

# THE COLLEGIATE

"The duty of the press is to advance the interests of the people, and to promote their moral, political, and social well being."

Horace Greely  
New York Tribune

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

ATLANTIC CHRISTIAN COLLEGE APRIL 29, 1976

NUMBER TWENTY



Here, down on dark Earth  
before we all go to Heaven

Visions of America

All that hitchhiken

All that railroadin

All that coming back

to America

Jack Kerouac  
(1922-1969)

## Three More Students Suspended

Last April 7, three more students were taken before the Discipline Committee, charged with possession and consumption of alcohol in a dormitory, specifically Caldwell Hall. The three charged were Robert Moody, William Lilly, and Stephen Banks. As nearly as possible, here is a reconstruction of events:

A resident assistant, Lester Morgan, believed that he smelled marijuana somewhere in the hall under his responsibility. Dean Nadelman was summoned to investigate. For reasons unknown to either of the three students, the Dean knocked on the door of the room they were in. On entering, he found the three splitting two cans of beer among themselves. No marijuana was present or had been. The beer was confiscated and the three were informed that they would receive a letter, requesting that they appear before the Discipline Com-

mittee. They received the letter, which informed them of the charges, and that their advisor would be John Dunn of the Math Department.

They went before the board. Only three of the regular six members were present. Present were Dr. David Marshall, Miss Eliza Jane Ray, and Miss Ellen Bowen, the student representative. Dean Whitehurst acted as a non-voting chairman. The three pleaded guilty. Evidence was heard — Robert Moody had received a letter of personal probation from Dean Nadelman earlier in the year, and there was the fact of the two cans of beer. The young men were dismissed to await the committee's decision as to punishment. On returning to the room, they were informed that they had been found guilty, coinciding with their plea, and that they were to be suspended from school immediately, forfeiting all credit so far attained and all

money paid for the expenses of the semester. Upset at the harshness of the penalty the three students appealed to Dr.

Wenger, just before leaving for Easter break. In their appeal, they asked that they be allowed to finish this semester, and consequently that their suspension be postponed until next semester. They received no immediate reply. While at home during the break they received a letter from Dr. Wenger stating that he wished to talk with them when they returned. Robert

Moody's father accompanied him to ask that his son be allowed to finish the semester. Dr. Wenger talked with them and stated that they would receive a letter later that afternoon disclosing his decision on their appeal. They received the letter to find that the ruling of the committee would stand — immediate suspension. They left the dormitory that night.

## Closing The College Frontier

(CPS) — Like the western frontier, education has long been the key to a new life in America, allowing children to escape the social and financial status of their parents. But that golden age has come to an end, according to a report by two Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) analysts.

College graduates are no longer getting the kinds of management jobs they thought

they were training for because of an economy that has absorbed all the management personnel it has room for. The market is glutted, forcing grads into lower status jobs. And the differences between the pay a college grad and a high school graduate pull in is diminishing every year.

The social implications are serious, the analysts say. Americans could begin to feel trapped in the social class they

were born into. The escape valve that education provided could be closed to more people, and social class lines could become more sharply drawn.

Many people may end up receiving less education than their parents for the first time in American history. And another first may be that instead of children finding a higher social

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## The Last Prayer

Les Paul was there the day they said the last prayer. He was walking along a thin secondary road here in Poochville, Texas. With little here but a dilapidated post office, a self-service gas station, and Jim Walker's Recreation Center and Grill, he really wasn't expecting a ride for some while. He sat down underneath a small pine to soak in some of the three square feet of shade on the dusty ground. A Lap minister from Lavelly's Corners slipped up behind Les, taking him by surprise.

"Where you headed?" he muttered in some sort of base monotone.

"To the land of the eternal Bicentennial," he told the minister. "To the land where men live in their past, thinking only of security."

"You never heard of heaven, huh? Never heard of the land of our Golden Reindeer. Never heard Its Grace extends to all men; no matter yer life has sunk in despair."

"Yeah, actually that's why I've got to go to Bicentennial land. They're going to have an old-fashioned revival service for a fund raiser. They hope to rescue some airline from bankruptcy."

"I used to know how to do those things before they called me in for the National Unified

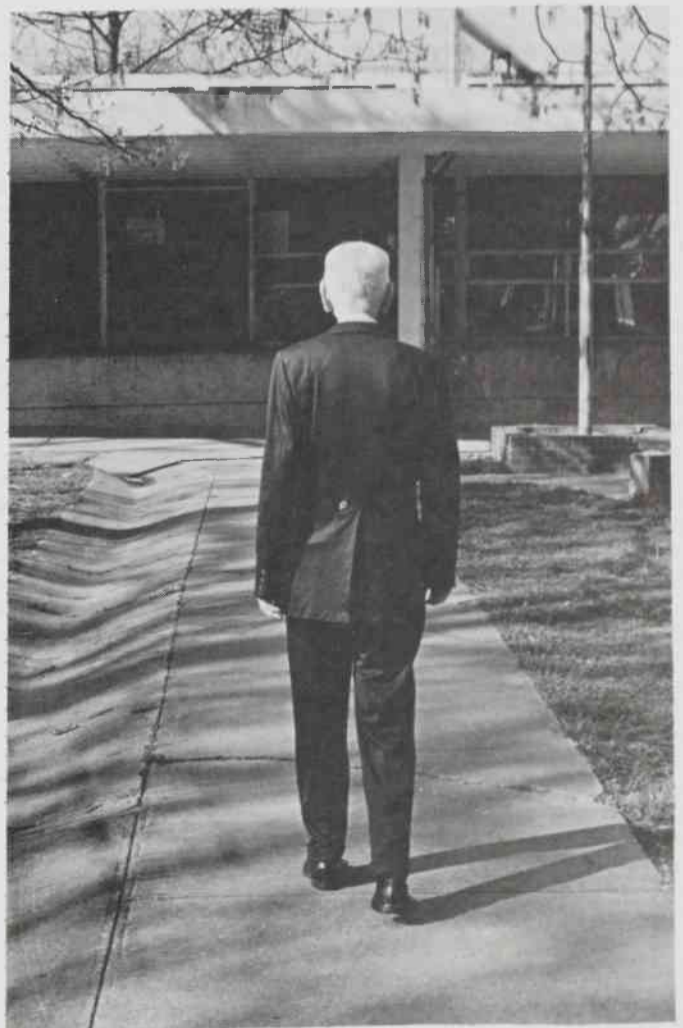
Ministry Programming. But then I never much liked roaming around the country without money. I was living off what little there was from offering plates. As I remember, I was sleeping on sidewalks up in Dallas-Worth. I thought I was doing some sort of favor. I remember waking up the night before NUMP with a policeman staring me in the face. He told me I wasn't doing the people much of a favor taking up walking space. He asked me why I didn't go down to the Unemployment Center. He didn't know I had come in his sector the night before. You had to register when you had to change sectors, and I came in after his shift. Well, I pulled my papers on him and pretended to be another dumb streetwalking preachy. Course, I was. He took me in. I went along just for the chance to corrupt their minds with Jesus. Heaven forgive my blasphemy to the Green Lights. I was really stupid then, dumb, really dumb. They checked me in at the station. Weren't 'sposed to. After I had my cell, the doctor came in to check my health and I had a shot out of date. He gave me a shot and I was out like a light. When I woke up I was through with my NUMP. Glad, they knew I wouldn't have gone any other way. Bless our Deer for loving

me enough to do what is good for me. Say, why don't we sit for some coffee?"

They went in Jim's and sat down in the back booth. Jim came over with the pot, poured the coffee, and left. Les and the Lap sat and talked for over an hour. No one in town could get near enough to hear what was being said. Somewhere about three o'clock, Lap stood up, laying his hands on Les's head.

Then in all but a shout he started in to preaching. "Lord, we thank you for all you've given us, both today and every day. We would like to ask your forgiveness for our sins, both me and this young man. We have lived in a time filled with false teaching, lust, greed and all kinds of sin. Forgive us, Lord, for giving in to the way the world around us is. Lord, give us the strength to live like we always should have. Help us love our enemies, even though they keep us from you. Amen."

The extinction squad was here in twenty minutes. They took the old minister into Dallas-Worth. Les got in the squad's transpo. The papers told us later that Les Paul was head of some sort of National Unified Ministry Commission. This country has been a lot better off since they caught that derelict. At least, that's what I've been told.



Good-Bye Dr. Hamlin