

# Letters To The Editor

# DIALOGUE

October 6, 1976

Dear Editor:

I am the Secretary of the Student Government Association, but foremost a student here at SCC. Some of the opinions expressed in this letter are my own and others are expressed by the SGA.

We would like to give special thanks to Mr. Richard Burkhardt for all his ideas, courage, and work in making the Earl Scruggs concert a success. The idea was born out of his dedication for our institution and his concern for student involvement. I personally have never seen one man put more of himself into an effort for success. Mr. Burkhardt was always a source of inspiration for all the students who worked to see this project through. I think the entire student body owes Mr. Burkhardt their thanks.

Another man instrumental in this project was Mr. W.C. Butler. We would like to thank him for his work before and during the concert. Mr. Butler gave up his spare time to sell tickets and make arrangements for the performance. Any time that there were doubts in our minds that what we were doing would be a success, Mr. Butler was there to listen to our problem and give us advise. I, especially, would like to thank him for giving us an extra push whenever we were in a slump.

Mr. Bob Priest, the man behind the SGA, did a remarkable job during this time. He encouraged us when we needed it the most. No one told us it was going to be easy and it wasn't, but without the efforts of this man the work load would have been heavier on everyone involved. We would also like to thank the faculty and administration that supported us, especially Dr. Dan Moore, Mr. and Mrs. James Clifton, Miss Lois Bailey, Miss Kathy Edge, and Miss Ruby Lambdin.

We, the students at SCC, owe a great deal to Mr. Bill Small, Mr. Bobby Duncan, Mr. Lawyer Rouse, Mr. Charles Compton, and Mr. Jimmy Bright for building the stage and lighting the gym. These men worked long, hard hours without complaint and left SCC with a stage that will be used for years to remind us of the spirit of cooperation felt at SCC.

My deepest thanks go out to the students who sold tickets who were on the SGA. The music majors and the choir members were very cooperative in this effort. The combined work of these students and the maintenance staff made seating in the gym possible.

Most of all I would like to thank the students of Southeastern who supported this program. You are the reason for the existence of the college, and we need your support in future programs. I was disappointed to hear some of the comments that were made by some students, but we need to be unified in all our efforts. A special thanks goes out to the public and the

merchants who bought and sold tickets.

Last of all I would like to thank those with whom I worked closely: Mary Hooks, Karen Long, Terrence Carr, Lee Ward, Donna Strickland, Bridget Ramsey, Karen Elliott, and Kathie Smith. They were a wonderful bunch to be associated with. A special thanks is given to Romana Hendon and Greg Worthington for unselfishly giving of themselves to become involved.

I personally enjoyed the concert and was particularly impressed with the local group Kitty Hawk. I only wish every student at SCC could have been on hand to experience the spirit of closeness that was felt by those who attended.

I only wish I could thank everyone who put forth an effort for this concert, but I couldn't possibly name them all. For those whom I did not name, thank you very much!

Sincerely yours,  
Joy Elkins, Sec.  
Student Government Association

By J.Q. Anonymous  
Last Thursday, the day after Debate No. 2, I was sitting in the lounge, munching on some rancid peanuts, when a girl who is in one of my classes strode over from the machines and sat down across the table from me. My thoughts that morning were about the previous night's confrontation, so I asked her what she thought about it.

"Oh, I didn't watch it," she replied between gulps of coke. "I mean, I started to look at it, but I got bored pretty quick, y'know?"

"What bored you?"  
"Well, they were talkin' about a lot of things I didn't know much about, y'know? Like the— what is it — not for liberation —" "Nonproliferation," I corrected.

"Yeah. And all that mess about the Arabs and Israelites. All that stuff just confuses me. I figure whoever's in charge of the country probably knows what he's doing. Besides, I had some really heavy things on my mind, y'know? So I turned off the tube

and went out."

"What could be heavier than war?" I asked.

"Oh, personal things. Like getting along with other people. And how I feel about myself."

"How are you going to feel about yourself when you have no self to feel about?"

"Hugh?"

"Let me put it in simple terms for you. What you're saying to me is that the psychological well-being of the individual is the only important thing. Right?"

"Uh, right. You talk like my psychology teacher. One of my counselors told me that feeling good about myself is what counts most in this world. But what was that you said about my not having a self? That's stupid!"

"Not at all. You can't feel anything about yourself if you don't exist. And when someone drops a bomb on you, that's exactly what happens. And just because we have a temporary stalemate with the Russians —"

"Detente!" She exclaimed proudly.

"Whatever. Anyway, there are other ways to get yourself blown up. Did you know that some nut who knew how to follow directions could build his own bomb and blow up a city?"

"Oh, I don't believe that. The government wouldn't let that happen."

"Then why do we sell nuclear power plants to little rinkydink countries who might take the waste and turn it into weapons? What happens when Libya gets the bomb?"

"Where?"

"It's in Africa."

"Oh. Well, I dunno about that. I mean, that's so far away and all. How can you expect me to keep all those countries straight? It's too confusing. Anyway, I don't live in a city, so why worry? You wanna get drunk tonight?"

I slowly shook my head, stood up, and walked out of the lounge. The feesh air smelled good. I found out later that it was more radioactive than usual because the Chinese were playing with firecrackers again.

