

EDITORIALS/LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Readers,

This school is in upheaval. I think everyone knows this and find no reason to go into WHY the school is in such a state.

I think that we all need to think about what this school means to us, how we want it to be in the future, and what we want it to mean to us in the future.

For those of you out there who say there is no one who will listen-- you're wrong. This school has an obligation to us as students to listen to us and our opinions. Besides that, I believe that there are people who really want to listen. If you don't believe me, make an appointment to see any one of the Deans or with the President. If you have a legitimate concern/complaint/gripe, how else do you think anything is going to be accomplished?

For those of you out there who don't want your voice to be heard, fine. But please, won't you quit complaining until you are ready to take action? For those of you out there who really do care about what happens to this school, PLEASE, do something!!

I know there are people out there who care because as I was walking up here to the newspaper office, crying for myself (pity) and this school, someone stopped and hugged me all the way up the stairs.

THE CASE OF THE LOCKED DOOR

STAFF WRITER

One dark, stormy morning the spy was seen trying to sneak into the second floor of what is called the STUDENT center. Of course, everyone knows the spy is involved in subversive activities. Looking around, he stealthily made his way into the Mezzanine elevator. The elevators were always safer than the stairways. No one ever used the elevators. It was an understood rule that the elevators were only there for decor's sake and in extreme emergencies of handicapping conditions. The spy knew this. Actually, the spy knew a lot of things about the Student center-- he lived there and he used it as a base for all his criminal activities. Once in a while, he would venture out to a building on a hill and carry on other secret activities. Invariably though, he would be foiled because of a common problem spies face-- A LOCKED DOOR.

The spy would oftentimes find himself on the verge of discovery when, in a panic, trying to retreat to his hideaway in the student center, he

Dear Editor,

I was pleasantly suprised to actually hear a few people discussing the presentation made by Dr. Rischer and a few of his students during convocation last Tuesday. The presentation, (for those of you who missed it) was on our system of election, specifically the electoral college, and arguements for and against this system. What disturbs me to the point of addressing this topic is; 1) The attitude of those attending the convocation and 2) that a public debate like the one in convocation is such a rarity on our campus.

First of all, in regard to the general behavior in convocation Tuesday, IS THIS A COLLEGE OR A PRESCHOOL? Why is it so difficult for anyone to present to us, as a student body, anything besides some sort of juvenile entertainment? What in the world are we here for? A college degree, boys and girls, is not a ticket to

I BEG YOUR PARDON

The Aletheia would like to apologize for the omission of the last two lines of the poem by Tracy Sauls in the article "The Jamaican Scoop" in the Nov. 4 issue. It is reprinted in its entirety in this issue.

The Aletheia would also like to apologize for other various typographical errors and the omission of the last lines of "The Power of a Smile," submitted by Mrs. Betty Ferrell. The last of the article should have read: "And once you find laughter, no matter how painful your situation

professional and/or financial success. If you are one of the many, here and in other institutions, just dragging through, hoping to get enough credit hours behind you to receive that sacred diploma, thinking that having been granted such, you will be prepared to meet the world, you are probably in for a very disheartening and painful surprise.

College should be a place where we not only learn about the world around us but we get involved in it. Not simply creating opinions about every popular issue that comes along, but learning about the issues by debating them, by questioning the answers rather than conforming to "popular opinion".

I am in favor of more open forums and debates on issues of local, national and international importance.

might be, you can survive it," he insists. (Bill Cosby)

Gary Alan Fine, a sociology professor at the University of Minnesota, claims that laughter is a skill we can all acquire-- because it comes naturally. But it's also something that has to be nurtured.

Laughter begins with a smile. So why don't you make your day!

There also may have been some confusion as to the interview with Mr. Hicks Anderson. The article neglected to mention why Mr. Anderson is here and where his office is located. Mr. Anderson is a returning professor to Montreat and teaches for our new Business Administration degree. His office is located on the top floor of the library.

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GREG FERRELL

Dear Editor,

I would very much appreciate it if you would place this ad in your campus newspaper as it is very important to me.

Wanted: Behind the wall's born again Christian college student looking for correspondence from people that care. I am serving time for drugs and gun possession. Black, 5'11", 165 lbs., and very lonely. Friendship wanted. All responses welcomed and answered. Write to Crispin Lewis 87A-4126, P.O. Box 149 Attica, NY 14011. Thank you very much for your time and consideration in this matter. Being that I am incarcerated, I am unable to pay for your services, therefore I would appreciate it very much if you could post it where interested people might be able to see it. Thank you again for your time and consideration, and I thank you in advance for running this ad. May the prosperous of the Prosperity be with you and family always.

May God bless you always,
Respectfully yours,
Crispin Lewis

Physically my body
is placed in a chair
but my mind is not here
mentally I am there
Every beat of my heart
takes me away
and forces out tears
in remembrance of that place
I see faces blurry
but eyes clear - so clear
staring into mine
nothing equals it here
Those deep sunken eyes
with longing yet love
in them I see hope
and sweet Jesus above
I feel their hands
clinging to mine
losing a friend
they were happy to find
I long to feel the warmth
their appreciation spreads
I want to see them clothed
and heartily fed
I look at what I have
and all that they lack
I remember as I left
I never quit looking back
and I never will!

GAL. 5: 13-15.

YOU, MY BROTHERS WERE CALLED TO BE FREE. BUT DO NOT USE YOUR FREEDOM TO INDULGE THE SINFUL NATURE; RATHER, SERVE ONE ANOTHER IN LOVE. THE ENTIRE LAW IS SUMMED UP IN A SINGLE COMMAND: "LOVE YOR NEIGHBOR AS YOURSELF." IF YOU KEEP ON BITING AND DEVOURING EACH OTHER, WATCH OUT OR YOU WILL BE DESTROYED BY EACH OTHER.