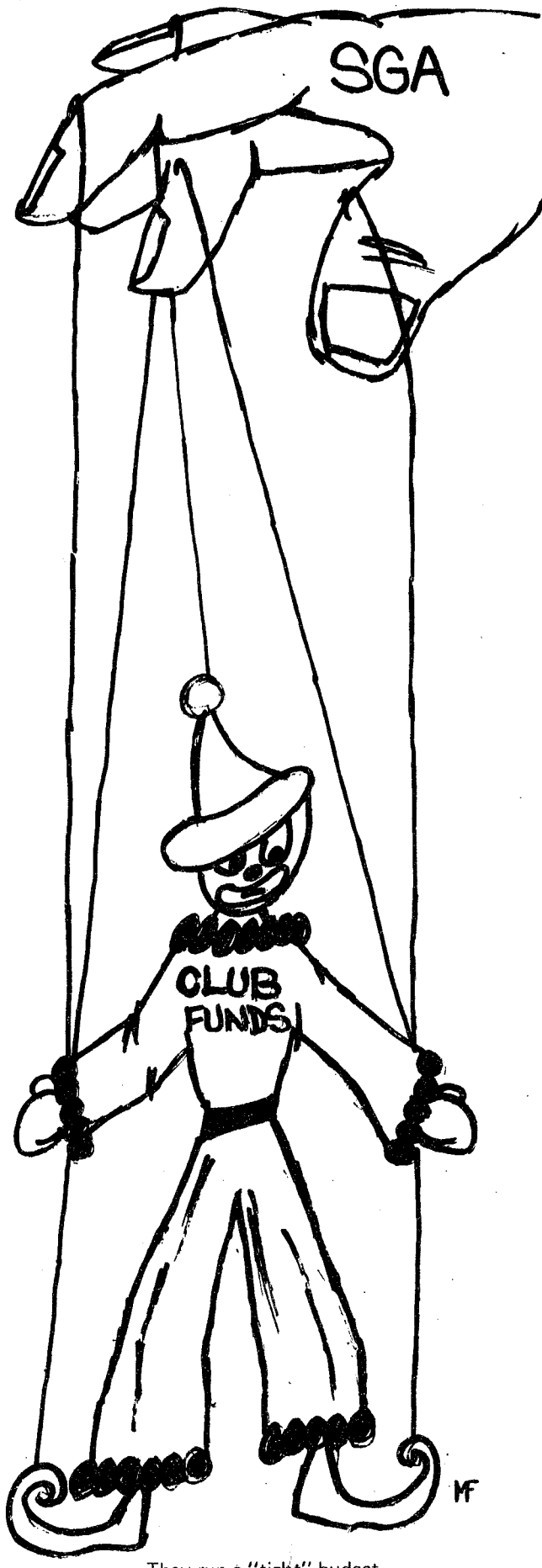


What happened to:

1. The Student Court?
2. Rate-a-Prof?
3. Yearbook sales?
4. Club turnouts?
5. SGA committees?
6. Coffeehouses?
7. TGIF's?

Well?

(The preceding was a paid political announcement by Students for an Effective Social Activities Program).



They run a "tight" budget

How knot to sukseed

Wonce upon a tyme thare wuz a boy namd Kristoefur. Kristoefur wuz a verie good stewdent and desighted to go to callidge. He applied and wuz addmitted to The Pensillvaneya Stayt Younivercity.

Won day wile Kristoefur was at skool he wuz cunfrunted by nun uthar than Deen McCallus.

Deen askt Kristoefur if he wood like to run for SGA president.

"Of coarse," sed Kristoefur. "How kan eye lewse with all of my pleasing, beeyouteaful feetyours?"

And sew he did run and did beekum president. Butt Kristoefur kood handel even moor! He allsew joynd the Kamera Klub, and the Bishop Newman Klub, and also appointed himself hed of the Yearbook.

Wuzn't Kristoefur wonderfull to bee abel to handel thees activities all at won tyme?

Butt poor Kristoefur never had eny tyme left fore himself, know even to kum to the weakly dances!

Poor, sad Kristoefur. What good were his callidge days? He wuz everything, and everything wuz he. And in the end, he wuz nothing.

This year, give gun for Christmas

by John Hancock

Damn, those Commies are clever devils! For years and years they have been instilling innocent persons with love for certain key agents.

Shocking and dastardly as it may seem, the infiltrators are disguised as a well known, well-loved seasonal figure namely, Santa Claus.

Yes, the jolly man in the red suit, with red cheeks, is a real honest-to-goodness Red. Why else would he choose the mode of transportation so common in Siberia; where else would he have gotten used to running around without gloves in the middle of winter, and the clincher: Have you ever seen a domestic reindeer (especially one with a red nose like Rudolph's)?

Just what does he whisper to the kiddies? I wouldn't even dare repeat those subversive sentences. In fact, they're even deadening the minds of children with an idiotic joke like: "What does a cat get walking across the desert?" Answer: "Sandy Claws." (Ha, Ha, Ha).

Silence! How dare you laugh at such a play-on-words! The citizenry must put an end to deviltry of this sort.

Raise up your candy canes in defense, America, and crush the imposters.



* Who, me?

Today--Reach out and touch someone's life

by Gene Davis

At the present time, no one can truly get to know another person; no person can open himself up so that another person even has the opportunity to get to know him. This is not something that just exists today; it has always been. Perhaps when man first began his existence upon this earth millions of years ago, he might have had a more open attitude toward his fellow human beings. His inability to communicate possibly hindered any development of this openness, and when the day arrived that man could communicate more fluently, he probably had already acquired a certain wariness toward beginning a truly open relationship with another human. Since then man has allowed this wariness, whether consciously or unconsciously, to shape his relationships with other people. This is a deeply regrettable fact of life.

Everyone is too busy being true to "self," trying to protect himself from the possibility of being hurt by someone else. "I've got to watch out for my own feelings." "I come first." "I don't want to be hurt." You hear this all the time. Many people put up strong emotional barriers to thwart any attempt to reach them, and standing there behind the barrier, they carry on with their tragically unfulfilled existence. These people never know of the rewarding experience that accompanies the enlightening discovery of another person.

Most people are afraid to open themselves up to another person because they feel the person would gain an unfair advantage over them by finding a flaw or weakness in their character. This person would then have an almost omnipotent power, one that could be used to hurt them emotionally. And emotional pain is the worst kind of pain. Emotional pain is hard to reach, hard to stop, and can be very destructive. Understandably, no one wants to leave himself open to this type of pain.

Nothing, indeed, but the possession of some power can with any certainty discover what at the bottom is the true character of any man.--Burke.

Pandora's Street

by Richard Rockman

Young 735429169-218 was staring intently into the large tele-viewing screen which covered the wall of his cubicle.

"Please be quiet, Father," the seven-year-old admonished the middle-aged man who was entering the boy's room. "I am in the midst of relaying my answers to this advanced theoretical hyper-space fusion calculus exam to computer central." His hands were busily pressing multicolor-coded buttons built into the arm of his chair, activating the circuits that would automatically transmit signals to the world-linked computer bank that was teacher, baby-sitter, and part-time mother to each of the millions of children upon the face of the earth, plus those on the near side of the moon.

The man smiled as a large, bright blue "CORRECT" immediately flashed upon the tele-viewing screen.

"Great work, son!" he beamed. "You got them all right!" The lad's expression remained unemotional as he turned to look up at his parent. "Of course I did," he said. "It would be more of a surprise to me if I had not answered perfectly. With subliminal programmed learning it is almost impossible to make a mistake."

The smile was fading from the elder's face as quickly as it had come. "In my day things were different," he said to himself, almost inaudibly.

"Speak up Father. How can we carry on a meaningful dialogue during my interclass break if you mumble to yourself all the time?"

"When I went to school, we didn't have all of this newfangled electronic gadgetry," said Mr. 218 pointing at the tele-viewer screen. "We had classrooms where all of the students and the teacher could be together. Those were MEANINGFUL classes! That was REAL learning! Why, you can't even throw a spit ball at your teacher anymore unless you want to pay a tele-view repair bill!" he exclaimed.

The child-man remained unabashed. "Father, do not be so archaic," he responded. "This is the year 2000! We have no need for that obsolete learning situation anymore." He stood up and tried to put his hand upon his father's shoulder but couldn't reach it, and so let his arm rest upon the video control console. "There is no need for school anymore," concluded the precocious child.

"But...but..." the man stuttered, turning from his son, pacing around the room with arms outstretched as if groping for an answer from the very refiltered oxi-consum, and finally looking at his expressionless offspring again, having gone full circle. "But...what about the friendships that school helped create?" he finally spurted. "You never leave the occu-bloc...you never play with any of the neighbor's children..." he said excitedly, his voice rising. "You've never even seen the neighbors!" he finally belated with frustration.

"Your outburst was most unnecessary, Father. Of course I have friends whom I play with," he countered. "In fact, I am scheduled to play with 397215-457 at 0532.1 P.M. in 23 seconds via satellite from Rome. The quadro-visual environment projector will be activated automatically." The boy pressed a green button marked "stereo aud-vis." "It will be just as if 397215-457 will be in this very room. Of course you can never really be sure that it isn't a computer-programmed substitute based upon 397's previously recorded motivated-personality info tape. Would you like to stay and meet him?" he asked.

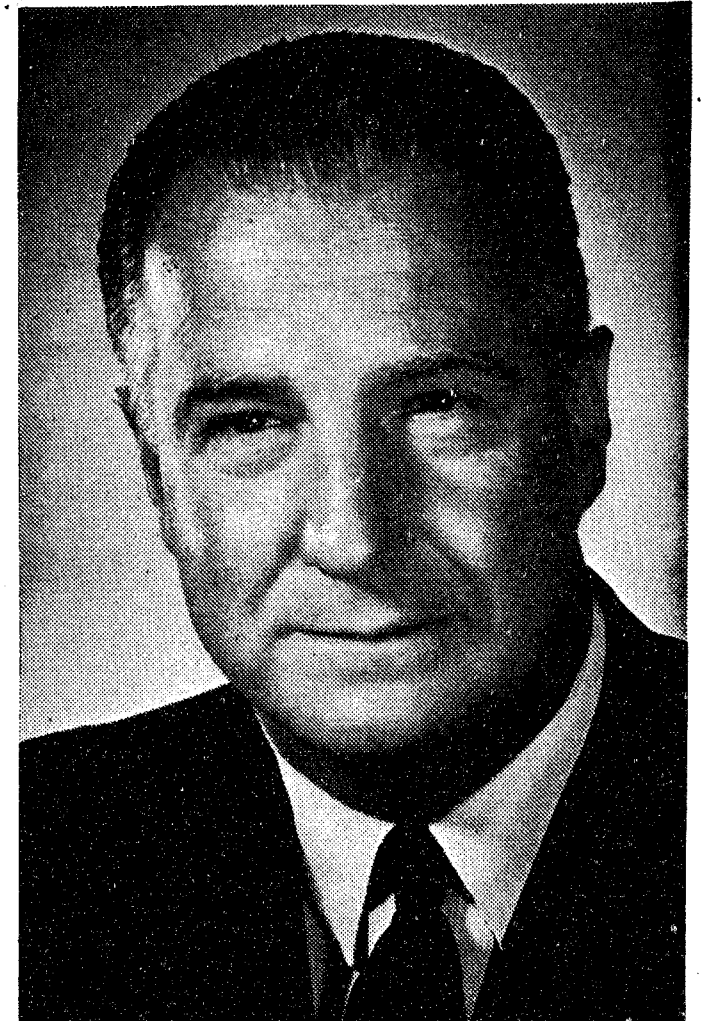
The man shook his head slowly. "No," he said in a low voice, walking out of his son's quarters and into the living room. The father gazed with blank eyes through the wall-sized plasti-windows into the rainbow-dotted mechanized world around him and saw only bleak shades of gray.

Getting to know someone and having him tell you things about himself carries with it a burdensome responsibility. This responsibility will become very heavy at times, and the desire to unload your mind will appear, and it will be tempting. But you mustn't tell anyone, or your self-respect will be lost. And what do you have if you don't have self-respect? Not much!

People tend to put on a facade when talking to other people. We all do sometime in our lives; some of us do it all the time. We put on a false face and don't show who we are really are. We allow acquaintances, or friends to draw conclusions about us by omission; when speaking of certain things, we don't come out and say, "Yes, it's true," but we don't deny it either. We allow them to draw their own conclusions, letting them assign us certain attributes that allow them to accept us. And acceptance is what we want; we don't care if the other person knows who we really are.

These fears and emotional barriers prevent us from having any more than just a superficial relationship with other people; we do not want to get involved. Many times in our relationships we create a picture in our mind of what the other person is like. Usually this is a very distorted picture, and it becomes even more unreal as we build upon it from day to day. When we find out what the other person is truly like, it can be extremely shattering. It is disturbing indeed to discover reality after a long and enjoyable self-constructed dream.

It is unfortunate that, at the present, people cannot genuinely get to know each other. An open and free relationship would be a revelation. Two people communicating, really communicating. Saying things to each other that two human beings had never before shared together. Such a happening would be very revealing and very rewarding. And the whole world would be a better place for its happening. We can only be optimistic and do our best to make this a reality.



The Abuse of Power

by John Martonick

Noted English author Edward Moore once said, "Power admits no equal and dismisses friendship for flattery."

It is true that power can corrupt? In theory, this is true; in fact, even more apparent. The corruption brings about omnipotence. With this omnipotence, all virtue, all honor is lost and all that one is left to possess is his glory; backing in the aftermath of conquest.

So it is clear that with the acquisition of power, comes a parallel omnipotence. This attitude (which is all that the omnipotence is or can be) is dangerous as is the abuse which goes along with it. English statesman Edmund Burke stated it this way: "The greater the power, the more dangerous the abuse." But it is not necessarily this power which makes for dangerous abuse but the attitude of omnipotence. So, to paraphrase Burke: "The greater the attitude of omnipotence, the more dangerous the abuse (of power)."

On the same line of thought, if one possesses an omnipotent attitude, he cannot accept friendship. For how can one accept friendship if he believes himself to be above all others. He then sees everyone looking up to him as he looks down upon others. Friendship, then, to him, becomes flattery, hero worship, call it what you will.

The omnipotence I speak of here is not a Go-d-like one. It is human omnipotence, and, being so, must be repeatedly displayed. It is this display which in turn, with its continuous use, causes disgust and even despair. This display can also bring out the feeling of uselessness and worthlessness in others. All creative activity under the omnipotent leader then ceases and the fruits of good work are never brought forth. It is because of this that a system of mistrust develops between all people under the person in power; between each other and between each individual and the figurehead.

In regard to this, Sir William Jones stated, and I must agree, that "MY opinion is that power should always be distrusted, in whatever hands it is placed."

The Highacres Collegian

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