

Commentary

One question — This summer, would it not have been more practical to have installed central air-conditioning in the entire Art Building instead of having laid down all those "beautiful" new bricks in front of Hines? Are those "Beautiful" new bricks more important than comfortable, creative, learning conditions?

Concerning Ms. Pelt's letter to this paper last week. Since her letter dealt with my editorial I will gladly give her the satisfaction of a comment or two to please her ego.

Her statement, "Few revolutions have ever proceeded with anything constructive in mind—before, during or after," obviously reveals her inadequate knowledge of history. Perhaps Ms. Pelt has never heard of the American Revolution. Thomas Jefferson (third President of the United States) when asked about his feelings toward the term revolution replied that, "What this country needed was a good revolution every twenty years or so." He further commented that, "A little rebellion now and then is a good thing, and as necessary in the political world as storms in the physical." The late Richard Hofstadter in his book, *American Jefferson* points this way—"The people are not always well informed, but it is better that they have misconceptions that make them restless than that they be lethargic—for lethargy in the people means death for republics."

As for Mr. Bynum's trivial comments, may I just say to Mr. Bynum what Norman Mailer said this last summer to his critics, "I have the misfortune of being a talented writer who is in the position of being written about by less talented people."

Now to more important things. Few people realize that last Thursday night several people complained that several brothers of the Sigma Pi Fraternity tried to conduct the hastily called S.G.A. meeting

unfairly. Now really fellows is that any way to conduct (monopolize) a meeting? But really what would you expect when "three of the four offices of the S.G.A. are held by Pi's, revealing that the student body recognizes the leadership and maturity found in Sigma Pi." As for Mr. Hodges stating that none of the other fraternities have any achievements to their credit is really beyond belief. The list of achievements that the Pi's captured is a long one. But whether anything on that list is of any importance is strictly a matter of opinion. To many people, winning the "Keg" from the Knight's Inn is not considered a worthy goal or achievement in life.

Is it really that important to be "Number One"? Do we as Americans, always have to

by Carroll
Aldridge

strive no matter who gets in our way, to be "Number One"? Is it really that good to be "Number One" always?

Wasn't that what Vietnam was all about? We were so afraid of losing. So afraid of not winning, not being the "Number One" winner anymore. And now that Vietnam is over (maybe) are we any less a people because we didn't win? Or are we just a little more worse off because we tried so damn ruthlessly to win, no matter how many men, and women, and children were killed as a result. Did the end really justify the means? Is that all there is to life? — To win, to be "Number One". Is life that limited, that shallow? Brothers of the Sigma Pi, is that really where it's all at, being "Number One"?

X Marks the Spot

So that students do not have to waste their time in the Personnel Office filing appeals for parking tickets the following Parking Regulations are published for your benefit:

1. Your car must be registered. This can be done in the Student Personnel Office.

2. Student parking is restricted to student parking lots and any legal "free spaces." No matter how tempting it might be, if the space is in a faculty zone, visitor zone, or area marked by a yellow line, keep out. You may use the loading zone for that purpose only.

3. Enough of the grass on campus is already dead, so keep those cars off the grass and landscaped areas. Remember also, sidewalks were made for the pedestrians.

4. If you like to hear horns blaring or other drivers crossing then park your car in such a way as to block traffic, parked vehicles, roadways. The man

who gives tickets, however, hates those sounds.

5. Stay out of fire lanes, emergency areas, or areas marked no parking zones. You may wind up as the emergency.

There may not be enough parking but there are more spaces than many students realize. One virtually unknown spot is the lot on Corbett Ave. beside the Athletic Field. It is a short walk considering how in shape we all are.

If however you forget a few of these suggestions and receive a ticket there is still something you can do if you believe that you're innocent. An appeal may be made to the parking petition committee within 5 days of receiving the tickets.

These petitions may be picked up in the Student Personnel Office. Don't Worry, it's not you against the administration. The committee consists of five students who decide if your complaint is legitimate. From here on out it's up to you and your car.

Fiction, Or Is It?

About 9:30 Tuesday morning. Everyone was hurrying to class, trying to beat roll call. Faces seemed to merge, names and greetings were nonexistent. Nobody noticed.

To his students, the man showed a particular ability for dramatic scenes. He always pulled his monologue to add just a touch of humor to an otherwise boring topic.

He saw his students as hostile beasts, ready to lunge at the slightest error. How could these people always appear aggressive, even to the point of being mechanical organisms programmed for destruction? They did not seem real to the man.

His stride was healthy this morning. Howard Chapel even looked serene in its setting. The sun was warm, just as the air was cool. Glass windows in Hines sort of glowed with reflections. But the people only offered reflections in their cold eyes.

Pain. The electrifying kind, that runs like the tide throughout the body. Short stabs at breathing. Dropped books, papers. Help. The cry is there but the sound is not. Raised hand signals for assistance.

Doesn't anyone see him. Help him, please, someone do something. Are they worried about being counted absent? Maybe they can't see him. There, on the concrete, hurry, he is in need. God, won't somebody help.

In his classroom, students talk about people who died in a hospital because they could not afford the bill. They laugh, they ask, "Doesn't anyone really care anymore?" At last, the 15 minutes is up and they are free to leave. Now they are forced to see him on the ground.

Two rush to his side. But it is much too late. The grim reaper has done his duty.

BRIGGS PETWAY

THE COLLEGIATE

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And You?

If I were much of a poet, I could tell you how I feel.
But I'm not and never will—so try to understand
Take heart, I'm yours and I hope you dream the same.
I told you, I'll tell you, but words are so empty.

When I say I love you, I mean I care—which means I DO.

You say you're mine forever, is that next week or next year?

Do you really believe, can it last, is it right?
Are the years too long, too long for dreams?

I am young, and always will be, so are you.
I see in your eyes the innocence of youth, I can tell
You have plans, hopes, wants—am I there, will I BE?
I've been here before, have you?

I was hurt, many times, every time, is this different?
Can I expect this feeling to last the ages,
Or is this like all the rest, am I a fool?
I guess I'll never learn, but I'll try still.

Do you see what I'm saying, saying when I say I love you?

Do you know how long forever is, what life is?
Am I in your future, or just your present?
I had to say it, I don't want to be hurt again.

Yes, I'll build your house, I'll stay with you.
But I won't waste my dreams (those of stars, walking, Iceland)

Not on you, if I can't expect to share your dreams
How can I know, I can't so I'll just pray you will.

MYSELF

Palaver by Roger Bynum

The Collegiate recently received an inquiry about the results of the spring student-faculty evaluation and a suggestion that some students may have been intimidated. I would also be interested in further developments but must confess scepticism about any forthcoming purge.

The infantile games of flattery, appeasement, reward and retaliation that obscure the interaction of the peon with the hierarchy on any college campus is another matter and of vital importance to every collegian. Our opportunities for graduate school or choice employment is largely determined by a transcript whose contents is the result of a collective exercise of arbitrary power ascribed to the professors whom we have.

Granted, many faculty members are doing a great job of teaching and testing. Others have no malicious intent. But the skin friend, is off your nose, if you are uninformed about matters that so greatly affect your future.

According to one local business executive, an indoctrination for every freshman should include "How to tell what the professor wants and how to keep him happy." That would be a worthy aspiration for any Ph.

D. and we certainly can't accomplish it here. Perhaps a word of caution and a few tips will be of some use.

On a relatively small campus such as ACC, class discussion is possible. Some instructors believe participation facilitates learning and desire it. Others would prefer that you hang on every word with open admiration and ready pen in hand. To confuse the two may cost one a letter grade. The syllabus is seldom a reliable guide so it pays to keep all senses

operative.

Many students welcome the variety of informed discussion in most classes, but there is little sympathy in any quarter for a gas bag who persists in monopolizing the time with irrelevant discourse.

Finally, remember that you are legally adult citizens and deserving of the dignity and respect due any human being. Strive for academic excellence but do not degrade yourself for

See PALAVER Page 3

