

Editorial Page

Over sixty years have passed since the United States first set aside a day to commemorate the ending the "war to end all wars". That phrase was coined in the naming of Armistice Day at the end of World War I, proclaiming an observance of peace for the generations to come. Somewhere along the line it became Veteran's Day and the original ideals were lost. Rather than being a day observing peace, it became a day honoring a consequence of war—Death.

Since the ending of World War I, thousands of Americans have died in foreign wars in behalf of their personal convictions or their government's. It's a shame that a day originally set aside for the remembrance of peace is now a grim reminder of their loss, as if a single day could contain the anguish and fear.

In these days of open defense windows, missile gaps, and other "saber rattlings", the original precepts of Armistice/Veteran's Day should be honored. Let us remember those who have died in an attempt to attain peace.

NOTICE TO ALL VERY HUNGRY (READ : GREEDY) PERSONS WHO LOOK FORWARD TO EACH ISSUE IN HOPES OF FINDING A FOOD COUPON. FOR SOME REASON OUR INCLUSION OF A FOOD COUPON SEEMS TO GIVE YOU THE RIGHT TO TAKE TEN TO THIRTY OF THEM, THE MAJORITY OF WHICH ARE NEVER USED. THIS DEPRIVES ANOTHER READER OF BOTH THE OPPORTUNITY TO USE IT AND THE CHANCE TO FINISH READING AN ARTICLE (WE HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO PROVIDE ARTICLES WITH OUR ADVERTISING). SO NEXT TIME YOU SEE A 'freebie' OFFER IN OUR PAPER' STOP AND THINK ABOUT THE OTHER PEOPLE IT'S INTENDED FOR! THANK YOU

CAMPUS UPDATE STAFF

Dear Editor;

No one likes people who have a "holier than thou" attitude. While the vast majority of ACC's employees are very helpful and pleasant to the students, there are a few employees who are rude and display a deplorable attitude of superiority over students.

People in the position of giving advice to the students are under a moral obligation to render this aid amicably. These employees were hired for their skill and expertise. Therefore, they should display the professionalism they claim. They should adhere to the basic laws of courtesy, self control in any situation, and the customer (in this case, the student) is first, last, and always.

Maybe I assumed wrong, but I always believed that any employee of a public institution was hired to help that public.

If a student picks a bad time to ask advice, that employee should explain politely that it is a bad time. The student could come back later or have another employee try to help. By being rude, it only leaves a negative attitude toward that employee, and the college.

If my tuition and tax money is helping to support the salaries of these employees, I certainly would like to receive my money's worth.

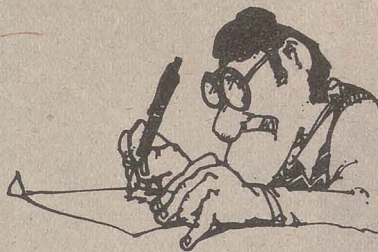
Thank you,

(Name withheld by request)

Oops!

In the last issue of the paper we printed in the women's basketball story that Julie Waldie was out most of last season with injuries. The player was Judy Worm NOT Julie Waldie! Sorry Julie! Glad to see you're healthy!

STAFF



MANIFESTATIONS OF A FRESHMAN

by Joel Reeves

The people who live at the dormitory are all an important part of our college, but how many of us have actually taken time to visit the dorm? How many of us really know what goes on inside its doors?

I must admit I didn't care what happened there, until a short time ago when an ex-basketball player and good friend of mine, Shorty Sloane, aroused my attention. I might also add that there was a girl over at the dorm who aroused my attention even more. Anyway, Shorty, who had been staying at the dorm, told me that only a few days ago, he and the other students living at the dorm had been assaulted and thrown out of their rooms by Palestinian guerillas.

Though I hate to say it, Shorty has been known to exaggerate at times, and so I was a bit skeptical when I heard his story. Naturally I had to check it out.

Assuming the guise of an interior decorator I walked up to the front entrance of the dorm where I was accosted by two guards, who looked like sumo wrestlers. With trembling hands I withdrew a false ID from a pocket of my tight silk pants and gave it to one of the guards. He nodded and allowed me to pass through the door. No one ever said guards were bright, did they? I was just relieved that they hadn't forced me to get violent.

Once inside I decided to look around the first floor. I discovered that most of the regular students were hiding out here. Going from one door to the next I knocked, but the only response I received was either a blood curdling scream or a low drawn out groan. Interpreting this series of screams and groans to mean that everyone was suffering from an enormous hangover, I climbed the stairs to the second floor.

This is where things got sticky. The first door I knocked on was opened and a man stepped out, shutting the door tightly behind him. He pulled out a badge and

flashed it quickly in front of me. I thought I saw something like FBI or CIA on it. I get all those initials mixed up anyway.

"Gosh, golly gee, who's in there anyway?" I asked in my most innocent voice.

The agent looked around, kind of shifty-eyed like, and whispered, "Well, do you promise not to tell?"

Looking up at him with big round innocent eyes, I said, "Why no, I won't tell, (now would I?)

"It's Harry Lasagna, the Syndicate's poisoner. He's agreed to turn state's witness if we let him off for putting cyanide in the senior citizens' Halloween party punch."

"Is he in there now?"

"Well, no, actually he's down in the cafeteria helping out with this evening's supper."

"Oh."

I continued on down the hall and knocked on the next door.

"Jimmy Hoffa is not here, has never been here, never will be here, and never even considered coming here."

"Well, I guess there's no story here then."

I walked up to the next door and this time I decided to surprise the occupants by entering unannounced. I flung open the door and, gosh, I've never seen so many guns in my entire life, and they were all pointed at me.

"Vat do you want, you stlange little man? Dumkopf, don't you ever keep that door locked?"

"Sorry, wrong room." The mustache and insignia looked vaguely familiar, but who am I to intrude upon other people's hobbies.

I decided to give up on the second floor and headed for the flight of stairs leading up to the third floor. I passed a few men on the way and Shorty was right, they did look like Palestinian guerillas.

Well, I might as well tell you, I never did get to the third floor. They had all the doors bolted and locked. On the doors hung signs which said that the third floor was being remodeled. However, looking through a window in the door I spotted a shadowy figure flit from one room to another. I couldn't be sure, but he seemed to be reciting a speech. It went something like this: "I think I've paid long enough for other people's mistakes. Since I didn't get to complete my last term, I think I should be allowed to run again. And above all, I AM NOT A CROOK!"



CAMPUS UPDATE

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