

Volume XXI March 14, 1980 Issue 16

\mathbf{r}	The	 Stafff,	

I would like to thank the Staff for printing my brief article in last week's issue of the Ulast assume the publication was the Seminarian for it had no title.)

Howerver, I would like to raise some concerned questions to the stafff concerning some of their professional printing ethics. First, I concluded the article with the author as S, not S M Sanders. Who gave the stafff permission or authority to change that author? You have other individuals published in your paper with only initialed authorship don't you?

My second question concerns the brief notein parenthesis underneath my article which stated, (My dear friend, the battle has but begun). When I turned in my article the other week it was at first handed back to me by one of the stafff members with the words, 'I need your signature on this if you want it printed, we don't print anything that hasn't been signed.' This is a very noble and understandable ethic for your publication. My question is, who am I to assume added that short literary threat to me? Was it you the stafff of the or was it the author of the article underneath mine entitled. THE CRITIC? Do I see here an ethical system being adulterated to apply to only certain individuals?

I would like to conclude by stating that my article the other week was submitted in good faith with the understanding that you, the stafff, needed material and would handle all that you recieved, professionally. I did not mean to imply a verbal attack upon any indivdual of this institution. I was merely stating my opinion in my own way about the style of a lot of the poetry that I have seen published in your paper since I first arrived here last September. I find most of it imaginative and creative but rather over-worked and sensationalistic.

I must add that I was rather disappointed by the way you handled the article. It was the first time I had submitted anything to be printed. If this is the way you handle matters, perhaps that is a reason for the once six page ______ being reduced to a two page ______ Rather unprofessional wouldn't you say?

TMI PROTEST RALLY.

One year following the TMI accident it is apparent that things on the island are still a mess. The most recent witness This time of newness where lives abound to this fact was last week's venting of Krypton gasses during a 72-hour period.

If you are concerned that the people of hhis land should never again be exposed to such dangers, there is something you can do. On Saturday, March 29, there will be a mass rally at the plant. Nationally known speakers, musical groups, and tons of concerned citizens will combine to make this a conciousness raising event. national attention getting event.

Be a witness. Please be there!

John Schwartz

THE GIFTS OF SPRING

These dreary days I'm called to sing Glad praises for the hope of Spring This time of joy where God is Found

The budding trees, grass and flowers brought to life by April*s showers All are given through God's own love All are gifts from God above

The hope, the dream, the prayer of all Should be that we can all recall Our God creating and renewing us Our God deserving of our trust

Lon McShirley

FAURE'S REQUIEM

This work will be performed by an organ and string instruments accompanying a choir, directed by Luke Grubb of the music department of Millersville State College. This performance will take place Sunday March 23 at 10:30am at First Reformed Church UCC, East Orange Street. between Queen and Duke Streets.

All are welcomed to attend this event.

Fran Ringer

SOFTBALL PLAYERS

A sign up sheet will be posted by the mail boxes this week for all who are interested in playing the American past time.

> Jaime Uno Jim Korpik

RECYCLERS

To clarify the statement made in last weeks Seminarian, tim cans are acceptable but please remove the labels and flatten them (the cans).

THE PANTOMINE

A wisk of the hand a motion. A vision painted in thin air no emotion. The walk, a glide over dirt and dust No tears to shed for fear he'll rust But acting out the pentomine he's secure Like fool's gold, he'll shine yet impure. A smile he cocks his head but empty The jester of the heart he'11 beforever, till the game is done Yet fool he is, for No one's won.

R. Michael Vaughan

STAFF FOR THIS EDITION

Mr. and Mrs. Donald L. Mason. and R. Michael Vaughan.

NORT SPEWS

Nort's inside expert, I.M.A. Seer picks the final eight teams in the NCAA Basketball Tournament. "Clemson, Duke UCLA, and Purdue were my pre-season picks at the beginning of the season, to be four of the final eight.teams. The remaining four teams, I will predict on Saturday morning." Thanks I.

Campus notes:
The LTS swim team is undefeated.
The LTS volleyball team isn't.
This is Nort's cure for mid-March madness.

Step 1: Procrastinate above all other concerns, procrastination is of utmost priority in treatment of mid-March madness.

Step 2: If you are procrastinating well enough, you shouldn't have reached this statement yet. Keep procrastinating.

Step 3: Successful Prograttination should have you totally immobile until April Fools Day, when early April ague sets in.

NORT

Dee Joulste ohdeellee (oops)

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THE CONTINUEING ADVENTURES OF THE REV. SIDNEY SPELLING SUPER PASTOR CHAPTER FIVE

I was flabergasted. In all my days in the parish the one fear that I, even in my closeness to the Lord, still fell too was that of the local gossip finding a reason to start an immoral rumor about me. For even the greatest of us supermem could be reduced to unemployed Bible sellers by the twisted words of a snoop.

Panic griped me as the gossip's words sank in. I immediately recited the 23rd Psalm to myself and cautiously stood up. I forced a smile, (for even the under the accusers thumb, I must love him still) and responded as politely as my now terrified frame could muster.

"Why Mr. Jenson, a pleasure to see you aon such a bright and cheerful morn." I said, extending my hand for a welcome handshake.

"Cut the bull, Spelling, I am on to you. By noon today, your little secret will be all over the congregation!"

"Why Mr. Jenson, I don't know what you are referring to. Miss Honeypot and I are but friends. It is purely a business relationship."

"Aha. So you admit it. After all your business is LOVE, is it not." Mr. Jenson was at the level of rage. His breath came in quick strong gasps as he stomped at me. "Admit it, go on."

I feel back into my chair, watching my entire career go down the tubes over a frantic secretary's inability to deal with a crisis. But before I could respond, Mr. Jenson gasped a quick breath and clutching his chest fell to the floor in a moan. I immediately knew that the man was under the grips of a massive coronary. Leaping from my chair, I bent over the twisted frame of the man, begining Cardio-pulmonary-resusuitation while shrieking to Miss Honeypot to call an ambulance.

Will Mr. Jenson be saved? Is Sydney doomed to become a bible seller at the hands of a Gossip? Tune in next week, and see!