

Editorials

"Oops, There Goes Boston"



by P. Scott Corbett

He stands there tall and alert. No emotion shows on his face. Indeed the only thing that shows on his face is the reflection of the bright hues produced on the screen before him. His left hand rests on the buttons controlling his three missile bases — one finger lightly allocated to each. His right hand cups the ball with which he directs the directional fire control system. The ball is smooth and yet he has come to know instinctively what the slightest variation of so much as a quarter inch does to the accuracy of his defensive launches. Poised, calm, and concentrating he awaits the next flurry of enemy missiles. He is defending cities.

A crowd watches intently. The lights flash and the first bogies appear on the screen. Calmly, almost cavalierly, he awaits the first wave. He knows by experience that many of them will cross their own paths thus creating the possibility of destroying more than one at once with but one of his own missiles. He directs his fire and smiles a bit as he utterly destroys the enemy barrage with but five missiles. The first run is always the easiest, he thinks to himself. He takes a breath and increases his concentration in preparation of the second and successive runs. Each gets progressively harder to counter.

The fourth run has just been made. It got a bit hairy over Chicago, he thought, for he almost didn't get that smart bomb as it threatened

obliterating the windy city. By now the pace and the concentration level has increased to the level that the slightest, yet perceptible, sweat has appeared on his brow.

He knows that from the fourth run on he can anticipate the loss of some cities. The one to the right of Omega base he thinks of as Kansas City and the one to the left of Omega base he thinks of as Brevard. Both cities he tries to preserve at all costs. At times he is willing to sacrifice New Orleans, closest to Alpha base, or Detroit, closest to Delta base, to preserve his two favorite cities. It goes without saying that Cleveland is entirely expendable.

He never liked the city in the first place.

The fifth run comes and a few cities are lost. However, he has scored enough points in this quarter consuming game at the Student Union that one of them is rebuilt. His first cover barrage on the sixth run was unusually successful for it destroyed two of the smart bombs initially. Lulled into a false sense of security he is quickly shocked into reality that there is no beating the game as he uses his last five missiles to counter the third smart bomb and it still slipped through and got Brevard.

On the seventh run his nerve cracked. For some unknown reason the response time of his index finger lagged for just a second. Perhaps it was battle fatigue. The others noticed that by then he had become almost glassy eyed. Frantically, he tried to save at least one of the cities.

He was at 28,000 points and he knew that if he saved that last city he might receive a new lease on life with the appearance of one of the bonus cities that appear with every 10,000 points scored.

Something happened. He had them in his sights but the middle missile launcher jammed for just a fraction of a second. His defensive strike was too high and too slow. A common ordinary enemy missile slipped through and got his last city. As he turned, slightly stunned, away from the holder of the small fortune of his and others he was heard to merely comment, "Oops there goes Boston."

No one takes very seriously the lessons that the Missile Command is subtly teaching those who play it with a passion. It in some way simulates what a thermo-nuclear war could be like. Men standing at screens manipulating sophisticated radar fire control systems. Men defending cities they have never seen and cannot see while defending them. Men and women, frantically trying to make the right decisions to save the lives of millions of innocent people yet knowing all the while that statistically some of the enemy missiles will slip through. If one played the game and actively sought to think in terms of participating in the real thing, then the implications would be staggering. And yet, probably too in the real life situation should the inevitable happen, one might hear uttered with frightening resignation, "Oops, there goes Boston."

He Does It All For Us

by Elliott Dugger

President Martinson plays a very important role at Brevard College. For example, his job description includes such functions as having the last word on hiring and firing administrators and faculty. Furthermore, Martinson presides at faculty meetings unless he appoints someone else to do so; he is responsible for balancing the budget; he authorizes all college publications. In addition President Martinson sits on the Board of Trustees as the college's representative. In short, President Martinson is the manager of Brevard College. He is held responsible by his em-

ployer, (The Board of Trustees), to accept not only the fame for what good happens at Brevard College but also the blame for any mistakes.

What has President Martinson done for the College and us the students of the College? Martinson's first challenge when he came to Brevard College four years ago was to fill the dorms within three years; they were filled in one.

Since then, President Martinson has created a brilliant staff, both faculty and administration. He has worked with the Board of Trustees and the

long term planning committee to expand and better this institution for the student. For example, the renovation of the fine arts building is already under construction. It is costing three-quarters of a million dollars; it will have the finest heating and cooling system that money can buy. In addition, there is a five year plan in effect. It includes a new art wing and several new dorms, one of which will be open for discussion by the Board of Trustees in May of 1981.

In conclusion, President Martinson serves to improve this institution, and the education it offers the young mind.

Letter

Dear Administrative Staff Persons,

Your no alcohol on campus rule is a mockery to the 18 and older individuals who constitute this school's student body.

According to this nation, 18 year old persons are considered responsible before the law. I find it most disturbing that a student faces drug charges as an adult without aid from Brevard College and yet is treated like a child with respect to alcohol. What are we in the eyes of the administration, children or adults?

Discipline cannot be taught to 18 year olds by restricting them. We are constantly told We are adults and yet, at the same time, we are treated like children. This is the breeding ground for anger, frustration and rebellion.

A student appreciates the few occasions a staff person is lenient when finding alcohol or an intoxicated student. I realize that there are students who become provocative in his/her actions — this should remain punishable. However, this hostility is the result of a game played by the administration. Again I ask, are

we adults or are we children? Which game do you choose to play? Each role has different rules and guidelines so how do we know which game to play.

Under present school policy students who wish to drink find themselves stuck between points on their college record, facing drunk driving charges, or worse, ending up dead on the side of a mountain.

A change is conceivable. A possible plan:

*limit alcohol to the dorm room

*points for campus drunkenness

Brevard College needs to look at its policies. If other Methodist institutions allow alcohol and regard their students as adults, isn't it time that our administration redefined the rules to the game? College is an experience where administrators and faculty provide guidance and direction. What I seem to experience is having another set of parents.

Jonathan York

Reagan

"I Am For Linkage"

by Richy Haymaker

President-elect Ronald Reagan told Iran on Thursday, Nov. 6, that it will not profit by waiting for the United States' presidential transition before releasing the 52 American hostages. Reagan said he is willing to do all he can to help win freedom for the hostages held in Iran for more than a year, "But we are not going to intrude" on negotiations during the final months of Carter's administration. He said he wouldn't offer his own ideas on the hostages.

Reagan received a telegram of congratulations from the Soviet leaders. He warned the Soviet Union in no uncertain terms that in negotiating arms control, he would not ignore Soviet actions in other areas of world relations. Reagan said, "I don't think you simply sit down at a table with the Soviet Union to discuss the whole attitude, world attitude, as to whether we're going to have a world of peace or whether we're simply going to talk about weaponry and not bring up these other subjects. In other words, I am for Linkage."

Mail, Mail, and More Mail

by Vicki Harmon

Did you know there are over 720 students here at B.C.? That means a lot of mail comes in everyday. Not only is there United States mail, campus mail, social mail and goodie packages from Mom, there is also plenty of work done at our B.C. post office. Roughly 2,000 pieces of U.S. mail come in each day, all of which has to be sorted and put in each person's box.

Mail is measured in quantity of

feet. No, not by a cubic foot or the size of your shoe, but form a tray nearly 3 feet long where letters are stacked one after another.

Brevard College receives more footage than Dupont, Olin, or American Thread. About 38 feet (12 and 1/2 trays) of mail comes in a day. Last year in the Spring Semester 33,000 non-U.S. Mail items were put into student and faculty boxes to inform them of the happenings on and off campus.