Editorial



CHRIS A. OPOSNOW Art Editor

Chick tracks are litter. Chick tracks are Christian comics by Jack Chick. You can find them almost anywhere, but you will not find them in stores or comic shops. People leave them lying around for

others to stumble upon.

Chick Pollutes Towns with Propaganda

phone booths, in colleges, or in public bathrooms. The basic theme of a Chick track is unless you are Christian and accept Jesus Christ as your lord and savor you are a bad person and are going to burn in hell. Even then if the person is Catholic, Jehovah's Witnesses, or Mormon they are still going to hell.

China used the mass distribution of cartoon booklets as Communist are doing the same thing. Jack Chick got the idea when Bob Hammond, a missionary broadcaster of The Voice of China and Asia, told him how successful the Communist comics were in winning people over. He felt he could use this propaganda technique to win multitudes to the Lord Jesus Christ even though he despises communism.

An example of his propaganda can be found in

They might be found in propaganda. Chick tracks any track. In Sin City, you People are always accusing find a person protesting a gay pride parade is beaten by police officers as a camera crew turns away. Later, the guy wakes up in the hospital and is charged with a hate crime. This would never happen for a person who was just holding a sign. The reader is supposed to sympathize with this guy because of reverse discrimination.

> Chick constantly has to defend himself.

him of being a bigot. Unlike bigots who hate the people they discriminate against, Chick defends what he says with the fact that he does it because he loves them.

I believe in the first amendment. Chick has the right to tell people whatever he wants, no mater how distorted it is. But the people littering, putting this trash anywhere they feel is convenient for them should be called out.

TheLumberiach interested in what you think, so please drop us a line.



The winner: tacos! They are cheaper, taste better, and are a little bit healthier. I would have written more, but I was too hungry for tacos after reading this. Ciao!

Showdo The Final

ERIC BENAC

Features Editor

Man, I could go for some pizza right now. Or, maybe tacos would be better. The struggle is never ending. Which is the perfect food: tacos or pizza? They are my two favorite foods, but they are extremely unhealthy. Well, not really unhealthy because both contain protein, vegetables, and carbohydrates, among other things. But which is

the best?

generally many people's favorite food. I can understand why. The combination of cheese, sauce, vegetables and meat is flawless. I myself, if I haven't eaten anything else that day, can polish off half a large pizza. I am a meat pizza lover. I love bacon, ham, pepperoni, or anything that is meat. I particularly like getting pepperoni and bacon,

with double cheese, and The pizza is then I spread bacon bits and parmesan cheese over top. It's so good, I almost weep with joy. One small problem: the grease and fat and calories in bacon and pepperoni cancel out any health I could have gotten from the crust, cheese, and sauce.

> Tacos are amazing. Even with some slightly seasoned hamburger, and a bit of cheese placed on a

hard or soft shell, tacos are good enough to send me to cloud nine. I prefer placing the hamburger on a hard shell, spreading cheese lightly on top, and then wrapping it up in a soft shell. This holds the hard shell together, and gives it that extra flavor offered by a soft shell. And they are healthier than pizza, though not much.

In the taste test, I

Nanette Rousseau Contributing Writer

Life can be full of negative things that can drag you down. This is when we need to put on our rose-colored glasses and think of things that make us smile. Think of things that make us feel warm inside. Here are some things that remind me that I am alive and that my life is full of many joys:

you're by taco bell and pizza

hut, which do you go in?

Unless you hate tacos, you

go into taco bell because it's

fast and cheap. Pizza is also

more of a social food. This

is why it's almost always

eaten at parties.

The sweet smell of leaves in the fall and the sound of them crunching under my feet.

The silence during a church service on Sunday, giving me time to reflect and meditate. Remembering how my father used to roughhouse with my son and

my son begging for him to stop but not really meaning it. Smelling a home cooked meal. Listening to the sweet, cherub voices of a children's choir.

Having a lengthy discussion with my husband on a topic that interests both of us. Schussing down a ski hill with the cool wind blowing past my

face and the sound of fast snow beneath my skis. A Sunday afternoon with no plans. The feeling of relief and relaxation when returning home after a

hectic day. Going to church on a snowy Christmas Eve with my family and

singing "Silent Night" by glimmering candlelight. Finally finding an engrossing novel and having unlimited time to enjoy it.

Discovering great bargains on things that I expected to pay full price on.

Warm gooey chocolate chip cookies. Watching my beautiful daughter dance during her recital and feeling so proud of her that tears come to my eyes. Exploring a city that I have never been to before.

Waking up in the morning and watching the sunrise over a glassy, peaceful lake.

Coming inside on a cold winter day after a thrilling day of sledding and sharing steaming hot cocoa and marshmallows with my children.

Helping friends.

Having a man in my life that is a loving husband and a super father.

Working with young children that love to have fun and get lost in the game of pretend.

Listening to reggae music and the tinning steel drums on a sweltering hot summer day.

Watching my son play baseball and seeing him slam the ball into the outfield.

Children's laughter. Long phone conversations with a good friend and no children

home to interrupt us. Going to a huge mall and shopping with my mother until I can no longer walk and I feel like I am going to drop.

Seeing and smelling the woods awaken in the spring after a long grueling winter. Quieting down in the evening and reading my children their

favorite bedtime stories. Hearing my family say, "I love you".

this delicate the little The Lumberjack Contributors

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