

THE COLLEGIATE

ATLANTIC CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

Sail on Sailor

Editorial

Nuke 'em till they glow!

Recently, the Afganistan crisis took a turn from gloomy to gruesome. During this past weekend, an event took place which even the most barbaric of nations would look upon with disgust and disbelief.

Russian soldiers entered an Afgan city, took all of the women and children and ushered them into a building. Then the soldiers took all of the men and lead them to a field where they were lined up, forced to crouch down, and massacred. Then, without waiting for all of the victims to die, bulldozers moved in and plowed the "criminals" into their new graves. The charge? Supposedly, aiding nearby Afgan rebels, who continue to fight against the Russian takeover of their country.

And what is the United States doing about all of this? Crying out, for one thing. Refusing to sell the Russians any more wheat, for another. And, lo and behold, even the United Nations has gotten into the act by harshly slapping the Russians on the hands [symbolically, of course], and saying, "no, no, we mustn't do that." Luckily, this was not the United States public school system; we would find ourselves in court over corporal punishment.

This is not an attempt to justify, condone or even suggest the possibility of going to war. Heaven forbid, I'm within the draft age. But it can raise some interesting questions along this line as I try to get to my point.

First, should the draft be reinstated? Should registration for the draft be reinstated? If the draft is reinstated, should women be drafted as well as men? I hope not, because that will mean my wife will have to get a haircut. Oh well, Canada is nice this time of year.

Which brings me to my second series of questions. How in tarnation does Canada keep themselves out of these messes? Why doesn't Canada ever go to war? And finally, why doesn't the United States declare war on Canada, then surrender and become a territory of that unusually wise nation?

But, finally, here are my real questions for the day. Why is it, that this entire world seems to be so caught up in killing? Why is it that billions of dollars are spent yearly by nations throughout the world in attempts to find better ways to destroy human beings?

The Collegiate hereby offers a solution to all of these world problems. Let us all take our billions and devote them towards nuclear energy, and maybe within a few years, we will not have to find weapons to destroy each other; we'll have already done it accidentally.

For the past two weeks, *Sail On Sailor* as been appearing in this very same spot. Mind you, it has been appearing here, but not necessarily unnoticed. On the contrary, I have been criticized, cussed, ridiculed, congratulated, spit at, been told what a fine job I'd done, and picked on for expressing my feelings. At least it goes to show one thing, *Sail* is NOT going unnoticed.

But out of all the remarks I receive, there is one question that constantly keeps coming up: "Why do you call it *Sail On Sailor*?" To answer this question, there are a few things I must explain.

Two summers ago, I fell in love (Yes, this is still the same article. I told you there were a few things that needed explain-

ing). I fell madly in love with a time and a place, a crystal blue sky, and the crying gulls that made it their domain. With the sandy white beaches that are scattered about the Neuse River, with the life style of the locals in a little fishing village called Oriental, with lazy, hazy summer days, and with the diamond-spangled nights; it might not sound like much, but that's part of the mystical attraction that this time and place had on me.

It was in this setting that I was privileged to work, surrounded by water and wilderness. It was here that a love story unfolded, not for myself, but for several hundred others. The name of the place was Camp Don Lee, and I was a counselor.

To try to put all the emotions into words that I felt that summer would be an impossibility, because I experienced everything from love to hate from anger to contentment, and every combination of everything inbetween. But somehow, it's the good memories that have permanently etched themselves in my mind. These memories include helping a child realize his self worth for the first time in his life, teaching someone the fine art of hiking a sailboat, learning to give and take a relationship, and most important of all, realizing at the end of the summer, I had grown.

And it was at this camp, just like at hundreds of other camps, the voices of campers and counselors rang out in song, see page 3

Letters to the Editor

Mr. Editor, Sir:

I would like to express my opinion and forward it to those who are always complaining that there is nothing to do around here. I often hear people say that it is boring around ACC; however, the school is only as boring as the people make it. It is so easy to sit around and complain, but with a little more effort from all of us, we can have worthwhile activities coming up all the time.

I would like to propose a solution to each person who falls into this category. Get involved in some of the fine organizations on this campus and help make things happen. Find out who the presidents of the organizations are and get to know them. I am sure they will be more than happy to discuss your ideas and accept your participation. On page 64 of the ACC Handbook, (a book few seem to have read) there is a list of all campus organizations and their presidents. The choice to contact them and improve the campus and ourselves is your own.

Sincerely,
John C. Clyburn

December 13, 1979

Dear Sir:

On behalf of the students at ENCSD, I would like to take this opportunity to thank those of you who were responsible for the delicious candy donated to the school today. I am sure that

the students will enjoy these treats very much.

Again we say "thank you" for remembering our students in such a thoughtful way. I would also like to take this opportunity

to wish each of you a very Merry Christmas.

Sincerely,
James F. Massey
Student Life Director

DOONESBURY

by Garry Trudeau



ENDANGERED SPECIES

The children of Cambodia



The condemned people of Cambodia await the final tragedy: extinction. One third of the population has perished. The living face death by starvation. And the children are too weak to cry. "Soon there won't be any Cambodians left at all," mourns an exhausted refugee.

Save the Children
Westport, Connecticut

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Dog News
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