

Letters
To The Editor

Opinion

Dear Editor,

All minority students in North Carolina who have an interest in studying law are being invited to attend the annual Minority Recruitment Weekend Conference on Saturday, November 9, 1974, sponsored by The Minority Recruitment Committee of the SBA.

UNC law students are currently making preliminary visits to campuses throughout the State to encourage participation. Discussions will include practical aspects of gaining admittance to law school such as the Law School Admission Test (LSAT), helpful undergraduate curricula, and financial aid sources.

Participation by freshmen and sophomores, as well as juniors and seniors is encouraged since the conference includes long-range aspects of admission to law school, such as planning one's undergraduate curriculum and preparation for the LSAT.

The conference will be highlighted by a panel discussion on the topic of "Social and Political Dimensions of the Lawyer's Role". Speakers who have been invited are Atty. Henry E. Frye; Atty. Walter T. Johnson Jr.; The Honorable Judge Elreta Alexander; The Honorable Justice Susie Sharpe; Atty. Julius L. Chambers; and Atty. Arnold Locklear.

Registration for the conference will be held between 8:00 A.M.-8:50 A.M. We look forward to your participation.

Sincerely,
Regie Watkin
Member of the Minority
Recruitment Committee

To Whom It May Concern,

Carol Teems and I were contestants in the Circle K sponsored Dance Marathon last Saturday night. I am writing this letter in protest of the organization this dance seemed to lack. Part of the dance was a fiasco from our view-point.

There were little — if any — rules (established or enforced). The only rule that we were told was that the only break would be on every hour for 5 minutes.

The Collegiate

MARY KAY MCKOWN
Editor

Jim Farthing and Briggs Petway Asst. Editor
Bob Miles Business Manager

Staff Writers: Jackie Parker, Nina Jones, Phil Jones, Leigh Taylor, Alton Watkins, Allan Richeson, Barry Morgan, Randy Holoman, Jimmy Shepherd, Debbie Ferrell and Ann Dixon
Typists: Mary Jane McDowell, Kathy Turner and Janet Poole

Photographers Jimmy Parks and Ernest Sutton
Published weekly by students attending Atlantic Christian College Wilson, N.C. 27893. The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the faculty or administration of ACC.

Some of the standard rules for any dance marathon as we understood were, 1) if your partner drops out of the competition, that automatically disqualifies you. This did not happen. One case in particular; the girl dropped out, the guy found a girl from the audience to be his partner; when she dropped out he found another. There were a couple of instances where this occurred. 2) You cannot sit in-between songs. Couples were lying down on the floor while waiting for the next song. 3) No favoritism on the types of music played. A couple was tired; they had friends who were playing the records so they had it arranged to play only slow records (dances) until we and another couple complained. 4) The dance will continue until the last couple quits. This was not true either. Tim Corbett called the dance off at 7:00 a.m. There were several couples still on the dance floor (five to be exact). We (Carol and I) had already decided before the dance to break the present record of 18 hours, but were unable to reach our goal. 5. Lastly, the prizes, we understood (were told) that the last couple on the floor would receive a gift certificate for a pair of shoes. This was announced during the time of the marathon and at the end(?) 7:00 when Tim Corbett was approached with the matter he said that the stores had backed out on the agreement.

He (Tim Corbett) gave us 3 dollars and one other couple the cake. I have no earthly idea of how he came to such a decision as to who would receive what. We did not want the money, but we took it and have applied it

toward our sponsor's pledges. That was the main reason for the dance; to raise money for the deaf children. Even though this was accomplished, we feel that a lot more money could have been raised.

We and a few other people want and feel we deserve a few explanations.

Tim Lockhart and
Carol Teems

Sigma Sigma Sigma welcomes all returning Alumni and invites them to an Alumni Tea, Saturday, November 2, at 4:00 o'clock in the lobby of 5th floor Hilley.

Tamara Joyner

Dear Editor:

As a college student and a member of the Board of Aldermen (city council) in Chapel Hill, I have worked hard to get young people involved in politics.

Many of my friends have asked questions about Robert Morgan, the Democratic nominee for U.S. Senator.

I endorse Morgan 100 per cent. Robert Morgan is concerned and knowledgeable about inflation, farm problems, and the average consumer.

Students looking for jobs know how bad the economy is, and it is the Nixon-Ford administration that is destroying the dollar. Let's not make the mistake of sending another Republican to Washington.

I urge students and other college and University people to elect Robert Morgan U.S. Senator on November 5.

Sincerely,
Gerry Cohen
9-C TowneHouse Apts.
Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

I Sat Awaiting

By Briggs Petway

This afternoon I sat out on the front steps and waited for the mailman. The front of my house has always fascinated me. The abundance of trees makes every breeze that ventures through feel like the breath of a mountain. It whispers with a cool moisture like unto a small woods, a valley, a pastoral stream. Closing my eyes, I see birds and squirrels and deer and rabbits.

As my expected parcel did not choose to arrive, I closed my eyes and went venturing across the lawn. Only I did not move. I shrank to two inches in height and trekked towards the street. Trees became blurred in height, as grass became dense underbrush. Upon reaching the stepping stone I realized the sparrow's point of view. A stepping stone is not a huge monolith but an imposing plain, a plateau. Berries from the dogwood trees fell and shook the earth as though propelled by volcanic force. As they fell from somewhere out in space one is forced to recall a combination of "Journey to The Center of the Earth" and "War of the Worlds."

The air is dirty and dusty, choking and parched. Apparently I have wandered near the driveway. A roar arises and the clouds darken the sky. But no, this is no cloud, it is the automobile bringing someone home. Immediately, the machine that once took me about threatens my life. I can see the wheel rolling closer and closer. The fear is terrible, I guess it is comparable to seeing the United Nations careening down Nash Street. I run farther and manage to escape the crushing tread, yet the infinitely small dust falls around me in shapes and sizes of boulders.

Miraculously I escape the car, the dog, the neighbor's kid, the fly (the size of Volkswagen), and even the seasonal fall of leaves.

But time and tide and term papers wait for no man so I open my eyes and see reality — trees that don't touch the clouds, cars that are not throwing boulders at me, and even dogwood berries that are not so meteoric.

Or was the two-inch man the real me? Am I now asleep, dreaming that I am awake? Maybe I am a figment of someone's imagination. Maybe I'm not me at all. I'm 2632 or 2789870 or 240-92-1819 r 243-4949 or 243-3131 or 8Tp1C181443. Who knows? Maybe I'm someone's punishment. Maybe I'm not at all.

HYDRA

Will Be In Concert

Nov. 1

Copyrighted material removed.