

Sewer truck voices concerns

John Smith
Staff Writer

If you walk to Revco and keep going towards Duke, you'll come across a rather strange looking truck parked in someone's front yard. Strange looking because 1) it is a sewer truck, not normally found in peoples' front yards, and 2) it has a lot of pretty weird stuff painted on it.

I noticed this truck a lot over the course of last year, unsure what to make of it. Finally, a friend and I decided to get to the bottom of the mystery and walked over to talk with the owner, who turned out to be Mr. Bill Dunn.

He was sitting behind his desk talking on the phone when we walked into his office, and I didn't think that he would have time to say much to us. I was wrong, however, because as soon as we asked him about that sewer truck he really let it fly.

At first we couldn't even tell exactly what the guy was saying because he was so hyper about the whole subject, but before long we got the story together. It goes something like this:

Bill was married semi-happily up until 1980, when his wife decided to get a divorce. According to him and his lawyer, it was totally her own fault. However, the judge didn't see it that way, and she won millions of dollars of real estate

from Bill. She then proceeded to go into business with her lawyer using those millions.

Rather upset by all this, Bill decided to advertise his newly found disdain for the American legal system in about the most bizzare way imaginable.

He bought a 1976 black Cadillac hearse and the sewer truck and decorated them with the themes "Justice is Dead" and "The System needs Cleaning/Flush the Muck." He even drove the hearse around for a few years, just to emphasize his point.

After reading Bill's story, one could determine one of two things about him: that he is a radical revolutionary who has exposed the court system as the great flaw in our society, or that he is just one crazy dude

who has carried things a tad bit too far.

Many people might opt for the latter choice, but there is at least a grain of truth in what Bill Dunn is trying to say. I, for one, believe that the courts are pretty screwed up as it stands today. I have no idea how to fix them, and if I did I wouldn't bore you with the details, but it just seems to me that there has to be a better way.

Well, I guess I've said what needs to be said, so I'll just leave it at that with a hearty farewell. If you ever have a little free time, by the way, drop by Bill Dunn's house for a minute and have a look at his sewer truck. You might find it to be an enlightening experience. And don't forget to ask about his ex-wife.



Mr. Bill Dunn painted this hearse in 1980 to protest his divorce settlement.

Will Hayes

Of World Peace and Strawberry Ice Cream

Dorothee Alsentzer
Staff Writer

To sit in the bleak concrete confines of Hunt is amusing. I find myself gazing at the sinking sun and wondering how many years will pass before that hot mass will resolve to engulf the hateful home we call Earth. I want to save my offspring of such weighty thoughts. Unfortunately, the earth's being consumed by the nucleus of our solar system is the least of humankind's problems as we progress into the twenty-first century.

The most pressing of the difficulties that our generation faces is more likely the lack of unity between the peoples of this planet. National Public Radio is never at a loss for news about a couple of warring ethnic groups. Take, for instance, the war in Bosnia. Four years is four years too long. All I am saying is give peace a chance.

This significantly overused and unemployed statement would be so nice if anyone would bother to pay it a small amount of attention.

What is even more disturbing is the lack of unity here in the United States. We are fabled to be the greatest nation on the planet, yet violence and hatred plague our cities. Why? Look how our society raises its children.

For example, we students at NCSSM run from reality and isolate ourselves from diversity in our microsphere of intelligence. Various authorities attempt to persuade our innocence to think that "we are the world" by sharing with us the observation that the ice cream here comes brown, white, and mixed.

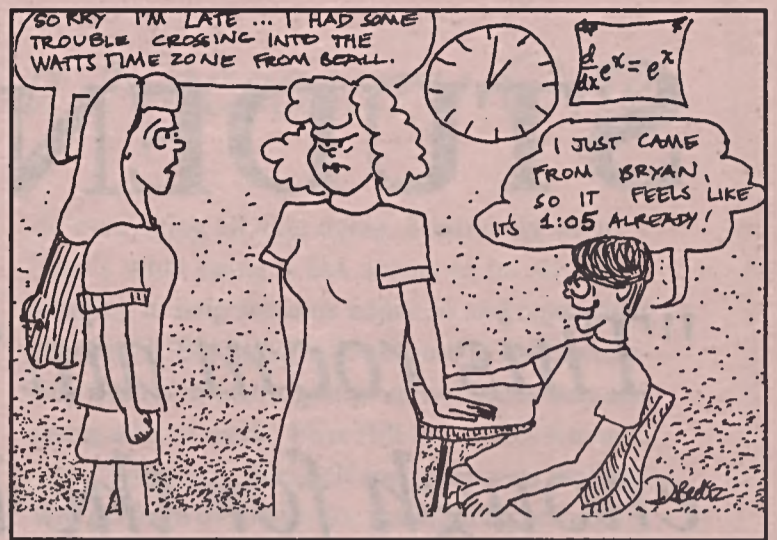
What about strawberry? What about IQ levels? Those vary as much (or more) as the choice of milk shakes at a Burger King drive-through. Are we unwilling to ques-

tion such homogeneity?

A voice in my ribcage tells me that everything is, in fact, not all right- and probably never will be. We no longer have laws that obstruct harmony and happy togetherness, yet such forms of euphoria are extremely rare, if not nonexistent.

I recall my first best friend—a wonderful young African-American girl. We shared the highlights of our innocence oblivious to the world of resent and prejudice which surrounded us.

Sadly enough, reality tracked us down and played its tricks of deception on our youth—she moved away and we drifted apart. Stories such as this one are a part of society that will not disappear soon unless we stop forming clans of acquaintances who are all simply clones of ourselves encased in different shells. Strawberry ice cream is an acquired taste.



LOOK WHO'S TALKING

Compiled by Joey Tucker

What do you think of Student Life 101/

102?



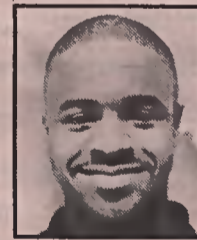
I can't wait to do the exact same thing I did last year. It will give me an even better edge in the competitive world market for diverse, efficient world leaders.

—Sean Kennedy, senior

All we did in our time management session was complain about teachers and homework.



—Cheri Borries, junior



It [Student Life 102] was a good idea, but it's mostly a review of Student Life 101.

—Yancy Ragin, senior

The Stentorian

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