# The Opinions Page

Mike Wachtendorf's

## BabbleOn

### Some People Just Don't Get It

College is for many the grand finale of childhood. Juvenile behavior is still allowable most of the time. It is a place where some small sense of proven maturity is required for entry, and much more is required to exit properly. Many lessons are learned in its classrooms. Many more forgotten at its social gatherings.

Many discover the world in their new surroundings. It is quite amazing how getting away from the world allows you to finally realize what it is you're getting away from. No matter how crazy and corrupt college is or may seem, it should be a peaceful life relative to what is waiting ahead, or maybe not...

Last night something happened to me. Every bit of sorrow I could possibly know drenched my soul. At the same time, I became angry and confused.

I was alone in the radio studio on the fourth floor of Moore Auditorium. I was beginning to get a little tired. My show was almost over. The phone rang. It sat there and rang again. Preempting a third ring, I picked up the receiver.

"Hello," I said.

"I think I want to kill myself" eerily came from the other end of the line.

The caller's further description of his situation was sad and hard for me to believe. He said that his family situation was sour, his girlfriend had dumped him, and school was not going too well. We spoke for a few more minutes. The lack of details he gave prompted me to think that his situation was not at all real.

However, angry and confused, I had no other choice but to believe him. I wanted to yell at him and tell him how asinine his idea of a prank was, but I could not be positive that his call was a prank. I feared that I might be holding the phone by my ear as a gun went off, so I did not scold.

I told him to speak to his RA or someone who I thought might be better trained to deal with the real problems he has mentioned.

Feeling helpless, I hung up the phone and called campus police, but what could they do with hundreds of rooms on campus? I still felt helpless, but angry, knowing that this could be some careless mind's idea of a good joke. It was not a good joke. There was nothing good about the call I received last night, nothing good at all.

A few minutes later, I played "Don't Give Up" by Peter Gabriel. No one but the caller and myself really knew why.

I sat there almost in a daze staring at my own reflection in the glass in front of me. The caller had no idea what hateful deed he had just acted upon me. The insincerity of his details seemed like a dead giveaway to his true intentions, but his words were too strong to ignore.

My own violated feelings of distrust have grown rapidly since I've been in college. Lies are often just as transforming as the truth. I've been exposed to plenty of both, but the lies have made me what I am: untrusting and often alone.

I went home last night, and after praying for the life of my caller, I fell asleep.

When I woke up this morning, I was unsure of the night before. I anxiously approached the campus wanting to know some bit of truth from the previous night.

While standing in the cafeteria line, a peer walked up to me, put his arm around my shoulder, and laughed and thanked me for playing a song for him last night.

I responded dumbfoundedly with "What!"

"Don't Give Up," he said chuckling.

I just stood there. I was shocked. I had told my caller to go talk to his RA. This guy was an RA. I was shocked. He said it again.

At this moment, the hate which burned inside me had an outlet to go to, but I kept it inside.

His foolish prank ripped me off. He stole my trust, not just in him, but in others like him who may someday need it because of real problems they are having.

This is not a simplified version of "The Boy Who Cried Wolf" story. In that tale, only the boy was hurt by his falsehood.

Caller, you have hurt me and others like me. Your lies have made a mockery out of your own sincerity and that of others.

You have proven yourself a fool.

I have not included your name in this text for obvious reasons.

College frees some from their foolishness. Others have just wasted their time.

Amy Webb's

## Spider's Webb

### Senior's Time To Shine

This is the happiest and saddest part of the year. The year has ended and each of us is ready to start the summer.

For seniors, it is not only the beginning of the summer, but also the beginning of a new chapter in their lives. It can be overwhelming trying to prepare for final exams and sending out resumes.

All of us who are left behind come to the reality that we too will soon be seniors. I would like to dedicate this article to all seniors. I wish you the very best in whatever the future holds for you.

A closing verse:

"...And then a hero comes along
With the strength to carry on
And you cast your fears aside
And you know you can survive
So when you feel like hope is gone
Look inside you and be strong
And you'll finally see the truth
That a hero lies in YOU..."

-"Hero," Mariah Carey

Dwayne Kennedy's

## Eye On The Storm

### Is Jim Crow Alive and Well?

As a country we are on the verge of acknowledging the fortieth anniversary of desegregation in our public schools. In October 1954, the U.S. Supreme Court determined that the doctrine of "separate but equal" established in 1896 by their decision in Plessy V. Ferguson was erroneous. This culminated in the abolishment of segregation in all public schools in the U.S. as a result of the courts decision in Brown V. Board of Education, at least according to existing law.

In reality, a mortal battle has ensured over the past forty years in the attempt to make desegregation an integral part of the public school experience and beyond. In the 1950's, 1960's, and even today desegregation in education, employment, and housing is rampant and continues to divide and conquer our society. Let me ask you a few questions: What was your high school like? What was the neighborhood you grew up in like? What kind of job did your parents have? If you answered good to any or all three of these questions then you have experienced the negative aspects of desegregation.

The exact opposite can be said for those victimized by the evil role that segregation has played throughout our history as a country. How would you like to not be able to vote? How would you like to not be able to attend graduate or professional school,or to have no hope of gaining suitable employment These basic questions are taken for granted as "rights" of citizens, but even today some people still suffer from the effects of segregation.

"How can it be?" you may ask. The simple truth is that we allow it to exist and permeate through every aspect of our society by not acknowledging its presence. In the 50's, segregation was ignored in order to defeat communism. In the 60's it was addressed and then ignored because of Vietnam. In the 70's an entire decade was lost to disillusionment. In the 80's desegregation was ignored because of greed and selfishness. In the 90's we hide our true feelings behind a facade of political correctness. We are running out of time as a society as evidenced by the L.A. riots, gang violence, and the endless decay of families and communities. WAKE UP and smell reality before its too late.

My challenge to this years graduating seniors is simple. Let us attempt to transcend our own self interest and fight to bring about the demise of Jim Crow. Because, right now he is alive and well in too many of our hearts and minds!

## Senior Write-Ins

This is a thought for any student of Mars Hill. It is also intended to be some words of wisdom and advice to use throughout the rest of your life. If Mars Hill has taught me anything, it has taught me that if you want something done, you have to speak up for yourself. We have all heard the saying that "Idleness is the work of the Devil!" Well that's definitely true of Mars Hill. As a student paying tuition and the salary of the faculty, staff, and administration; it is your right your privilege, and your obligation to speak up for yourself and what you believe is right. I have learned through four years of college that this is not taught here at Mars Hill. But isn't college supposed to be the time and the testing ground for the rest of our lives? Isn't college supposed to prepare us for the real world? That, at least, is what the admission counselor told me when I considered going to this school!

Speak up! Your government and nation asks that you speak up and be heard. Mars Hill on the other hand doesn't think so. If I can be blunt, "Don't rock the boat," appears to be the battle cry for this college. If we don't speak up now, how are we as responsible adults supposed to live in society? We won't know how if we are continually fed the propaganda that we don't have a say as what tights you have. If you lack certain rights, speak up and let the rest of your friends, your schoolmates, your parents, and even the administration know that you and your opinion count at this school, not only when your parents call and complain!

**Jim Wood**

As a senior who has been at Mars Hill College for all four years, I would like to offer some simple, friendly advice to the freshman and anyone else who cares to listen:

1. Get involved with school activities, groups and organizations (these will look great on a resume)

2. Find a good set of friends who will accept you for who you are.

3. When you begin dating someone heavily, do not neglect your friends, you need to go out and do things with others as a chance to be away from your "honey" for a while.

4. And most important of all, do not be afraid to let your feelings and opinions be known on this campus. Don't complain about the way things are going if you are not willing to offer some good suggestions.

Take care, Mars Hill, I love you!!

**Sheri Durham Wood**

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Prospective Graduates