

## THE COLLEGIATE

MARY KAY MCKOWN  
Editor

Jim Farthing and Briggs Petway ..... Asst. Editor  
Mike Hickman ..... Business Manager

Staff Writers: Jackie Parker, Nina Jones, Mary Dennis, Bob Johnson, Phil Jones, Roger Bynum, Allen Stallings, Leigh Taylor, Alton Watson, Allan Richeson, Heather Jordan and Barry Morgan

Typists: Mary Jane McDowell, Debbie Steeves, Kathy Turner and Janet Poole

Photographers ..... Bill Anderson and Ron Snipes

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## The Silent Majority: A Sanitary Landfill

One of the first rules any good newspaper man learns is not to write in first person. Yet, being a professed individualist, I'm going to break this rule for the nth time.

This is the third year of my journalistic endeavors and I trust, not the last. In the past one plus two years I've seen myself change from the average middle-class, white member of the silent majority that elected Richard Nixon to a critical, doubting, unabashed press man that still likes to "have Dick Nixon to kick around".

Anyone can call me stupid, but no one can accuse me of being fool enough to remain in the stagnant, putrid waste heap known as the "Silent Majority". If something is wrong or even suspicious I'm going to speak out. I do not plan to fight for my country, yet I shall do my part by pointing out its mistakes in hopes of correcting them.

I have never planned to change the world, but I would like to make a little dent in the fender. Too many real people are getting run down by the political and socio-economic machinery driven by some bureaucratic, red tape, duplicate copy, wire tapping, money hungry, war monger.

This past weekend I was expressing my happiness over my high draft number (294) when I

was cut down for being un-American. This older member of the above mentioned portion of society declared that what this country needs is many more "heroic Americans". I feel that these "heroic Americans" are the ones who send mothers' sons off to strange lands to be prime meat for snipers. If that's heroic, then I'll sit here taking my cowardly course of action.

My opinion of a hero does not always include warriors. In fact, the only thing that impresses me about General Patton is his insane ability to throw away the lives of his men like so many pebbles. My heroes are mainly political and Biblical. People like Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Daniel Ellsberg, Jack Anderson, Art Buchwald, Charles Schulz, Tony Waltrip, Billy Graham, Oral Roberts, Jesus Christ, and Paul. The list could go on and on. However, there is a unifying factor — they all believe in what they do or did. Some of these men were ready to die for their cause, and to be honest, there are a few causes I'd be ready to die for.

Is this the kind of commitment to be found in the silent majority? I seriously doubt it. And I also dare anyone to call me un-American without having a cause of their own.

Briggs Petway

## More Good News

The North Carolina State Legislative Assembly has voted to double its salary next year.

The milk producers in the State complained about the cut in business due to the reconstituted milk suppliers. Now the powdered milk people must turn over a percentage of its profits to the whole milk producers.

The average oil corporation experienced an "encouraging" 75 per cent increase in profits in fiscal 1973. Congress said the gas and fuel prices should remain high to encourage production.

Asphalt suppliers were reported to have treated various State Highway Department officials and their families to luxurious weekends at Atlantic Beach.

The railroads are asking for a 10 per cent increase in freight rates.

The East Carolina Four Year Medical School bill is (and has been) facing severe political tests. Many eastern North Carolinians are in regions with few trained physicians. Holshouser wonders if the strength of the University of North Carolina Board of Governors has been weakened by pushing this bill through the State Legislature. The State pays Bowman Grey in excess of ten thousand dollars for every North Carolina resident they

accept. Many politicians wonder if the new med school is financially feasible.

After the wheat deal with Russia (obviously a good thing was bungled somewhere in the political and business world bureaucracies), the bakers say the price of bread could reach a dollar a loaf. With Nixon's Phase XXXVII of the economic stabilization program, it might be cheaper to eat money.

Oh well, at least the air we breathe is free — except for pollution.

Briggs Pettway

## From Editor To Reader

One does not realize the responsibilities of a position until one holds that position. I have already found many roadblocks and headaches in my two weeks as editor of the newspaper. But I have also developed some ideas that I hope will better organize the running of the paper and make it a larger part of college life.

Most of these ideas will have to be worked out with careful planning and therefore I will not be able to initiate them until next year. I hope that you will keep the patience that I am quickly losing. My main concern is the members of the staff and their

# Women Gain More Freedom In College Dormitory Life

By MARY DAY MORDECAI  
Staff Writer

Dormitory life for women on North Carolina university campuses just ain't what it used to be. And if the trends continue, it isn't what it's going to be either.

"The women students are catching up with the men," speculates Sandra Ward, assistant director of housing for residence life at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

In her seven year association with the university Miss Ward has seen women student gradually assume more and more of the freedoms that had traditionally been reserved for male students.

Five years ago at UNC in Chapel Hill, women students were required to register their whereabouts on cards in their dormitory offices if they planned to be out later than 7 p.m. All women students who were not signed out for overnight visits in approved housing were required to be in the dormitories before the closing hours of 1 p.m.

during the week and 2 p.m. on weekends.

Today the story on the campuses of UNC at Chapel Hill, UNC at Greensboro and North Carolina State University is a radically different one. Every female student 18 years or older on those campuses is automatically granted self-limiting hours. The sign-out cards have completely disappeared on most campuses. Where they remain students are not required, but encouraged, to use them for overnight visits.

What Miss Ward finds most interesting, though, is that relaxing of administrative rules has been accompanied by a similar change in student governing bodies of the dormitories. An elaborate system of hall presidents and dormitory officers formerly kept a close watch over behavior in the dormitory.

Whereas men students settled their differences between each other or appealed to a residence advisor, female students were subject to calldowns given by

mintors, she noted. Complaints were often registered in the form of calldowns or demerites. An accumulation of calldowns, usually three to five, resulted in one of several restrictions.

Today the calldown system has all but vanished. "I'll bet if you were to ask most underclass women they wouldn't even know what a calldown is," said Miss Ward.

Miss Ward contributes many of the attitude change to the advent of coeducational dormitories on the university campus. Until last year at UNC-Chapel Hill a campusment (confinement to dormitory after 7 p.m.) was the automatic punishment for an unexcused absence at required dormitory meeting for women. Men's dorm meetings, however, had always been strictly voluntary, she said.

When dorm leaders called a required house meeting for women students living in James (a coed dorm) three years ago "all hell broke loose," Miss Ward recalled.

## The New Sense by Bob Johnson

Yes, friends, return with us to those thrilling days of yesteryear, with a cloud of dust, and a hardy Hi-Ho Albert Greenfarb, it's time again for the Lone Idiot. Don't forget New Sense groupies, this week's column is brought to you by Pink Pepto Barf All, the quick quack stomach fixer-upper. It's always Pink Pepto Barf All when your tum-tum goes boom boom. And now back to our plot (or is that rot?) ...

Return with us this morning to Sunshine Valley where the grass is green, the birds chirp merrily, and life is wonderful and gay and where there are no Republicans to make life miserable. As we peek in the Henpicks of Red Oak Lane we hear the venerated and humble Mr. Roger Henpeick exclaim, to his always tasteful and well-groomed espoused wife, Mrs. Mary Henpeick, "I do say my dear, I thought I was smashing last eventide in our victory in the gentleman's game of polo over those devilish rogues from Nasty City. I was a sport-scoring that last goal."

Tune in later this morning as we hear the always well-groomed and tasteful Mrs. Mary Henpeick drop a china plate and gasp, "Oh me, I do hope I have not offended Chzifman Mac!" And don't miss Mr. Roger Henpeick as he skillfully and tastefully whips our his hanky with the initials embroidered on the corner and deftly blows his nose.

Now it's time to "Ask Uncle Bob", a quasi-insane and always drug induced presentation of the Collegiate with tips for a moral, just, and well-ordered society ... Emmet V. Merriman of Waters

Hall writes, Dear Uncle Bob, last Friday night I took out Frieda Frump of Hill Hall and as we were coming back from the exciting 89th re-release of Billy Jack at the Starlite, my 56 Heavy Chevy ran out of gas on a lonely dark secluded country road. Uncle Bob, I mean to tell you it was nip and tuck for a while. What should I have done? Dear Emmet, Uncle Bob advises one of two things; you could both taken off your clothes and run naked down the highway or you could have sat down together calmly and read the Bible until someone happened along with a gas can full of petrol.

A programming note from the producers of Captain Kangaroo, Deep Throat is not a movie about a radio announcer with a good voice. This bulletin just in ... just moments ago it was announced that the Pillsbury Doug Boy and Elsie the Cow were married in a secret ceremony. The couple is said to be honeymooning in a Wisconsin dairy case.

And now this word form our sponsor ... Are the pressures of college life getting to you? Is your plastic artichoke mushroom world crashing down on you? Are the trees wailing at

your guilt driven self? If so you are probably one of the millions who voted for richard Milstone Nixon. Do not despair friends! There is help! For the nominal price of \$4.98 you can purchase authentic hand-made worri beads. Worri beads pre-date modern medicine by centuries. Napoleon used worri beads at Waterloo, Custer used worri beads at the Little Big Horn, and even Gordon Liddy used worri beads at Watergate. Your pressures and worries will dwindle and disappear with this wonder of the Eastern world. These stury worri beads are hand-carved and are strung on genuine leather from the buttocks of Elsie the Cow. Order your worri beads now from Cheap Charlie Imports, 488 Skin Row, Kansas City, Montana.

Before the New Sense closes down, the torrid trepid typewriter for another week, just let Bungalo Bob remind you that the attorney general you see today may be indicted tomorrow. Good night: Mr. Mitchel, good night Mr. Kliendie, and good night Poor Richard whoever you're swindling, Super Sam will get you yet!

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Mary Kay McKown