

Editorial comments

Target

So you think it's an easy thing to write a newspaper editorial? Try it sometime. Lide right now, with a deadline looming on the horizon. If you won't take my word for it, ask Me, or Rich. They go thru the same problems.

There are a number of things to take into consideration. For instance, subject, relevance to current campus atmosphere, style, length, etc. But for now, let's just worry about a subject. We could write about apathy. It seems that apathy, or some reasonable facsimile, has returned to Highacres for this term. It is hampering the efficiency and endeavors of several campus groups, most notably, the staff of the New Horizons Literary Magazine.

Thanksgiving Dinner

by Richard Rockman

"For this food, we thank Thee, Lord. Amen." "Amen," Mr. 452's family replied in unison to emphasize the sentiment. The 21st Century family was seated around a large dinner table in their sub-basement. On the table was a delicious looking Thanksgiving dinner. There were dishes of corn, tomatoes, and cranberry sauce adorning the traditional Thanksgiving bird.

Mr. 452 and his wife began to eat. Their young son and daughter joined in with an exuberance they could not hide after their parents had begun eating. They had been anticipating the joys of Thanksgiving for months. Hardly had they begun eating when, suddenly and unexpectedly, the underground dining room became stifling hot. The lead-lined wall which fortified the hidden door began to glow crimson.

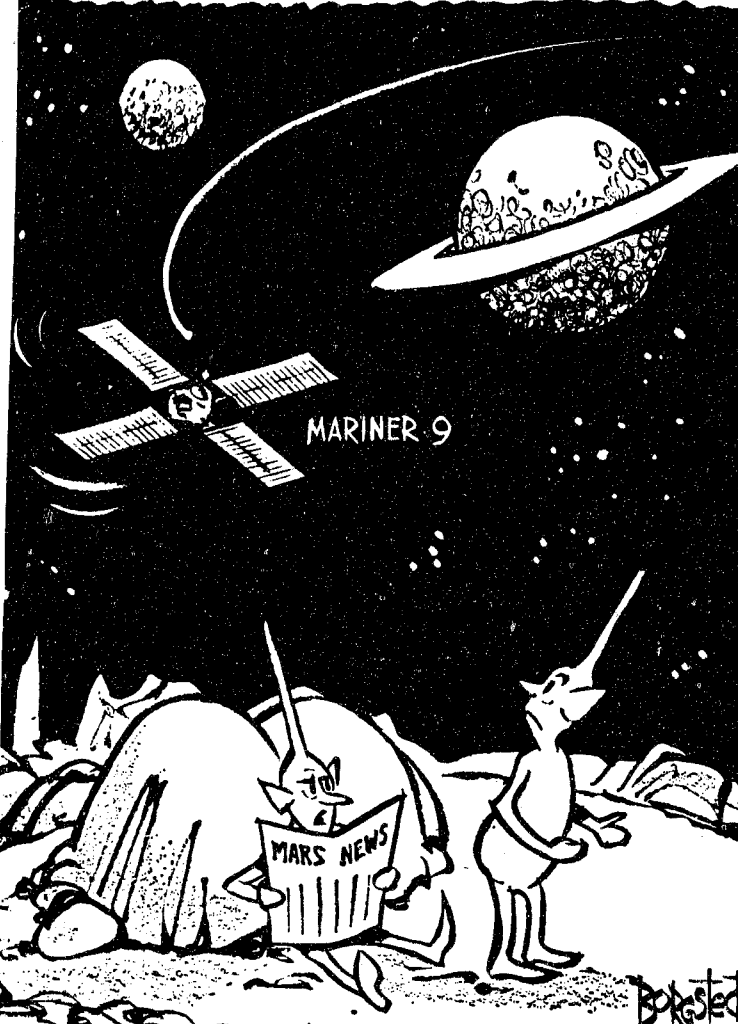
"What is it?" cried Mrs. 452. "If Mr. 452 suspected, he said nothing. All at once the door melted away and two uniformed, helmeted men armed with laser weapons rushed in. "The...the Brain Police!" Mr. 452 shouted in disbelief. Mrs. 452 screamed with tears running down her cheeks, her face turning pale in the iridescent light. The children sat at their seats and watched in amazement. "Don't move! This is a raid! Line up against that far wall, all of you!" "Don't move! This is a raid! Line up against that far wall, all of you!" ordered the senior officer. "What do you mean by this outrage?!" Mr. 452 exclaimed. "We were doing nothing but celebrating..."

your table right now may lead to even more addicting foods; foods like..." he looked at the children and then cupped his hands to his visor and whispered into the man's ear, "foods like...pizza! "And," he continued in his normal tone of voice, "we can't have our labor force cut by people getting into the vile habit of eating, now, can we? Why, our economy would be destroyed if we allowed that to happen."

"But, these food-sub pills," Mr. 452 pleaded, "they make me so tense...so nervous. And eating food is so relaxing...it makes me feel good after a hard day at work. It makes me forget all my worries." "And, anyway, I'm sick of being told I can't use what nature offers man from her earth if I want to. We're ALL sick of this oppression!" he cried out, motioning to his family. Mr. 452 looked through the visor of the senior officer's helmet and saw that his pleas had been totally ineffective. Desperately, Mr. 452 tried another tactic, though he knew he was clutching at straws.

"Listen, officer...you know in your heart there's nothing wrong with food. Here," he said, lifting a dish of potatoes and gravy from the table, "try some yourself. It'll make you feel so much better. You'll see!" "Now you've done it!" said the officer sternly. "As if possessing and eating food at all wasn't enough, and then passing the stuff around this joint to each other! Now you're trying to incapacitate, corrupt, and bribe a Brain Police officer."

He leaned over and looked into the offender's face, "The law isn't going to go easy on you!" "Officer," Mr. 452 said with tears welling in his eyes, "have you no heart? Have you no soul? This is our first offence! Can't you just..." "We know your kind!" the uniformed man broke in. "We've had you under surveillance for quite a while." "But, how?" Mr. 452 cried in exasperation. "We watched our thoughts so carefully! We never thought about food unless we were in this specially constructed, electromagnetized, lead-lined basement. It should have shielded all our thoughts from the Brain Police." "You didn't count on our new surveillance methods," the upholder of justice said with satisfaction. "Our new Vibra-sensors are designed to cut through all types of artificial thought interference."



'Relax...if there's life on Earth we'd have known about it long ago!'

I hate to say, I told you so, but...

by Mel Mundie

Location . . . between longitudes 178 degrees 37 minutes E and 179 degrees 29 minutes E and between latitudes 51 degrees 21 minutes N and 51 degrees 39 minutes N. Description . . . an island, forty-two miles long, that varies from two to four miles in width. Habitation . . . only two land dwelling mammals, rats and man.

How do you like it so far? Pretty dull stuff, eh? Megaton. Cannikin. Gotcha! All oHow do you like it so far? Pretty dull stuff, eh? Then let me add the magic words. Amchitka. Nuclear. 5-Megaton. Cannikin. Gotcha! All of which means we can get on with this editorial.

Question . . . Could the Supreme Court, the Senate, the demonstrations or the petitions, letters and telegrams of concerned American and World citizens have stopped the nuclear test? The answer, of course, has already been given. They could not. Even a ten-time multiplication of their efforts would not have changed the decision. No way. It was never in doubt. Never. I have always believed that expert opinion is just that . . . expert. After all, this is the technology that conquered polio; the technology that created the transistor; the technology that put man on the moon.

Why then, such dedicated opposition? Didn't the experts assure us that everything was cool? Did someone know something the experts didn't know?

If the world was to come to an end at 5 p.m. E.S.T. Saturday, why study for Monday's Anthropology exam? I looked for reassurance, and found it in a 41-page report issued in May by the Atomic Energy Commission, I grabbed my trusty dictionary (rule one in digesting any government report) and began to read.

I found that Project Cannikin was the result of four full years of intensive study. The study was made by scientists and technicians in the fields of oceanography, biology and ecology, geophysics and geology and hydrology and seismography.

After two years of research, their preliminary evaluations were tested by a 1-megaton blast on Amchitka on October 2, 1969. The Milrow test verified the advance evaluations and predictions.

Everything boiled down to one brief statement. The 5-megaton nuclear explosion would have "no significant import on man, animal life or the environment."

The experts said that everything would be cool. Everything was cool.

With my faith in expert opinion re-inforced, I should be happy. I am not.

The real question was not the possible adverse effects on the environment. The real question was the need for the test in the first place. President Nixon supplied the answer. He defended his decision to go ahead with the nuclear test when he termed it vital to national security, saying, "Unless we have a program to defend the United States, we won't have any environment to protect."

Amchitka is described in the AEC report as a barren island. There are no trees except for a few stunted spruce trees which were planted in World War II. There are only two land-dwelling mammals on the island, rats . . . and man.

If you like to deal in the abstract, perhaps you can understand that one can read more than facts into that report.

An open letter to all students

Fellow Students: Joining the National Student Lobby on Oct. 29, we as a Campus began our representation to the legislative body of the United States. Our vies and the views of other concerned students will be represented by the lobby organized for students. The procedure for acquiring student views used by the NSL is done in a most democratic manner. A referendum is sent out to all member Campuses with a list of the most crucial issues of our time. These issues are to be merited as to opinions and priority. It is necessary that each and everyone of us at Highacres fill out our opinions on this referendum Tuesday, Nov. 23. The democratic process, which is still predominant in American government, functions efficiently only under majority participation by the public. To participate it is necessary to have our views taken into consideration for legislation if not into legislation. I urge all students to opioniate the referendum on Nov. 23. Sincerely Paul J. Yanoshik President SGA

The Highacres Collegian

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Our time is a time for crossing barriers, for erasing old categories- for probing around.

When two seemingly disparate elements are imaginatively poised, put in apposition in new and unique ways, startling discoveries often result.

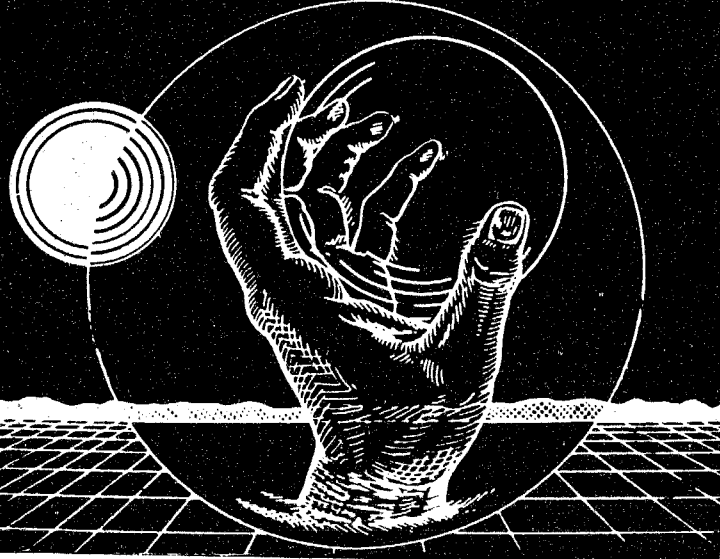


See The Brown Bag

121 W. Broad Street Hazleton, Pa..

SUPPORT THE HARRIS PRYOR BILL OF RIGHTS FOR OCEAN MAMMALS

BATTERED BABIES.



Miss Alice Herrington, Chairman Committee for Humane Legislation, Inc. 11 West 60th Street New York, N.Y. 10023

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