

# THE POLEMIC

November 1972

Alpena, Michigan

Vol. 4 No. 3

# TOP BLUES BAND APPEARING DEC 7

## MSEC Coordinates Students

The Michigan Student Environmental Confederation (MSEC) formed officially on November 14, 1970, although it had existed in the minds of some students since the previous spring. MSEC attempts to coordinate, unite and establish environmental leadership among Michigan's youth. This also involves working with many educators at all levels, helping them to establish environmental and conservation curriculum and encouraging the teachers to work with the students on these problems not only in the classroom, but in action projects outside of the school.

MSEC is also a lobby voice and unifying force for Michigan students and adults concerned with Michigan, regional and Federal environmental legislation. The office that MSEC maintains in Lansing is only two blocks from the state Capitol and offers an excellent location to keep on top of important, day to day, legislative developments.

The structure of MSEC revolves basically around students and/or student organizations and the office staff in Lansing, which are all recent college graduates from a wide diversity of fields. At the present time, MSEC is organizing a student board of directors and an adult board of advisors. Most of the staff time is spent in coordination and communications from Lansing, as well as time with the students and teachers at individual schools. Research on specific issues is done by students across the state.

At the initial meeting in November, 1970, the MSEC students adopted the following charter:

REALIZING THE CONNECTION BETWEEN OUR LIFE STYLE AND ENVIRONMENT DETERIORATION, AND REALIZING THAT THE ATTITUDES, VALUES AND ASPIRATIONS OF TODAY'S STUDENTS WILL SIGNIFICANTLY AFFECT THAT ENVIRONMENT, WE, STUDENTS OF MICHIGAN, DO ESTABLISH A CONFEDERATION OF CONSERVATION AND ENVIRONMENTAL STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS TO IMPLEMENT THE ADOPTION OF A LIFE STYLE COMPATIBLE WITH THE ENVIRONMENT AND A HIGH QUALITY OF LIFE.

Foremost, MSEC exists to work with student environmental action groups in Michigan; to provide them with a structure for strength and unity; to help with problems as they arise within their organizations; to supply reprints of information to read and redistribute; to sell useful books by means of a mail order service; to develop original publications; to distribute the newsletter Michigan's EARTH BEAT; and to review materials available. Certainly the small staff in Lansing cannot do all of this, so MSEC depends heavily on volunteer help both that which comes to the Lansing office and within the member organizations throughout Michigan.

James Cotton is a product of both the southern and Chicago blues traditions. Born in the impoverished rural town of Tunica, Mississippi, Cotton was the child of parents whose life was the dreary routine of working the cottonfields with the only relief provided by the radio. And young Cotton was an avid listener, especially to the great blues harmonica player Sonny Boy Williamson who had a radio show out of West Helena, Arkansas.

"I got it into my head that I was going to play with Sonny - didn't know how or when. I was just going to do it," Cotton recalls. When his parents gave him \$3.00 to go work in the cottonfields, James pocketed it for runaway money, and, only nine years old, took off for Arkansas to find Sonny Boy. "I found him all right and then I told him I didn't have any folks so he'd keep me around." James learned harp from Sonny Boy and was occasionally permitted to play with the group.

"Then when I was fourteen, Sonny Boy upped and gave me his band. He'd never let me drink or anything and it was on my 14th birthday. He gave me a slug of whiskey and the band all at once. I couldn't handle it though. You know, they were all older than me and they'd taught me everything I knew."

So James went on his own, scuffling at odd jobs and sitting in with various Beale Street groups on weekends. Then came his meeting with Muddy Waters on a trip to Chicago with the well known record producer Sam Phillips who'd asked Cotton to help him take some tapes up north to Chess Records. The meeting was brief and all but forgotten when Cotton returned to Memphis, that is until Muddy came to Beale Street. Having just lost his harp player, Waters asked Cotton to sit in with his band and what was intended to be no

## Test Tube College

Experimental is one word that a person doesn't expect to see applied to an ACC program. Never-the-less there is one group that could possibly bare this title.

Micro I is the name of this gem which is in its second year of development. Faculty members in charge of this year's program include Dr. Elbridge Dunckel, Mr. Terry Quin, Ms. Christine Baumgardner, and Ms. JoAnn Lovejoy.

Micro I was created for students that normally might not adapt to the college environment. Whatever the problem is, the program attempts to help the student deal with it. Micro I hopes to solve most of the problems through personal contact. Other than the program's attempts to reach the student, its academic level is no different from any other comparable college course.

more than a one night gig turned out to be the beginning of a twelve year musical rapport that lasted until June, 1966, when the James Cotton Blues Band was formed.

The James Cotton Blues Band has played at The Berkeley Folk Festival, San Francisco's Fillmore, New York's Cafe Au Go Go and Fillmore East, Boston's Jazz Workshop, Washington's Cellar Door and clubs in Detroit, Montreal, Toronto, and Philadelphia.

"Blues is soul," James says. "And soul is just a feeling you get inside that has to come out." And with James Cotton wailing wildly on his harmonica or crying out a rough-hued vocal, the sound is all the raw-edged urgent soul of Chicago blues. The truths which James lays down and the pleasure he offers are as simple as soul and as universal as the human heart.

James Cotton . . . . . Harp, vocals  
Robert Anderson . . . . . Bass, vocals  
Jesse Green . . . . . Drums  
Jesse Hawkins . . . . . Tenor Sax  
Matt Murphy . . . . . Guitar

The James Cotton Blues Band will be in Alpena at 8:00 P.M. on December 7, 1972 at the A.H.S. auditorium. Admission is \$4:00; advance tickets only. Tickets may be purchased in Van Lare Student Lounge or from the Arts Council members. They are: Dan McNeil, JoAnn Lovejoy, Paul Gibson, Jill Leosh, Ruth Martinson, Cindy Skiba, Bonnie Ashland, Tom Glazier, Nick Scheidler, Marshall Gordon, Mary Ellen Funk and Matt Splitt.

The problem is this year's program isn't working out so very well. Micro I just doesn't seem to be reaching the students. When asking what the programs faculty problems were this year, they felt there was a great loss of student contact because of this year's scheduling. The classes are spaced too far apart. Separation of the classrooms was said to cause another problem. With classes spread all over the campus it becomes difficult to gather the students for group meetings. The last problem that was stated as a possible drawback was the elimination of the humanities course from the program.

Although this year's Micro I isn't working out as well as it was expected, it is felt that there is great need for it at ACC. If only one student benefits from the program then it should be called a success.

## Student Breakdown

"Alpena Community College aims to provide academic programs for students to pursue studies appropriate to their interests, needs and abilities."

One has only to look at the new A.C.C. catalogue from which the above quotation was taken to further understand the full intent of its meaning.

The Liberal Arts and Science programs prepare an individual to further pursue his education at one of the state's larger institutions, from which he may obtain his Bachelor's degree.

The Applied Arts and Science programs prepare a student for immediate employment upon graduating from A.C.C.

In Liberal Arts and Science there are 147 Freshmen men; 170 Freshmen women; 101 Sophomore men; and 80 Sophomore women for a total of 498 students in Liberal Arts and Science courses. Of these students 240 are undecided transfer students. (This means they have not yet decided whether or not they intend to go

on to another school when they are finished here.)

In the Business and Commerce programs there are 70 Freshmen men; 60 Freshmen women; 38 Sophomore men and 23 Sophomore women, for a total of 191 students.

In the Technical programs there are a total of 305 individuals. In the Occupational programs there are 121 individuals.

The grand total for both Liberal Arts and Science and Applied Arts and Science is 1115 students, of which 273 are part time students at A.C.C. We have 621 new admissions on campus this year.

There are 9 foreign students, 29 out of state students and 1076 from Michigan. Alpena County is far ahead with 629 students. Presque Isle is right behind with 100 students enrolled in A.C.C. Then Alcona with 39; Iosco 32; Montmorency 27; Oakland 24 etc. with 53 counties represented at A.C.C.

## POLEMIC INDEX

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# EINSTEIN CONTINUED

Did you ever contemplate the practical applications of the "time is relative" theory while sitting in class?

The classroom is an ideal place for such contemplation, for the student's situation (being forced to sit in a given place for a given period of time) lends itself to a direct application of this theory.

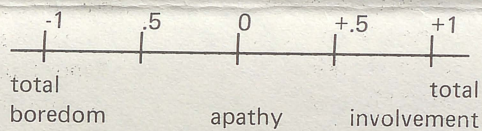
Now, everyone knows that class is sometimes boring. Some classes are more boring, some are less boring, and some are actually interesting. Through 15 years of sitting in a classroom, (only the last 3 or so observantly) I have noticed that there is a direct correlation between how interested I am in a class, and how quickly (or how disquickly) the time seems to pass.

Now, everybody (everybody who has Physical Science 113 from Dr. Dunkel) also knows that time is relative. That is, that there is no absolute speed at which time must move (my definition).

I have, with the help of a couple of Mr. Neumann's students, formulated a definition for this theory. I modestly call it Betty's Law. Betty's Law states that the speed of time, or reflected time, is directly proportional to the interest factor of any given class period, or

$$T = i$$

Now, in deriving an equation to apply Betty's Law, I have devised a linear scale to indicate the interest factor. On the scale, 0 constitutes equal amounts of interest and boredom, or, a normal apathetic state. To indicate maximum interest, or total involvement, I have selected +1. To indicate maximum disinterest, or total boredom, we shall use -1. The calibrations in between represent tenths, and varying degrees of either interest or boredom.



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The equation, which is reflected time is equal to the given time factor (amount of minutes in a class period) times the interest factor, looks like this:

$$T = g.t. \times i$$

In plugging in values, we can use total interest, or a +1 value, as  $i$ . If a class is 50 minutes long, that yields

$$T = 50 \text{ min.} \times 1 \text{ or}$$

$$T = 50$$

This means that time moves 50 times its "normal" speed. If you take the opposite extreme, or a super-boring class (at 50 minutes long), the equation works like this:

$$T = 50 \text{ min.} \times -1 \text{ or}$$

$$T = -50$$

or, time moves at 1/50 its normal rate. Plugging zero, or apathy, into the equation yields, for a 50 minute class.

$$T = 50 \text{ min.} \times 0 \text{ or}$$

$$T = 0$$

This means that time is moving at its normal, half-boring, half-interesting rate. Easy, eh?

Now, this is okay-you can actually see how fast time moves. But what's even better is the variation of Betty's Law, which looks like so:

$$T/g.t. = i$$

If you know have fast reflected time is moving, and the length of the class period, you can compute how interesting each of your classes are.

This formula eliminates guess work -- it is now possible to know how interested you are by presenting yourself with a numerical equivalent of your mental involvement.

Einstein just didn't take it far enough.

## New Classes Offered

The Physical Science-Mathematics Department is offering the following special courses for the 1972-73 spring semester:

**Introduction to Astronomy 123:** A special science course designed to acquaint liberal arts students with the general concepts and techniques of astronomy. The museum planetarium will be used for demonstrations. 3 sem. hrs.

**Chemistry 101:** Provides an introductory chemistry background for students having little or no chemistry. 3 sem. hrs.

**Chemistry Lab 103:** May be elected concurrently with Chem 101 and considers analytical techniques of environmental chemistry. 1 sem. hr.

**Fortran 220:** Students learn the FOR-TRAN programming language and applications. Projects related to a student's major field of study are encouraged. The college's NCR Century 50 computer is available to run student programs. 3 sem. hrs.

**Science and Society 235:** A course designed for liberal arts students which explores current issues resulting from the interrelationships existing between science, society, technology and the environment. 3 sem. hrs.

**Statistics 223:** A course designed to meet statistics requirements in business and mathematics programs. Surveys and hypothesis testing are among the topics treated in the course. 4 sem. hrs.

For specific course descriptions and prerequisites consult the College Catalog. Questions may be directed to any member of the Physical Science - Mathematics Department.

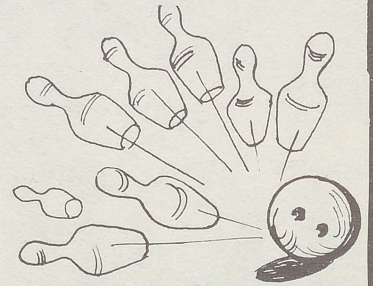
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## LACK of FUNDS ?

There is no reason why any student at ACC should drop out of school because of a lack of funds.

Alpena Community College has, for several years, been in a position to award scholarship monies from various sources to students at the college.

Any student wishing to obtain a scholarship must fill out a Parents' Confidential Statement (PCS) and an Application for Financial Aid, which are available either at the college or at surrounding high schools. These forms must be turned in to the Director of Financial Aid, Mr. Rick Counsellor. Mr. Counsellor prepares the records of the applicants and turns them over to the ACC Scholarship Committee.

This committee, consisting of Mr. Richard Matteson (chairman), Mrs. Shirley Valli, Mr. William Yule, and Mr. Tom Leach, reviews the applications and awards the monies according to need, scholastic ability, and the specifications of the individual scholarship.

"The committee would welcome applicants for the second semester who feel that they have a need and have achieved an academic level which is commensurate with academic excellence." Mr. Matteson stated.

It was also indicated that anyone filling out an application for a scholarship should do it with the assistance of a counselor, so as to assure that the true need of the student be reflected.

A list of scholarships currently being offered at ACC are listed in the college catalog.

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## It's Dancing Time

An event is coming up which will give ACC students and their guests an opportunity to lay aside their jeans and dress up for a change!

The Snowball, a semi-formal dinner-dance, will be held Friday, December 8 at the Kentucky Inn. Cost is minimal -- only \$5.00 per couple -- for an entire evening of eating and dancing!

Music will be provided by a live band; couples may dance from 9:00 until 1:00 a.m. A smorgasbord-type dinner will be served at 10:30.

Tickets for the event may be bought in the Business Office, or from Golden Z club members.

Last year's Snowball, also held at the Kentucky Inn, was attended by 120 ACC students and guests.

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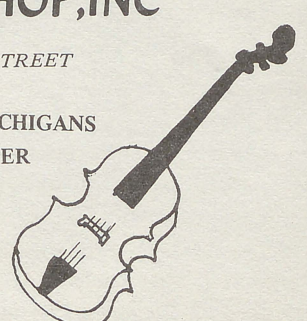
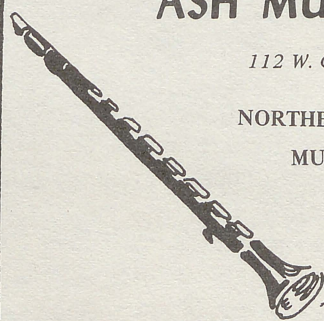
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# POLEMIC

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 emptyness. 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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## Sacred Ground on Campus

Ever walk into an instructors' office? There are two distinctly different worlds that exist within those four walls.

If the instructor is in there is a feeling of omnivorous omnipotence which automatically places a student on the defensive (often for good reason). Your fleeting glances seldom retain any impression of the physical properties of the room. Your mind goes blank as you reach out to get an answer to your questions; or worse, what little confidence you did possess shatters audibly as you stutter to answer "His" questions.

As you leave the office a shudder of relief pours over you, even as mass confusion sets in. "I'm glad that's over, what was it he said about the test? Did I really see a Buddha in there?" You often wonder if the instructor is back there leaning over his desk chortling over your loss of composure.

The student is almost always filled with apprehension when entering an empty office. What are the penalties for trespassing on sacred ground? The pros and cons are racing through your mind as you turn the door knob--it's open! You enter cautiously, seeing for the first time the sheer order or disorder of the room. The first thing to loom in your eyesight is the collection of books, on the shelves, on the desk, and even in the corners on the floor. Is it really possible that one person uses all these musty volumes, only a few of which seem to be tattered and frayed from frequent use?

The desk, with its' papers strewn to the four corners or in such neat piles (you wonder if surgical gloves are a pre-requisite to moving them) stands aside in its regal splendor, or shambles. The chairs take on their ordinary appearance. No longer are you approaching the throne, judge's bench or pulpit; and sitting on the "stool" being scrutinized by these superiors.

The offices do, indeed, take on a completely different appearance with their posters, pictures, and coats of arms. These four walls with their calendars, files, ashtrays, and paperclips, are often fascinating. Take a good look sometime, but check with the instructor first.

## Another Required Class

Welcome to Broadway Productions 101. Here we are at Alpena Community College. It's the first day of classes for the fall semester. Ten disgruntled students, not quite ready to give up the idea of summer vacation, and one crisp and excited freshman, who can't wait to start her college career, patiently await the arrival of Mr. Dusseldorf, their instructor. While waiting, one young gentleman lights up a cigarette and disgustedly blows the smoke at a sign saying, "No Smoking, By Order of the Alpena Womens' Club." All of a sudden, the room is filled with the "Big Swing Music of the Forties," and in dances Mr. Dusseldorf. While dancing across the room, he proceeds to move the desk in perfect beat to the sounds of Tommy Dorshey. He then tap dances over to the gentleman with the cigarette, grabs it and drops it on the floor and does a flamenco on top of it. Then, in a rather high-pitched and flowery voice, he says, "Good morning students, and welcome to Broadway Productions 101. I am Dr. Dusseldorf, your instructor. I suppose, now that you have met me, you want to drop this class. Well, just forget it, you silly creatures, because Broadway

Productions 101 has just been added to the list of classes required for graduation. You may pick up your tap shoes in Room 111A, and I'll see you all on Wednesday. And, oh yes, attendance is mandatory. Failure to appear for one class constitutes a failure of the entire course." And out dances Mr. Dusseldorf.



Haynie—Louisville Courier-Journal  
'So why shouldn't I do my thing? Lord knows, I've already done yours'

## Different Worlds

New books, clothes hot from the latest line at the fashion shops, lunchbag in hand, the sound of a bus motor, and you're off . . . high school has begun! Happily, you greet your old friends and exchange your adventurous summer. As you near the school building upon leaving the bus, the familiar sound of the school bell tells you to rush to your classroom. With an apprehensive eye and a hopeful smile, you make your way through the crowded halls to your seat. The room is full of noise and excitement, and you begin to take note of its appearance. The freshly-waxed floors and orderly rows of seats spell discipline, and seem to set you in a courteous mood. Upon the walls of the room stand the pictures that the teacher has carefully placed for your learning advantage, which will eventually hold meaning for you in the classroom. As the teacher distributes the books you will use for your school year, you begin to notice her neat appearance, and that of your friends around you. Because of the well-dressed people that surround you, you begin to feel happy that you took extra time to put on your nicest shoes. As the day progresses, and lunchtime draws near, you feel extra happy that you packed two sandwiches in your lunchsack instead of one. While munching your lunch, you feel this is going to be a good school year; yet you wonder how big sister is doing at college, and soon you begin to feel envious . . . College must be such a neat place, you think.

At College, big sister drives to the college she will be attending. She proceeds over the two-mile drive to the college, and she wonders whether or not the empty gas tank will make it back home again. At the college campus, she proceeds to the bookstore where she exchanges her hard-earned work money for school books. After paying all her college fees, she checks her wallet to see if she can afford to eat lunch that day, and then decides that it would be a prime time to consider a diet.

After arriving ten minutes late to her first class, she realizes that she must remember to wear her watch tomorrow. Upon entering the classroom, she is greeted by disarranged seats and jean-clad classmates. Numerous ashtrays are scattered throughout the room, and hazy clouds of smoke layer the air. The once-waxed floor is now scattered with carelessly-placed papercups and cigarette butts, which seem to be unimportant to the mood of the classroom. The empty white brick walls spell out nothing in her mind, and the "cold air" of the strange students around her presents itself immediately. No familiar faces seem to be in sight under the blinking light of the classroom. This was surely going to be a challenging year; but remember, "You are lucky," she repeated to herself . . . "You're in college!"

## MISERY IS ...

The pressures of college students are many, but the day-to-day miseries of life on campus are of the most important. They sometimes determine whether that day or the week is going to be a satisfying one, or whether you should have stayed in bed. In any event, it may be beneficial if more people were made aware of some of them. Here are some of the more general ones:

### What is Student Misery?

- Misery is . . . having to scrape the mayonnaise off the sandwich you just bought from the Student Lounge.
- Misery is . . . an eight o'clock class.
- Misery is . . . watching your car being towed away from the Faculty Parking lot.
- Misery is . . . never having a "Snow Day".
- Misery is . . . never having any of your classes canceled.
- Misery is . . . being out-numbered by the opposite sex in a class.
- Misery is . . . an instructor who takes roll.
- Misery is . . . not knowing what the inside of "Faculty Toilets" looks like.
- Misery is . . . having a canceled class after you just drove through a snow storm for 15 miles to make it.
- Misery is . . . finding out that the class you thought would be a "breeze" . . . isn't.
- Misery is . . . breaking in new instructors.
- Misery is . . . getting straight C's.
- Misery is . . . a closet-full of "nice pants" your mother bought you, and only two pairs of faded blue-jeans.
- Misery is . . . not having any blue-jeans.
- Misery is . . . saying "ain't" while having a college-level talk with your English instructor.
- Misery is . . . a new pair of shoes or sneakers.
- Misery is . . . switching from Business to Liberal Arts to find yourself .....and finding you're a "Capitalist Pig."
- Misery is . . . a beautiful Spring or Fall day.....outside.
- Misery is . . . not experiencing any of the above .....because HAPPINESS is a degree .....