

Hazleton Collegian

HAZLETON UNDERGRADUATE CENTER
PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE

Highacres, Hazleton, Pa.

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Agog!!!

In order to describe the students' bewilderment of Mr. Goss' resigning the word "agog" was inserted as the adjective in the front page headline. Agog, as Mr. Webster states, means "keyed up with eager desire or interest." Brother, that word describes the situation here at Highacres perfectly. No information can be secured at all. Rumors, most of which are undoubtedly untrue because of their diversification, are the only bits of information we can secure on this story. Frankly, the students are in the dark. Faculty members are discussing it among themselves but even they do not know the whole story.

The Standard-Sentinel on February 21 gave us a story, so ambiguous, that it passed meaningless from the eyes to the brain of the students. This is Journalism? Hardly that — But then when we consider that silence pervades the entire situation we shall have to excuse the Sentinel's ambiguity.

So, in answer to the question "Why did Goss resign without giving advance notice?" I can only say, "Take any one of the rumors, for that's all we're offered, and it will serve as an answer more plausible than any given from 'reliable' sources."

Two Possible Solutions . . .

Since the closing of the snack bar, there has been a great deal of confusion at the cafeteria counter each lunch hour. Students who previously stood in line for approximately five minutes for their lunch now wait fifteen minutes before being served. This waiting is largely the fault of the students who are waiting for hamburgers and sandwiches rather than the main platter. It is true that the lunch period has been lengthened because of the increasing of the number of periods a day. However, the administration must have overlooked the fact that the majority of students have a free hour between 11:30 and 12:25 since this seems to be the time that the cafeteria is swamped with customers. Because of this delay in serving the customers, many students who had bought their lunches at the college now bring their lunches. Thus, the cafeteria is not only losing their customers but also they are losing a few dollars each day.

In order to alleviate this waiting, the Collegian has two possible solutions. The first solution is the re-opening of the snack bar. The dormitory boys who now help to serve the lunches in the cafeteria could be shifted to the snack bar where they could act as short-order cooks. The reopening would therefore eliminate from the cafeteria line those students who are ordering sandwiches or buying coffee and milk. The only drawback in this solution is that it might necessitate the hiring of extra boys to take over the jobs occupied by the boys who were shifted to the snack bar. Then, instead of raising the profits of the cafeteria, this solution would increase the overhead expense.

The most acceptable solution for the problem is to operate our college cafeteria like the high school cafeterias. A high school cafeteria does not offer the students fifteen varieties of sandwiches plus hamburgers, cheeseburgers, and chip steaks. Each day the cafeteria places on its menu three kinds of sandwiches plus a hot platter, soup, dessert, and beverages. If our cafeteria would install a system whereby the cooks would prepare three kinds of sandwiches wrapped in sandwich bags, a great amount of this jamming up would not occur. The students would merely pick up the kind of sandwich he wants and then move swiftly through the line. The cooks who are not rushed between the hours of 9:30 and 11:30 would be able to use this time in preparing the sandwiches and wrapping them in sandwich bags. Since approximately 100 sandwiches can be made by two people in an hour, there would be no necessity for hiring extra help to work during the lunch hour, and there would be no need to buy a lot of extra ingredients which are now used in making the great variety of sandwiches now offered on the menu. Thus, by installing the high school cafeteria system, the number of extra hands in the cafeteria could be cut down, and the food bills could be lessened substantially.

TWO POINTS . . Whistle!

Hughie Brennan

The band played a Sousa march; the drum majorettes pranced about like Calumet farm colts; the cheerleaders formed a blue and white "W" in the center of the floor; and the crowd flowed into the foyer of the gym for a quick smoke.

It's funny that I should remember that scene 'cause I only got the slightest glimpse of it on my way to the locker rooms.

Two quarters, one half of the championship game was over. The score was 35-25 and we were ahead. I couldn't see how Dartsville ever managed to win the first half pennant. Why, they were just a bunch of apple-pickers. They were certainly out-classed by Whitsboro for this championship game.

Coach Butler gave us hell for the mistakes we made, and told me that I shouldn't think that just because I had twenty out of thirty-five points that I could take it easy the next half.

Twenty out of thirty-five points—gee, that meant if I made seventeen in the second half I'd break the regional record of thirty-six points in one game. I could see the Journal headlines:

DAVIS SCORES 37 AS WHITSBORO DROPS DARTSVILLE

I heard Butler say, "OK boys go up there and win—Hey, Davis, better keep your eye on your man. He's got 18 points."

"Eighteen points? Let me see that score book."

It was true. Whitney, Number 9, had eight field goals and three fouls.

The whistle blew and we started the third quarter, but I don't know — we just couldn't seem to click. Our passes were being intercepted, Dartsville really bottled us up and they managed to climb up to thirty points before we made a point.

We just couldn't get our plays working, so I tried a couple of set shots and made three. The score read — 41-30.

Dartsville called time out.

"W-H-I-T-S-B-O-R-O— Whitsboro, Whitsboro, Whitsboro, Team, Team, Team."

The whistle blew. Dartsville's ball. Number 3 to Number 6 to Number 9—2 points.

Our ball—whistle—walking with the ball.

Dartsville's ball. Number 3 to Number 6 to Number 9—two points.

41—36

Harry took it out. He passed it to me—whistle—palming the ball.

Number 9 tossed it in to 11 to 9 . . . two points.

Whistle . . . End of third quarter.

41—38

The referee signalled to us to take our places. Jump ball at center court. Dartsville got the tap . . . a push up shot by Number 9 . . . swish . . . fouled. He made it good. The score was tied.

Harry tossed it to me. I tried a set shot . . . missed. Butler took me out of the game. I sat on the bench.

Dartsville started to pour it on. Two, four, six, seven, nine points ahead.

Six minutes left.

Butler told me to go back in. I reported to the scorer; then to the Ref. and called a time out.

A voice on the loudspeaker shouted, "Davis, Number 7, replacing Lafranco, Number 4, for Whitsboro.

The crowd screamed. The band burst into a noisy blast. I felt good. The crowd was depending on me.

I didn't score a point in the next two minutes, but we narrowed the margin by seven points.

47—50

Dartsville called for time out.

We made a circle around Butler. He told me that Whitney, Number 9, had twenty-nine points and he told me to hold him.

Whistle—Boy, I really went to town. I intercepted two passes intended for Whitney and in one minute and twenty seconds I made four points. Harry made four points too, but Dartsville was still in the game. Whitney managed to snag three points.

55—53.

From then on it wasn't Whitsboro vs. Dartsville anymore. It was Davis vs. Whitney.

55—55 57—55 59—57 60—57

I called a time out. Fifty-three seconds remained. Everyone was congratulating me. I broke the regional record for number of points in one game. I had thirty-seven. What a night! What a game!

Whistle . . . Dartsville's ball—Number 8 took it out of bounds. He tossed it to Number 3—to Number 11—to Number 9—two points.

Whitsboro timeout

Butler was white and he stuttered as he spoke. "Look," he said, "You've got twenty seconds to freeze the ball. And for cryin' out loud, Davis, Whitney's got thirty-six points. Too much is at stake—freeze the ball."

The voice on the loudspeaker shouted, "Whitsboro, 60—Dartsville 59 with twenty-two seconds left to play."

Harry took the ball out of bounds. He threw it to me. The Dartsville man to man defense kept us passing the ball back and forth to each other. The freeze was working. 18 seconds!—10 seconds!—5 seconds!

I felt the pressure of his hand bounce the ball out of mine. It was Number 9! A fast dribble; a long step . . . two points; and the whistle blew.

Whitsboro 60—Dartsville 61

Davis 37 —Whitney 38

* * * * *

I finished my beer and left the bar. Funny how I always think of the Whitsboro-Dartsville game back in 1940 everytime I get into a jam. Maybe it's because I know I can take disappointments as they come. I was disappointed then . . . and I got over it. Maybe that's why I think of that game all the time. Well, I'll go home and tell Alice . . . I lost my job . . . I was fired . . . just as frankly as that. She'll be upset what with the new car and everything, but she'll get over it just like I did the upset of the Whitsboro-Dartsville Game. After all, an assembler's job in the Whitney Roller Bearing Company isn't the only job I can hold down.