

EDITORIAL

Students need more spirit

When people think of homecoming, they usually think of a dance, a spirit week, a homecoming court and a pep rally or tailgate party.

ACC has the dance and the homecoming court, but we don't have any of the other activities. Even big universities have a spirit week.

ACC's Student Senate puts on the homecoming dance and organizes the homecoming court. Along with these events, they should add a spirit week. Another idea for the homecoming festivities could be a pep rally and tailgate party mixed together. This could be arranged for the night before with all ACC students invited along with the Lumberjack basketball teams and coaches.

ACC's Dance/Cheer Team could also be on hand to celebrate the upcoming game and to participate in the activities of a spirit week.

Also, part of the job is the responsibility of the basketball players. They should be out encouraging others to come to their games and support them. Students get in free to these and they can sit with their friends and visit while cheering on the Lumberjacks.

These are some of our ideas. If you have any others, please let us know. Put these ideas in the Ask Lumberjack boxes that are located around the campus.

The bottom line is that ACC students must assume the responsibility for the homecoming activities and increasing the level of student participation in these activities.

Calling all writers

By Colleen G. Steinman
Polemic Advisor

Welcome to the Polemic's new editorial page. The editorial page provides an outlet for students and staff who have something to say.

It's place for people to talk about issues that affect ACC's campus community. Our intent is not to be controversial just for controversy's sake. Nor is it to be argumentative just to argue. Instead, we want this page to be a place where people can express a view, tell a story and share some of life's more interesting experiences.

Each issue will feature an editorial focusing on a campus-related issue. The page will include a variety of columns written by staff writers, the regular feature of Lumberjack Voices and, if there's interest, letters to the editor, point of view columns and editorial cartoons.

For this issue, Kelly Smith, director of LSSU's Alpena regional campus, shares a fishing tale from her soon-to-be-published book.

I encourage students and staff to submit pieces that are concise, well-written and relevant to Polemic readers. If instructors find a particularly interesting and well-written student essay, please encourage the student to submit the piece for consideration.

All pieces must be signed and include a telephone number for verification.

The editorial staff does reserve the right to reject material and edit for space considerations.

If you have an idea for an article or a question about submitting something for publication, please stop into the Polemic at 106 BTC or call me at ext. 264.

The Polemic Contributors

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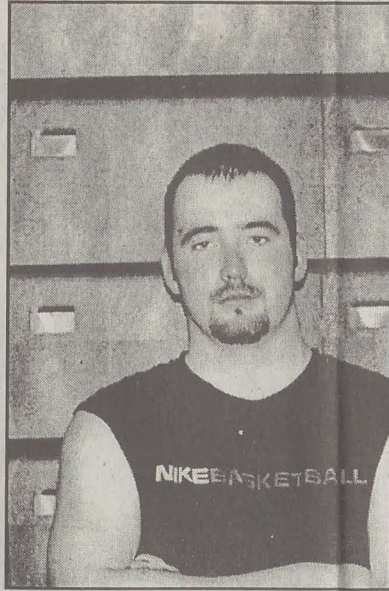
Advisor

Colleen Steinman

The Polemic is published on the first Tuesday of every month during fall and spring semesters and distributed free. Opinions expressed are strictly those of the writers. The Polemic welcomes all signed contributions, but we reserve the right to edit or reject material. Questions, concerns or contributions can be dropped off at The Polemic at 106 Besser Technical Center or call us at 356-9021, Ext. 264. Mail correspondence to: The Polemic, ACC, 666 Johnson St., Alpena, MI 49707.

Lumberjack Voices . . .

What are you doing for
mid-semester break?



Matt Indish

"Going to Tennessee to do some white water rafting, rock climbing and camping over night in a cave I'm planning to explore."



Jessica Wilcox

"Watching my son."



Mitchell Valentine

"Spending time with my family back home."



Emily Bruski

"Visiting the Canary Islands or the Virgin Islands."

No fish license costs \$45; teaches a lesson in integrity

The following is an excerpt from the upcoming book "Fishing Tales" by Kelly Smith, director of the LSSU-Alpena Regional Site. Her book, a collection of short essays based on her fishing adventures and misadventures in northern Michigan, is nearing completion. It has been accepted by a publisher and will appear on bookshelves for the holiday season at the end of the year.

By Kelly Smith
Contributing Writer

I keep my fishing license in an orange hunting license holder prominently pinned to my fishing belt. Ern makes me do this for verification purposes. Now you'll read the rest of the story.

It was mid-May of 1997. Pretty much the start of the fishing season for that year. Ern had been out a couple of times already. See, he gets "fishing withdrawals" come mid-April just as the last of the ice melts off the Michigan waters. I had reminded myself several times that I needed to buy my fishing license. I was going to stop one day after work to get it, but I remembered that I didn't have enough money on me to buy a license. I figured I'd buy it the next day (Saturday) because my paycheck was due to arrive in the mail.

It's early Saturday morning and Miss Lizzie calls me to see if I want to fishing with Ern. I get so excited - time to go fishing again - fishing time is here! I roll out of bed and get dressed quickly since Ern will be here in 10 minutes. I wash my face, brush my teeth, throw my hair in a ponytail, and I'm ready to go fishing - fishing time is here!

We set off, straight out of the harbor. It was sunrise. There's nothing quite like being on Lake Huron and watching the sunrise. It my favorite time to be out fishing. I still stare in wonder as I watch the dark night turn gray, then pink, then orange, and then light. I noticed there aren't too many boats out and I ask Ern about it. He says that for some people it is still too cold or they haven't got their boats ready

yet. Ern sets his autopilot to where he has caught fish earlier that week. So, we're out in the middle of Lake Huron with no boats in sight. We've landed a few nice ones, fish are hitting pretty steady, and the weather has warmed a little since this morning. Time to get out the boiled eggs for a morning snack!

As Ern gets the eggs from the cooler, I notice a little dot on the water far away from us. As I kept an eye on it, the dot turned into a boat. As the boat came closer, I noticed a symbol on the side of it. I said to Ern, "That's not a DNR boat is it?" Ern told me it could be and went back to eating his snack. I asked Ern if they ever stopped and he said, "Nope, they usually spot it's me and wave as they go by." Just then a pole goes up and Ern yells at me to get it. Meanwhile, ever since I saw that symbol on that boat, my hands started sweating and my heart started thumping in my ears. Ern can't figure out why I'm not pouncing toward the pole as I usually am, especially when we hear the ZZZZiinngg! The boat backs off until Ern lands a 15-pound salmon. I was hoping they were turning, going back to where they came from - not a chance!

It takes Ernie a good fifteen minutes to land the fish. Throughout this time, I have a lot of time to think - to think about how I'm going to get caught without a fishing license! See, that's why my hands were sweating and my heart was beating in my ears. I don't know if I was more scared of the DNR fine or having Ern mad at me and kicking me off the boat for the season. As I think back on it, I was more afraid of getting kicked off the boat for the season.

Now Ern prides himself of being in complete compliance with all DNR regulations. As the DNR boat drew near after Ern's catch, Ern said to me, "You do have your fishing license don't you?" Now what do you say? So I told a little white lie and said I couldn't find it because I was in a big hurry this morning. You see, I was going to feed that line to the DNR officer and bat my big brown eyes (that's how I got

out of a speeding ticket in Massachusetts and it worked every time). The DNR boat drew within three feet. Ern gives them a cordial greeting and asks them if they want to board. "No," they said, "We're just doing some routine training of our new employee here but we'll check your fishing license." My heart sank. Ern piped up and said, "She left her license at home." Then the female trainee said, "We'll take her license to copy her Michigan ID and verify it when we get back at the office." Then she put a Tupperware container in the net for me to put my driver's license in.

I was still hoping that maybe they would forget to check my license and I wouldn't get in trouble with Ern. See, I told you trouble follows me everywhere! We're fishing in the middle of nowhere in Lake Huron, no other boats in sight, and the DNR happens to pay us a little visit. Not only that, but they stop Ern this time instead of waving and going right by - what luck! It was a long boat ride back to the harbor with me not saying much. I'm wondering how I'm going to break the news to Ern that I don't have a fishing license yet. I didn't mean to not have one, I just didn't have time to get one yet. I'm imagining the front page headline of the weekly local newspaper that prints just down the street from me: "Local gets fishing license revoked and \$45 fine for fishing without a license." Getting my fishing license revoked for the year would be a fate worse than death for me! So, I was very quiet on our way into the harbor. As we re-trailer the boat and headed for home, Ern says, "Now remember to get up the DNR office and show them your fishing license before my name is mud!"

I go into the house not so excited about the catch we had that day. I wasn't expecting to get "caught" by the DNR and I did have good intentions of buying my fishing license. I felt bad and I wondered what to do. If Ern finds out from someone else that I was fined, he'd never speak to me, never mind let me back on the boat. And remember, this is a small town, everybody knows every-

body. I mull this over for about an hour then I head out the back door to Ern's house with as much courage as I could muster. (Maybe I should have thought to do the "girl" thing and cry, but that didn't cross my mind.) Ern's done eating lunch and I see him in the back yard. "You take care of that?" he asked. I look down at my shoes and say, "Well Ern, you're probably going to kick me off the boat, but I don't have a fishing license and I'm sorry I lied to you." Silence....then more silence.... (at this point I was squirming in my shoes).

"I didn't think you had your license; you're not a very good liar," Ern said. I told him it worked all the time in getting

myself out of speeding tickets in Massachusetts. I could see a laugh starting to come from Ern but he held it in good. "Am I kicked off the boat?" to which he replied, "I'll think about it, but next time I better see your license before you board the boat." My fishing adventure was the talk of the town for a week. And when the local newspaper came out I checked to see if a mug shot of me was in it. It wasn't, but I was sweating it!

Well, 10 days or so went by before I got another call from Ern. I showed up with my "proof of verification" which was my fishing license. I had placed it in one of those orange hunting license holders and pinned it to my back belt loop on my shorts. Ern saw it and grinned. He asked me how much I was fined. I told him \$45 but that it was OK since we had enough fish in the cooler that day to be worth it. I asked Ern if he was still mad at me and he asked if I learned my lesson. I said, "Ya, that thing with batting my big brown eyes doesn't work anymore!"

"Don't be smart!" he said. "Throw the rope in a let's get going before I leave you there." Even now, two years later, Ern will nudge me each time we see the DNR and say, "Hey Kelly, there's your friend." So it looks like I've made friends with the DNR while learning a lesson in integrity as well.

