



Sneed for trustee

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Recently, Sneed called me (via satellite) from Daytona, where he's currently ruining his unbelievable, five-year perfect attendance record by lounging in a Winnebago in the infield of the Daytona Motor Speedway. He wanted me to put his platform "to the people" and to remind the seniors that "a vote for Sneed is a vote for Sneed."

Note: Sneed has recently been under great stress (from gambling) and therefore some of the planks may be a bit eccentric. They should be viewed with an open and sympathetic eye.

The Platform

1. The immediate construction of an on-campus football stadium.

2. Bus service to and from gathering places of students, and student housing, at regular, posted times until 2:30 a.m. on week nights and 4:30 a.m. weekends (6:30 a.m. to the "TKE" house).

3. The president of the school must eat, and reside, on campus.

4. All city elections are to be

held on the first day of the second full week of each school year.

5. The immediate filling-in of the fountain with dirt to facilitate a five-hole putting green.

6. Teachers will teach a maximum of 7 courses a year, thus enabling them to devote more time to each student. (Currently, teachers have a 9-course load).

7. All first year students should have the option of taking their classes pass/fail. (There would be a strict attendance policy for students opting for the pass/fail semester).

8. The school's mascot would be changed from an oxymoron to a creature indigenous to the area - the three-headed turtle which you can observe sunning itself in the Carolina Biological pond.

9. Change the literary cannon. No one should escape college without having read Mailer, Vidal, Thompson, Wolfe, etc.

10. Change the school's name to *Sneed State*.

11. Change the general requirements to a package which attempts to develop better humans

as well as better units for the work force.

As you can tell, Sneed has done his research, and since I received his platform early, I was able to run it by some current members of the Board of Trustees before we went to press. The comments ranged from the bizarre to the obscene but all were complimentary.

"Sneed's platform is pure genius," one Board member who wished to remain anonymous commented. "He's the only man I know who can stand up to the people who run this school."

Dr. Eunif Philsner, *professor emeritus* in para-psychology and Board member-at-large, said, "Sneed's a chain saw with an agenda. The only reason he's not in charge already is that he's desperately hated: the professors hate him for his mind and the students because he's beautiful. His platform is the best I've seen, students should read it and reread it."

Remember, a vote for Sneed is a vote for Sneed.

Angelou

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They all hear
The speaking of the Tree.

They hear the first and last of every Tree
Speaks to humankind today. Come to me, here beside the River.
Plant yourself beside the River.

Each of you, descendent of some passed
On traveller, has been paid for.
You, who gave me my first name, you
Pawnee, Apache, Seneca, you
Cherokee Nation, who rested with me, then
Forced on bloody feet, left me to the employment of
Other seekers--desperate for gain,
Starving for gold.
You, the Turk, the Arab, the Swede, the German, the Eskimo, the
Scot...

You the Ashanti, the Yoruba, the Kru, bought
Sold, stolen, arriving on a nightmare
Praying for a dream.

Here, root yourselves beside me.

I am that Tree planted by the River,
Which will not be moved.

I, the Rock, I the River, I the Tree. I am yours -- your Passages
have been paid.

Lift up your faces, you have a piercing need
For this bright morning dawning for you.

History, despite its wrenching pain,
Cannot be un-lived, and if faced
With courage, need not be lived again.

Lift up your eyes upon
This day breaking for you.
Give birth again
To the dream.

Women, children, men
Take it into the palms of your hands.
Mold it into the shape of your most
Private need. Sculpt it into
The image of your most public self.
Lift up your hearts
Each new hour holds new chances
For new beginnings
Do not be wedded forever
To fear, yoked eternally
To brutishness.

The horizon leans forward,
Offering you space to place new steps of change.
Here, on the pulse of this fine day
You may have the courage
To look up and out and upon me, the
Rock, the River, the Tree, your country.
No less to Midas than the mendicant.
No less to you now than the mastodon then.

Here on the pulse of this new day
You may have the grace to look up and out
And into your sister's eyes and into
Your brother's face, your country
And say simply
Very simply
With hope
Good morning.