

Ex-Ramseyite calls for logic, reason

by David Hearing

Since coming home on leave I have been hearing a great deal concerning the events of the past several weeks at my alma mater.

First, idealism in young people is a typical, yet admirable characteristic, but only when it is not carried to extremes. Certainly we all desire peace and understanding among all men and nations, and there are those among us that claim we may have all this "if

only" we all loved one another, "if only" man didn't hate, "if only" man didn't war, "if only" man wasn't selfish, "if only." But don't you understand, that is the whole problem? Man doesn't love his brother, man does hate, man does war, man is selfish! He is imperfect. He is man and not God. Man has been that way since Jesus Christ walked the earth, which is the very reason He came, because man was sinful. Man has always been that way, and he will always be that

way! Accept that fact and quit beating your head against a wall attempting to reform the whole world. It can not be done! Rather, examine yourself and try to live the idealistic life within yourself. That alone should be challenge enough! But what happens when idealism is discouraged? The idealists turn to extremes to attempt to get their point across. They turn to malice, unlawful acts, hate, and violence. They generate hate and violence in others as well.

Second, the actions of many young people appear to be not ones of idealism, but of conformity, not of independence, but of dependence, not of wisdom, but of ignorance. How many of the numerous protestors really have firm convictions and understanding, and how many are captured by clever slogans? How many are leading, and how many are following blindly? How many really know very much about education and running a school, or how many really understand Vietnam, or race, or war, or love, or God, or anything? From my own experience I know that such groups are led by an articulate few who are supported by a noisy but ignorant many. My suggestion is to do

your own thinking. Protesting and being against the "establishment" is no longer a sign of independence and non-conformity.

Third, accept the fact that you as a young person don't know all of the answers, and even perhaps don't really know what is best for you. How could you know when you haven't even experienced life yet? Allow an older, more experienced generation to give you guidance. Don't foolishly push them aside and refuse to listen to their advice. Believe it or not, they are acting in your own best interests! They have made mistakes. They certainly are not perfect, nor are you, but you can be darn sure that they are a great deal wiser and more familiar with the world than are you!

My advice, then, is this; (1) be idealistic, but not to extremes, (2) don't be a follower, but think for yourself, (3) accept guidance and advice from the elder generation for they probably know better than you, and (4) consider the consequences of your actions lest they be other than you desire.

lays another egg...

mcj

and another egg...

and another egg...

the best of the worst

by Mark Johnson

When I sit down to write my column, I usually just seat myself at my typewriter and, with as little fore thought as necessary, simply beat the keys until I use up a couple sheets of typing paper.

This, while not assuring me of any Pulitzer prize, does at least allow me to meet deadlines.

Some times the results are pretty dreary.

Some times they're just so all around wretched that I throw them into a desk drawer (which, interestingly enough, I call my "All Around Wretched Desk Drawer"... catchy, isn't it?) in the vain hope that they will disappear if ignored long enough. They never do but at least I don't have to think of them as long as they're hidden in my desk.

Last week, a friend suggested that I print some of the garbage from my drawer instead of writing some fresh garbage for my column. Having a somewhat masochistic nature, I agreed. Here then is the best of the worst.

The first gem I dug up was a real clinker called "Attila, the Barber." It was a "rib-tickling" character study of my right-wing barber. It started like this:

Remember the good old days when all barbers were fat Italians who talked only about the next Yankees' game?

I don't but I sure wish my barber was a little like that.

Last week I bowed to parental pressure and decided to get my hair clipped. One look at my barber shows that he is the exact antithesis of the classic barber of the lasagna school.

Well, it started about as funny as a labor strike and went progressively down hill.

My next column also looked good on the drawing board. It was called "My Electric Toaster is out to Get Me!" and went like this:

Somewhere in my house there is an electric cord with my name on it - just waiting for me.

I don't know what it is about me but all of the electric cords just lay in wait for me. The minute I drop my guard, they suddenly appear from beneath a dozen throw rugs and, before I can say "General Electric," I'm nursing a bleeding nose while trying to untangle my Tom McCann shoes from a snarl of electric cords.

I curse an awful lot around the house.

That was even worse than the first. The Book of Genesis got more laughs than that column got.

The third and best of my lousy columns was called "Laugh and the World Laughs With You but Get an Earache and You'll Starve to Death in the Lobby of Midway Hospital; or The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and it started:

There is an old familiar saying that I believe would be more suitable if it were rewritten to say "There is nothing to fear but fear itself and the emergency room at Midway Hospital."

Now don't get me wrong. I believe that hospitals are vital. In fact, I see them as a sort of rest stop between the Golden Age and Forest Lawn. Nevertheless, it is annoying to beg for two hours merely to get a Johnson & Johnson Band-aid.

Last Saturday I awoke with a splitting ear-ache. My mother, pointing out that it was the seventh day of the week and as such our family physician was resting, referred me to Midway Hospital.

Thing really got off to a bad start when I registered at the "Emergency - Out Patient" desk. A foggy-eyed blonde nurse, whose I, Q, seemed to be roughly equivalent to that of an average tongue-depressor, gave me a form to fill and went back to playing with her blocks, pausing only occasionally to mutter something about "all the pretty colors."

I filled out the form and turned it in to the blonde. I puzzled briefly over why they wanted to know if I was affiliated with the Communist party and say down in the reception room, dismissing the form with a casual, "Oh, they must have their reason."

Actually, that column wasn't all that bad but I couldn't quite get the mental image of me being worked over by a couple of goons from the AMA in a dark alley out of my mind.

Now I suppose it is apparent why those columns weren't printed. If you thought those were fun, just wait until the next edition in which I'll print a column of the WORST of the worst. They'll just slay you.

BLUEPRINT STUDENT FORUM

minis

Dear Sir:

I would like to clarify a few points about the mini-course program:

- (1) Contrary to popular belief, the mini-course, is not dead.
- (2) I am no longer in charge of the minis. Mary Soberg now has that charge.
- (3) Dave Pence was not a formalized mini-course, although he did attract more people to his meetings than any other "sanctioned" mini.
- (4) The mini-course program is a

good thing and should be continued. It is an opportunity for students to involve themselves in areas closely related to them. They demand a lot of time in preparation and planning and when properly organized, deserve good attendance.

The emphasis of the mini program now is toward involving students directly in areas of their own interests and skills.

We hope interest in the minis will be sustained enough to permit carry-

over into next year.

Peggy Stevenson
junior

review

Sirs:

In your review of the film "They Shoot Horses Don't They?" you said that the movie "didn't beat around the bush with a lot of film metaphors." How true. The movie shows us a parade of sadistic spectators, money-grubbing dancers, "un-ethical" alcoholics, and a long list of other choice representatives of humanity, and then tells us to take our pick of whom we wish to identify. Beyond a doubt, "Horses" was the most degrading movie I have ever seen. If a film were made about a racial or ethnic group that played up every character as low as possible, you would just jump all over it. But a movie which has no more message than to downgrade the entire human race?, you applaud it as a great film. While you commended the acting, techniques, etc. (all were good) you completely overlooked theme as a meaningless triviality. Congratulations on your latest exploit in responsible reporting.

Rick Vernier
sophomore

Don't Be In The Dark.
When You Can
"GRADUATE
IN
COLOR"

Arthur's portraiture

PO-3EDALF
636-0820