

Hazleton Collegian

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

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"Decisions Made in Haste . . ."

We have learned recently that several dormitory students are contemplating enlisting in the armed services. It has also been rumored that several young co-eds have been seeking information on the W.A.C. and other branches of service. Insecurity, a force that drives many to hasty decisions, is given as the cause for such action. The Daily Collegian, the newspaper published at the main campus, released the two stories concerning the draft, which appear on the front page of our paper.

We advise you desperate students to read and re-read both articles before taking a step that could well put an end to the priceless possession within your grasp, a college education. We urge you "patriots" (?) to read especially the article on R.O.T.C. and to take special note of the underlined parts. You see, it's quite possible that draft deferments for R.O.T.C. personnel will be indefinite, so don't act hastily. Think, reason, analyze before you decide. After all you'll be more valuable to your country after completing your education than you are now, if it is patriotism that is influencing your action. However, if it is the emotion of fear after "Break-through" the motion picture recently shown at the Capital, then undoubtedly you will be scared time and time again and this editorial or the truths in the two front page articles cannot calm the pangs of an emotion as strong as fear.

May we suggest that you "take it easy—don't act hastily—too much is at stake."

Two Planks to Go

In October the Campus Reformers, Pennacrats, and Melting Pots, Senior and Junior, talked a great deal about what we would receive from Student Council in return for supporting their candidates. At that time we selected the Campus Reformers and Pennacrats to turn the wheels of student government. These two parties advocated sophomore approval in spending the \$200 surplus; better relationships between the Hazleton Center, the other centers, and the main campus; the ratification of a new constitution; the printing of the financial balance in the Collegian; and free music in the snack bar. Since it is a popular belief that party platforms are forgotten once candidates are swept into office, the Collegian thought it enlightening if we rummaged memory's attic and actually calculated how many of the winning parties' planks had been nailed down.

Their first plank stood for sophomore approval in spending the \$200 surplus. The purpose of the first sophomore mass meeting, held after the new Council took office, was to discuss a concrete plan for spending this money. Although the flagpole issue and a new Constitution overshadowed the \$200 surplus and no concrete plan evolved, Student Council did not become discouraged but nailed the second plank to the crossbeams. They purchased a juke box for the snack bar with part of the surplus money. Need we complain if "High of the List" is so faint that it is barely audible and strains of "The First Noel" are heard on January 12. We do have free music in the Snack Bar!

In cementing our friendship with the Pottsville Center, the Student Council accomplished policy number three. The Council chartered two buses on December 6 to transport sixty students to the Pottsville-H. U. C. game and party. During the second semester the council plans to reciprocate by holding a "Welcome Pottsville" rally.

The December issue of the Collegian nailed down plank four—the Constitution. After months of wrangling over student powers, the Council unveiled a document vesting all control of Student Government fees in the hands of Student Council. Thus, at the end of the first semester, the ratification of the Constitution and the printing of the financial balance are the only planks needed to complete the floor of the platform. Unlike the major political parties of this country who won't stick out their necks to disagree too widely on their policies and who forget their platforms once they have won the election, the winning parties of the Hazleton Center have used the planks of their platform as a beacon to guide them. Their campaign promises weren't forgotten after the election posters had been thrown in the wastebaskets. They have remained a goal, which after only one semester, is near attainment.

Theme of the Month

At the beginning of the semester the "Collegian" had intentions of publishing the best theme written in English Comp. assignments each month. All three Comp. instructors said they would co-operate—but no themes were submitted. It seems that in all of the Comp. classes, the instructors couldn't select any theme for publication. Then came Ruth Bones, a freshman in Mr. Fisher's Comp. 1 class, who turned in a theme and it was returned to her later with a (3) on the top of the first page. So here it is.

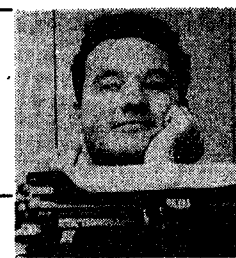
A WAY TO THE END by Ruth Bones

When the chickens stopped laying eggs, there was a mad rush to every market in the world. People bought every egg and egg product the stores had in stock, no matter what the price. When all the eggs were gone, the government rationed and supplied the populus with powdered eggs that had been stored away for relief purposes. What had happened to the chickens to make them stop laying? No one knew. Baking companies, noodle manufacturers, and every business connected with eggs went out of business. Scientists experimented for weeks on the chickens, trying new feeding processes and examining literally thousands of them. No clues were found.

Spring burst forth in all its glory. The trees began to turn green and the forest became a perfumed extravaganza, but something was amiss. The familiar chirping of baby birds was nowhere to be heard. Yes, it has happened to the birds too; they didn't lay any eggs. What did all this mean? Was Nature so cruel as to even deprive the birds of a family, and humans the joys of spring? The masses became frightened. God's wrath was upon Man. Everyone flocked to his church and synagogue just as the people had flocked to the stores to buy eggs. They didn't want to purchase a new faith, a faith so many people had tried to live without.

Jefferson Hospital in Peoria, Illinois, was the first hospital in the country to report startling decrease in the birth rate. It wasn't only startling; it was fantastic! Their rate decreased from approximately 135 births in early spring to none in the fall. It wasn't long until every other hospital in the country reported the same. News flashes from all parts of the world gave similar reports. There wasn't a pregnant woman in the world at the end of the year. Do you think this happened only to humans? No! Even the lowest animal in the forest was afflicted. Scientists and geneologists began to work feverishly for an answer. One had to be found or the world would be a useless mass spinning on its axis. After three years of no births the answer was found. Every creature on the earth had become sterile. This sterility was caused by a chain reaction of atomic rays that had started with the bombing of Hiroshima during World War II. The rays penetrated the organism and affected only the reproductive system. Countless efforts were made to find a cure. None was found.

When people die, and none are born to take their place, the end of the world is soon to come. Perhaps the Creator's words "You have done a great wrong, and this time cannot be forgiven," might apply here too.



IDYLLS OF OSCAR

BY HENRY F. PAULICK

With the arrival of the New Year, everyone has been busy making and breaking their New Year's resolutions. For my resolution, I have solemnly decided to devote all of my time and attentions toward making life totally unbearable for dogs in the form of a club called "Dog's Anonymous." No doubt my decision will cause the S.P.C.A. undue grief, but the time has come for me to declare war on "man's best friend." A dog may be a nice friend to have around the house, but as far as I'm concerned, the only place where I want to see a mutt is on the cover of a can of dog food.

Why the sudden chip on my shoulder against Canis Familiaris you ask? Well, it's like this. I have been molested each and every day for the last year by a little hunk of fur that yaps at me for no reason at all. This little bundle of noise occupies some space in a garden near my home, that I am forced to pass every day. As I walk past this garden, this mutt dashes toward me, begins to snarl in a threatening manner, and hurls himself at me, but the fence saves me from being torn to pieces. Now I have never done anything to this little mutt to deserve this sort of treatment, and I don't like the idea of this mutt charging me like that. Suppose the mutt got out of the garden, and really got after me, then what? That would have been a very revolting position, so I thought I had better make friends with this mutt before I get my legs chewed off. I began to offer this dog tasty morsels of food, and spoke very kindly to him, but I was unable to gain his friendship. All I could do now, is pass the yard and bark back at this mutt when he barked at me. Some fun — putting up with this sort of nonsense day after day, huh?

Well, we were doomed to come to blows one day to settle this problem of who barks at who. During the Christmas holidays, the long awaited day of battle came. I was minding my own business, walking home full of Christmas spirits, after spending a busy day over a hot pin-ball machine, when this mutt greeted me in the usual warm manner. He began to growl, and threw himself at me in a very threatening manner, landing against the fence. The fence had weathered many of these advances, but age had taken its toll, and one of the palings gave way under the lunge of this mutt. The dog's head came thru the paling that had given way. This surprised the dog, and he tried to pull his head back in, and when he did, he pulled the paling back in place, locking his head in the space between two of the palings. The dog then started to let out a series of blood-curdling yelps. I don't know if they were in pain or fear, but I was deeply grieved by the condition he was trapped in, and decided to help him free himself. I tried to get the mutt out by pulling the paling from outside of the yard, but every time I applied some force on the paling, the dog let out a new series of yelps, so I figured the best thing to do was go in the yard and get him out that way. I went into the yard, and grabbed the mutt, gave the paling a quick kick, and the dog was free. Now I thought that I had done a good deed for the day, and the least this mutt could do is to realize this, and act like a good little dog should, but no such luck. As soon as the paling went out, and the mutt was free, the first thing he did was to sink his choppers into a part of my anatomy that was definitely not designated to harbor the teeth of dogs. Of course you realize that I did not condone this faux pas, and began to chide the animal for his poor display of gratitude, but words did not seem to distract him from his unorthodox display of appreciation for the services I had rendered. After a futile appeal to the dog failed to render any sign of compromise, I grabbed the mutt by the back of the neck, and pulled him away from me. I held him firmly in the air before me, and lectured him about his anti-social attitude, when his owner came bearing down on me with a broom-stick waving menacingly in her hand. In a matter of seconds, before I could explain, she began to beat a tattoo on my head with the broom, and the dog squirmed out of my hand, and returned to his former position of attack.

It seemed ages later that the man of the house came by, and unscrambled our struggling group. Fortunately, the husband and I are on speaking terms. He asked me to explain what was going on, before he decided to join the ranks of those opposing me. In between the barking of the dog, the degrading remarks of the wife, and my hurried explanation, we came to an understanding. After everything was straightened out, we had a good laugh out of the whole affair, and we went into the house to compose ourselves. While we were inside the house sipping coffee, the mutt and I made another attempt at fraternization, and we managed to become friends. When I felt I was fully recovered, I left the house to proceed home, and the mutt came out of the house with me. We were still friends until his master closed the door of the house, then the dog proceeded to return to the beach-head he had established. I made a dash for the fence, flew over it, and dashed home. In the safety of my own home, I examined the new ventilating spots added to my trousers, and the marks left on my skin by the teeth of the mutt. This is what led me to form my new club.

Pledge Drive Opens

A soliciting committee of ten students was chosen by the Student Participation Committee. Betty Harlor and Bill Koehler are in charge of the Committee. The solicitors are approaching each member of the student body here at the Hazleton Center for a pledge of ten dollars.

Alumnus Scores in Bowl Game

Ellis Kocher, former student at the Hazleton Center, scored one goal in the Soccer Bowl at St. Louis, Missouri on New Year's Day. Penn State beat Purdue University by a score of 3-1.