

Scott M. Sanders

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 to this fact was last week's venting of Krypton gasses during a 72-hour period.

If you are concerned that the people of this 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 consciousness 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 newness where lives abound
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, tin 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 pantomine
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'll be-
forever, 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 Procrastination should have you totally immobile until April Fools Day, when early April ague sets in.

NORT

Doodle Spot

Doodle

Doodle

Doodle

Dee double oh de elee (oops)



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

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

Panic gripped 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 on 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 fell 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, beginning Cardio-pulmonary-resuscitation 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!