

Editorial Page

Dreams of an Editor

Realizing the fact that I am only human I have certain limitations and boundaries in which I am confined to. In the fascinating process of growing up, I often think why things go on as they do—Why editors strive to do their best, why reporters try to meet deadlines, and why newspaper staff advisers suddenly turn gray-haired after about two months in school.

These things are all to be admired because they represent real determination and loyalty to a cause.

The things that I dream of as an editor are quite different from those you may dream of as students. It troubles me deeply when news articles and reports are not turned in on time if they are turned in at all. I become much concerned about students who constantly criticize the paper but will not take part in it to make it better. I, as the editor, must share much of the responsibility of the newspaper, but not so much as to relieve my fellow students from their responsibility of working on the newspaper.

My dreams carry me not to a world fantasy and utopia, but to a realistic world of conscientious students who are consistent and persistent in their efforts. I have dreamed of my own private office with typewriters, phone, carpet, and other luxuries afforded to the privileged in our great society. My dreams are carried further by my thoughts of reporters who have interesting articles turned in on time and of a newspaper staff with zeal and determination that is needed to put Wayne Community College on the map.

Throughout my life I have never felt very justified in shunning my responsibility on others, but there comes a time when one, two, or even three people cannot do all the work.

As I awake from my dreams I realize that time waits for no man, soon our parts on this stage, the world, will be ended. And in walking down the corridors and through the buildings at Wayne Community College, I see that we have a great potential here. One of the greatest ways I see of developing that potential is through working and planning with your college newspaper, The Wayne Communique.

Just Think!

Can you imagine what our campus would look like if the grounds were completely landscaped and kept clean, without any clutter of building material to mar the views.

Can you imagine paved parking lots and paved walkways—with no more wading through mud on rainy days, and no more choking on dust during dry spells?

These dreams of a beautiful campus will soon become a reality. A plan called "The Master Plan" is now in the process of being drawn up and is expected to be completed in three or four months. A model

plan showing exactly how the campus will look when finished will be placed somewhere on campus for the students to see. It will show exactly how the campus will look when the plan is implemented. Hopefully we should be seeing the results of this plan before too many more months.

We do not, however, need to wait for the new and improved campus to take some pride in our school. Everyone of us can do his part, just by putting our trash in trash cans, putting our cigarettes in ash trays instead of on the floor, and by taking care of our new buildings and furniture.

Future Bright For '71 Insight

The 1971 INSIGHT is well on its way to becoming the best yearbook the students of Wayne Community College have put together, promises Brantley Watkins, assistant editor. With the guidance of Mrs. Eleanor B. Powell, chairman of the English Department and Dean of Students Bob Waller, the work is going full steam ahead.

A few setbacks have plagued the staff. Last year the student cooperation was poor, and as a result the work was doubled on those who were willing to do their part. However, the end result was a fine example of what WCC students can do when they have their backs to the wall.

The 1970 INSIGHT, now on sale at the extremely low price of two dollars per copy, is slated as the best one yet. The books went on sale at the usual price of five dollars per copy at first, but unfortunately, the lack of participation on the part of many, caused the drastic price change. The result is that for each two dollar annual sold, there is a loss of six dollars.

Students can see why it is essential that they give the yearbook their best cooperation; otherwise there will be no yearbook; without a yearbook, there would be no record of this year's student life at WCC.

Pictures were taken on November 5 and 6 for the yearbook with make-up pictures on November 16. Pictures will be back to the students before Thanksgiving holidays; two 5 x 7 photos, and nine wallet sized photos in color may be bought for four dollars.

Several activities will be sponsored by the yearbook staff to compensate for the decreased price to students.—Brantley E. Watkins.

Former Student Reminisces

Doug Burch, who graduated last February from Wayne Community College, has been initiated into Sigma Tau Delta, national honorary English fraternity at East Carolina University.

Doug visited the WCC campus last week and thanked his former teachers "for their excellent preparation."

Doug said, "I am enthusiastic about having been accepted into Sigma Tau Delta fraternity. I believe that the fellowship and interaction with other members of the English profession will be a vital part of my career in English as a professional teacher, and I look forward to broadening my knowledge of the English language and literature.

I have been at ECU for two quarters and feel that I have just about adjusted to the routine of a large institution. Things are quite different from what they were at WCC. I really miss the old school and all my friends. As most of you know, I visit quite often.

When I began school at WCC in 1968, I was not sure what line of study I wanted to follow. It was during my second year that I finally made up my mind to major in English. I attribute this in part to the expert advice and guidance I received from the faculty members in the English Department. Everyone was very nice and seemed interested in helping me. My sincere thanks to you all.

Since I have been a student at ECU, I have had time to reflect on my studies at WCC, and I can



PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH is Miss R. Miller of the Dental Hygiene Department. Miss Miller, a new dental instructor at WCC, has been here for a short while, but already she seems to fit into everything perfectly. Congratulations to Miss Miller for choosing Wayne Community College for the fine work she is doing here.

Will It Ever Happen to You?

It was a Sunday morning in August of 1967 when I again walked into the house of a seventeen year old drug addict whom I was trying to help. The mother, a prostitute and drug addict, lay passed out on the couch. The father, an alcoholic, was bragging how he had beaten his son into not coming to our camp for juvenile delinquents. Four of the other six children were no where to be seen in the two room house. The crying of the youngest child, less than a year of age, could not, for the first time since I had been there, be heard. As the father poured another drink, I went into the other room to check on the child. Its arms and legs were not much rounder than the finger of an average size man, and it was as nothing cradled in my arms. The tears were running down my cheeks as I laid its small body back on the mattress and went back to the father. He did not even know nor did he care, that his baby had died from malnutrition and drugs.

It was 2:30 Tuesday morning when the phone rang at my house, a not so unusual occurrence. The voice on the other end of the line was broken and pitiful as a mother was trying to tell me how her son, a drug addict, had walked into her room and blown out his brains with a thirty-eight caliber pistol. Two years of working and hoping, gone at the pulling of a trigger. The young man, high on heroine, probably was unaware of what he was doing. But he is dead.

In my own life, it was only seven years ago that I went for a period of over six months

see what a fine educational institution it is. I attribute my success at ECU to the instruction I received at WCC. Before I began school at ECU, I was some what apprehensive about attending a large institution. I asked myself

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RONNY FALK

twenty years of age, battered and beaten by life, looking forward only to death. Since then—since that night in a small country church when my life was changed by a simple love, I have seen and worked with hundreds of today's youth who have become drug addicts. Many I have helped, many I could not. Most are at the writing of this article, still alive, others are not.

I lay awake at night as I cannot get out of my mind the death and destroyed lives I see every day. I awaken in the night unaware beforehand of the tears in my eyes even as I sleep, my mind unable to forget. But why should I worry? Was it not just yesterday I heard that brilliant, philosophical young man explain how there was no harm in drugs? Thank you, fool. I will try to remember that when they call me at 2:30 in the morning to meet your family at the funeral home.—Ronny Falk

THE WAYNE COMMUNIQUE

THE VOICE OF WAYNE COMMUNITY COLLEGE

GOLDSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

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