

Rapid Transfers

By Carl Hanlon

When do I do it? Where do I go? Who do I do it to? Oh my gosh, I've only got two more weeks! Does this sound familiar? This is the sound of a frustrated, confused, bewildered, and unsure sophomore at MAC. This ever present problem faces each and everyone of us at one time or another in our short and bleak life. But don't feel discouraged. You're in the same boat along with approximately 15,000 other sophomores around the country looking for a senior institute to transfer to. Need help?

First, narrow your choices of colleges down below 25 or so, if possible. Then write away to the colleges for information such as: financial aid, tuition costs, rooms, type of college, how many females, or on the other hand, how many males, and an application. **KEEP YOUR CHOICES DOWN!** One reason for this is because almost all

colleges require an application fee of 15-20 dollars (\$). And after 2 or 3 applications your piggy bank begins to fizzle down to nothingness!

Try to have a general idea of what you want to do in your life. You should pick the college that has the courses you'll need in your vocation. It's no use to go to Gordon Seminary if you want to be a Beautician Sweeper. Nor is it too bright if your a professional student (like me) and apply at Harvard or Yale just to "take in the sights."

After you have applied and sent off your money you can do one of two things. (1) Worry that not one will accept you, or (2) that you'll find out 5 weeks later that you never put stamps on the envelope and your application never got there. If this happens to be your misfortune, don't despair, just remember the famous words of Jimmy Carter: "If you can't go to college, you can always grow peanut butter."



Just as the spoken word is a means of communication, sign language is just as vital to our friends who are deaf.

Communicate with the Deaf

Have you ever wondered what it would be like if someone close to you such as your mother or father were deaf?

Jan Autrey, a freshman here at MAC knows the feeling well. His father and mother have been deaf since birth and his mother has been blind for sixteen years. Besides his parents, fifteen of his cousins are also afflicted by this handicap.

Deafness is a partial or complete inability to hear which can be inherited or a gradual loss in hearing with age can occur. Such is the case with Jan's father. It's not at all rare for him to have been born with normal hearing ability, not all of his family is deaf either.

Try to put yourself in his place as a child in his environment trying to communicate with parents who could not hear his word or his laughter. Can you imagine the frustrations a person would feel? Can you think how you would cope with this situation? At the age of two Jan began familiarizing himself with sign language and later he spoke it. He has never had formal classes in sign language, because he

learned through the aid of his parents.

Jan has been on one televised crusade with Billy Graham and has been on other various television programs. He has attended conferences for deaf and blind and has been an interpreter for Merrimon Avenue Baptist Church for three years, and an interpreter in court trials. At his high school, A.C. Reynolds, in Asheville, Jan taught mini-courses in sign language and performed in various talent shows there as well.

We at M-AC are very fortunate to have Jan in our midst. He teaches sign language to those who are interested in communicating with the deaf. He already has students coming from Old Fort and Marion. These students feel that it is a challenge as well as a blessing to learn to communicate with the deaf.

Maybe you too will want to share in this happening. Contact Jan Autrey in Howerton Dorm about signing up for one of the Monday night sessions (5:45 to 6:45 or 7 to 8) in room 3 Gaither Hall.

Smiling Politicians Campaign

Bring out the campaign POSTERS, start wearing candidates buttons.... yes, election fever is here and in the air. As many students know the time for Freshman elections is at hand. The offices open are: two Freshman Class representatives to SGA, male and female, two Freshman representatives to Honor Council, male and female, and Freshman Class President. All Freshmen are eligible with the main qualification for these offices being 'a willingness to serve and a desire to make MAC a better place for the students and faculty.'

The duties of each office vary. The Freshman Class representatives to SGA are voting members of the SGA Legislature and are also responsible for working on SGA projects and committees. These two representatives are the official voice of the Freshman Class. Next, the duties of the Honor Council representatives are, to be a voting members of the Honor Council and to preside along with the present members in all Honor Council cases. Lastly, the main duty of the Freshman Class President is to be the Chairman of the Handbook Committee for the following year. This is only one duty however. Holding one of these offices is also a way of preparing yourself for a position in your Sophomore year at Montreat.

Any Freshman student interested in seeking an office should turn his/her name into Rex Hoffman or one of the Elections Committee members. Freshmen who are not nominated by the Nominating Committee, but still wish to seek office may do so by petition. This petition must contain the signatures of 10 percent of the student body.

Campaigning will begin on October 27, with a dinner for the candidates at the home of Mrs. Andrews, and will end with speeches by the candidates and voting on November 7. So as November 7 rolls around keep a look out for the 'BIG SMILES' of the Freshman Candidates for 1977-78.

Earl Zelswick Goes Home

He was just one one class away from Fall Break and Earl was more than ready to go home. His car (67 Mustang) was setting just outside Biology class with its engine running, gas tank full of no-knox, Gabriel Steady-Riders fully inflated, and 8-track tape of Chet Atkins about to turn to the 3rd track for "Terry on the Turnpike." The Prof said, "have a good vacation" and Earl was gone. SWOOSH! (That's the sound of Earl dashing through the wind en route to his car.)

Earl felt like a free spirit as he went wheelin' out of Montreat. He had made it a whole month at college and now he was going home—home to Ma and Pa, apple pie, old friends, the old Gulf station hangout, Nero (his pet dog), and of course Sugar Babe! (his woman). In short he was going back to a simpler life. Now tell me you can't relate to that!

Just as Earl had begun to reminisce about the good times with Sugar Babe, his attention was distracted to a figure in the distance.

A hitchhiker approximately 30

yards away and closing beckoned the services of Earl's car. Earl screeched to a stop and yelled "Hey baby, wanta lift?"

Apparently the girl was desperate for she got in and said "thanx, with a big smile. 'I'm going to Miami.'" "Well that's great," responded Earl, "because I'm going home to my mammy too!"

Earl felt this was as good a chance as any to brag about his college career (all four weeks of it). "I go to MAC pretty lady and . . ."

"Listen. If you don't bore me with your problems, I won't bore you with mine!" snapped the girl.

"Aw, going to MAC ain't no problem, and besides you've got to listen. You're a captivated audience!"

It was then that Miss Miami-Bound noticed the door handle on the passenger side was missing and let out a hair curling scream as Earl went on to inform her of his college prowess.

Suddenly out of nowhere a 77 Grand Prix, black on black, pulled

up along side of Earl on the Interstate. The driver promptly lowered his power window and shouted "get that piece of junk off the road!" Shocked to say the least, Earl retaliated by running him off the road. Speaking of Earl's car—it was so old that the headlights had cataracts, his radio only picked up Lawrence Welk, and 60 m.p.h. was a downhill luxury.

While Earl had gotten out of his car to straighten out (literally) the gentleman, the hitchhiker saw her chance to escape and did! Earl felt great remorse upon returning to the car and finding her gone. "And I was just getting ready to tell her how well I was doing in Math 100," sighed Earl.

Earl finally reached his home town one hour later. The highlights of his stay included finding his parents had moved for the fifth time, Nero (remember, it's his dog) had died, his high school had burned down, Sugar Babe had gone to a big

university and gone wild, and his twin brother Carl, who was an ex-con jailed for stealing strawberries (he was caught red-handed), was in terrible shape.

To top this Earl even had to put up with all the wild stories about himself made popular while he had been gone. They went as far as to say that he was now married! Such a thought sent Earl off the edge of sanity. "Woe is me," moaned Earl. "I bet I've got more rumors than Howard Johnson!"

Poor Earl was about to give up on his college career and start work at the Gulf station the following morning, when he happened to stumble across his old baseball glove, and it struck him. No, not the baseball glove, but an idea! He couldn't quit, for he had to think about the team. He knew they would be lost without him, so back to Montreat he hurried to trudge on like any other great martyr. RA! RA. Ra. ra. . .