

The Collegiate

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The Collegiate is published weekly by the students of Atlantic Christian College, Wilson, North Carolina 27893. The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the faculty or administration.

Ethically Speaking

Here at Atlantic Christian, we're all children of the Enlightenment. After last week, we concluded that we're here only to get an education. Right? A part of getting an education is learning to accept people for their own merit. Right again. The biggest problem about getting along with other people is learning to forget preconceived notions and deal with people on an individual basis. Right again.

In dealing with people on a personal level, we discover two problems: them and us. We have to forget their oversights and shortcomings before we can appreciate them. But, that takes care of them. We have to analyze our shortcomings before we can relate to other people. Right? Analyzing our problems must not be mere rationalization. All too often we tend to blame our problems on something a bit beyond our control.

That is enough beating around the bush. I cannot help but refer to the letter to the editor composed by several Black students that appeared in last week's paper.

First, I do agree that there was a noticeable lack of pictures in last year's annual depicting the role of Blacks on campus. The editor is at fault, although I have been assured that at least part of the problem was technical.

The letter refers to Black Awareness Week. This is a noble venture on the part of the Black students to inform the campus of notable Black artists and leaders. But, the week was a thematic failure because it created just as much bias as the Blacks try to overcome. How many Blacks would go to events held during a White History Week? We must be reasonable.

Now, I believe that we should treat people like people, but I will not go out of my way to be kind to someone just because he is black. In terms of my personality, race adds up to zero in my book. I am basically outgoing and friendly anyway, but if someone wants to be patronized for any reason, they shouldn't hold their breath waiting for me.

If minority groups deserve special attention because they are in the minority, then let's recognize the Drug Store Clerks of America, the League of Voters of Canadian Heritage, the Soccer Forwards of Brazil, the Editors of Small College newspapers, etc.

It is a pity that there are so few Blacks on campus. Dr. Wenger once misquoted me on this, but it is a shame every Black at Atlantic Christian has to be an activist. I am not advocating the recruiting of Blacks because they are black. But, this college could use a more representative cross-section of the local populous.

Some weeks, I wonder if being Editor is worth the hassle. When I cut the Nursing student's poem and leave out the part that credits the story to another newspaper, I wonder. When I lose the Phi Mu's story altogether, I wonder. When I print a letter that riles my patience, I wonder. But, I cannot please everyone, so I'll say what I have to say.

BRIGGS PETWAY

Atlantic Christian College

Presents

Fleetwood Mac

Wednesday, Nov. 19

New Gym

Advance Student 2.50

At Door 5.00

Left On The Doorstep

By SPENCER SMITH

What we at AC College need is a good euphemism for the word "apathy," something that more pleasantly describes our conditional situation. Whatever feeling or concern I used to have for the word is now gone, and I grow more indifferent about it

A Writer, I Think

The other day, someone asked me what I want to do with my life. Some jerk is always asking me that. Why am I so special? Does being editor fill me with the highest and loftiest ideals?

First, I want to get an education ... A.B., M.A., Ph.D., Litt.D., J.D., DD.S., LL.D., M.D., D.D., etc., M. Div. Is that enough, you jerk? In short, I am going to pursue my education until I get tired of going to school. "You don't care about winning, but you don't want to lose, after the thrill is gone." When school is not any fun, I'll quit.

Then I want to drive a truck. I like sitting way up high and looking down and around. I like to make all those nerds driving those little sports cars feel insecure. I'd really like to own my own truck (a red and white Chevrolet Titan 90 to be exact), but that may be too materialistic. I just want to drive.

When I get tired of looking at yellow lines and black asphalt, then I want a farm. It does have to be my own this time. I am a bit materialistic as I grow older. I want a two-story white house with two rocking chairs and a porch swing on a genuine front porch. The back door has to open into the kitchen, which has to have a lot of windows and yellow paint. The yard has to have exactly one acre of land, enclosed on three sides by woods. I want a twelve-acre field for pasture, no more, no less. It'll hold six cows, enough to eat and enough to sell to cover expenses, if that is ever possible. There absolutely has to be eleven acres of woods, so my farm will be twenty-four acres total.

I'd like to help humanity. I'd like to be a politician and a priest. I'd take pictures and write stories. I'd be a monk and an athlete. I'd be a University president and a ditchdigger. I'd build houses and picket outside of polluting factories.

But, most of all, I'd like to be a writer. I will never care enough to try and change the world. My one goal is to be the source of inspiration for the man who does change the world. I'd like to be the Norman Rockwell of literary circles. I'd be Shakespeare and Sandburg. Well, jerk, are you satisfied? I want to become an American institution. But only for my lifetime.

I can only imagine the great people who are reading me at this very minute.

Editor

Bull Shot

Cow dung hurled by a new member of the Kansas Bar soared 184 feet as a new world's record for cow chip throwing was set over Labor Day weekend.

Dan Watkins credited a careful selection of dung for his record-breaking throw. Watkins noticed that fresh chips tend to be heavier than chips that have had a chance to dry out.

So while other contestants at the Old Settlers Day Festival in Russell Springs threw chips like frisbees or discuses, Watkins reared back and tossed his heavy, fresh chip like a baseball.

every time I hear it, or see it in The Collegiate. This word's time has come!

Let's throw "apathy" out of our campus vocabulary and substitute something that sounds much better. I suggest "relaxed enthusiasm," which I think is a rather agreeable and inoffensive combination of words that express "that word" adequately. Or, you may have other expressions in mind that may be substituted equally well.

This two-paragraph exercise hasn't been an unpleasant one, has it? It hasn't been for me. And you know, we just spent a lot of energy describing our condition. What if we used as much energy to lose "the condition"?

To The Editor:

Since no one else saw fit to do so, I want to apologize for the "Greeks" who chose not to participate in ACC public Homecoming events. I noticed that as individuals and participating members of non-

Greek events a few helped to make the day a success. For those I owe no apology. Something should be said, however, about the Inter-Greek organizations who decided not to join in a campus majority's effort of expressing the warmth of return, the joy of nostalgia.

The decisions not to participate were made almost simultaneously with the Alumni Director's waiting to open float-building space. On Monday afternoon, October 27, Mr. Smith waited at the fairground while the said organizations voted not to honor his efforts. Excuses flew around thick and fast that week, but the past power of Greek ingenuity and decisiveness made the present Greeks and their excuses look ridiculous and weak. For this weakness in Inter-Greek leadership, I must apologize.

J. Ross Albert
 Grand Chapter Advisor
 Alpha Sigma
 Phi Fraternity

Self-Reliance

Over the past year or so, I have built up a store of general impressions, though I hope not too general, about our generation, particularly those of us attending ACC. Of course, I am not pretending to write with the wisdom of age in my bones, but that does not necessarily invalidate the comments I am about to make.

Most of the students I have come into contact with, inwardly, if not outwardly, reveal high levels of perception — in short, we're really fairly bright and deep inside we know it. Of course at times we'll be cowboys or cool college kids, acting in a kind of great comedy — the comedy of the mobile American student (Oh, the ecstatic feeling of marking "student" in those little boxes!); but inside there's a core of sensibility, at least in most of us.

If, for instance, someone were to get us in a room for a serious discussion, we might find the right answers, and more importantly, we would know that they're right. But then we would leave the room and forget about it. Since the things we talked about — history, philosophy, art, man — presented no immediate gratification, or at least they didn't seem to, we would forget about them and find something that did.

I am speaking of school and class and the things we do everyday. I am distressed because we can learn so much. I am thinking that we all really know that we should study more but that something pulls us from it. Perhaps we were spoiled a little too much.

Most students I know see the importance of education, and yet they think that by attending college it comes automatically — like when you fill up with gas you think that the attendant should automatically wipe your windshield. (To carry a bad metaphor further) We must do some wiping from the inside if we're ever going to see anything at all. In short, we must work.

JOHN PACA

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