

POLEMIC

In the first issue of the Polemic there was an editorial which incidently follows below along with the comments of Mr. J.E. Heimnick. Even though Dean Heimnick has some very excellent points to consider, I feel that every person should have the responsibility to get enough information to determine if further consideration of the subject involved would be beneficial.

If you really want to know continue reading if not, be apathetic or something. I am merely happy to know that someone does read and feel motivated to express their opinions.

Lack of communication strikes again at ACC. It never ceases to amaze me how such a small school as ours can bungle a simple thing like setting up a meeting time and place for a speaker.

On September 11, our Secretary of State, Mr. Richard Austin, was to speak to the general public in the lecture hall (room 150) of the Natural Resources Building. There were reports flying around that he was going to speak at the Civic Center (Masonic Temple) and at Van Lare Hall. Evidently no directions were given to even Mr. Austin as he said that he had trouble finding out where he was to speak.

As it turned out there were approximately 40 people present to hear the discussion. More than that small number would probably have made it if there would have been a better and sooner announcement through the media. The day before the speaker is not the time to be making corrections.

Also, the number of people present brings up another matter. There were only a few people from the community, several students, two administrators, and no faculty members present. This does not say much for the people of ACC.

Mr. Austin opened up with a general discussion and debate. He spoke on a variety of subjects from the McGovern nomination to No-fault insurance. Mr. Austin as an excellent speaker, fielded all questions readily and stood up for his own beliefs and those of the Democratic Party. He may have stepped on a couple of peoples' toes in answering some of the questions, but under the circumstances did impress me even as he apologized for possibly being rude to some. I'm just sorry that more people were not there to listen to the discussion.

"Lack of communication" is a cliché that has been worn to shreds in the last decade and it is time we dropped it or went a little deeper into the social process to find better explanations for the lack of information and cooperation. Some of us are quite indignant to find that we didn't know "where it was all at" when it wouldn't have made a bit of difference because we wouldn't have known what it was all for anyhow.

Would, but God that I Could

My latest batch of POW/MIA bracelets arrived, at long last; and the following Monday, I staggered into VanLare Hall with the usual accoutrement of books, and the box of bracelets.

I was immediately greeted by a fellow student who, upon learning what was in the box, advised me to "hang onto them. It's too late for those, don't you know? Tomorrow they're signing the treaty. You'll have them all back."

Believe me when I say from the bottom of my heart, "I would be the happiest woman in the world if I had to return the Bracelet money because our boys were being released! Tomorrow, or tomorrow, or even the day after".

But, alas, doubting Thomas I, I can't believe it. Oh, I'd like to!! I'd like to go to bed tonight with the sweet dream that Tomorrow in this America, Parents, Wives, and Children, will be happier than they can Remember; because their Sons, Husbands, and Daddies are coming home at last!! At Long, Long, Last!

I, who am no one, must echo the words of the many Waiting Ones who - say "We've been disappointed too many times before."

How cruel to hand out press releases designed to enkindle the hope embers glowing banked in the hearts of loved ones. Only to use them with the cold reality of emptiness. The flame of hope is to be nurtured, not toyed with.

The Politicians are not alone in bearing the guilt of playing the game of "Wolf, Wolf."

The news media must accept its share of the blame too. Every time Henry Kissinger

cleans his glasses, some zealous newsman looking for a scoop is there ready to give it page one headlines.

And we, here, in Everytown USA, stop, listen, and buy another paper. Which, after all, is the name of the game, isn't it?

But please, Big People, don't do it. "What are heavy? Sea, Sand, and Sorrow" . . . not the least of which is the sorrow of hearts made heavy by one more false hope and disappointment.

Dorm Escorts

At this time there is a petition circulating for the abolishment of the policy of escorting. This policy was introduced, this year, by Dean Souden. He felt that the girls of the dorm were having their rights infringed upon by the boys.

The escort policy states that girls must be escorted when entering upon a boys floor and vice-a-versa (a boy must be escorted when he enters upon a girls floor).

Although escorting was originally designed to keep people from coming up to a room (day or night) . . . and possibly catching someone undressed or asleep. It doesn't seem to have the effect desired. Besides, what is to stop someone of the same sex from doing the same thing . . . possibly at two or three in the morning!

There are many reasons why the students of Russell Wilson Dorm do not like the policy of escorts. Reasons vary from the hassle of waiting to be escorted, to having to escort someone. All in all, the students do not like this policy and hope to have it abolished.

EDITORIALS

Whenever this old saw appears it is usually a sign of something else and should be examined in the light of these questions: Do we really want to know? Would the information upset us? Is it sometimes our own responsibility to learn things? Have we turned on an information filter to cut off talk? Do we know what real avenues of communication are open to us?

Do we really want to know and would we have done anything with the information if it had been received? Our days and nights are filled with appeals, pressures, exhortations and demands that have to be ignored in the interests of sanity. When we want to know the departure time of the Ludington ferry we will pick the phone up and call, till that moment any information is useless. Most of the information arriving in our mail goes directly into the fireplace and only when the time comes to "know" something do communications start.

Would the incoming facts upset us? Often accurate insights on a situation do not square with our existing picture. The truth is sometimes contrary to what we already "know" so our acceptance of signals becomes protectively selective to the point where we don't even realize that we are self-censoring.

Our responsibility to know certain things is thrust upon us daily. For instance, which lane to travel on I-75, what to report on April 15, the symptoms of cancer or venereal disease, the wife's wedding anniversary are facts better faced than ignored. Not knowing any one of the above has consequences and most of us take time to find out, to learn. Too frequently our failures to know are attributed to other people or institutions, taking the immediate heat off us.

Our information filter works constantly to cut out extraneous materials. In spite of our image of a handsome young president standing and skimming daily newspapers at a mind-boggling rate, in spite of the inference that we should be omniscient in a world where we can hear immediately about a famine in Pakistan, most of us cannot use a fraction of the news presented. So we should not look for a villain when communication fails, there has been a natural squelch mechanism at work.

Do we know the avenues of communication so that they may be used when needed? If we really want to know there are plenty of ways. If there is no fear of what the facts will do then it is usually a matter of paying attention to them.

Let's bury the clichés and give a little thought to what we want to know.

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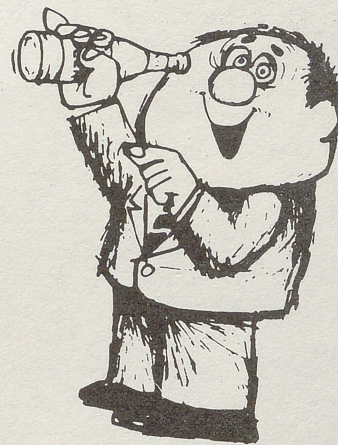


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