HIGHACRES COLLEGIAN, NOVEMBER 15, 1971 -- PAGE TWO

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 sentiment, Me. or Rich. They go thru the same problems.

There are a number of things to take into consideration. For table in their sub-basement. On the table was a delicious looking instance, subject, relevance to current campus atmosphere, style, Thanksgiving dinner. There were dishes of corn, tomatoes, and length, etc. But for now, let's just worry about a subject. cranberry sauce adorning the traditional Thanksgiving bird.

We could write about apathy. It seems that apathy, or some reasonable facsimile, has returned to Highacres for this term. It is daughter joined in with an exuberance they could not hide after hampering the efficiency and endeavors of several campus groups, their parents had begun eating. They had been anticipating the most notably, the staff of the New Horizons Literary Magazine. joys of Thanksgiving for months. As it stands now, the entire staff of the publication could be counted on one paw of a three-toed sloth.

unexpectedly, the underground dining room became stifling hot. If you happen to be interested in helping with the literary The lead-lined wall which fortified the hidden door began to glow magazine, and we hope you are, see Tom Winters or Rich R crimson. ockman, co-editors.

Another thing we could write about is the upcomeing Student Government election. Would pinochle or ping-pong or something. Ten or twenty paces from the ballot box and not so helmeted men armed with laser weapons rushed in. much as a second thought about voting.

How many of you know that Highacres is now a member of the National Student Lobby. SGA President Paul Yanoshik face turning pale in the iridescent light. The children sat at their pushed for it and SGA finally voted in favor of our joining. His is seats and watched in amazement. certainly a worthwhile project. For more information ad Yanoshik's open letter in an adjoining column on this page. Or All better yet, talk to Paul yourself. all of you! " ordered the senior officer.

One thing that bugs me, too, is the outright disconcern by a few students when it comes to keeping our campus clean "We were doing nothing but celebrating" everyday one sees empty soda cups, vapkins, papers, and various and sundry other litter scattered about the place. There are "You're all under arrest. The charge is overeating. You have the plenty of trash cans and receptacles located at strategic points of right to remain silent. Anything you say may be used against you. traffic. Use them. There are many more points that could and You have the right to have a lawyer. If you can't afford one the should be brought up here and now. But late hours hinder the court will appoint one for you." mind, as do many other things. Understand?



Thanksgiving Dinner

by Richard Rockman

your table right now may lead to even more addicting foods; foods like ... " he looked at the children and then cupped his hands "For this food, we thank Thee, Lord. Amen." "Amen," Mr. 452's family replied in unison to emphasize the

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 The 21st Century family was seated around a large dinner 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 sheilded 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."

"But, how did you know to survey our sector?"

"Ha! You can't escape the reach of the long arm of the law! We got your name when we raided the headquarters of the Grocer Underground last week! I see you're shocked! You didn't think we knew about the Grocer Underground, did you?"

Mr. 452 was speechless. A beaten man. The rest of his family huddled together and wept softly.

The younger officer broke the silence.

"We'd better cart these criminals off. I've just been contacted by headquarters via my helmet's built-in communications system. We're needed on another case. It seems our international infra-red scanning device has detected a crop of corn growing illegally in Turkey."

"Please!" Mr. 452 cried. "Don't mention turkey!"

"You go on ahead," the senior officer said to his subordinate who began leading the family out of the room. Staring at the dinner table, he said, "I want to stay here awhile and...uh...inspect the evidence.'

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,

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

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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 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.

Mr. 452 and his wife began to eat. Their young son and

Hardly had they begun eating when, suddenly and

All at once the door melted away and two uniformed,

Mrs. 452 screamed with tears running down her cheeks, her

"Don't move! This is a raid! Line up against that far wall,

"What do you mean by this outrage? !" Mr. 452 exclaimed.

"I'll say you were celebrating!" replied the senior officer.

"Officer!" Mr. 452 resounded, "We...we were merely

"Oh, come now," the policeman snickered. "Don't make me

"And besides that, the Chief Surgeon has determined that

"But, it hasn't been proven," retorted the anguished father.

"Really?" replied the police officer. "Don't you think

"He...he's got a point, Father," his small son meekly

"Not only that," the armed law-enforcer added, "but there is

"Quiet, boy! Whose side are you on, anyway? !"

"Don't move! This is a raid! Line up against that far wall,

"The ... the Brain Police!" Mr. 452 shouted in disbelief.

"What is it? " cried Mrs. 452.

If Mr. 452 suspected, he said nothing.

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 the National Student Lobby on out our opinions on this 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 States. Our vies and the views American government, test? The answer, of course, has already been given. They could of other concerned students functions efficiently only not. Even a ten-time multiplication of their efforts would not will be represented by the under majority participation

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.

assure us that everything was cool? Did someone know something with a list of the most crucial on Nov. 23. 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 technicians in the fields of oceanography, biology and ecology, geophysics and geology and hydrology and seismography.

After two years of research, their preliminary evaluations BILL OF RIGHTS FOR 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 everyone of us at Highacres fill Oct. 29, we as a Campus began referendum Tuesday, Nov. 23. our representation to the The democratic process, which legislative body of the United is still predominant in have changed the decision. No way. It was never in doubt. Never. lobby organized for students. by the public. To participate it The procedure for acquiring is necessary to have our views student views used by the NSL taken into consideration for is done in a most democratic legislation if not into manner. A referendum is sent legislation. I urge all students Why then, such dedicated opposition? Didn't the experts out to all member Campuses to opinionate the referendum

issues of our time. These issues Sincerely are to be merited as to Paul J. Yanoshik opinions and priority. It is President SGA necessary that each and

of intensive study. The study was made by scientists and SUPPORT THE HARRIS PRYOR **OCEAN MAMMALS**

BATTERED BABIES.

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

newspaper.

STREET & MUMBER

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startling discoveries often result.



See The Brown Bag

121 W. Broad Street Hazleton, Pa..

