

Hazleton Collegian

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

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A Style, We Hope is Passe

It seems to be the style around here for faculty members to up and leave without giving administration adequate time to secure replacements. The students don't particularly like this style and hope that it's only a fad which will pass out of existence — but soon. We think it's high time that the students should be considered.

Last semester Mr. Goss had a class in which he taught Mechanics. Everything went along alright until his duties as administrative head kept him from attending class. The students in this class didn't see hide nor hair of Goss for weeks. As a result, no assignments were given, and the students supplemented their Mechanics course with bull sessions. As a matter of fact, they learned more from these than they did from their Mechanics course. Because, you see, bull sessions need no instructor; whereas, Mechanics does.

In this semester, however, came the payoff. Mr. Peyton, the chemistry instructor, left to join the United States Air Force. In one of his classes, namely Chem. 20, he had six students, six of which received warning "valentines" at the eight week's period. Such a step needed some planning, and so Peyton took the time off to plan. When he returned from time to time, he had the students come to school on Saturdays to make up the Chem. labs. they missed due to his absences.

Whether he went voluntarily or whether he was called from reserve is unknown, but in any case he must have known his status long before April 30, the day he took off. Peyton, right now, is connected with R.O.T.C. at the campus. He'll probably be teaching cadets the rule of leadership which states, "Next to his mission an officer's primary consideration must be the welfare of his men." Wonder how much he considered the welfare of his Chem. 20 class !!!

The Constitution - Dead Wood

Since the Fall elections the word "constitution" has been whispered over the campus at various intervals. Both political parties used as a platform pledge the writing up and ratification of a new constitution. After the election John Zamba and Kate Midash headed a committee which drew up a new governing framework. A summary of the constitution was published in the December Collegian. Copies of the new document were mimeographed and passed out to the students. Then the constitution was submitted to Mr. Goss. He approved the document, but Council did not submit it to the student body for ratification.

With the elections of a new administrative head, the ratification was stalled until Mr. Campbell read and approved it. Still it was not submitted for vote by the student body. It has been rumored that the delay in getting the policies of the constitution printed and the framework for the ratification set up was because council had only one copy of the document. What happened to the copies that were printed previously?

Now Council has carried out most of its campaign promises—juke-box, printing of the financial balance, better relations between Hazleton and the other Centers. However, the only platform pledge that both parties advocated has been neglected. In the January Collegian special mention was made to the fact that Council had only one plank to go before they would have carried out all of their promises. Mention of the constitution was made again in last month's Collegian. Still no action was taken for ratification. However, bets were made with the editor that ratification would take place before the publishing of this month's paper.

Classes are now over for the Spring semester, and we are taking our final exams. We, as students, must reconcile ourselves to the fact that our names shall never appear on the constitution. Next year's Council will again have to operate without a governing agent — a constitution.

With Due Respect



Joseph Fisher

Well, after the finals have all been flunked and the Convocation ceremonies have come to a screeching halt, most of the members of the Collegian staff, like all other sophomores, will no longer be a part of Penn State at Highacres. We had a heck of a lot of fun putting the Collegian to bed every month, knowing that what was said in its editorials were students' viewpoints and not the advisor's hypocritical dissertations. Mr. Fisher, the Collegian advisor, told the staff at the beginning of the year that it was our paper and that his position was to advise—not to censor our opinions. He never went back on his word. He taught us more about journalism than even he thought he did.

He would list the possible news stories for us every month and let us add to it. He would advise us in the make-up of the paper and saw that we didn't send the paper to the publisher with too many mechanical errors. Then he left the rest to the editorial staff. Everytime the paper came off the press, he would drop into the Collegian office and say, "Congratulations—it's a good issue," or "I didn't care for this issue at all," and told us why in such a frank way that we improved as each issue went to press.

Mr. Fisher won't be with Highacres next year, for he is one of the instructors affected by the retrenchment deal. That's tough luck for next year's Collegian staff. We hope that the Collegian will have an advisor that they will respect even half as much as we respected Mr. Fisher. Concluding, I want to say, in behalf of the staff, "Thanks a lot, Mr. Fisher"—and I know "Joe" realizes that we are sincere.

VERSE—AND WORSE—

Little Willy is a funny
And eccentric little waif;
Swallowed all of sister's money
Said he was playing safe.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
I put my feet out the window
And now all my neighbors are dead.

I bought my girl some garters
At the five and ten;
She gave them to her mother
That's the last I'll see of them.

Kissing the doorman's daughter
Was once my favorite hobby
Till her old man caught me in the act
And kicked me in the lobby.



IDYLLS OF OSCAR

BY HENRY F. PAULICK

Fellow students, I have just had a harrowing experience, and I would like to warn you about the perils of being a week-end guest. If you have any happily-married young friends who insist on having you spend a week-end with them, refuse this offer, or you'll live to regret it. I know, because I succumbed to such an offer recently. A young couple I know, insisted that I come to the city and spend a week-end with them. Well, I took the first train out in the morning, so I could be there bright and early. After I got off the train, my troubles really began, because this young couple lives in one of those newly erected housing projects, and none seemed to be sure just where this housing project was located at. I asked about twenty different people for directions, and I may just as well have asked for data concerning the Atom Bomb, cause their answers were so diversified. I finally spotted a Boy Scout in full uniform, so I threw a full Nelson on him, reminded him of his oath to do a good deed daily, and squeezed the right directions out of him.

On the bus, the driver yelled the block out for me when we got to the project, so I bounced out of the bus to find my friends. Now the search for the right house number began. I don't know if the guy who puts the numbers on the houses is grogged up when he works, or if he just gets a kick out of putting the numbers in the most awkward places. I walked all through the project five times, asked twenty more people for directions, and still couldn't find the place. I was going to call the Police and report a murder at this number, then follow the Police car when it got to the project, but I spotted my friend before my evil plan could be employed.

We went up to the apartment and talked about the good old days. Then after supper, we left the baby with a capable baby sitter, while we visited the Art gallery, Museum, Library and other points of interest. After a busy evening, we returned to the apartment for a good night's rest.

My room was cozy and the bed was comfortable, but I still had a tough time getting any sleep. My friend didn't tell me the clock in my room wasn't operating according to factory specifications, so I wound it up and found out what was wrong with it. Every half-hour, the watch gonged eleven times, so I had a lot of fun with that all night. Then the couple in the next apartment decided to settle a few marital affairs, and this took up a little time also. The next disturbance came from a group of wandering carolers. They stood directly below my window and serenaded me, until they became thirsty, then they departed in search of a thirst quencher. Of course, we mustn't forget the rain that came down in torrents. I am strictly a fresh air kid, so I had the window wide open, and was thoroughly soaked before I could get the window to cooperate with me. After I had the window closed, the rain ceased, and the janitor decided to send up some heat. Now, the window refused to open, and in a matter of minutes I was roasting, and little thoughts of homicide began to run through my one-cell brain. Well, I finally dozed off, and you know how long I slept, but when I got up, the first thing I did was dress, and head for home. Of course I have fully recovered from this visit, but I don't think I'll be a week-end guest for some time to come.

"Well, dear," sighed the head of the house after viewing the crumpled fender, "did the officer scold you for hitting one of the city's trees?"

"No, he was just lovely, John," explained the new driver. "He said the city planted them just to keep lady drivers from getting up on people's porches."

"My son's home from college."

"How do you know?"

"I haven't had a letter from him for three weeks."

Sally: "I'm afraid I oughn't go to the strip-poker game."

Pally: "Why worry? You have practically nothing to lose."

"How can one do so many dumb things in one day?"

"I get up early."

A romantic pair were in the throes of silence as they rolled smoothly along an enchanting woodland path, when the lady broke the spell:

"John dear," she asked softly, "can you drive with one hand?"

"Yes, my sweet," he cooed in ecstasy of anticipation.

"Then," said the lovely one, "You'd better wipe your nose, it's running."

Mother: "Another bite like that and you will have to leave the table."

Hungry Boy: "Another bite like that and I'll be through."

A DISCOVERY
Hurray! I have found the solution! Yes, I've finally delved to the source. And now I can tell you that marriage is the principal cause of divorce.

"Whoever told that guy he was a prof? He just doesn't know how to teach the stuff. Everybody hates him. Everytime he tries to explain something he digresses so much that no one can understand what he's talking about. I think he ought to quit teaching and go back to the farm."

"Yeah. I flunked too."

OBSTACLE COURSE
A motorist was helping his extremely fat victim to rise. "Couldn't you have gone around me?" growled the victim.

"Sorry," said the motorist sadly. "I wasn't sure whether I had enough gasoline."

Advice to girls: Never play ball with a man unless he furnishes the diamond.

THE CAUSE OF IT ALL
A very thin man met a very fat man in the hotel lobby.

"From the looks of you," said the fat man, "there might have been a famine."

"Yes," was the reply, "and from the looks of you, you might have caused it."