

The Cause

By BILLY BRANTLEY
 "We are the agents and the machinery of everlasting bliss and change. No longer will we accept the hacks, the pigs, the phonies, the hokies - no longer will we accept lies, lies, lies! We are the voice of the future-speaking today. We speak our opinions and they are the truth. We will step aside for nobody. Our truths and messages will sweep over this decaying land just as each wave of the ocean sweeps the shores clean. And also like the sea's repetitive message, our message will not be turned back. The new day has been spawned and has but only one course of action - growth! This plant cannot be plowed under - it will spread in all directions, affecting all, and stopping for none. We are the farmers of this crop; we must reap its harvest without regard for the grass and the weeds. WE STAND FOR A CAUSE!"

only go back to da good ole days when folks had respect - an didn't ask no questions. I'll tell ya - I'm gonna shot to kill.

I STAND FOR A CAUSE!!"

"I am sorry to have to be the one to tell you, sir. We have lost as much as you have. Your son and I were close friends. We worked together for the same objectives. We studied together for the same ends. He was a great and straightforward person. He represented a major cog in the gears destined to drive this land forward, not backwards. He would not talk with the hacks, so the pigs stuffed out a flame in the great fire of the future. I am sorry he died. HE STOOD FOR A CAUSE!"

"I'm sorry to have to tell ya de news, son. Ya lost a great man. Ya pa an me, we were real pals. We work togetta for de same thangs. He was a brave man - his billy-stick and gun oughta be bwonzed and put on your mantle. One of dem damn punk libals got'im wid a piece of broken park bench. Here's his badge, son - take and luv it - he did. I'm sorry he had to go. HE STOOD FOR A CAUSE!"

Editor's Mail

Dear Sir:
 While in the poolroom one afternoon, I was approached by a student who asked if I could do him a favor. Being eager to help my fellow man, I said that I would and asked what I could do. "You have heard about them pumping water because of the drought, haven't you?" I replied that I had. "Well, we're recruiting volunteers to watch the pumps."

Aware of the gravity of the situation and having heard that there was a communist plot to dehydrate Rocky Mount, I did what any patriotic citizen would have done - I volunteered. I also reasoned that this would be a good opportunity to prove that Wesleyan students do more than drink 'Demon Rum' and deflower young ladies.

At 11:45 pm on October 10, my two companions and I rendezvoused in the parking lot behind Spruill dormitory (the Infirmary). We were well armed for our hazardous mission. Eric had a 12 gauge shotgun and a bottle of Rich's Wild Irish Rose Wine. Dell had a 20 inch Army surplus machete and hunk of cheddar cheese. I had my formidable appearance and Harrison's The Complete Works of Wm. Shakespeare. Men and material were loaded into my 1966 Ford Fairlane (the survivor of many a campaign), and we headed for the front liner, er.. pump house.

At approximately midnight we arrived on the scene. The guard changed and we took command of the fort - an 8x10 plywood shack. Out-

side were the machines we were to guard at all costs - three gas operated pumps on loan from Civil Defense. The pumps were in constant operation, making a sound like 10,000 irate wasps as they transferred water from the creek to the Rocky Mount reservoir (the Tar River).

In command of the pump house was a member of the Rocky Mount Fire Department. We said that he was truly courageous to volunteer for this mission, to which he replied, "I was assigned here by the department." Well Eric said, he could no doubt use the extra money he would receive for hazardous duty. To this the fireman replied "Hah! What extra money?" I asked him what our duties would be, and how we should deploy. "You're just supposed to keep me awake, I guess. It gets kinda' lonely out here at night." But what of the plot to sabotage the pumps, I asked. The fireman stated that he didn't expect any trouble, but that we were in constant touch with police headquarters, just in case.

I asked the fireman to explain his duties so that one of us might take charge, should he become disabled. "I just read the gages (on the pumps) every hour and make sure they're running," he said, "and I call the police department every hour to let 'em know it's

o.k." The fireman did not seem interested in conversing anymore and left the shack. I suppose he went to check the pumps. Dell remarked that it was almost like being in town. The fireman had not spoken to him.

The three of us proceeded to devour the wine and cheese while discussing life in general. Dell was trying to sleep in his chair and I suggested that he might find the car more comfortable. We assured him that if we were attacked he would be called. Soon after Dell left the fireman reentered and seemed somewhat more amiable. We talked about diverse things, and had solved most of the world's problems by 3:00 am, at which time we were relieved by (you guessed it) Wesleyan students. It seems that the townspeople, with the notable exception of members of the Fire Department, are too

(Continued on Page 4)

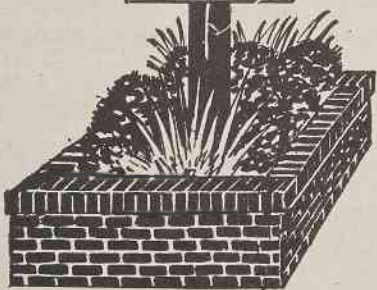
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