner jacket or an evening gown,

'Tisn't Long Until Christmas

Loretta Romanofsky

'Tisn't long until Christmas
And all through Penn State
There's an air of excitement, for St. Nick won't be late.
The classes continue, but my thoughts aren't there,
I'm dreaming of Christmas, and the joys I will share.
There's a glow on my face, 'twasn't seen there before
Oh! those classes, right now, they seem such a chore.
I'm thinking of presents, for Mom, Dad, and Sis,
The atmosphere is one of absolute bliss.
Suddenly—far out in my dreamland—I'm aware of a tenseness. Now what can it be?
The instructor seems angry, why — she's staring at me.
Quickly I gather my terrified thoughts, with a hope that this moment, I might be a tiny ink spot.
My time of disgrace has come to a close, but the color of my face is like Rudolph's red nose.
Then, from out in the halls, there arises a cheer,
Everyone's shouting, "Vacation is here."
I smile my delight, all the joy has returned,
There are gifts to be wrapped, and a festive time for all concerned.
So, gathering my books, I dash for the door
It won't be long, 'till Santa's here once more.
The time has come, for that old mistletoe,
And a vast white blanket of glistening snow.
As the students depart, this one greeting I hear,
"Merry Christmas, My Friends, and a Happy New Year."

and has tasted his first drink. Therefore, why persist in engaging in a fad which only displays our adolescence and immaturity? Let us distinguish ourselves as leaders, not followers, in combating this national fad. Remain until the band stops playing!

Christmas Shopping With Emerson

Nine shopping days left and most of us still haven't finished our Christmas gift buying. Of course it's true that our lack of money is the major factor which tends to excuse our lateness. But one factor which can't be overlooked is our being unable to choose the right gift for the right person.

Away back in 1844 Ralph Waldo Emerson had his essay "Gifts" published, and it is this essay which may prove to be an invaluable aid in our Christmas gift purchasing this year.

"Flowers and fruits are always fit presents: flowers, because they are a proud assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of the world . . . fruits are acceptable gifts, because they are the flower of commodities," states Emerson.

Flowers and fruits — that limits our shopping to Seidel's, Smilax, and Genetti's. But how about the little women who were our steady dates throughout the year. We'll want something with perhaps a more specific money value. How about a ring for her?

"Rings and jewels are not gifts, but apologies for gifts" — answers Emerson.

If not jewelry then what?

"The only gift is a portion of thyself." Does this mean that portions of our bodies are the "only" gifts? No, Emerson elaborates. Those who are poets—give a poem; those who are shepherds—give a lamb; those who are farmers—give corn; those who are painters—give a picture; girls—give a hand-sewn handkerchief—these are "portions of thyself." But as for jewelry, "—it is a cold lifeless business when you go to the shops to buy me something which does not represent your life and talent, but a goldsmith's."

I believe most of us agree with Emerson's philosophy on gifts, but how many of us would appreciate a gift recommended by him. I can't imagine what expression would sweep over my face, if on Christmas morning I saw underneath the tree a peck of apples tied with a red bow and poinsettias with a card upon which is written the following:

Writ by hand, but you can see,
Inspired by Emerson's philosophy.