

Editorial

SGA Apathy Hits

Much has been said this year about student apathy. Perhaps something that has been ignored thus far is Student Government apathy. At the first of the year it was requested that the SGA re-evaluate the Student Constitution and the Student Code of Conduct.

A committee was supposed to be appointed by the SGA with its purpose being to reconsider and amend the Constitution and Code of Conduct if necessary.

Thus far this re-evaluation has resulted in one change, having to do with a student's records and his social status at the college.

Another example of SGA apathy was plans for the annual Valentine's Dance. These plans were not completed until less than a week before the dance—which turned out not to be a dance but a concert. No one, least of all the editor, could say that the concert was not good nor a success. A small sum was made as profit but this could have been doubled or tripled if plans had been made for enough in advance.

No one can say that "the Drifters" were not entertaining nor can anyone say that they didn't appreciate the person responsible for getting the group, but any SCC student who pays \$18.00 per year for student activity fees should say he didn't appreciate having to shell out as much as \$5.00 for himself and a date to see a concert he had paid for with his activity fee. Two hundred dollars allocated for a Valentine's Dance were used as a down payment and as advertising fees for "The Drifters" concert.

The Ram's Horn asks why the SGA found it necessary to charge the full-time students of Southeastern additional money for something for which they had already paid. Part of the SGA funds came from outside sources, mainly high schools of the area, since many high school students did attend the concert.

Student Government apathy can be even more dangerous than student apathy. The SGA can carry a student body over any doldrums the students may find themselves in, but nothing can carry a Student Government. As the old cliché goes "shape up or ship out."

Sustains Them All

Where will you go, little bird?
When they fill the sky, with scourching smoke.
Must you fall like rain, never again to fly?

And what becomes of you mighty oak?
When your roots are paved and also the sod.
Must they fell you too, forgetting your shade?

Ah, So there the roaring river, still proud and free.
Flow swiftly on, before they find, and dam you from the sea.

And I call for love and laughter.
What will they be?
When replaced and forgotten, by a technicality.

Finally, to me and man, I ask the question too.
When you've covered your earth and changed your soul,
What becomes of you?
Lynn Harrington
Carroll



Strickland Views

WALTER STRICKLAND

THE INCREASING TURMOIL ON THE COLLEGE CAMPUS

Thursday, February 13, Black students of Duke university placed disgrace on one of the top universities in the nation. They took over the Allen Building with hopes of forcing the administration to accept demands that were completely segregationist.

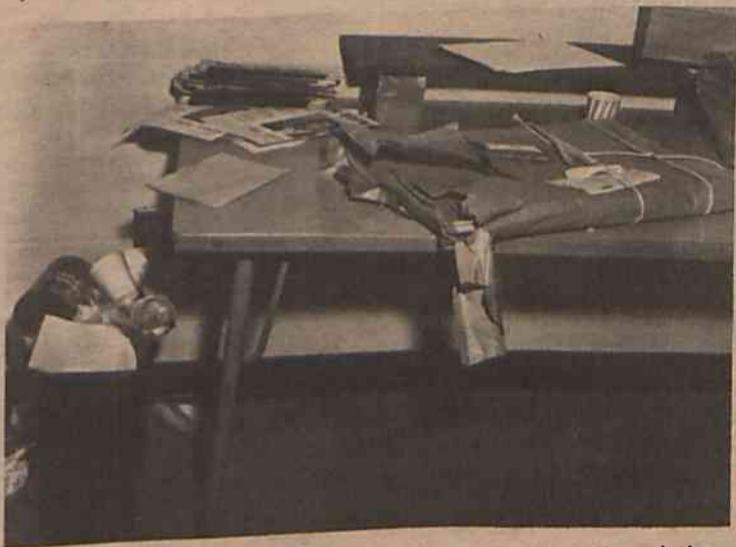
During the day the administration pleaded with these reactionary students to discuss the unexcusable occupation of the building and at 5:15 p.m. the students emptied the building. They, both black and white students, began marching on the campus and jeering the police. These students soon resorted to violence by throwing rocks and bottles. To disperse the unlawful students and to protect themselves, the police had to use tear gas. A number of casualties were reported and a few innocent bystanders were struck by the law enforcement officers.

Students then filed into Duke Chapel to regroup. The police threw gas into the Chapel, began to leave, but the students started to taunt them by throwing rocks and bottles. Finally the National Guard was called in to maintain

order. I was one of the first who championed equal rights for Blacks, and I am a strong supporter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored people. Yet, the demands are directly unlawful according to the Civil Rights Law of 1964 which prohibit discrimination against anyone. One of their demands is to reinstate black students who failed academically at Duke. This in itself would lower the educational level to that of a frolic house. Finally they want amnesty for all involved. This is like committing premeditated murder and being allowed to go free.

I wonder if these people remember the name of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. who worked hard for integration. They have brought disgrace on the name of this great man and the NAACP by advocating these demands. I strongly support the NAACP in their willingness to file suits against colleges who comply with these segregationist demands.

Let us all put an end to this movement and work for the "American Dream for which Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. gave his life.



Pig pen of the Month goes to the Student Government Association and the Ram's Horn. Because of the clean way the two organizations have kept their office they receive the first monthly Pig Pen of the Month Award. The Ram's Horn hopes that this statement will suffice to be brought before the Student Court.

The Other Side

By RICHARD HAYES

Between the time of the first adolescent awakening to his own biological hazards and social misconceptions and the time when, at middle age, he dies of these conditions, the male is guaranteed a plague, deemed 'attraction', for a certain disreputable creature labeled as the female of the species. And not by chance, they're hundreds of these creatures at Southeastern, mainly; because they didn't hook a guy for keeps in high school. Just look around! You can see them reading "Dear Abby" in the library, sitting cross-legged in a borrowed girdle in the lobby, playing a game of hearts with mustard on this chin in the lounge, demonstrating that they might possibly have brains they have never used in the classroom, and showing what good sports they are at nights by chug-a-lugging two cases of Michelob paid for with money saved by some guy who went without food for three weeks to pay last month's rent. Despite being so active and of such quantity, they're still a total loss. Look at one! About the only thing these girls have in common with Raquel Welch is gender. I know, beauty is only skin deep, but they have ugliness that goes all the way to the bone. Everyone can remember that the Miss Southeastern beauty contest almost had to be scrapped because no one looked good enough to be a contestant.

Even though their physical afflictions are about the same (bordering on the absurd), they can be divided into three categories on other levels: the "doper poper intellectual," the "mediocre doper poper domestic," and the "super doper poper dumb-dumb."

The first type, a pseudo-intellectual, has the cultivated look (somewhat plowed under). She's the epitome of poise with a showing slip and a tantalizing goddess (?) smelling like a Parish fish wife. Such supreme sophistication calls for blowing a wad on dinner by candlelight with soft music and a little, highly expensive brown bag. In such a romantic atmosphere she is apt to, quite voluntarily, start babbling about the war in Manila, the literary influence of Gibran on Vidal, the hallucinatory efforts of soap sniffing and the degradation of the poverty stricken, because they don't have a beach cottage. If one can get her to stop misquoting Mao long enough, she can unveil her vivid imagination. Undoubtedly, this type imagines that she is siphoning gas from a parked car when she makes out. And in the course of the date she reveals that she believes in free-love—under certain conditions. The conditions are so economically infeasible to most Southeastern males, I won't even go into them.

On the other hand, the next type is a sheer domestic bundle of vanity in a dippy-do wiglet. This girl is all smiles, and bright eyes, enshrouded with the aroma of Vicks Vap-O-Rub. She gets her kicks by drinking three bottles of Milk of Magnesia at a time and loves to talk for hours about the many different ways she can knit a hamburger. Being what is commonly a "nice girl", she blushes at the suggestion of a kiss, steadfastly refuses a little hint of petting, and won't give in until she cleverly maneuvers her date into pledging to "respect her enough to buy the pills". A gracious creature, she wants nothing for herself, only a son-in-law for her mother. So she begins every date with an affectionate "Oh, how much I love you!" and deftly changes the subject to marriage.

The third type, the 'super doper, poper dumb-dumb' is the category in which most of ol' S.C.C.'s girls settle into easily. Her mentality is rather... well, let's just say she was dumped out of the Girl Scouts on a Section 8. Her favorite word is 'duh?', which, when she is in an especially articulate mood, she may use thirty-four times in succession. Dating her can be an intense emotional strain. Sometimes, she ruins a date just by showing up. And her date has to contend with the ridiculing grins of his buddies and bear the loud mouth who was her last steady, telling all the funny jokes in the corner. Besides her eager interest to help her steady to cram for those rough Sex Ed. exams (really no such thing, but all he has to do is say there is) with the Dewey method, she's given to other eccentricities like surfing in galoshes and habitually smearing mascara on her teeth. Also, she's plumb full of surprises—like informing her boyfriend through an intermediary (I said she couldn't communicate too well) that he needs to buy three rings—one for an engagement, one for a wedding, and one for teething.

Well, that's the rundown of the girls at this school, I suppose they're just like girls anywhere—only worse. So why do we allow them to haunt us? I suppose it's our religious sacrifice. Remember. Even if He did blotch it, God created them. And He must love them a lot, or he wouldn't have made so darned many.



THE RAM'S HORN

Official student newspaper of Southeastern Community College, Box 151, Whiteville, North Carolina, 28472.
Published monthly during the College year except during holiday and examination periods.

The opinions expressed in this newspaper are not necessarily those of the College, its Administration, Faculty, or Board of Trustees.

- Editor-in-Chief Red Ward
- Sports Editor Rick Mason
- News Editor Sharon Townsend
- Feature Editor Judy Hayes

REPORTER—Priscilla Hewett, Miriam Manning, Walter Strickland, Alma Bryan, Frank Weaver