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Editorials

"Remembrances Of Things Past"

At the first of the month you assign stories and features. You spend the next week tracking down the stories and worrying about late breaking news. The third week you are constantly writing heads, rewriting stories, and laying out copy in a frantic effort to make your deadline at the The News Reporter. The fourth week, you go to press on Monday and anxiously wait for the criticisms, good or bad, to start flowing in.

And then you start all over again. It all sounds pretty hectic, and it is. The problems are heightened at times by by time itself, which seems to move a little faster where newspaper people are concerned.

Then, suddenly you realize that eight of these hectic months have elapsed and this is your last issue, and now it is time to slow down, reach back, eight months ago and see what you've accomplished.

Our first paper was greeted with a tremendous, eye-opening, vivid, sensational . . . yawn.

At this point many people were reminded of the fact only that there was a college paper. It may have passed for a bulletin.

Then in October things began to happen. The second issue of THE RAMS HORN saw the birth of a new era in journalism, at least as far as Southeastern was concerned. The format changed drastically, as the "underground" look slipped quietly into the press and appeared boldly on the front page. This was change, and most people fear change, but no one lost their cool until five pages later the "Student as Nigger" leered out and rang like a death knell, when many faculty members saw themselves characterized in print. And then, the inevitable happened. THE RAMS HORN acquired critics.

Now the stage was set for the November issue and the headlines, "Famine and Pestilence in Columbus County" and "Your Neighbor is Starving", echoed through the critics grape-vine.

Many of the critics or "hypo-critics" arose to the occasion and spent their time discussing the immoral use of food stamps, while others were busy trying to figure out the dimensions of the "Bible Belt". One even wrote to tell us that the "Belt" extended the length and breadth of the country, but we couldn't believe him, because we knew the whole country was not like the picture Whiteville painted, oblivious to the turmoils of the world.

Christmas break came and with it no paper, so the critics sat in their offices, glancing furtively, sometimes glaring across at the little office in the Auditorium building, watching the bustling activity and wondering what diabolical and horrendous plot the Editors were cooking up. For all those critics, who spent the holidays, wondering about the plot, we apologize.

The new year dawned and up went the wire, then, mysteriously it came down two days after the January 'HORN' appeared. Martin Luther King's name graced our front page and the critics hollered "wasted space" while millions of Americans mourned a great man.

The only group upset with the February issue was the newspaper staff itself. The critics applauded as their tongues tightened, and the staff prepared for possibly it's best edition.

The March 'HORN' struck the right cords and the inspiration led to the "clean-up" campaign. This issue was marked by praise from all sides and supported by the student body.

Looking back over these several issues the one constant factor seems to be controversy, and the April issue was certainly no exception.

The critics once again yelled "wasted space" as the 'HORN' reached its quota of ads for the first time in its' five year history.

As we go to press for the 1st time this year, mainly concerned with the needless and unwarranted deaths of the four Kent State students and the war which is pulling our nation apart, we leave the peaceful area of Southeastern Community College in a not so tranquil state.

The innuendo of pomp and power, the schism of faculty and administration, the community-college dissention have filled the halls of the fastest growing community college in the state.

What are we doing?

We are cutting each others throat with name-calling and mistrust. We are literally chopping each other's progress off. We are tearing away the solid and good foundation of an institution which should be the greatest and most effectual generating force for pulling the community, it's young and it's old, together.

Listen friend.

If we don't sit down and start talking to each other, rather than about each other, we not only are going to ruin the chance we have but the chance America has.

We all want the same thing, an education.

So why don't we—chop together—in tearing away the shackles of ignorance and stupidity and hate, which guide the lives of too many people.

Kent State

"All that is evil in the world comes of ignorance, and good intentions can be just as harmful as benevolence, if they lack understanding," this quote by Camus illustrates the true tragedy of Kent State. It illustrates the tragedy of the Negro, it illustrates the tragedy of the American scene. Ignorance is a favorite breeding ground of pretended concern. Those kids that were killed at Kent State were not revolutionaries plotting to tear our good nation apart at its strained seams. They were kids pursuing their things. By now they are rotting in their graves, crumbling back to insensible particles of dust. Lives stopped by cold pieces of lead—Life rendered to the lowest common denominator by a force stronger than understanding: ignorance.

It is time for concerned Americans to put a stop to war, to put an end to the senseless killing of America's young. When one can sit in one's living room and watch a candid, commercially interrupted synopsis of death on the homefront; wholesale killing of American youths; statistically tabulated deaths of American soldiers in Asia, then the time has come for positive action by concerned Americans. "Peace at all cost is like killing to put an end to war, or like sending Negroes back to Africa to put an end to their quest of equality. Ignorance is devouring our land in large morsels and the remnant is falling prey to apathy. These apathetic ones shake their heads and wonder what the world is coming to.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor and Staff:

Thank you for your award bestowed upon me. I am both delighted and encouraged to have received it. I hope that you will continue to present such an award each year. In this age of hysteria, criticism, and Unidentified Flying Objects, it is easy to preach to others and know nothing of yourself. Education is not yet a feast where all are fed. But through the cheerful and combined hard-working efforts of both teacher and student, we can sit down to a meal that is something more than a change of plates.

Thank you again,

Heather Ross Miller

I write this letter in response to the letter in the April edition of the Rams Horn concerning Hippie Day.

The anonymous letter, under the pretense of ignorance, ran down any members of the administration and student body who approved of and/or participated in Hippie Day.

TJ

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

First let me make it clear, I'm not a member of the older generation. I'm on the other side of the gap, a student at SCC, 22 years old, and I've got something to say.

We, the younger generation go around declaring and in some cases, screaming that we are anti-establishment. We claim that society, today, has made it on hypocrisy and the prevailing idea of crushing the other guy if it will get you to the top. Some of our gripes are very justified, some are not.

Now my gripe; We, who feel so strongly in our hearts about what is right and what is wrong had better start in the classroom. Cheating in a classroom leads to cheating in society and a cheater in society is the label we have placed on the older generation. When students are instructed to take a test without the prof present, and then proceed to openly exchange tests, refer to notes, and communicate knowledge to one another, it gets pretty nauseating, but even more nauseating when those same students will go out and scream for justice in society. "I'm buying my term paper from a guy at UNC," what and who else in society will that individual try to buy and at

what price can he be bought?

What's the answer to this problem? I don't know. Especially, when the wife of an influential member of the faculty says, "Don't snitch. I've heard the professors talk and they can't stand the kid who snitches." And another comment of a person who influences the faculty said, "Cheat? You've never seen cheating? Everybody does it.

Due to these comments I refuse to sign my name to this editorial.

But this kind of pollution among our peers is the hypocrisy we should clean up by beginning, I guess, with ourselves. And the second step is to steer clear of professors and counsellors who advocate such standards as they are the ones we want to least be like, for, they are the very people we are striking out against.

All those cornball cliches like "an honorable F is worth more than a dishonorable A" is really our idealogy. Most of our parents only said it but never did it; and, I thought that's what we were all fighting in our minds about. Let's not live the hypocrisy we accuse the older generation of.

Peace

A fellow Student

Dear Editor:

I can't help feeling that some of the editorials and articles in the current issue of the Rams Horn constitute air pollution of a rather offensive sort. If the cultural and esthetic environment of Southeastern is contaminated to the extent that it takes frequent and irrelevant use of obscenity to produce forceful and effective writing, I would suggest that we dump the whole roster into the septic tank and start over.

George Thompson

the ram's horn

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