

Editorial comments

War of the Words

by Richard Rockman

Good work, George

The key word at Highacres last year was "apathy." Every week some individual or group was accusing another of complete disinterest in the affairs and activities which should have interested them. Students blamed the faculty, faculty blamed the students, and both factions blamed the administration.

We hope that those primitive days are gone forever from Highacres.

This school year started off on a much brighter note, mostly through the efforts of George J. Caliva, an instructor in engineering here at Highacres. Mr. Caliva was given the task, even before classes began this term, of rounding up enough students to assist with the dedication and open house of three new buildings held here Oct. 4. Several of us attended the first meeting with Mary Polasick serving as committee chairman.

One sure sign of a successful and interesting campus life is a close and personal relationship between faculty and students. If the relationship between Mr. Caliva and his committee is any indication of the closeness of students with faculty at Highacres, we certainly do have a successful campus life.

Mr. Caliva has a unique way of working with students and getting them to perform to their maximum capabilities with seemingly little effort. Perhaps George should copyright and sell his recipe.

Only those of us who worked with Mr. Caliva outside the classroom can know what a hard-working and sincere person he is.

Apathy? Not here. Not with people like George Caliva!

Clean Air Week Oct. 24-30

National Cleaner Air Week is observed this year from Oct. 24-30 - a week so resolved by Congress. But should not this observance be an everyday, yearlong phenomenon...

Isn't it time to take stock of the air we breathe, not only because Cleaner Air Week will soon be here, but because fresh air is beginning to be in short supply?

You don't believe that? Well, let's take stock: Are you cleaning your clothes and furniture more often than you used to? Having trouble growing flowers and shrubs? Paying more for vegetables? Does your house or apartment need painting? ... Polluted air costs the average American about \$75 a year.

And air pollution is a serious threat to all persons suffering from chronic bronchitis, emphysema and other respiratory diseases.

The Federal Clean Air Act is helping your local pollution control officer to set up standards that will tell him how clean the air ought to be. But he needs your help to make sure that those standards are met and that willful polluters are punished.

Find out what air pollution means to you and exactly how you can help solve the problem it poses. Write to your control agency or to your Congressman. And why not write today ... this very minute?

The air you help to clean will be your own.

Collegian has openings

Any students wishing to apply for the positions of Executive Editor or Managing Editor of the Highacres Collegian are requested to submit an application with name, address, term standing, and the major to the Collegian office, Memorial Building. Other staff members are also needed.

The Highacres Collegian

The Collegian office is located in the Memorial Building. Office hours are Monday thru Friday, 1-4 p.m.

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Letter Policy

Opinions expressed in The HIGHACRES COLLEGIAN are those of individual contributors and do not necessarily reflect the official views of The COLLEGIAN. Unsigned editorials represent the official opinions of The COLLEGIAN. Responsible comment to material published in The COLLEGIAN is invited. All letters must be type-written and signed. Faculty members are students are invited to submit articles to be published in a special section of The COLLEGIAN entitled "Impact." Articles and other material (poems included) should be no longer than 400 words and must be typed.

"I have seen the enemy and he is us." -Pogo
Place: The Revolutionary War.
Time: The Perennial Now, sometime in the not too distant future.

"Okay, men and women, here's the plan. The enemy is just outside the perimeter. We're going to infiltrate their camp and waste them. As you know, you've been supplied with the standard weapon in our arsenal, the 'Word-Amp.' Now what we'll do is..."

"Colonel Marksman, Sir?"
"Yes, private, do you have a question?"
"Yes, Sir," replied Private Stone, "I just enlisted a few days ago and I'm unfamiliar with the function of the 'Word-Amp.' Could you explain it please, Sir?"

"Certainly, private. As you know, in the past few years our enemy has become increasingly desensitized to our wishes and our needs. We told them over and over again what we wanted, but our pleas fell on deaf ears. They wouldn't change, and so we have chosen to fight. Because of the insensitivity of the enemy, our boys in electronics have devised the 'Word-Amp,' a device whose function is to combat this by poly-resensitizing. Naturally, since I didn't invent it, I can't explain the details behind its operation, but I WILL explain the general principle behind it.

"Your 'Word-Amp' is sheathed by your side in the same manner as would be the sword of ancient gladiators. In this way it is easily accessible. In appearance it is long, thin, and cylindrical, somewhat resembling a ball-point pen. But don't let its size fool you, ladies and gentlemen, because within it is enough miniature integrated electronic circuitry to...well...you'll see later. Its power-source is the living human body. As long as its operator is alive, it will continue to function.

"Your 'Word-Amp' has the ability to amplify the very energy of the emotion of every word you speak towards the enemy one thousand-fold! For example, if you were to operate your 'Word-Amp' while saying to me, 'I think you're ugly,' I would react as if your words held the emotion which would be contained within the meanings of the same words expressed over and over towards me one thousand times. In other words, it would come close to burning through my psyche to my primary emotional layer. It would destroy my barriers. I would react like an innocent child exposed to a harsh reprimand. My mind would be scared for life!

"It has also been speculated by our scientists that constant usage of the 'Word-Amp' might eventually produce a world-wide chain reaction of whatever emotion is being multiplied. This, however, is a chance we have to take."

"But, Sir," Private Stone asked, "Isn't there some way of

controlling the energy so that we don't unleash such terrible power?"

"These weapons are unstable and unpredictable, private. We don't always know what effect they will have, but if we see the enemy we're going to shoot first and talk later.

"You're going to get to see the 'Word-Amp' in action now," the colonel said to the group.

"Let's go show them how much we hate them for not being perfect, for having idiosyncrasies, unlike us! Let's show 'em we've got brains and we know how to use 'em!"

Place: Behind enemy lines.

Time: Dusk.

A twig breaks with a cracking sound. It frightens a chipmunk who scurries between the trees.

"Shh!" whispered the colonel, "We don't want to give them any warning that we're sneaking up on them."

He thought for a moment and then added, "After all, this is war!"

At that moment Colonel Marksman spied Richard, one of the uncompromising enemy.

"Watch closely, Private Stone. I'll show you how it's done." He then crept out from behind the large plant he was hiding behind and cried out, "Attack!"

Poor Richard swung around and his gaze met the colonel's, but there was no way to escape-no way to defend himself; he had not been forewarned. The colonel laughed, pointed his weapon, and whispered, almost inaudibly, "You make me sick."

It was incredible! Richard immediately doubled up in pain, with the most agonized look on his face. His mouth was wide open as if he were screaming in anguish, but no sound left his lips. He fell to the ground, writhing in agony, twisting and turning.

Just then Richard's sister saw him fall and began to run towards his fallen body. Before she could react to the situation, Colonel Marksman aimed his 'Word-Amp' and said softly, "You are an incompetent, hypocritical bungler."

Richard's sister dropped to the ground and lay there, unmoving. Even Colonel Marksman had not anticipated such a sudden reaction to his weapon.

The colonel turned from the sickening sight and walked back towards his group of soldiers. He found some of them smiling softly, some of them expressionless. He found Private Stone gaping in horror at the sight he had seen. Private Stone found himself as unable to speak as his namesake.

"See how weak they are?" the colonel said.

Private Stone slowly found his voice and said, chokingly, his voice cracking under the strain of the scene he had just witnessed, "But...But, what's the point, colonel? Why attack them like this?"

It will sell papers, but is it worth it?

by Mel Mundie

I must confess that the following editorial comment was not conceived for this publication. I wrote it some months ago to satisfy a friend's request for a radio man's opinion on the conduct of those who published the Pentagon Papers.

The request intrigued me. Here was an opportunity to show my peers of the printed, rather than the spoken word, the striking differences in our approach to mass communication. Here too, was the opportunity to imply, without being obvious, that my side of the journalistic coin would have handled the matter more responsibly. Not by chance, but by method. Another highly appealing incentive was the sheer joy of being asked to write commentary, rather than hard, straight news. (Watch what you shout. Spiro is about.)

There are two sides to the journalistic coin that once was one. My side was born as a patronage idea that grew into a full-fledged regulatory bureaucracy with teeth. The cub became the lion that now rules with teeth of regulation. Broadcasting is subject to regulation by the Federal Communications Commission.

Print journalism, on the other hand, is governed largely by a so-called Code of Ethics; a code subject only to the conscience of those who subscribe to it. To explore the value of the print Code of Ethics, one need only compare the New York Times with the National Revue, with Midnight, or with Playboy.

A broadcast journalist, by regulation, is compelled to check his story for authenticity. He is further compelled to seek an opposing point of view. That framework of checks and counterchecks is not likely to lead him toward a sensational

expose.

It becomes a question of journalistic responsibility whenever the mass media feels compelled to test the constitutional guarantee of freedom of the press, and the somewhat vague laws concerning the public's right-to-know. There are considerations that must go beyond codes, regulations, laws and guarantees.

I would question the timing. It has been reported that the Pentagon Papers were in the hands of the Times three months before publication.

I would question the motive of a Dr. Daniel Ellsberg. Can every disgruntled federal employee find relief for his frustration (no matter how noble the cause) in the release of classified material?

I would have to weigh the impact publication would have on national security, foreign policy, public confidence in government and enemy propaganda.

Responsible Journalism? Case in point... The National Revue magazine. The article titled "The Secret Papers They Didn't Publish." One man denies he authored a secret report. Editor William Buckley Jr. then announced the printing was a hoax; a fabrication of his editorial staff. Did Hanoi and Peking tell their people the article was a hoax?

I believe in freedom of the press. I believe in the public's right-to-know, but I also believe in responsible journalism.

This is one man's opinion that the publication of a top secret study of American involvement in Indochina has stretched the concept of responsible journalism. This is one man's prayer that we never stretch it farther.

An open letter to all students

Fellow students:

On our relatively small campus here at Highacres I still find it difficult to find an adequate means of personalized communication to the majority of the students. In writing a column in the Collegian I hope to strengthen the bonds of communication between the students.

During the summer the 26th amendment to the United States Constitution was ratified. This amendment gives voting privileges to 8.6 million young voters. This influential voting block consists largely of concerned young people like you and me. Armed with this new privilege we will better be able to influence legislation on the priorities which face our generation. Instead of working from outside the system, as has been tried and found unprogressive, a substantial means of working from within the system is now open to us. A means that, if properly utilized, can affect the decisions being made now in matters such as the environment, civil liberties, the war, the draft, poverty, and higher education. These as well as other crucial problems affect the vast majority of us and it seems only reasonable that we should develop a full capacity to disinherit these ills in society.

One of the most effective ways of influencing legislation has been through the means of lobbying. Over the summer an organization for student lobbying was founded in Washington, D.C. in which we, Highacres, have been invited to join. The National Student Lobby, as it is called, is an organization which will both lobby in support of student interests and work to maintain the political strength at election time to make the student voice meaningful to legislators." The NSL takes positions on issues which are adopted by an annual ballot sent out to all members. In this way they are able to best represent all student interests.

In reading the NSL policies I find that this kind of organization comes at a most needed time. A time when the students must organize, not on Democratic or Republican ties, but on ties of issues and policies which affect our lives and the world around us.

Next week the "NSL Proposal" will be voted upon by our student government. The proposal is whether or not Highacres should become a part of this movement. I hope that each and every one of us may become a catalyst in this new political activity which has been opened up for us.

Paul Yanoshik, President
Hazleton SGA



The Drug Bust can be obtained by sending \$2.00 to:

The Light Company
1348 Brooklyn Blvd.
Bayshore, New York 11706

All mail orders will be handled with love and promptness. Wholesale and retail outlets who wish to order The Drug Bust can call 212-989-1696.

Name ..
Address ..
State .. Zip ..



What good will it do? We just maim or kill the enemy, we don't get what we wanted in the first place!"

The colonel stared into the private's eyes.

"I'll pretend I didn't hear you say that, soldier, since you're new here!"

Then a new tone entered Colonel Marksman's voice and he spoke softly, almost apologetically, "You just don't understand... we LOVE these people, this enemy... they're human beings, like us. We're just trying to save the world from them. We're just trying to save them from themselves."

"By destroying their minds!" the private said, incredulously. "By useless name-calling, playing upon their basic needs as humans for security and destroying that security? By telling one guy that you think he looks funny, or telling another guy that you think he talks funny, whether it's true or not, and multiplying the effect on his psyche? And by attacking women in the same way? What kind of crazy war is this?"

"This is the most INHUMAN war I've ever seen! And you treat it as a game! I was at 'Nam and the atrocities I saw there are nothing compared to what you're doing here! You're not going about it in the right way. You're..."

"Enough!" the colonel screamed. "ALL is fair in war! We've tried to talk to them, tried to make them meet our just demands, but they were too thick-headed... It just wouldn't work. They acted like dead men...like ghosts carrying out the same actions over and over again in some haunted estate, and no matter how you tried to attract their attention, they still moved slowly, in the same grooves, oblivious to the movement around them. And so, this is all we have left."

"No, you gave up," replied the private. "And one thing I don't understand. The enemy has brains, too. Why don't they use 'Word-Amps' against us?"

"It's their silly human pride, soldier. It will be their undoing. They just won't give it up."

"But, isn't that just what we're fighting for...human dignity?"

"That's enough out of you, private. You're confined to quarters until further notice."

"Sir!"

"Stone, I'm losing my patience with you."

"Just one question, Sir. These 'Word-Amps'...they amplify the emotion of every word spoken, right?"

"Right!"

"Then, why, Sir, can't we use them, instead of amplifying the emotions of words of hate, to amplify the emotions of words of love?"

Private Stone deserted that night. Who can blame him?

DRUG BUST

The following article is an excerpt from The Drug Bust by John Dominick. Written by an ex-law student who was busted on drug charges, the purpose of the book, says Dominick, "is to reduce fear by providing information about the drug laws, the cops, the narcs, and the courts." What follows is an explanation of when a cop can legally make a search on an arrest, and some practical information about what goes on in the street, and how to protect yourself if you get hassled.

In order for a policeman to arrest a person without first having obtained a warrant he must witness circumstances that would cause him to conclude a crime had been committed by the arrestee. It is not necessary for the policeman to actually witness the crime but he must have some first hand knowledge. If a policeman hears a shot and sees a man running out of a bank he would have reason to believe the man had committed a crime and would have grounds to arrest him. If a policeman were to walk into a room and see marijuana burning in the ashtray, he would have grounds to make an arrest. However if an informer should tell a policeman there was marijuana in a room or that X had LSD in his pocket, this would not be sufficient evidence to make a search or an arrest.

When the policeman has not witnessed a crime, in order to make a legal arrest the policeman must go to a judge and acquire a warrant. The police must present sufficient evidence to cause the judge to believe an arrest is in order. If the police were to produce signed statements from several witnesses saying that they had obtained marijuana from X, the judge would issue the warrant. However, an anonymous phone call on a tip from an undisclosed source would be insufficient evidence for issuing the warrant.

The 4th Amendment of the U.S. Constitution protects the people from "unreasonable searches and seizures." In order to compel the police to comply with the law, the courts have established the rule that any evidence obtained as a result of an illegal search is inadmissible in court. The results do not justify an illegal search.

There are only two ways the police can legally make a search: with a search warrant or "incident to a legal arrest." Upon making an arrest the police are allowed to search the defendant's person and the immediate area around the defendant.

Technically the police are searching for a weapon; but anything found is admissible. Of course, if the arrest is illegal, the evidence found would not be admissible.

Search warrants are acquired in the same manner as the arrest warrants. However, it is usually more difficult to acquire a search warrant because the police must present enough evidence to a judge to warrant the belief that a particular thing is in a particular place.

If a policeman knocks on your door without a warrant, you may refuse to admit him. Unfortunately, most people "consent" to a search because they're unaware that they have a choice.

In practice these legal principles are often circumvented. The police frequently act on tips and bits of information from undisclosed sources. Although this is in sufficient evidence to obtain a warrant, the policeman knows from experience that people are ignorant of their rights, frequently fail to exercise them, and often waive them.

For instance, Mr. X was driving through Indianapolis with several friends and had three ounces of marijuana in the door panel of his car. When they stopped to spend the night in a motel, one of Mr. X's "friends" felt a moral obligation to report the presence of the marijuana. He called the police. This tip was not sufficient to obtain a search warrant or a warrant for Mr. X's arrest. Since no policeman had witnessed any illegal activity, there were no grounds to make an arrest. The police went to the motel; when Mr. X answered the door they showed him their

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