2:30 A.M., ACC PARKING LOT, WINTER...

Ga-can w-we get th-the driveway p-p-plowed?

Ha-have c-classes t-today?

Ca-can w-we get th-the driveway p-p-plowed?

H-the FI-Flare gu-gun!

Students speak: What is your opinion of the present ACC snow policy?



SALLY WONG - I wish ACC's snow procedure was a little more uniformed or aligned with Alpena Public School's policy. When our campus opens and the public schools close, it creates problems for me as a parent.



LUKE KROLL - I think on the days that it snows a lot, school should either be cancelled or delayed because lots of students have to drive a long ways, and the plows usually aren't out early enough.



JOYEL HYVARINEN - Since ACC doesn't have dorms, whoever makes the snow policy decision should take into consideration the students that have to travel long distances in the rotten weather.

EDITOR JACKIE SKALUBA

ASST. EDITOR LISA SUSZEK

ADVERTISING KAREN MASON LORI PAHLKOTTER

PHOTOGRAPHER LORI BELANGER

CARTOONIST KYLE KIELISZEWSKI

STAFF

Rich Spicer Vicki Vandyke
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Darin Hite Traci Manning
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on the Lighter Side by Darin Hite

Darin's obscure perspective

Ahab was on a quest to find the great white whale, Moby Dick; Moses was, by divine direction, on a journey to receive the ten commandments. Indiana Jones battled many adversities to find his treasures and I, like Ahab, Moses and Dr. Jones, am also on a quest. Mine is for education.

I awoke this morning to discover that above, around and beneath me, trying to destroy me, an evil wind blows (by chance) the breath of a demon. The Hitler of snowstorms has besmirched the countryside and it is my job as an ACC student to blaze an "Oregon Trail" of sorts from Oscoda to Alpena so my fellow students may follow in my swerving tracks to Northeast Michigan's educational gold rush, Alpena Community College.

On my 50 mile trip from Oscoda to Alpena, I have travelled 30 miles. My vessel, a 1973 pea green Pinto wagon, has sustained minimal damage as of yet.

Then, in a majestic, white flash, delivered with no more subtlety than someone screaming in your ear, a great white yeti literally catapulted itself at me releasing its enormous haunches and with a blood curdling shriek, much like a banshee, swallowed my auto in a snow bound hell -- a hell only few men can withstand.

I'm out now, plotting my course through the everflowing waves of snow, exploding through gargantuan heaving drifts - - "because out here the road is where you make it."

As I drive along, a heavy nervousness befalls me. As I glance into the windows of the houses around me, I observe what seems to be hundreds of lifeless bodies silhouetted against the curtains peering at me, their eyes all burning with one question, Who is this pagan forging through our serene beautyscape?"

I notice a landmark 45th parallel sign peeking through the frozen crust of this arctic tundra that has taken over our land. When I set sight on the sign, a thought enters and begins to turn over in my mind; "Who is this nameless person, knife in hand, scribing in blood the decree stating that my chosen institution must breathe life today of all days -- the day hell froze over! Is it Jim Atlas or Jack Lalane -- original tough guys -- men who could withstand any punishment or physical torture? or is it "the nerd" our parents picked on in school who now has the authority to "get them back" by killing off their children - us - in snow related deaths? Maybe it is someone of the woodstock generation who is too tripped out to see the snow because "Whoa, Dude, Far out! Everything is melting, man. Groovy!"

Well, I've reached ACC and am seated in my half empty class. Today I am the lucky one. I am the Moses who has received the ten commandments. I am the Indiana Jones who escaped dangers on every side finally reaching my treasure. I was the lucky one?... Nah -- I was crazy. I received and was driven by a law written by a blind man!

I am today an outcast from safety. I am, on this blusterous snow laden day, living in exile from the traditional snow policy I so trusted for years.

I am the explorer, I am in exile, I am an outcast, I am an Alpena Community College student on a highway alone being swallowed by the snow. I am, and you may call me, -- Ishmael.

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