

Army

By Linda Begin
Co-Editor

On Thursday, September 14, Captain Goodwin, 116 students, Dean McCallus, Assistant Dean Binns, Mr. Cerula, and Mr. Lenhart got "high" on the soccer field—with the help of a couple of "Hueys".

The Hueys, for those of you who missed this momentous event, were two army helicopters that Capt. Goodwin has requested be sent up from Fort Meade, Maryland to allow ROTC students a bird's eye view of Highacres and the surrounding area.

It took seventeen separate lifts to give everyone a chance to "taste the high life" but those who were left behind time after time agreed that it was well worth the wait when their turn finally came.

The helicopters arrived, right on time, at 11:45 with the aid of two-way radios and smoke grenades. The grenades were used to help pinpoint the landing site for the pilots.

One of the helicopters was dispatched from Fort Meade's active duty unit and was a glossy "Army-green" color while the other was a dull, olive-drab color typical of the reserve corp. unit from which it was dispatched. Each Huey contained a three-man crew consisting of a pilot, a co-pilot, and a crew director. (The reserve unit Huey was "manned" by a female crew director.) Although helicopters seem to travel at low speeds, these Hueys cruise at 120 knots which is roughly 140 mph.

Executive officer (Sophomore) Becky Magill coordinated the air lifts, making sure that each lift carried no more than seven passengers, the maximum allowable number of passengers under the weather conditions that existed on that cool, over-cast day. She also made sure the crew members got a good lunch before taking to the air.

Everyone enjoyed the ride and no casualties were reported. Besides having fun, the Sophomores got a chance to carefully survey Highacres' contours and landscaping, which fits right into their Army 201—Map Reading course.

Helicopters rides aren't the only Army experience planned for this year's cadets. Capt. Goodwin has also arranged for an orienteering experience on October 28 at the Indiantown Gap and the Ranger Swim Test which is to be held Spring term in the Highacres natatorium.

You and Me

Two of a kind,
Laughing, hurting, crying, wanting
Never admitting that we really feel love
for each other, for that would change
things.

Slow down and look at us.

What's the world coming to, if we can't
be the kind of people we want to be?
What's the use, if we are never allowed
to love each other freely and fully?

The door was once open between us for
such beautiful times, memorable times,
the craziest and the goofiest of times.

Now with my arms open to you,
I'm not so sure you'll ever let me hold
you again.

Have you closed the door in my face?
Why do you keep calling my name and
staying where you are?

Why do you leave me standing here
waiting?

I won't wait forever.
I won't allow myself to hope for
something never to be again.

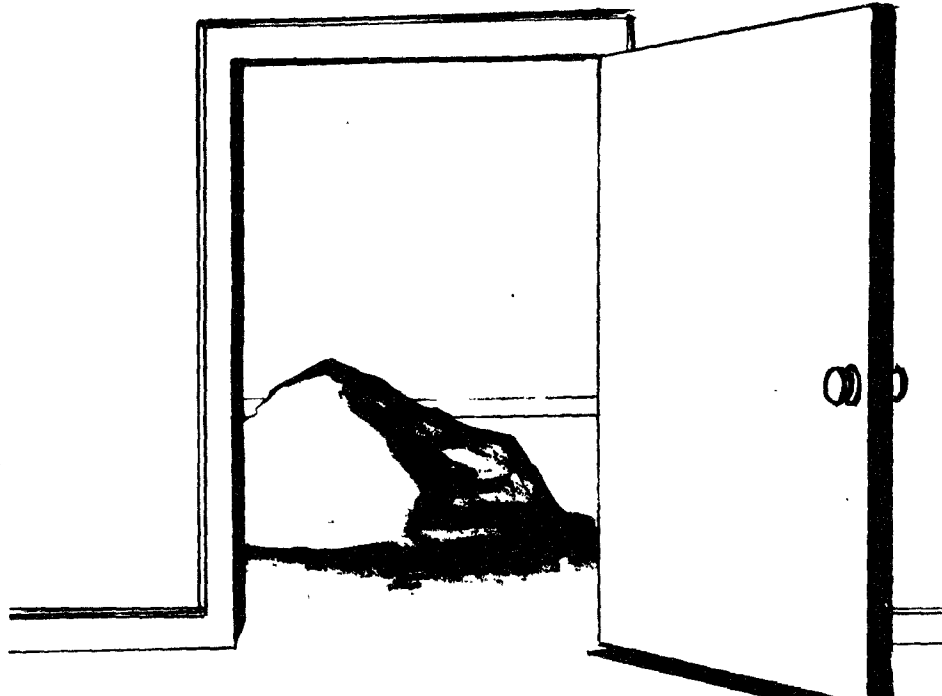
The door is just wood. But it's cold. I
can't open it because it's locked from the
inside.

Now all I need is the strength to turn my
back to that door and walk away.

But I keep searching for the key. **MD**



Collegian Personality



Drawing done by Bob Geffert

By Linda Begin
Collegian Co-Editor

NOTE: Although Igor is, without question, one of the oldest members of the Student Union Board of Highacres he was not always in favor of such "frivolous student organizations" as he sometimes refers to any club or organization that is maintained to encourage students to enjoy their campus to its fullest extent.

You see, Igor still believes that the terms "Fun" and "college" have no business being considered singly. However, in recent years he has become increasingly active as an S.U.B. bodyguard for the equipment which is located in a storage area on the lower level of the Highacres Commons building known affectionately as the "Rock Room".

Igor, why don't you just tell us in your own words your story?

"Yeah, ah, groovy, uh, right—my own words," (Igor spends a good deal of his time stoned). "Well, it sort of happened like this:" (The following is translated as closely as possible from his rambling recollections).

Back when Highacres campus was no more than a rumor, I decided I wanted a higher education, and since Mount St. Mary turned me down, I decided to come to Hazleton to get in on the "ground floor" so to speak. I wanted to make sure I'd be right in the center of things when they started to happen so I planted myself here. The rest is history.

I picked the most beautiful spot I could find, close to the main house (Igor means the Administration building). I was sure that it would be a perfect place for a library; scenic, tranquil...but then they made a terrible mistake! They decided to

put a building up that would be used for the students to meet in, talk, laugh, and do fun things in! I shuddered at the thought—Fun at a University?! Who would have believed it? I had to do something, but I wasn't sure what it should be. Then it hit me—literally! Sledgehammers, dynamite, they tried them all. It was then I realized that I was staging a sit-in! (Igor can be pretty dense at times!) As it turns out, a rather successful one at that! I was the cause of quite a problem on the campus. But, somehow I blew it! "I should have been a bit boulder." (Sorry folks, he made me take that as a direct quote!)...as it was, I had gathered a bit too much moss and one morning I awoke to find that they had built walls around me. I thought they were going to pay homage to me for pointing out to them the error of their ways. It was not until they put the cement slab over me that I realized that they were locking me away as a dissenter!

But they'll see! Someday they'll realize they made a mistake. A college is no place to have a building where one can go to relax after a test, grab a fast bite, or watch their favorite soap operas; a college is a place where you should study and work hard and listen to learned people, not peers. They just don't seem to understand, I've been around a lot longer than any of them have and I know the hard facts... Someday they'll apologize and I'll get the recognition I deserve... Maybe they'll do a granite bust in me...

At this point, Igor began to mumble unintelligibly through the concrete wall that was separating us. I was slightly disappointed yet quite relieved that he was in there and I'm out here.

CAMPUS BOOKSTORE

OPEN 8AM-4PM

Now registering to vote is as easy as 1,2,3.

1. Pick up a register-by-mail form.*
2. Fill it out.
3. Drop in the mail (it's postage-free!)

*Forms are available at your county courthouse, libraries, post offices and many other public locations.

**REGISTER
AND
VOTE**

Your vote is your voice. Say something.