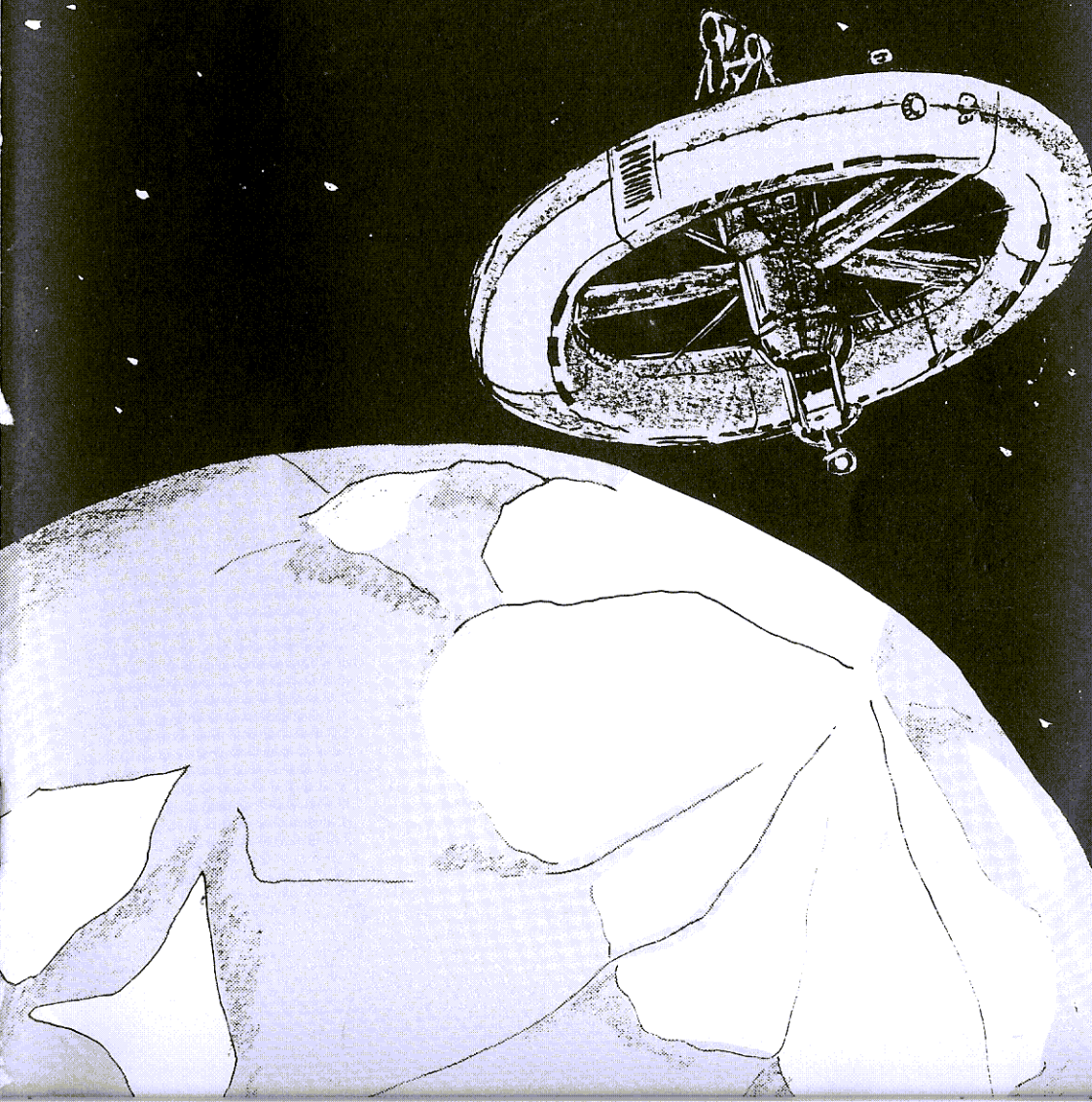




- Little German Band
- Chief Logan: Peace Warrior
- Galactic Settlement Expedition

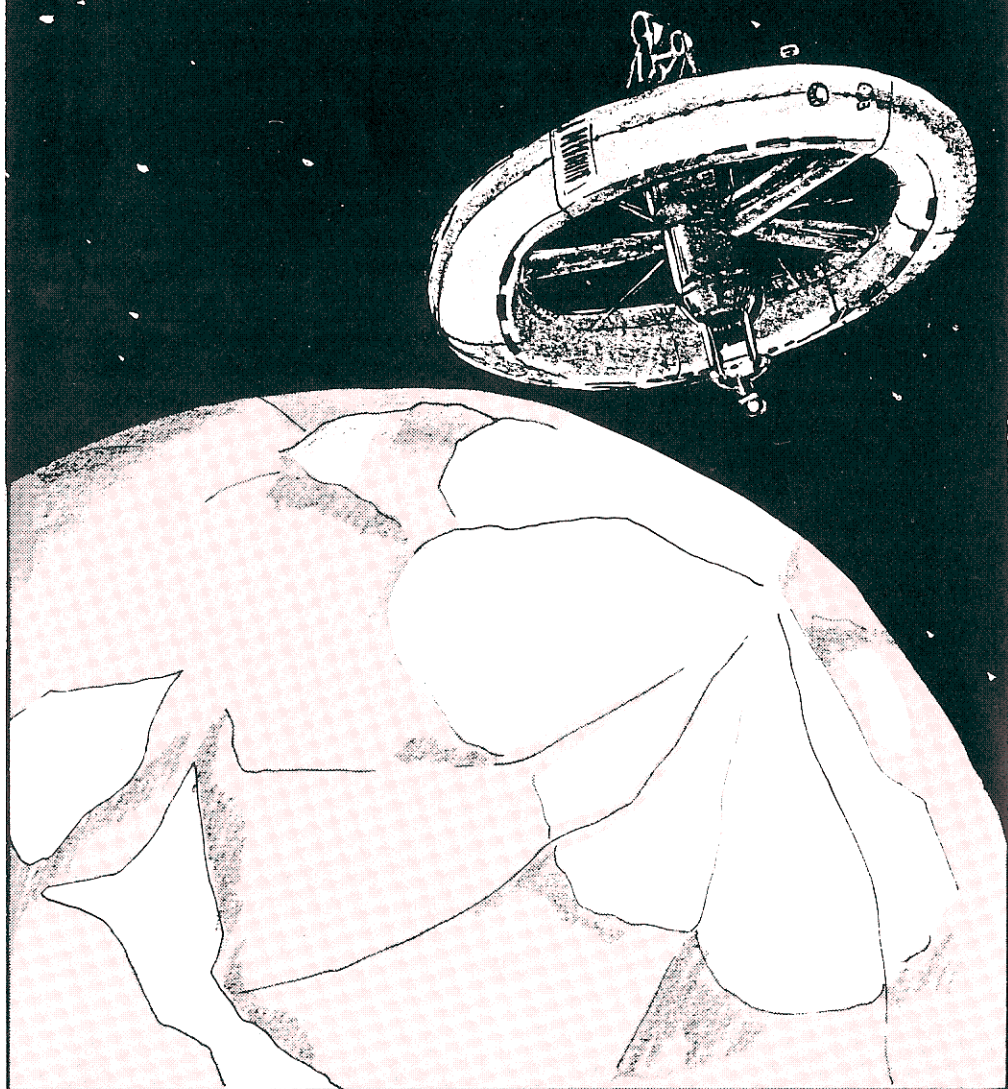
TOWN & GOWN NOVEMBER 1970

A FREE PUBLICATION • SHOPPING, DINING, PLACES & EVENTS IN AND NEAR STATE COLLEGE



GALACTIC SETTLEMENT EXPEDITION I

by Tony Stemberger



The French-named planet Compu Ter III slowly filled the viewports. From the smallest of obscure stars only days before, it was now assuming proportions that indeed indicated its massive nature. To the settlers, massed in lumps around viewports and waiting for the gravity-spin to give them a flowing glimpse of their next stop, it spoke of Home. Home, Security, Happiness — all of the things that the friendly planet-warmth of Earth had so long ago offered them. To the young born since the last unproductive planetfall light years ago, it was a myth come true: a blob of solid where plants might “grow” outside the enviroculture tanks, where “sun” and “sky” might provide a variable livability unlike the dependability and sameness they had always known, where gravity was constant and a standing man’s head would face the absolute void rather than the comfortably familiar patch of nothing at the hub of a Donut Starship.

Sixty-seven years of stoically borne boredom in space were coming to an end for Galactic Settlement Expedition I. Few of the Talented Undesirables originally sent out to extend the human domain beyond Sol and Federated Earth remained. The years and the eleven false stops on planets too cold/too large/too infested with strong alien viruses/too hot had taken their toll. Yet eleven false stops had not taught the space-weary community not to hope. This planet, Compu Ter III, would be New Earth, a home of men!

The landing had been smooth. The Donut Starship had come to rest on a large, level plain. To all sides the surface was covered with legions of small green fibers that tenuously hugged ground like so many of the pioneers wanted to. But space closure — that utter insulation of humans from “the outside” — held them in check, forced them to know their home before embracing it. Machines were outside at work. On “the inside” those who were neither trapped in fascination by their new work nor glued to viewports watched the Preliminary Data Screens (PDS).

On the PDS would flash the latest figures

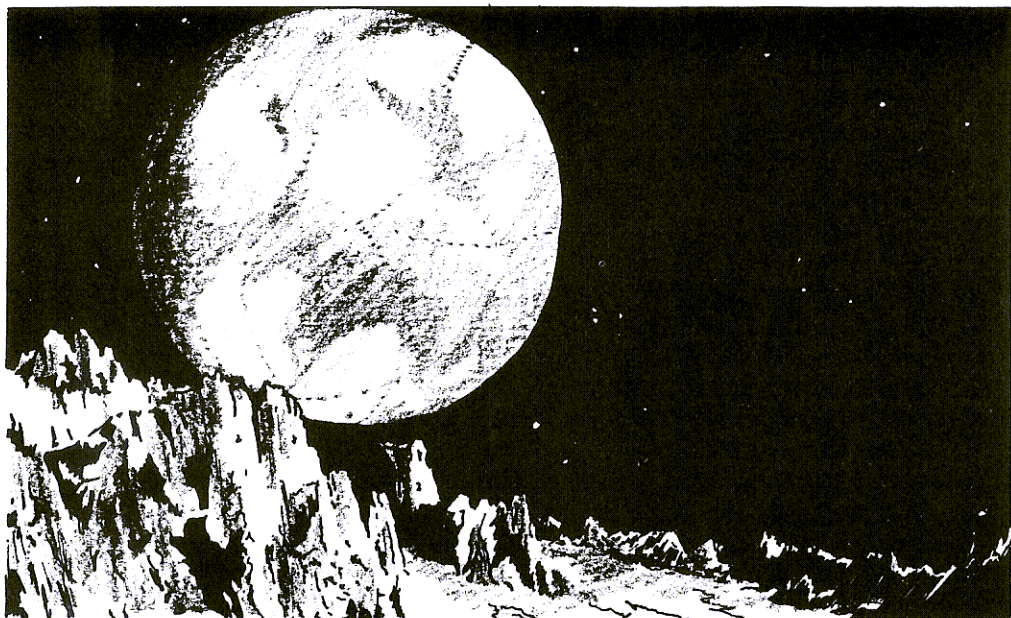
reported by the information gathering devices outside. Gravity — 0.943 Earth normal. Atmosphere — O₂, 21%; N₂, 58%; He, 05%, H₂O, 05%; O₃, 04%; H₂, 02%, others trace. Temperature — present, 20°C; average, 17°C. Sound level — 8.2. Life forms — identified, 74; compatibility rating 92%. Then it would start over again, adding any new data, updating any old.

Amid the activity of Landing Data Compilation and Correlation, the adjustment squad efficiently performed its duties. All persons were on Cembutal to reduce gravity reaction. The last remaining walking and working surfaces were being adjusted to face gravity’s pull. The curved surfaces most efficient in space were straightened by false bottoms. And, of course, children and oldsters were collected where their tremendous talents of getting-in-the-way and obstructing-necessary-business were being wasted.

In inner rooms like the restaurant lounge — where the feeble old (mostly not-quite-dead Talented Undesirables) were confined — the PDS was the only form of news. Most of the people in the room were clustered around it, but already the repetitive flashing figures had driven some to couches whose surrounding plastic palm fronds obscured the screen. There they were out of the way of their busy offspring. There no one was bothered by their sentimental tears, their cynical predictions of another failure, their endless ramblings of civilization Back Home.

* * *

It had been 93 hours since landing. In that four days everyone had gained confidence in his hopes. This was home! Earth organisms had proven to be compatible with 94% of 385 new life forms; gravity and temperature were livable; and the atmosphere was still eminently safe at five significant figures. Compared to the struggle that might have been expected, this was paradise! Even in the restaurant lounge the various attitudes had coalesced into one — a vibrant, happy expectation of success, magnified by a fond recollection of the way life had been on the planets



of Federated Earth. What better way to accept New Earth than to remember the old?

One of the far corners — as removed as possible from the movements of the PDS gazers — was a site of such recollections. The three old men there had rambled far afield in their discussion and were just now running out of remembrances in the general vein of ancestral connections with space. Then one of them realized just how important computers were to space travel, and so with a whole new topic up his sleeve he began peppering the conversation with phrases that naturally caused the topic to drift ever so gently to ancestral connections with computers. Then he had them.

Wasting no time on an introduction, he began.

"You know, back in the late twentieth century it seems that my lineal great-great-great-grandfather belonged to a very impor-

tant youth organization. This was before he had taken the first step in earning his great-great title, of course. From the thousands of times we've found it mentioned in his early papers, it's safe to assume that the official title was 'Explorer Post 385,' but he usually called it 'the Post' or '385'."

He hunched forward as if to tell a secret, and lowered his voice. The others were drawn closer. "Although it is unclear in his writings — and the family's certainly never had the money to document these, since they came before the federating wars — this seems to have been the pioneering organization in computers." He let the impact sink in before continuing. "And since we all know the value of computers to modern society, it's impossible to over-emphasize the important position my ancestor and 'the Post' occupied — top secret and all that sort of thing, you know."

Now he sat back, relaxing, speaking a

- Western and English tack and apparel
- Square-dance apparel

JODON'S TACK SHOP
Located at Jodon's Stables



Pizza Special!
AFTER 9 P.M. MON.-TUES.-WED.
Herlocher's Restaurant

little louder. "The group was evidently comprised of brilliant young individuals of both sexes. Obviously, the members were carefully chosen for their intellectual capacities — and probably social ones, too, since the old guy, the Advisor, seemed to like everybody in it."

He began to revel in their attentiveness. He relaxed further. "Once someone was definitely in, he underwent a rigorous computer instruction course, most likely being taken to the limits of the little knowledge the profession then possessed. Although my great-great-etcetera never mentioned it, I'm sure they had a psychological orientation set-up, too. They had an abnormally high *esprit de corps*." He paused for a drink. The other two waited for him to continue. He took another slow gulp.

He really didn't know much more. It was about time to bring it to a graceful close. They developed computers, I think; they trained the right people to use them; they turned out leaders for their world. And besides the necessary organizational activity, that seems to be all they ever did.

"I wish I could have been there," he continued thoughtfully, "to live through the excitement and — yes — the unheralded glory of such a dedicated group." He stopped. They started to breathe. Indecently, he started again.

"Oh! They had a motto . . ."

* * *


Outside the resting Donut Starship the activity was increasing in tempo. More machines crawled about, going farther, doing more, some of them at last carrying men.

About twenty feet beneath the surface of the green plain, in small steel tunnels of advanced design, thousands of small creatures scurried purposefully with their various materials. Authoritative small creatures directed the deposit of these materials where four days

Gravelly Tractor Sales and Service

Snow-blowers & blades • Snowmobiles

SALES
SITES
SERVICE



Penn State Mobile Homes
1766 N. Atherton 237-7780

Lobster

Crabs



Shrimp

Clams

for seafood lovers!

. . . and that's not all! You'll like our pizza, spaghetti, and sandwiches. Full bar service.

Post House **TAVERN**

146 N. Atherton Street



distinctive
gifts

TOM HORNER'S

Cock o' the Walk
IN THE MID-STATE BANK BUILDING

ago a tunnel had been enlarged. No sound reached the alien listening-machines above, no shock wave disturbed the sensitive seismographic devices. In quiet determination a very large bomb was being built. An intelligent race already inhabited Compu Ter III and it knew what it wanted. No intruders.

* * *

"It was really an awe inspiring motto. It was in Latin and was obviously overlaid with great symbolic meaning. It was on all their stationery, in all their records, most likely on all their tongues in times of stress or great need.

"It was always said with great dignity and even greater fervor. Like this." He sat up very straight and looked very dignified. "*Semper Fibi Fidelis*. Supposedly it made troubles go away."

* * *

One moment the small creatures were there. Individually and as a race, they were busy.

This was now a meeting-ground of intelligent races both struggling to control the same habitable planet. The one there longest was preparing a bloody doom for the unsuspecting newcomers. The outcome was never in question.

Then the next moment, the small beings just vanished, their tools and artifacts just crumbled to dust, all their tunnels just caved in. Over the surface of an entire world the ground settled slightly, burying forever even the tunnels an undiscovered civilization had occupied. The machines on the surface jiggled and the PDS flashed SEISMIC SHOCK MAGNITUDE 1.385.

* * *

"That sure was a good story," the taller and quicker of the two listeners volunteered. "In fact, it was too good to be heard only once in some seventy years."

"It was obviously a pack of lies," the other agreed.



1970 EXPLORER POST 385 MEMBERS

*Allshouse	Richard	Russell	Gwen
*Ammerman	Robert	Seeley	Leanne
Bryant	Rob	Seeley	Ralph
Busovne	Bernard	*Spoonier	David
Dorneman	Steve	Spoonier	John
Foderard	John	Stemberger	Joe
Frankl	Joe	Stemberger	Tony
*Hinger	Robert	Strother	Lesley
Holden	Craig	*Strother	Paul
Jensen	Curtis	*Sweitzer	Chris
Jones	Tom	Sweitzer	Joanne
Kovar	Laurel	*Timpe	Les
*Leibowitz	Mike	*Townsend	Eugene
Loewen	Mike	Townsend	Faustine
Murphey	Beth	Wheeler	Isabel
O'Hara	Stuart	Whitby	Bill
*Oyler	Greg	Whitby	Dave
Parko	Larry	Williams	Flora
*Pharo	Larry	Wilson	Steve
*Robison	John	Zelinsky	Hollis

(*Charter)

Advisor

Burnett Thomas

Committeemen

*Freed	Philip
*Leibowitz	Herschel
*Richers	Emil
Townsend	Stanley

Associate Advisors

DeLong	Byron
Gentry	Carol
Gentry	Steve
Rindone	Wayne
*Williams	Charles

Tony Stemberger, SCHS senior who wrote and contributed "Galactic Settlement Expedition I," has many talents, e.g. Literary: "Paw Print" columnist, literary editor of the "Little Lion" yearbook, publicity chairman of Explorer Post 385; Scholarship: Latin Award, NEDT certificate of merit, 1970 National Merit Scholarship semifinalist, delegate to National Youth Conference on the Atom; Activities: student government, reading extensively, growing strawberries. A son of Dr. and Mrs. Anthony P. Stemberger, Centre Ha.. RD 1, Tony will study political science in college.

photography
at its best



INFINITY PHOTOGRAPHY

140 W. Nittany Ave. • 238-0583



CHARCO-BROILED HAMBURGERS

Hardee's

215 S. Atherton St. • Parking

* * *

The real Explorer Post 385 is far less dramatic than the glowing memory that shall perhaps survive the burying dust (stardust?) of time. EP 385 was chartered on February 29, 1968. Since then it has leapt through the years in various states of activity, but obscurity always marked it. When even former members began to ask, "Whatever happened to 385?," it was time to take action. A publicity officer was appointed and for the last few months the Post has been careful to receive a little local publicity.

Current membership in the Post consists of approximately forty ninth-through-twelfth grade individuals of both sexes, five associate advisors, an advisor, and four Committeemen who act as the official connection with the Boy Scouts of America. Unlike the rigorous requirements insinuated in the preceding article, membership is solely determined by the payment of dues. Members tend to be aligned in blocks of friends, and ties between the age extremes are usually family ties. Over a third of the Post is composed of brother-brother or brother-sister combinations.

About one third of the forty members are generally "active," participating in almost everything that goes on. The others take part in particular activities that strike their fancies.

The major activity of EP 385 is its Exploring specialty, computer programming. By special arrangement with Penn State, the group has access to the IBM 360/67 computer on campus. Programming courses are offered to members by the Post in winter and early spring. Instructors are advisors with computer experience and also regular members who have advanced to more difficult areas of programming, thus proving their grasp of the material in the early courses. The Penn State computer is available year 'round for use by



Where to go for Lunch?

The Boalsburg Steak House, of course. . . where there's full bar service and a great luncheon menu . . . select from sandwiches of all varieties, plus luncheon platters.

Boalsburg
Steak House

Rt. 322, Boalsburg
Free Parking

Accurate estimates by experienced people:
HOY TRANSFER, INC. 237-4975



northAmerican
VAN LINES / AGENT
We treat furniture like eggs.

P
O
W
W
O
W



American Indian Jewelry
sterling silver, turquoise, coral, shell
Handmade Rings, Pins, Earrings, Thimbles

THE COUNTRY
SAMPLER

OPEN DAILY 9:30 to 4:30
On the Diamond, Boalsburg · Est. 1969

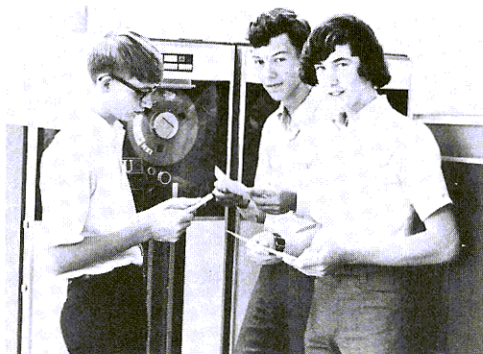
AMES

DISCOUNT DEPARTMENT STORE

**Everything for
your FAMILY,
your HOME,
your CAR.**

RT. 26 — BENNER PIKE
AT THE "Y"

Between Bellefonte — State College
OPEN MONDAY THRU SATURDAY
'TIL 10 PM



Post members, but computer fever cools somewhat in the absence of the short but intensive courses. Therefore, few make use of their access in summer or fall. In contrast to the point of the story preceding this, the computer is more a fascinating educational toy to us beginners than a useful tool.

In summer and fall, when members have voluntarily forsaken programming, the Post engages in activities more normal for Scouting organizations. In its two and a half years the Post has sponsored campouts, road rallies, and trips to places that include the New Jersey seashore, Washington, D.C., and Annapolis, Maryland, for an away Penn State football game. For the last two summers it has sent ten members to Mystic Seaport in Connecticut for a week of sailing.

Twice every month, independent of less sedentary activities, the Post schedules regular business meetings, during which interesting attractions are offered. At these meetings members have watched films and seen demonstrations of such diverse fields as hypnotism, karate, glassmaking, and the classical guitar. Occasionally, well-known speakers are featured. Some of these have been Dr. Mary Willard, who applies the techniques of chemistry and physics to criminology and the search for evidence; Dr. Henry Guttenplan, the former

SOUND ADVICE ON PIANOS &
ORGANS COMES FROM

Leo Treubhaft

at KAUFFMANS MUSIC INC.
1229 N. Atherton St. 238-3069



(Far left) Greg Oylar, Chris Sweitzer, and Joe Frankl compare notes after an exercise at the University computer.

(Left) Advisor Tom Burntett shines shoes of Gene Townsend on a 'for fun' Post outing; watching are Joe Stemberger, Joe Frankl, Tony Stemberger, and Sue Ward.

(Above) Post 385's S.C.A.R.E. kazoo band.

NYC police Crime Lab commanding officer, now PSU professor of law enforcement; and Dr. P.C. Hammer, PSU Computer Science head.

A promising new activity for 385 has been its marching band. The band is called the State College Acid Rock Ensemble (SCARE) and has already marched in four parades. SCARE has as its backbone standard marching instruments, but it features a large kazoo section. Kazoos are included mainly for their novelty, but they do allow the non-musical Post members to participate and it was through them that SCARE was able to ally itself with local radio personality (and renowned kazooist) Tod Jeffers.

The players SCARE has mustered for a parade have numbered from seventeen to forty-one. SCARE provides perhaps the best example of 385's willingness to include "outsiders" in its doings, since at times almost half of those marching in the band have not belonged to the Post. Members or not, all collaborate to give rousing if not note-perfect renditions of standard marches such as "Anchors Away," "Washington Post March," and "Colonel Bogey March." SCARE has heaped EP 385 with the distinction of offering the

only known organized kazooing in the area.

Among the most worthwhile of Explorer Post 385's facets, as can be glimpsed in SCARE, is simply the flavor, the air, the group attitude. It's a screwy bunch. Major elections have been held with as few as three voters present to select five officers. All three made some office that time — but no one minded. The most imaginative and fascinating use of the auxiliary facilities at the computer center, all members agree, was the creation of a bar-room sort of calendar. Members have dispatched a departing associate advisor with a memorial testimonial dinner, complete with jackets, speeches, and an original play by a charter member. And the monthly Post newsletter has always been the personal — and humorous — domain of its reigning editor.

Explorer Post 385 might have an extraordinarily serious specialty but it certainly doesn't let that specialty interfere with its fun.

Jack Harper

114 W. College Ave.
custom shop for men

home of fine Italian foods
skillfully prepared by Mama Teresa

Casa di Altomonte
and Wine Cellar · 119 S. Atherton St.