

IS THE POINT CLEARER THIS TIME?

"Mule" Train!



Do you really know your own thing?

College family or coup d'etat?

What we call a college family here at FSU is very rarely that nominal in the true sense of the word. Some years back, it was close to that, but now, we are in reality, completely devoid of the cohesive traits that characterize a family. Present lack of those elements is unfortunately due in essence, to what should be our "Pappa Bronco," and the lack riddles to threads the overworked axiom, "Do what I say, not what I do." Thus critical self-appraisal of whether each supposed family member truly knows and is doing his thing efficiently, ethically and in the best interest of the total college community or merely for self, is deathly necessary.

Recent events and their almost always negative results bear out too much self interest, and they unfold self-interest as a menace to the educative process. Those who revel in self advancement at the suffering of FSU are persecutionists who forsake the welfare of students and employees, so that they, themselves, can be espied as Olympians for whom trumpets blare and carpets are unrolled.

The title question is raised and with just reasons by those in all areas of the college community and community is as close as we have gotten to the noun, "family." Selfish-

ness, small minds in small and larger bodies, big and little places, make ours, a wee wee, pell mell, sometimes a very sick community. Take the recent deluge of changes. We know that some changes are needed, desirable and inevitable, especially those serving the best interests of FSU and which, are really for the better. It is the changes which do not belie change to something better that sway toward the selfish, the satannical, the tyrannical - and fear. All factions at the university are, in some degree, at fault, though obviously, the bodies in the high chairs share the brunt of responsibility.

Far too many FSU students want something for nothing -- nothing is usually what that kind of mind gets - and they abhor the idea of quality education because they find it too demanding, too conflicting with their other desires. They prefer to rely, not on mind, but upon various charms or chants, office excursions, varied and sundry-but often and many, grievance lists, and an endless number of substitutes. They never realize that there is no substitute for or short cut to learning. They merely want to "get out" of college. They don't want to excel; they want to sell.

They don't care about what the student's real thing is in the structuring of the school. They haven't the time.

Most teachers know their areas of study well, and with rare exceptions, are only castrated by students who have not done their thing or unfair bosses who refuse to see or talk with them or to give them recognition of the vast amount of classroom work and that dragon of extra-busywork miscellany. Most teachers know their thing, too, upon matters of concern to them as a group, but they show neither nerve nor verve upon these matters. They are lax to the point of inertia when actually, boiling cauldrons, the like of which The Three Weird Sisters never dreamed, should be their recipe. Oppressive cloaks in the struggle for existence, put fear in the hearts of good men who know that incessant noises indicate neither intellect nor sincerity. Teachers bow in the wake of typical black college administrators, whose main interests in yesteryear seemed and still seem today, advancement of self, creation of confusion, a lack-lustre limelight, and an, "I want you to know that I am king" monologue.

This administrative ego mania is a 1915 bag.

It takes its roots from their dread of smooth operation and fear of being surrounded by bright satellites who can really "go to it." Typically, these administrative fakes never seem to realize that they have but ten fingers and one cerebellum, that they can't do it all, that those low on the totem pole who qualify, and any subordinates who can, should be turned loose to do their things unmolested. The system never seems to see that a good job done by a subordinate, rather than detracting from the Head, is a complement to the boss and lengthens the boss's life span. Would all these negatives tend to indicate that top administration is not up to par with their own things?

The exploration is here finished. If you have any qualms or fears about doing your thing properly, which also means ethically, don't let them lend themselves to smallness, prejudicial bigotry and grapevish castration. If you find that you can't be nice, then work harder at being simply fair. Big government invariably means little people, and little people resent being colored little. If you can't survive unless you're an anti-human fraud, here are some epithets that will outfit you better to

pilfer and to destroy.

Let aplomb become a bomb,
Ride the human hide,
Put yourself on a shelf

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