

Hazleton Collegian

HAZLETON UNDERGRADUATE CENTER
PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE

Highacres, Hazleton, Pa.

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Believer vs. Theorists

We have just returned from a vacation, one of which was set aside in commemoration of Easter. Though most of us adhere strongly to the pagan concepts of Easter, the Easter bunny et al., still we couldn't have escaped the true meaning of Easter, for there have been several evidences of truth regarding the celebration of this feast. As everyone knows, Easter, the first Sunday following the spring equinox, is regarded as the day in which Christ arose from the dead.

The Resurrection of Christ holds a greater significance for College students than it does for others. We, in this time of godlessness, can come up with answers to some of the idiotic theories of past and present day educators. That is, if we ourselves believe in the existence of a God. We who believe know Christ to be the Son of God. Atheists merely regard Christ as a great man who taught the principle of brotherly love. Some atheistic historians have been so brash as to list Him tenth in a list of great men who have lived on earth. Before Him they have placed Alexander, Caesar, and Queen Elizabeth to name three. Surely the Conqueror of death deserves a little more prominence.

Atheistic communists, evolutionists, psychologists, sociologists stutter in their theories whenever the name, Christ, is mentioned. They realize, if nothing else, how long it takes for a theory to be accepted by even the slightest majority. They know that Christ influenced thousands of minds in only three years of public teaching. Yet, to them He was merely a man . . . just another one of the species homo-sapiens. They don't take into consideration that this homo-sapiens conquered death.

So you see even though we are only lowly students, Christ's resurrection gives us an argument. When, for example, the theory of Darwin is thrown at us, we who believe can ask, "Was the 'man' Jesus Christ, the founder of Christianity, the conqueror of death, a product of mutation? Can His ancestors be traced to Neanderthal or Pithecanthropus-erectus?" And though the questioned theorist blurbs an answer filled with high-sounding technical terms, we, the comparatively un-educated, can laugh up our sleeves; take his theories and file them in that section of our minds reserved for Aesop, Grimm, and Hans Christian Anderson.

An Open Letter to Messrs. Campbell & Keller

Since Mr. Campbell stated in his March 8 address to the student body that suggestions would be welcomed, we took it for granted that suggestions from students would not be completely ignored. So, here is a suggestion for the successor to Mr. Goss — our temporary administrative head, Frank C. Kostos.

Mr. Kostos holds the respect of all of the students. He has shown in the past that he is truly concerned with each student and has given assistance to the problems of many. Advice from Mr. Kostos as to our curricula has been accepted, thankfully. Mr. Kostos, we believe, knows all of the ins and outs of the job through experience. Instead of beginning with "two strikes against him," Kostos could begin with bases full and a home run. Co-operation from the students is practically assured and we believe Kostos could assure "better conditions all around."

We thank you for welcoming suggestions because we feel that such a move is a factor that tends to strengthen good will in student-administration relations, which were absolutely nil heretofore.

The President's Reply

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as enrollments decline, revenue goes down, and expenditures must be reduced accordingly.

The adjustments caused by such reductions are not made at a single Center but throughout the Extension system. This is an all-College policy which of course Mr. Keller, Mr. Campbell, and their associates must carry out.

Sincerely yours,
Signed: Milton S. Eisenhower

Congratulations . . .

The students are to be congratulated on their co-operation in the parking problem. Offenders are now parking at the bottom of the hill, and there is now room to move around the Circle and up and down the hill. We don't like to think that the co-operation was an enforced one, but rather that students came to realize that there is just so much room at the top. Of course, there is the student who will insist that there is always room for one more good one. This may apply to business, to society, but it does not apply to hills. As long as such ambitious reasoning prevails, and student motorists scheme, connive, and inveigle their way to the top, they must be ready to collide with eager safety-committee members who knock themselves out trying to circulate the most parking tickets. Some of them move about with the quotas and persistence of an insurance man. This is understandable when one realizes that there are only eighteen satisfactory parking spaces on top of the hill which completely insure the safety of the students themselves as well as their cars. Already twenty-one parking permits have been issued. These permits have been issued to dormitory, the physical handicapped, and working students. The safety committee doesn't insist that the physically handicapped be miraculously cured in order to cut back the permits to eighteen, but as long as there are twenty-one cars for 18 spaces, somebody's got to walk.

Fellin Testifies Before Committee

by Betty Harlor

A quantity of test tubes is missing from the Chemistry laboratory. Mr. Mattern and Mr. Peyton have retrieved some of the missing ones from the waste basket where they had been hidden under stalks of paper. However, the number discovered in the wastebasket does not cover the number that both chemistry instructors estimate are missing. Because the Chem. 20 class is so small (it has 6 members) Mattern and Peyton began their investigation in that class.

The Collegian dispatched a reporter to the scene of the investigation, and he returned with a full report of the testimonies of five members of the chemistry class. Because the testimonies of the five students are lengthy, the Collegian is printing only the testimony of Frank Fellin, who testified the day the Collegian went to press.

As our roving reporter entered the room, Mattern began to question Frank Fellin. Here is a question and answer description of the proceedings of the Mattern committee vs Frank Fellin, the menace of the chemistry lab.

Q. Are you a Chemistry major?

A. Under the protection of the Fifth Amendment I refuse to answer that question.

Q. Do you take Chem. 20?

A. I don't remember.

Q. In your work, do you use the test tubes?

A. I don't believe so.

Q. Have you ever broken a test tube?

A. I refuse to answer that question on the grounds that it may incriminate me.

At this point in the questioning Mattern asked for a recess, and all members of the committee left the



IDYLLS OF OSCAR

BY HENRY F. PAULICK

It isn't fun for me to go to the movies anymore. Maybe it's because I've reached the age where I go to the movies to look at the picture, or maybe it's because of the prevailing circumstances.

Everytime I attend the movies, the place is packed, and I can't find a seat. Naturally, I have to stand in line to wait my turn for a seat. Standing in line in itself is a pain in the neck, but some of the characters I manage to meet while I'm standing provide the bulk of my problem. Everyone in the standing line has an assortment of packages, and the noise that they make with these packages drowns out the sound. If the people don't have packages, they have a half-dozen kids with them. These little darlings run for a drink of water, via my shoes, every two minutes. If they aren't running for water, they complain that they can't see the screen, loud enough for everyone in the theater to hear, of course. Then a woman who is standing about thirty feet away will recognize the woman standing in front of me. They haven't seen each other for a long time (two days), so they will shout the latest gossip back and forth. While all this is going on, the gent behind me begins to pop his gum about an inch away from my ear.

First thing you know, the feature ends, and the crowd begins to leave the seated area. Those standing know now that the golden opportunity to procure a seat is about to be realized. Now all is tense! The non-seaters will pick up their packages. The family roll is called. The children rush back to their parents via my shoes. The non-seaters jam up to the aisles and hamper the progress of those trying to leave. Now there is a battle between the new and the old crowd. Bodies push and shove bodies until all control of the crowd is lost. Our fearless usher is unable to cope with the situation, and he too goes down bravely at his post.

Well, after all the seats have been refilled, we have the usual pandemonium prevailing. The lights are dipped low, and the feature begins. Now the scavengers begin their hunt. The scavengers are those unfortunate few who were unable to procure a seat during the rush. They are still befuddled, and refuse to admit defeat. All they do is walk up and down the aisle, hoping and praying to find a seat. Suddenly one will see a vacant spot and force the row to stand while he heads for the vacant spot. Once he reaches the spot, it turns out to be a foul ball, so he has to back up, and force the people to get up again.

While this is going on, I am sitting in the path of two lovers who have become separated. They are about six seats apart and are pledging their fidelity, undying love, devotion, etc., during their separation.

Everyone is now beginning to relax. People remove their shoes and concentrate on their chewing gum or pop-corn. I have to sit next to a guy who is eating pickled herring with crackers. Behind me are two juveniles who have been in the theatre since it opened, so they explain the plot loud enough for me to hear, and save me undue anticipation. Meanwhile, the two obese gentlemen sitting on both sides of me claim the arm rests on my chair. All that I can do now is sit with my hands on my lap. Oh well, I can always leave and go to watch TV someplace.

scene of the hearing except Fellin, the witness, who received counsel from Henry Daniels. At 11:15 Mattern continued his questioning.

Q. Are you acquainted with the shape of a test tube?

A. I think so. (Mattern took out his handkerchief and wiped the sweat from his chin. A smithering of a smile covered his face as the witness answered his first question.)

Q. Has sugar or some crystalline solid ever stuck to the sides of one of your test tubes?

A. I don't understand what you mean by the word crystalline.

Mattern explained that a crystalline solid was a transparent solid consisting of crystals. Fellin was satisfied with the explanation, and Mattern repeated the question. Fellin's reply:

"I refuse to answer on the grounds that it may incriminate me."

Q. Is there a waste basket in the chemistry lab?

A. I don't remember.

Since Mattern was getting no explanations from his witness, he changed the subject of his questions and began asking Fellin about his life as a college student.

Q. Do you support college activities?

A. I think so.

Q. Do you attend classes regularly?

A. I refuse to answer that question on the grounds that it may incriminate me.

Q. Are you a member of the Math-Engineering Club?

A. I am perfectly aware that this committee has published a list of clubs that are subversive in this college. Since I have a general

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Reunited

All of us are acquainted with the play, "Another Language," which the Penn State Jesters planned to dramatize last semester. However, because of the many activities around the Thanksgiving and Christmas vacations, the play never materialized. Russ Wood, who recently transferred to the Campus, played the part of Mr. Hallam and Miss Anna Erlemann played his wife. Just how vividly the lines and characters remained in the minds of the cast was revealed recently.

Miss Erlemann made a trip to State College. As she was parking her car, she noticed two couples approaching. One boy in the group looked familiar. He was a former Center student and he smiled in recognition. Nervously she watched him approach. What was his name? What was his name? He was almost beside her when she remembered.

"Poppa!"
"Mamma!"

The group watched open-mouthed as Russ Wood and Miss Erlemann took up their roles.