

The Collegiate

SEPTEMBER 15, 1977

The Student's Voice

Editorial

Students don't give a damn. Their interests are self. Given a circumstance in which he is inconvenienced, the self-centered student squeals but does little to rectify his problem. This hypothetical student wishes only to have someone listen to the problem. That satisfies him and he is again silent until the next opportunity for complaint presents itself. The sin committed is not in the complaint itself but in handing the problem over to someone else. This is not serious in itself since it is in character. Where then, is the student when his fellow students have a problem or a need for concern? The student who wanted to be heard when he had a problem tenaciously avoids involvement.

During the past week there has been a number of misunderstandings, arguments, flaring tempers, and controversy surrounding the vote on the permanent SGA budget. There was interest and involvement. Close to 80 people were present to listen, discuss, and vote. Involvement. If only we could infect the entire campus with this pleasant disease.

Students don't give a damn. It says graphically that there is no interest. It is because they feel they have nothing to give a damn about. How can one gain an education while wallowing in apathy? Scream, cry, laugh, or get angry. Do anything but nothing. 1700 hundred people with nothing to do but learn and create is a hell of a force. Yet, everyone must be involved for it to be effective.

Life Goes On In The Inner City

Every summer hundreds of thousands of tourists come to Washington D. C. They visit the museums, the art galleries, the government buildings, the monuments and places like that. But there is a side to Washington that the tourist seldom sees. A few blocks away from the gleaming white monuments are the inner-city "neighborhoods," as Washingtonians know them. Washingtonians, as a rule, are black and poor. The wealthy of Washington live isolated from the poverty in heavily patrolled housing developments and distant suburbs.

The old public library building faces Mt. Vernon Square between 15th and 16th streets. It is a beautiful old building no longer in use. Often on a Saturday afternoon the concrete benches in front are littered with sleeping winos. At eveningtime the police patrols round them up for another night in a jail cell. It's for their own protection.

Across the square from the old library is the Art theater — a brightly-lit, late-night porno movie house. The marquee advertises ice-cold air conditioning and continuous showings. A middle-aged black woman wearing glasses looks out from behind the ticket window. There is a kind of dignity in her face.

Next to the theater is the Nanking Hotel. It has a small courtyard in front surrounded by a short wrought-iron fence. A fire escape runs down one side of

the building into a gray alleyway. This building has the sleazy look that comes with age. Almost all the buildings have that same look.

On 14th street, a block away, children play on the rubble still left from the War of 1968. The war was fought between tee-shirted black youths and helmeted policemen. Dr. King had just been assassinated. The city was hot. Thirteen people died, including a nine year old boy. The rubble is fenced in now so that you can see that the city is going to clean it all up. Someday. It has been suggested that the rubble be left as a monument to the hatred and frustration of the times.

People live in the tenant buildings which fill out the square. On hot summer nights, stifling apartments drive them out into the streets. They sit on parked cars and front door steps looking at passers-by and talking. There is nowhere to go; nothing to do.

There are words like Liberty That almost make me cry. If you had known what I knew You would know why.

Langston Hughes

Every tourist should see Washington's "other side." When you've seen both sides you have an idea in your head about second-class citizenship. But the tourist can go home and forget. Problems don't go away when they're forgotten. They just get worse. And life goes on in the inner-city. FRED CLARIDGE

Notice

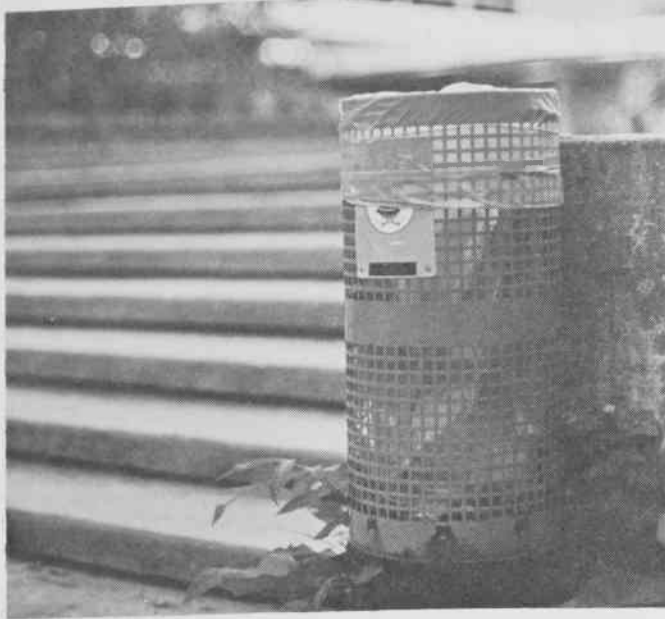
Commercial newspapers cannot exist without paid advertising. It is their very life blood. A newspaper which carries very little advertising will soon go out of business regardless of the amount of news available.

THE COLLEGIATE operates in a similar manner. Granted, a large amount of SGA funds are allocated to THE COLLEGIATE, the remainder of the operation is dependent on paid advertising. If we do not charge for advertising — we will soon find ourselves long on free

advertising and short of funds. Its just that simple.

In keeping with this policy, THE COLLEGIATE will not establish a policy of running free display advertisements for any person, organization or business. We will give reasonable story space to any event which is to occur, or has occurred on campus, which we feel is legitimate news.

If you have news, let us know, we will be glad to oblige if you observe our deadlines. If they come in pass the deadline . . . Just try to be reasonable and we will more than do our part.



Would you rather see this or your favorite organization's insignia? (Photo by Peter Chamness)

Has anyone wondered where the different-looking trash containers placed at strategic locations around our campus came from?

The Circle K Club expressed their feeling that there was a distinct need for more trash containers on campus in hopes of enhancing its beauty. Permission was secured from the Campus Beautification Committee to distribute extra trash containers. Eight oil drums were donated by Ed Brown of the Ed Brown Oil Company and Guy Ross of Imperial Tobacco, Inc.

Letters were sent to 42 campus organizations asking if they would like to paint one of these drums, offering free publicity to their group as well as a chance to beautify the campus.

Over 20 organizations responded to Circle K's plea for help in decorating these containers and, with the cooperation of Bruce Tingle, eight have been put into use. If sufficient interest is shown in decorating additional barrels, more can be obtained. If your organization is interested in painting a trash can, please contact Bruce Tingle or any Circle K member.

As It Seems

Let's try something a little different. Let's take a time worn topic of questionable importance, one that's been complained about, discussed, and evaded, one that, in essence, has been mullied over, masticated (if you will), yet never quite completely digested. Let's take a look at a span of time we all seem to look forward to, what some of us even seem to live for. Let us look at something that effects us here at ACC especially, though it seems a condition familiar to us outside of the confines of these hallowed halls. What is this stale, mundane, malady of a situation that seems to crop up so often in the course of student conversation? The answer is very simple; weekends. Armed with the battle cry, "There's nothin' to do," this campus has suffered what, to the present, has been not too much

short of a mass exodus of the majority of the populace. With so much folderol out of the way, I pose three questions: one, why does it happen; two, who cares, and three, if we're interested, what can be done to change it? I propose no easy answers, I only hope to stir your mind a bit, so let us explore a little.

Admittedly, there are times when this place simply gets to you. I've seen several times in my past history as a student when I've called home to say, "I'm coming home. This place is driving me nuts!" The pressure gets to us sometimes, and we need to get away. I also remember writing a friend from home this summer saying something to the effect of, "I'm looking forward to getting back to school. This place is driving me nuts!" The best we can say

See AS IT SEEMS Page Three

Letter to the Editor

Dear Sir,

Yes, tentative plans for a drama major at Atlantic Christian College are being formulated. Yes, this preliminary planning was undertaken by the English Department with the knowledge of Dr. Wenger. But to say that Dr. Wenger approved the drama major is stretching the truth somewhat. The Board of Trustees has the final approval for new programs, and the President can only recommend. President Wenger's enthusiasm for drama would probably have helped sell the program to the Board while President Doster's feelings are, as yet, as unknown factor.

Several steps must be accomplished before the program can be instituted: the person heading the program must have a completed Ph.D.; a curriculum must be developed and approved by the Curriculum Committee and the faculty (even though 39 hours of speech and drama are currently available; and, probably the most difficult, the Board must be convinced that the number of new students attracted by the program will offset the costs of the one or two necessary additional faculty members.

None of this will be accomplished, however, without the interest and encouragement shown by students. More than 35 students participated in the recent tryouts for "Ten Little Indians," a real indication of interest. The fact that you would even raise the question of a drama major in your paper is also an encouragement.

Yes, we do need a drama major at ACC if we are to be the true liberal arts college we claim to be. Drama has been extra-curricular long enough.

Yes, we are going to get it if we work together to develop an exciting and stimulating, yet practical, program.

Sincerely

Paul H. Crouch

Assistant Professor of English
Director of Drama

Dateline

SEPTEMBER 15, 1977

Last week Christie wrote about the importance of friendship in all of our lives. This week, I would like to write about a group of people here on campus that can be your friends if you let them. These people are the teachers here at A.C.

"Oh, no!" you are probably thinking to yourself. "She's not going to sing praises to them!" Well, yes I am, but I promise not to go too far overboard.

I would be the first to admit that I have bad-mouthed my teachers many times, for reasons I thought were good. For instance, being assigned a paper due on Monday when I was going to the beach for the weekend, or learning I have a test for Friday when I was going to go home early. And I have had some teachers whom I thought were really boring, even though it was my fault that I had not read the assignment for that day, or I had stayed up until 4 a.m. working on a paper that I had waited until the last minute to do.

Another favorite complaint of mine has been that the teacher does not like me because I am a girl, I am a freshman, sophomore, junior, or senior, I have a crooked nose, or any other excuse I could think up. How I have come to this conclusion is beyond me, because I have been sitting in the class almost a semester and have not said a word. The teacher probably does not even know me, except perhaps by name. And I know that he would never help me, but then again, I have never gone to ask for his help.

Even though we do not realize it, we are lucky to have most of the teachers we do have here at Atlantic Christian. We have a fairly young faculty (no matter what you may think) who do care about what happens to us. No teacher likes to give a low or failing grade, just as no student enjoys receiving one. If you do get a grade you are dissatisfied with, make it a point to talk with your teacher and find the problem. If he doesn't have time, make an appointment. At least he will know that you are concerned.

The important thing to remember is that teachers are people too, and they have their good and bad days just as we do. So give them half a chance and try to be a receptive student. By talking to them, you may even be surprised to find you like your teachers. Try it, and see. Have a pleasant day!

Debbie Cox

The Collegiate

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