

# Season's Greetings

Kennesaw Junior College—THE SENTINEL—December 16, 1969

Vol. IV No. 7



May the Holy Babe  
inspire us toward a joyful and peaceful world

# The Sentinel

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## Election Returns

It's been a long campaign week of posters and "Vote for me," but finally the ballots are in and the votes have been counted. Kennesaw Junior College's five new freshman senators are Cathy Millwood (303), Jan Nelms (203), Janis Ledford (195), Danny Cochran (178), and Jerry Ashburn (172). Also, Robert Haynes has been approved for sophomore senator. Now we know who will represent the freshman students in SGA, but let us look at them closer.

Cathy Millwood was born October 1, 1951, in Marietta, Georgia. She has lived here all her life, and attended McEachern, High School. While at McEachern, she was in the Drama Club, President of Tri-Hi-Y, Secretary of the Student Government, a cheerleader and Miss McEachern High School. At Kennesaw this quarter, she is taking French, Biology, College Algebra, Tumbling and Trampo-

line, and Musical Choir. Besides being in the Student Government, she is in Civitans and on the SENTINEL staff. She plays on the Aadvarks intramural team. Cathy's hobbies are horseback riding, hunting, and tennis. Her ambition is to do social work, because she loves to be around people. After Kennesaw she would like to attend Berry College in Rome. When I asked Cathy an experience of hers, she told me that in high school she played on the Powder Puff football team. At one game she intercepted a beautiful pass and ran to the goal. It was the WRONG goal. She was called after that "Wrong-way Millwood."

Janice Nelms was born January 25, 1951 in Macon, Georgia. Her family moved to Smyrna and she attended Wills High School. While at Wills, she was Vice-president of Student Council, in FHA, and on the newspaper staff. At Kennesaw this quarter, she is taking College Algebra, English 101, and Art. Jan is on the SENTINEL staff. When Jan has nothing better to do she sews and apints. Her ambition is to be an airline stewardess, and from Kennesaw she plans to go straight into training. An experience in Jan's life was when she was in elementary school. One day she took charge of her first grade class. One of the little boys kept getting out of hand, so Jan took the teacher's paddle and spanked

him. Jan got in trouble, because the paddle broke, and she was spanked. Jan said, "A day hadn't gone by when I didn't get spanked."

The third female senator is Janis Ledford. Janis was born in Cumming, Georgia on August 1, 1951. She has lived in Smyrna, Acworth, and Marietta. While attending Marietta High School, Janis was in the M-Club, Tri-Hi-Y, Future Teachers of America, Student Council, FHA, Language Club, Who's Who, and played on the Basketball team. Janis' first quarter at Kennesaw is filled with History, Art, English and Golf studies. She participates in SEA, Civitans, the Eaglettes intramural team, Mystics Knights of the Sea (coeducational volleyball), and is a member of the SENTINEL staff. When Janis finds time, she enjoys car races and sports. Janis would later like to either teach Physical Education or work with the mentally retarded.

The first male senator to be elected was Danny Cochran. Danny was born in Rome, Georgia, on August 3, 1951. He just recently moved to Marietta from Calhoun, Georgia. When he was at Calhoun High School, he was in Key Club, Hi-Y, and the Letter Club. At Kennesaw this quarter, he is taking College Algebra, English 101, History 111, and Archery. Right now Danny is serving as treasurer of Circle K at Kennesaw. He enjoys playing golf and watching girls. Later Danny wants to be a business executive or a professional golfer. When Danny leaves Kennesaw, He wants to go to the University of Georgia, then maybe on the Graduate School. Danny plays on the Roadrunners intramural team.

The last male senator is Jerry Ashburn or "Crowpecker." Jerry was born in Springfield, Missouri on May 14, 1950. Fifteen years

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SGA and Student Government President, Gerald Martin, who competed on the 'independent ticket.'

According to Gail, the night students were the ones who assured their victories over previously first place Kiowa Lightfoot and Joetta Henderson. All proceeds will go into the Civitan treasury for use in future projects.

### According to Cpl. Hennessee

Dear Mister Editor;

I understand that on Saturday Dec. 20th, there will be a semiformal held here in the student center. Featured will be the Sweet Younguns backed up by the Electric Collage Light Show. I sincerely hope that everyone will support the Student Government Association and the Circle K club in this event.

Cpl. Clem Hennessee

1st Co.

Big Shanty Vol.



"Me? I won?"

### Next to Godliness...

## Ugliness?

(SNS) Nov. 19, 1969. Winners were announced in the annual "Ugly Man, Ugly Miss" contest sponsored by the Civitan Club of Kennesaw Junior College. Mike Goss, President of the Civitans, expressed his thanks to the participants in the contest and added that "...the spirit of the contest was high and the voters were very generous...approximately 400% more so than last year. Our club collected \$140 this year in comparison to last year's \$36."

The drive was termed a big success by everyone involved. Included in the contest were

non-winners: Robert Haynes, (SGA) Don McRay and Cathy Millwood, (Civitans) Kiowa Lightfoot and Dial Smith, (SENTINEL) Howard Morrow and Nancy Pitts, (Montage) Jim Martin, (SEA) Joetta Henderson, (Independent). Among the faculty there were several more non-winning contestants. Included in this group were: Mr. Jones and Miss Stephenson (Humanities), Dr. Walraven and Mrs. May (Nat. Sciences), and Dr. Harris and Mrs. Waters (Physical Education).

The winners were: Gail Brumby, who represented the

## Senate sessions

The Student Government Association has undertaken the task of rewriting its Constitution in a series of senate meetings. The present Constitution is too ambiguous to be workable. Although a certain degree of looseness in construction is necessary to be practical, a more definite framework needs to be

established. Many parts of the present Constitution have remained in tact, while some have been reworded, some deleted, and some new sections added.

The New Constitution will be available to the student body at the beginning of Winter Quarter and a vote will be held to determine if it will be accepted.

## 1/4 of the way

(PIO) The Kennesaw Junior College Foundation, Inc., has reached approximately one-fourth of a \$50,000 goal in a fund drive now in progress.

Announcement of pledges totaling more than \$10,000 was made at the first report session at a breakfast hosted by the Foundation chairman, Robert T. Garrison. The drive will continue for two weeks, climaxing Dec. 11.

Garrison, a retired Marietta business man, sees the fund drive as an opportunity to make a good situation better. "Having been born and reared in this area, I have seen the migration

of our people to the industrial centers of the North," Garrison said. "Now that industries are in our midst and colleges are located here, we must combine our effort to expand the educational opportunities and keep our people here."

The drive was launched Nov. 13 by 23 business and professional leaders from a four-county area. Funds raised by the Foundation will support Kennesaw Junior College by providing student financial aid, assistance in faculty development and recruitment, a distinguished visitors' program, special activities, consultants and capital outlay.



Freshman Senators, L. to R. - Jan Nelms, Jerry Ashburn, Danny Cochran, Cathy Millwood.

# THE AQUARIAN REVOLT

"Steve? Wake up, Steve, the train's stopped." Elaine's whispered plea slipped through the thin veil of sleep that separated me from reality and lingered on my numb consciousness.

"Whatisit?" I mumbled, somewhat incoherently. Sleep was a luxury I found difficult to enjoy.

"The train's stopped!" The note of urgency in her voice acted like a knife to rip away the drowsiness from my tired mind.

"WHEN?" The moment I spoke I knew I had made a mistake. Several people in the car turned to stare at me, then returned to their own private worlds.

"Not long, maybe five minutes." Five minutes! My mind raced. That was a long time in the game in which I was now a participant. It could mean the difference between forever and nothing.

A conductor stepped into the front of the pullman and motioned for attention.

"Sorry about the delay, folks, but it seems that a freight train carrying some sort of gas has derailed on the line up ahead. It's going to take a while to clear the tracks, but there's nothing to worry about. Just stay seated and relax. We'll get going again as soon as possible." The conductor made his way to the back of the car, reassuring individuals as he went. When he had disappeared into the next car I made my move.

I didn't linger to eavesdrop on the woman in front of me as she voiced her opinions on why the government should be allowed to ship poisonous gas by rail. Instead, I took Elaine by the hand and half lead, half dragged her to the back of the car.

"What on earth are you doing?" The fear that was crawling the walls of my brain was reflected in her beautiful green eyes.

"We're getting off the train." I had to be firm or else she might panic.

"Here? We're nowhere. . ."

"Look. This is a trap. I can feel it."

"What? You can't be serious. You heard what the conductor said."

"I don't care what he said. He was just repeating what he was told." I glanced toward the front of the car. Everyone was straining to look out the windows. Good. Attention was being drawn away from me by the good old American fascination for the morbid. "You stay put." I left Elaine in the corridor and went into the Men's Room. Luck was with me. Unoccupied. I reached out and jerked Elaine into the small cubicle.

"Thing's like this just don't happen, Steve." She was pleading with me.

"That's what I keep telling myself, baby," I said as, I ripped the towel rack out of the wall. Using it like a crowbar, I gently pried the window open.

"Through the looking glass?"

"That's right. I'll go first so I can catch you." I stuck my leg out the window just as a gust of wind swept some unsettled snow at the train. Great weather, my mind griped silently. My descent from the train was half jump and half fall. I landed in a snowbank on the side of the tracks, so fortunately I didn't break my neck. I tried to stand up, and discovered I had twisted my ankle.

"You okay?" A voice filled with concern drifted down to me.

"Fine." I lied as I struggled to my feet. "Come on, jump."

Elaine's descent was carried out with grace and ease, and I performed beautifully as a cushion. We both sat waist-deep in the snow for a moment, searching one another's expressions.

"Well. . ."

"Shhhh. . ." Voices from near the front of the car drifted to the shadows of our hiding place. I strained to hear what was going on.

"That's right." Someone said. "Headquarters said they were definitely aboard this train. Jansen, I want your men to search the train, car by car. We can't let them get away again."

"Yes, Sir. Okay, spread out." The figures moved on down the train, and I slumped back into the snow. Close, my tired mind shrieked.

"You knew." Elaine's voice was filled with bewilderment and awe.

"No," I replied, "I suspected. That's about all I can do now. Doesn't pay to take chances."

"Steve?"

"I'd like to apologize."

"For what?"

"Questioning you on the train. Your judgement, I mean. I didn't think they'd go that far. And we were

so close to the border." Disappointment shone from her in the moonlight.

"Come on, girl. This is no time to quit. We can't be more than five miles from freedom. About the train, well, I guess you could say it just wasn't in our stars."

She smiled at my bad pun. It was a tired, forced smile, but a smile, none the less. For what seemed an eternity we sat in the snow, gazing into one another's eyes, waiting to make sure that it was safe to leave.

"Come on," I finally whispered, breaking the peaceful enchantment that had immuned us to the freezing wind. "We'd better be moving on. It won't be too much longer before they find out we're gone, and you can bet they'll scour this entire area for us. Anyway, you look too contented." She laughed. Elaine was a rugged sort, not just painted beauty and false courage of other girls her age, but a quiet type of perseverance that is hard to find now.

We crept out of the darkness of the ravine where we had huddled and sprinted across the white blanketed field. The train dwindled into a toy behind us, and by the time we reached the security of the woods, we could barely see the twinkling lights of its warm, pullman cars. I laughed to myself as I thought of the woman discussing poisonous gas.

By daylight we were far from the vicinity of the train. We had been careful to avoid houses, but sooner or later I knew we'd have to find shelter and food. Pangs of hunger seized me with regularity, and I could speculate at what Elaine was going through.

"Do you smell something?" I whiffed the air.

"You mean to tell me that red and runny thing still works." Elaine laughed and indicated my nose.

"I smell food." I was sure of it.

"Wishful thinking."

"Wishful thinking my foot." I dragged Elaine through the woods at a trot, tripping over hidden stumps and rotting logs. We burst into a clearing, and ahead of us stood a small, frame farmhouse. I looked at Elaine.

"Look, if you're going to risk it for my benefit, forget it. I'll be okay." She was sturdy, all right.

"Don't be a hero, kid. We both need rest and food. This is what's known as a calculated risk. Come on." As we neared the house a dog started to bark and when we entered the farmyard a man stepped from the building.

"Hello." He was elderly. Probably had lived on the farm since he was a boy.

"Hello." I answered. I couldn't appear too nonchalant as I stumbled out of the woods, dragging Elaine.

"Sorta bad day for a walk." He was probing.

"My car broke down way back on the road. Could I use your phone?" My plight had made a professional liar out of me.

"Sure thing." He appeared to swallow my story. "Come on inside. I'll see if the missus can fix you something warm."

"Thank you very much." I really didn't know how long I could play the charade, but I was going to play it for all it was worth.

"Name's Tom Stewart. My wife, Mary." He introduced us to his round, red wife as we entered the house.

"Mine's Jim Caldwell, and this is my wife, Alice. Boy, was I glad to see your house." Elaine shivered slightly as we entered the kitchen.

"Mmmm." She murmured softly.

"Here, dear," Mrs. Stewart spoke to Elaine, "Let's try and find something dry for you to put on. Tom, don't you have anything that might fit Mr. Caldwell?" She spoke while leading Elaine away.

"How far did you say your car was?" Probing again.

"I didn't, but I would guess it's about three miles."

"You didn't see any other houses?" I shook my head. "Why didn't you stick to the road?" Now that was a good question for a give-away. I pretended I hadn't heard it.

"Where's the nearest service station?" I asked, trying to throw him off.

"It's on the way to Lewistown. About two miles up the road." I could see from his expression that the question and answer period wasn't over.

"I think it's my fuel line. Maybe it's broken."

"What sort of car is it?" He wasn't about to give up.

"A 1968 Rambler Rebel, blue. I pulled it off on the side of the road."

"I'll call the service station, have them come out and let you take them to it."

"Thank you." I was pinned. As soon as the people from the service station showed up they could hold me. Mr. Stewart stepped into the hall to use the phone. I felt inside my coat, and found that the gun was still there. I didn't want to use it, but it looked like I'd have no choice.

I started to step into the hall when I heard Mr. Stewart on the phone.

"That's right. Both those bank robbers are here. A half an hour? Okay, I'll try to stall them." He hung up and turned right into the muzzle of my gun.

"So I'm a bank robber now? You learn something every day."

"Are you going to kill me?" He became a case study in the effects of fear.

"What, and become a murderer too? Not unless you make it necessary. Now first we're going to go in the kitchen. Then you're going to call your wife. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not so formal. You can call me Steve." He lead the way into the kitchen, and then he called his wife. She came into the room, and the sight of the gun had the same affect on her that it had on her husband.

"Elaine, tie them up with these electrical cords, if you will. Mr. Stewart, I'm afraid I lied about the car, but then you already know that, don't you? Well, since I don't have any means of transportation I'm going to borrow the truck I saw outside. As for you and your wife, well, I'm not really too concerned about your welfare. The police should be here pretty soon, and they'll untie you. Are you finished yet, Elaine?"

"Ta-ta!" Elaine beamed at me. "Mission accomplished. Want to check the knots?"

"I trust you. Well, you've really been swell, folks, but we've got this pressing engagement. I'm sure you'll understand." They didn't appear to be very understanding, but they also weren't about to cross me. Elaine and I left them tied back to back and got in the pickup truck.

"How did they find out? Did you slip?"

"That's confidence for you. Last night you didn't trust me, practically claimed I was too cautious. Now you think I goofed. Make up your mind, will you?" She knew I was kidding from the tone in my voice.

"Will you tell me, or will I have to torture it out of you?"

"They heard about us on the radio."

"The radio?"

"Sure. Did you know we're bank robbers? Just like Bonnie and Clyde."

"Is that what they're broadcasting?"

"You expect them to put out an all points bulletin for a traitor and his girl-friend. That wouldn't be awfully smart of them, now would it?"

"I guess now. Where are we going?"

"Can't go far in this truck. Soon as the police get to the Stewart's they'll be looking for the truck. We'll ditch it about two miles up the road."

"You mean we're going to walk again?" She feigned horror.

"Don't like the 25c walking tour? Then why did you come along?"

"If you must know I've fallen madly in love with the guide." She smiled.

"You know that we haven't joked like this since. . ." I cut myself off. The worst thing I could possibly do was start thinking of how it used to be. I was too late. We rode the rest of the way in contemplative silence.

Why were we on the run? What had we done?

I thought back. For me it had started in September. I had just transferred to Stilson College from Pershing College, a four year military institute. The change was really tremendous. Before I went to college I had been just another face in the masses. My character was molded by the crowd that I ran with, which meant I was a conservative griper.

I never spoke out. I wasn't a great athlete or a brilliant scholar. I just existed. I took up space. Deep inside I guess I had a yearning like all young people do, to do something great, but I wasn't ripe.

At Pershing I came into the light. I joined the paper staff which, when you thought about it, was the most radical group on campus. All around me I saw injustice, or what I labeled injustice in my pointed editorials. I'm afraid that the military establishment and I just didn't go hand and hand down the garden path. I was labeled a troublemaker

by the administration, and a hero by the student body. I fought the hard fight for two years, but it was a lost cause. It was like the little man fighting city hall. I finally gave up, and decided I'd set the world on fire somewhere else.

Stilson provided me with that opportunity. It was the ideal campus. It was full of new innovations and ideas that would soon catch on elsewhere. I joined the paper staff, and rapidly earned a name for myself. I considered myself a truly active member of the campus community, so I was contented. I struck out at injustice, fought for truth, and slung a little mud. I was of the opinion that right was might, and I milked the motto for all it was worth.

My room-mate, Gary Stevens, worried about my safety all the time. He was a brilliant, but somewhat radical, thinker. He had solutions, direction and purpose. He did not want the establishment to fall, merely improve, change.

It was just after a hotly contested election of the student government that it happened. I had backed a candidate I thought to be both honest and confident, and I had also thrown the weight of the paper behind him. All through the campaign the other candidates screamed, "prejudice!", which it was, but that didn't phase me at the time. Anyway, my candidate won.

I was working late one night at the paper office, trying desperately to meet a deadline, when I heard a knock at the door.

"Come in." The door swung open and about fifteen boys marched into the office.

"Want to talk to you, Winslow," the spokesman for the group said.

"Look, it's rather late and I've got this deadline to meet. Maybe you could come back tomorrow." This approach met immediate disapproval with the group.

"We'd like for you to come with us," the spokesman insisted.

"I just explained..."

"And he said you're coming with us," one of the boys in the back spoke up.

"I don't know what you're planning but..." I was worried. This wasn't any sort of joyous occasion.

"Just come with us, now!" It was an order. There was no doubt about it from the inflection in the spokesman's voice.

I had little choice. I left the office, flanked by what could be considered only as guards. I was lead to a car and driven off campus.

"Would you mind telling me what this is all about?" I might as well have been the only one in the car. Everyone else was preoccupied with something.

We drove through the gates of what I recognized as the old Veteran's Administration Hospital. It had been abandoned for about five years, or so I had been told. We drove up to the main building and stopped. I was escorted in and lead to what must've been the auditorium. A group of boys were already assembled there, but the lights were so low I could recognize no one.

I stood before a podium on the stage, and was confronted by a semi-circle of shadowy figures. Sweat streamed down my forehead and distorted my vision, and I developed an involuntary twitch in my left hand.

"You have been brought before this assemblage because we are of the belief that your writings are detrimental to Stilson College. You are given a chance to speak on your behalf before judgement is passed."

"What sort of joke is this?" It was a nightmare.

"No joke. We are representing the student body. You have been accused of creating discord in our campus community. What do you have to say?"

"What can I say?" They weren't joking. These shadowy figures were out for my blood. "I have a feeling that no matter what I say that judgement has already been passed. What evidence has been submitted to prove your claims and who resides as judge to decide whether it's detrimental or not?"

"This is the evidence." Copies of the Stilson Streamer drifted out of the darkness to land at my feet. "And we are the judges, your peers."

"And my jury. Who here is unprejudiced, enough so to try me fairly?" This was one fight I couldn't afford to lose. If it was medically possible to sweat blood, then I came as near to it as man can.

"Is this your defense, Mr. Winslow? To answer charges with questions?"

"I write the truth as I see it. I fight what I believe to be injustice. I believe that is my right." I was angered to an extent that I would stand up to my mysterious tormentors.

"You do not have the right to incite disturbances."

"I don't recall that I ever had."

"You are insolent!" I had angered them.

"And you are intolerant! Anything that doesn't conform to what you believe is right is detrimental, correct? I was taught tolerance. If you intend to sway me with threats you are wasting your time."

"There is no need for deliberation. You have a choice, Mr. Winslow. Resign from the Streamer staff and withdraw from Stilson College or..."

"Or what? How far are you willing to go?"

"Release Mr. Winslow. He has made his choice. Good Luck." Someone grabbed me from behind and dragged me out of the auditorium. I was lead to the main entrance, shoved down the steps, and heard the door close and lock behind me.

"Good Luck, Mr. Winslow." A voice called out of the darkness.

An arrow thudded into the ground at my feet. So, it was to be a hunt, and I was the prize. I started to run into the shadows, and suddenly a searchlight illuminated my hiding place.

"Good Luck!" An arrow embedded itself in the tree next to me. They were deliberately missing. This was their sport. I crawled along the wall, trying to find a door or gate. Ahead of me a small ground house loomed. Safety, maybe.

As I reached for the handle of the door an arrow dug into the wood scant inches from my hand.

"The game's over, Mr. Winslow, and so is your luck." The searchlight swung and caught me full in its beam. Black figures carrying bows walked out of the brightness toward me.

"Last chance. Resign and withdraw." The ultimatum.

"You can't intimidate me. You're going to have to kill me, otherwise I'll find out who you are and track you down, one by one."

"A very noble thought to end with." One of them stepped forward. So this was it. I couldn't see going out without putting up some sort of fight. He stepped closer, and I lunged. I grabbed the man's bow and pushed him to the ground, leaping on top of him and choking him with the bow.

"Enough!" The searchlight went out. Somebody grabbed me from behind and pulled me off the struggling figure.

"He's in." I heard someone say.

I felt someone's hand on my shoulder, and I heard Gary's voice.

"Take it easy. It's all over." Gary shook my hand.

"What in hell?" Gary mixed up with these thugs. My mind reeled.

"It was an initiation." Gary offered as some sort of explanation.

"To what, the Gestapo?"

"No, to the Order of Aquarius."

"Never heard of it. Does it have many members?" After what I went through that was a serious question.

"Enough. You said you had never heard of it. If you had broken tonight and renounced your true beliefs you never would have heard of it."

"I would've been dead?" Again I was serious.

"No, you would be told this was all a joke."

"Hilarious. We must all get together and do this again sometime. Arrows and all."

"Those people shooting the arrows wouldn't have hit you unless they had been told to."

"That's reassuring as hell now, old buddy."

"Don't get riled, Steve. If you'll let me drive you back to the dorm I'll fill you in on Aquarius." That was a lie. I was bursting with curiosity. So I didn't complain when he told me.

Here is a simplification. Aquarius was organized in 1961, although at that time it wasn't known by any name. It was the creation of some eastern college's "think-tank", where a bunch of what can be best described as radical intellectuals sat around and formulated the elite organization which later became Aquarius. As the Astrologers' description goes, Aquarius was to be a servant of humanity. These intellectuals were to pool their resources for the common good of all mankind. They had dreams, and they built plans about those dreams, thus Aquarius took solid form on sound foundation. Plans to end wars, stop hunger and want, teach the ignorant. Aquarius was to use, as a means of attaining an end, the power and energy of the world's youth. Millions and millions of young people united for a single purpose. It had been a dream for ages, but never a reality. But from the way Gary spoke of it, idealistic as he was, Aquarius had THE PLAN.

"Why haven't I ever heard of Aquarius before now?"

"Some Nations of the world frown on Aquarius' means of achieving world peace."

"I'd think they'd be over-joyed."

"That's the way it should be."

"How many members do you have?"

"About a hundred thousand hard-core, inner-circle members. About two million world-wide who fall under our influence."

"World-wide? Any Communist countries?"

"Quite a few. More every day. We're gaining ground. It won't be much longer now. You got in at the right time."

"What'll I do?"

"I'll take you to our next organizational meeting. It's next Tuesday. Ok."

"Sounds fine to me"

"Glad to have you."

That was that.



"Steve." Elaine's voice disburbed my memories.

"What is it, green-eyes?" I tried to appear unconcerned by our plight.

"How far are we from the border?"

"I'm not sure, but we can't be very far from it. I figure that last night we were walking parallel with it."

"All this seems so unreal. How could it possibly have happened?"

"It just did, that's all we've got to know. Well, I guess now is as good a time as any." I pulled the truck off the road and into some bushes. "Everybody fall out. That includes you, Miss."

"Well, I never." Elaine laughed.

"If you don't you never will." We struck off across the open fields, due North. Somewhere up ahead, in the winter waste, was freedom from fear. That was our goal, but time was running out.

"We don't have much of a chance, do we?" Elaine's first outburst of pessimism.

"How did you reach that bright outlook?" I couldn't let her lose heart or we would be finished before we started.

"I mean, do you have some idea how we're going to cross the border when we reach it?"

"Well, we'll find some way." She had a point. There'd be patrols on the American side for sure. They'd be combing the border with every available man.

"Do we sprout wings and fly across?"

"Sarcasm will get you nowhere. Look, they've shut off the American falls at Niagara. We'll be able to cross on dry land there."

"What about the falls on the Canadian side?"

"We'll be in Canada by then, and home free." I hoped.

The scenery became monotonous. Everywhere for as far as the eye could see was snow. This made the going extremely slow, for we were continually becoming bogged down in deep snow drifts. Around noon we took refuge in a small barn and ate some of the food we had "borrowed" from the Stewarts.

"How did you get mixed up in Aquarius?" Elaine queried as she finished her somewhat stale sandwich.

"Don't you know? I mean, didn't they tell you?"

"No, they seldom confide in the hired help."

I told her about my initial meeting with Aquarius, and then I went on to discuss some of my further involvement.

"I went to the meeting with Gary, expecting for all the world to meet a bunch of boys sitting around some frat house drinking beer and complaining about the world's troubles. Instead he took me back to the abandoned V.A. hospital to the auditorium where I had stood "trial". The room was better lighted my second visit, and I recognized many of the people present as being some of the more intelligent people on campus.

There were teletypes clicking away in various sections of the room, and a huge, illuminated map of the world adorned an entire wall. The organization of

Aquarius was beyond comp

"You mean all of this in disbelief.

"Not just this. You see there?" He pointed to hun on the enormous map. I no organizational headquarter

"You can't be serious, taken back by the thought

"On the contrary. I'm nine long years of work to It won't be much longer t

He said, making no attempt voice.

"Pays off? Exactly wh Aquarius' purpose?"

"You'll learn soon e question with the grace o

play all his winning hand the room, introducing m

membership read like a col

"Eventually the meeti complete with the minutes

read by the secretary. Th Aquarius."

"Who was it?" Elaine getting the best of her

"None other than my Gary Stevens. I guess that had had up until that ti

follow. First of all, as a presented me to the asse

officially welcomed he we business.

"Several people rolled auditorium, a Harley Davi

explained how a shipment of the cycles had just arriv

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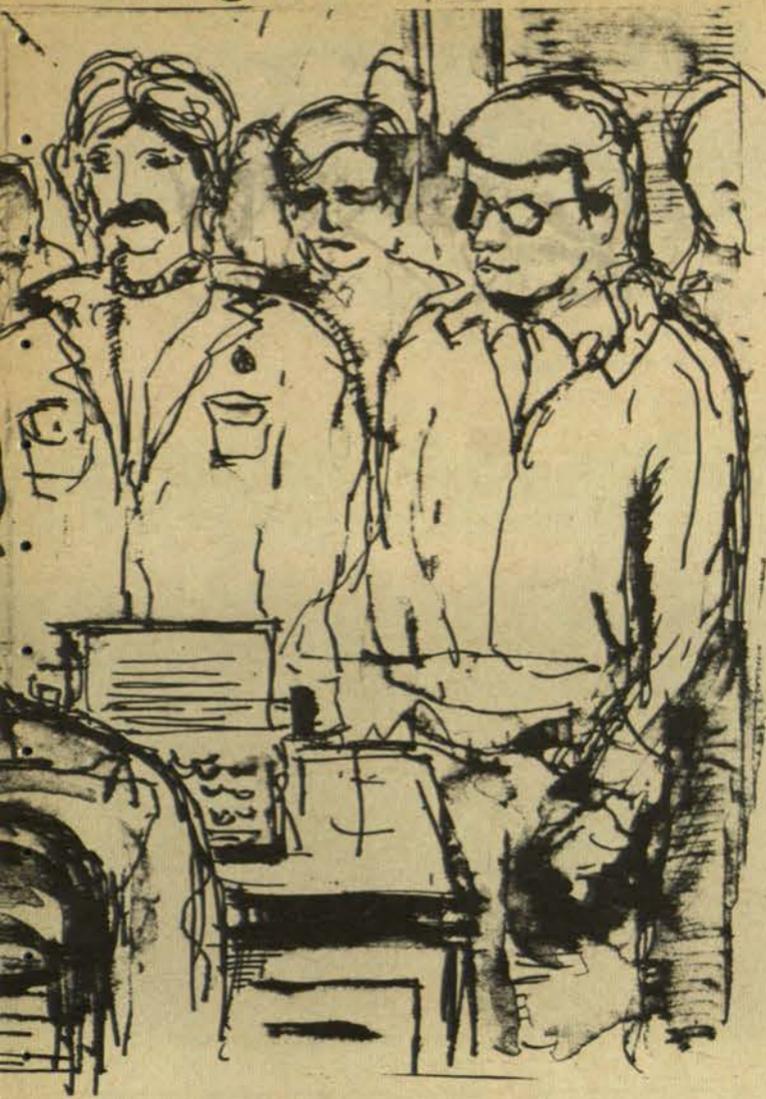
podium where Gary stood and took out what appe

container. He then proce and take out several metal

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intentions were far from pe

# Shaughnessy



comprehension." "Is Aquarius?" I asked Gary. "I stammered, somewhat of the scope of Aquarius. It took us quite serious. It took us to achieve it, but there it is before the work pays off." "What do you mean? What's enough." He dodged my someone not wishing to at once. He lead me around to everyone. Aquarius' "The youth of the world, Steve. Old men are Heads of State, young men compose armies. Old men start wars and young men die in them. Seems tremendously unfair when it's put like that, doesn't it?" I admitted that that theory put the whole concept in a bad light. "The only way to stop wars is to convince the youth of the world that war's just not the way." "Other people have tried that approach." "You're a pessimist, Steve. Think positive. We have for almost ten years now. We're on the verge of the answer. We've been gaining ground. Millions of today's youth are already convinced. When we make our move millions more will flock to our way of thinking. Aquarius has crossed international and national boundaries, put cultural differences aside in the quest of peace. We have united vast numbers of young people under one cause, a peaceful and prosperous future. Soon we will sever ourselves from the past." "How? Sounds terribly idealistic to this skeptical onlooker." "Peaceful revolution." "Wonderful. You're full of crap. That line's been choked on too often, Gary. It's never worked." "That's because everyone else who ever attempted it failed to organize properly. Ten years, Steve. Research has provided us with many answers as to why others have failed. This isn't a slipshod organization. No dark-of-night revolt." "Who finances you?" "Aquarius is self-financing. Our front organizations provide our budget. That way we owe no allegiance to anyone." "You're really serious about this hare-brained scheme?" "Why do you call it that?" "It can't work. It doesn't stand the chance of a snowball in hell." "That's the conditioning you've been fed. Don't bite the hand that feeds you. Remember, Steve, that

the hand that feed you also sends you off to fight its wars." "Really hung up on that philosophy, aren't you?" "Just face facts, Steve. These old people are ruining our world. They're pushing their problems off on us. They're making their wars our wars, their hatreds and fears ours. It'll never end, Steve, unless we rise up against it and stop them. And it can't be a minor uprising. We've got to shake their safe roost, disturb their well formed roots of power that stifle new thought." "The guns, are they for this 'great uprising'?" "You know as well as I do that some people just won't understand that we're trying to help them. They'll refuse to believe our motives." "So you'll kill them?" "Persuade." "Not with guns, Gary. Guns kill, talk persuades. If I don't believe your motives, will you kill me?" "I've known you too long, Steve. You'll catch on." "What about the slow-learners, Gary. Will Aquarius give them a chance to catch on?" "Hey, don't get mad. You just don't understand. If you had gotten in on the ground floor like me..." "No, Gary. Nobody or nothing, not even Aquarius, can make me condone killing people just because they don't believe the way I do." "We're not killers. Honest, man, when I say peaceful, that's just what I mean. We control a lot of people and a lot of organizations. Council of Student Governments, National Collegiate Press Association, that's just two." "The Student's For A Democratic Society sound more your type when you talk about guns and peace in the same breath." "You've got a lot to learn. We've investigated the S.D.S. Want to know who's behind them?" "The Communists?" "Too simple. Uncle Sam, Steve, Uncle Sam." "Now I know you're bananas. They're the proverbial thorn in the government's side." "That's what it appears on the surface. The Government subsidizes the S.D.S. You see, as long as the S.D.S. screams and hollers, you're going to keep those conservative kids, who are actually the vast majority, in line with government thinking. They use S.D.S. as a wedge. Keeps the good boys and girls in line." "You can't be serious." "But I am. Remember the convention the S.D.S. had in Chicago, the one where it split over ideological differences?" "Formed eight or nine splinter groups, didn't it?" "That's right. We caused that." "Aquarius?" "We aren't called radical intellectuals for nothing. We infiltrated the S.D.S. and split them into the dirty dozen. Did a good job too. Government lost all effectiveness. The S.D.S. has been ineffectual as a force on campus ever since." "That's one point in your favor. You'll open your mind to our way of thinking." "But I didn't Elaine. Aquarius' solution was no better than the rest. I couldn't let the revolution go through, so I..." "Went to the local office of the F.B.I. and spilt the beans, as the old gangster expression goes. They told you to your face you were out of your mind, but when you left they put a call through to the United States Internal Security Agency. They knew about Aquarius. They were waiting to catch all the ring-leaders at once, not just smash a local headquarters. They were afraid that you'd blow the lid off the operation before they were ready, so here I am." "You were assigned to make sure I didn't make any wrong moves?" "I was assigned to kill you," she replied in a flat tone. I stared at her. I hadn't known before. The barn was perfectly silent. Outside the wind moaned softly. "Kill me?" I muttered. "I couldn't. I couldn't kill somebody because they were trying to help their country. And then I fell in love with you." "We were trapped." I stared into her beautiful green eyes. I pulled her close to me and nuzzled her ear gently. "I'm sorry I didn't tell you earlier," she sobbed. "Why?" "Maybe you wouldn't have wanted me along." She was now crying uncontrollably. "You decided to come along of your own free will, didn't you?" She nodded. "Well, that's all there is to it. I love you and you love me. We were prisoners to devotion. Our superiors couldn't give a damn for either one of us. Aquarius will kill anybody who gets in their way and the government will kill anybody who gets in theirs. Simple? Brutal. Right now I'm only loyal to my conscience which is screaming, 'get out of it.' I am. I'm running fast and free. We'll make a new start somewhere else. Let them kill one another off in the name of world peace and security. Are we selfish?" She shook her head

softly against my shoulder. "Come on, Love," I said, lifting her to her feet. "It's time for us to go." "Steve." Her soft green eyes stared up at me. "Can we ever go back?" "I'm afraid not. Aquarius is after my hide. I'm a squealer, remember? And you, I should imagine that the United States Internal Security Agency would love to get their hands on you. They'd probably label you traitor like they did me." "Where can we go, Steve?" Her eyes begged for an answer. "Somewhere where we can live as human beings. Where we can make our dreams into realities and grow old peacefully. The last travel agency I sent the description to told me that places like that are hard to find. But we'll manage somehow. Enough gabbing, pretty one. We've got to be moving on." Outside, the snow had begun to fall again. Hope surged through my fatigue-racked body. The flurries of what might last long enough for Elaine and I to slip past the border patrols into Canada. It was our only hope. The going got tougher as we went further, for the new snow only added to the drifts, making it harder to navigate them once we found one. Ahead I could see where the forest ended, but after that only white. We trudged out of the woods, and there was... the river. The Niagara. I looked upstream and down. Not a soul in sight. Our luck was phenomenal. "What do we do now?" I glanced upstream to where a railroad trestle spanned the river. "There's our bridge to freedom," I said, pointing to the black span of steel. "You mean that?" "Either that or it's a long swim to the other side. That's the trestle the train would've taken us over. It's the Canadian Pacific's link with the New York Central. Goes all the way to Canada. That is our destination, isn't it?" "Come on, Silly." Elaine sprinted across the frozen waste to the beginning of the bridge. "Home free!" "Hold it right there!" a voice boomed out of the white. Suddenly the woods were alive with soldiers in white uniforms. "Stop or we shoot!" "Run, Elaine!" I shoved her down the trestle while I pulled my gun. I fired two shots and then dashed after Elaine. "Halt!" the voice commanded. All I could hear was my heart pounding in my ears. My sides ached, but I ran. "Fire!" I heard the command given. Suddenly the whole world around me erupted with splinters of steel as bullets dug into the girders. I was even with Elaine. Another volley. My ankle grew hot suddenly, my leg tingled, and then nothing. Elaine turned as I went down. "Go on girl!" I said as I tried to get to my feet. She just stared at me in horror. "Move, damnit!" She turned and started to run. Suddenly her back exploded in vivid crimson. She fell face down on the tracks and didn't stir. "Elaine?" I called to her, but she didn't move. "Elaine?" I started to crawl towards her when another volley stitched the tracks around me. "Don't move!" I could hear their running feet now. They were close. Something touched me on the shoulder. Something cold and hard. I turned on my side, staring into the barrel of a soldier's M-14. He didn't see my gun until it was too late. In an instant his face disappeared. Something hard struck me from behind and my world exploded into total darkness. \*\*\* The trial had been a mockery of justice, I recalled as I sat in my cell. I had no defense council, no jury. I was guilty before I ever set foot inside the quanset hut courtroom. The light from the guardhouse swept past my window, throwing the twisted shadows of the barbed-wire fence into my 8' by 10' cubicle. Outside I heard the guard challenge someone, and then strained my ears for the muffled reply. It was almost dawn. Outside my door the uniform tread of military boots ceased. It was time. The lock on the door was being opened. A guard stepped into the room. "Last chance, Winslow. If you confess to being a traitor, you'll get life." "I'd like to be there when you explain how a firing squad works to my mother." The guard motioned to someone outside the door. Another guard entered and took his place on my left side. As I left my cell I smiled. Yes, I would like to be there when they explained the firing squad to mom. I walked through the snow listening to the crunching of the boots about me. They had rhythm. I started whistling. The guards stared at me. They put me against the wall and took their positions. I finished the last bar of "God Bless America" as the rifles cracked.

the hand that feed you also sends you off to fight its wars." "Really hung up on that philosophy, aren't you?" "Just face facts, Steve. These old people are ruining our world. They're pushing their problems off on us. They're making their wars our wars, their hatreds and fears ours. It'll never end, Steve, unless we rise up against it and stop them. And it can't be a minor uprising. We've got to shake their safe roost, disturb their well formed roots of power that stifle new thought." "The guns, are they for this 'great uprising'?" "You know as well as I do that some people just won't understand that we're trying to help them. They'll refuse to believe our motives." "So you'll kill them?" "Persuade." "Not with guns, Gary. Guns kill, talk persuades. If I don't believe your motives, will you kill me?" "I've known you too long, Steve. You'll catch on." "What about the slow-learners, Gary. Will Aquarius give them a chance to catch on?" "Hey, don't get mad. You just don't understand. If you had gotten in on the ground floor like me..." "No, Gary. Nobody or nothing, not even Aquarius, can make me condone killing people just because they don't believe the way I do." "We're not killers. Honest, man, when I say peaceful, that's just what I mean. We control a lot of people and a lot of organizations. Council of Student Governments, National Collegiate Press Association, that's just two." "The Student's For A Democratic Society sound more your type when you talk about guns and peace in the same breath." "You've got a lot to learn. We've investigated the S.D.S. Want to know who's behind them?" "The Communists?" "Too simple. Uncle Sam, Steve, Uncle Sam." "Now I know you're bananas. They're the proverbial thorn in the government's side." "That's what it appears on the surface. The Government subsidizes the S.D.S. You see, as long as the S.D.S. screams and hollers, you're going to keep those conservative kids, who are actually the vast majority, in line with government thinking. They use S.D.S. as a wedge. Keeps the good boys and girls in line." "You can't be serious." "But I am. Remember the convention the S.D.S. had in Chicago, the one where it split over ideological differences?" "Formed eight or nine splinter groups, didn't it?" "That's right. We caused that." "Aquarius?" "We aren't called radical intellectuals for nothing. We infiltrated the S.D.S. and split them into the dirty dozen. Did a good job too. Government lost all effectiveness. The S.D.S. has been ineffectual as a force on campus ever since." "That's one point in your favor. You'll open your mind to our way of thinking." "But I didn't Elaine. Aquarius' solution was no better than the rest. I couldn't let the revolution go through, so I..." "Went to the local office of the F.B.I. and spilt the beans, as the old gangster expression goes. They told you to your face you were out of your mind, but when you left they put a call through to the United States Internal Security Agency. They knew about Aquarius. They were waiting to catch all the ring-leaders at once, not just smash a local headquarters. They were afraid that you'd blow the lid off the operation before they were ready, so here I am." "You were assigned to make sure I didn't make any wrong moves?" "I was assigned to kill you," she replied in a flat tone. I stared at her. I hadn't known before. The barn was perfectly silent. Outside the wind moaned softly. "Kill me?" I muttered. "I couldn't. I couldn't kill somebody because they were trying to help their country. And then I fell in love with you." "We were trapped." I stared into her beautiful green eyes. I pulled her close to me and nuzzled her ear gently. "I'm sorry I didn't tell you earlier," she sobbed. "Why?" "Maybe you wouldn't have wanted me along." She was now crying uncontrollably. "You decided to come along of your own free will, didn't you?" She nodded. "Well, that's all there is to it. I love you and you love me. We were prisoners to devotion. Our superiors couldn't give a damn for either one of us. Aquarius will kill anybody who gets in their way and the government will kill anybody who gets in theirs. Simple? Brutal. Right now I'm only loyal to my conscience which is screaming, 'get out of it.' I am. I'm running fast and free. We'll make a new start somewhere else. Let them kill one another off in the name of world peace and security. Are we selfish?" She shook her head

# Sentinel



**Campus Co-ed Marilyn Mask**

Editor  
The Sentinel  
Kennesaw Junior College

## OPEN LETTER— Lee Phillips

Dear Sir:

An "open Letter" to the students, faculty, and administration of Kennesaw Junior College was recently distributed and titled "What Price Moratoria?"

Indeed, the letter should have been titled "What Price Dissent?" since the author obviously feels that dissent within the context of the Moratoria also have their price and...the price is high." To begin with, he cites the "...predetermined anti-war atmosphere..." which, he says precludes open discussions. Does the author really believe that open discussions are not possible simply because there are individuals present that disagree with his viewpoint?

He also concludes that part of the "price" are "...the backgrounds and vested interests of the national Moratorium patrons and organizers..." In fact, section two in its entirety supports this fallacious conclusion. Each "exhibit" in section two lists the individual's affiliation with various alliances and organizations either leftist or socialist in nature. This is the time worn ad hominem argument used by Senator McCarthy in the fifties and by right wing extremists today. This argument is used to attack the man rather than his statement; it is guilt by association and in violation of a basic rule of logic.

For example, let's look at a "revealing connection" listed by the author. Richard Falk of Princeton is described as having visited Hanoi in July of 1968 and subsequently having a "cordial conversation" with Premier Van Dong. What kind of "revealing connection" are we supposed to see Mr. Mauldin? How does a conversation with a head of state incriminate the participant? This is carrying character assassination much too far.

From the "...strong far left influence among the hierarchy..." and his "...realization that anti-American forces stand to gain the most from campus chaos and division..." Mr. Mauldin contends that the "...national Moratorium movement is not only an attack on U. S. foreign policy in Vietnam but also a positive mandate for the Viet Cong cause."

How does he arrive at this conclusion? First, Mr. Mauldin admits that SOME Moratorium supporters ARE NOT left wing extremists; but he concludes that the entire Moratorium movement, consisting of ALL supporters, attacks U. S. foreign policy and supports the VC

cause simply because SOME of the hierarchy have left wing backgrounds! In addition to using the same tired ad hominem argument, this conclusion is not valid!

We are told in section three that active opposition was present on quite a number of college campuses. I am not impressed by this obvious statement, nor by the two instances cited as support. How do these two instances constitute "...quite a number of college campuses..."?

We are told in section four that "From a military standpoint the Vietnam War has been handled badly." I couldn't agree more, however, what does this statement have to do with the question of Moratoria and its' so called "price"?

At least section five deals with Nixon's reaction to the Moratorium movement. Mr. Mauldin points out that Nixon would risk his political life if he supported the Moratorium movement. What is the "price" here? Nixon's political future or the future of this country? It would seem that the President should be more concerned about the "price" of peace rather than his political welfare, in which case can he afford to ignore dissent?

Finally, Mr. Mauldin cites Sir Robert Thompson's book; NO EXIT FROM VIETNAM, as evidence that a communist takeover in South Vietnam would result in a bloodbath, a loss of confidence in American policy, a failure of western methods of defense, and even a possible Third World War! In addition, Mr. Mauldin quotes the NATIONAL REVIEW, 11-4-69, page 1101, in stating that "President Nixon was reported to have read Sir Robert Thomp-

son's book with great interest", thereby implying that President Nixon might hold similar views. But does this book reflect any of the President's thoughts, particularly the implied premise "...there is, as Sir Robert Thompson's title suggests, 'no exit' from Vietnam."? (NATIONAL REVIEW, 11-4-69, page 1101)

The answer is yes and no. The President made some of the following points in his November third address on Vietnam:

"He ruled out an immediate withdrawal and warned of the consequences of a 'defeat and humiliation in South Vietnam.'"

"He said he had an 'orderly, scheduled timetable for the COMPLETE WITHDRAWAL OF ALL U. S. GROUND COMBAT FORCES (emphasis mine) but repeated statements that the rate of withdrawal would depend on progress in Paris, the level of enemy activity and the strength of South Vietnamese forces...' (CQ, 11-7-69, page 2217)

Thus, the President agrees with Thompson that immediate withdrawal may have unwanted consequences, but disagrees with the basic premise of "no exit".

From an analytical perspective, one can see that most of Mr. Mauldin's arguments are questionable as well as ambiguous, and his conclusions supporting those arguments are fallacious if not misleading.

In my opinion, Mr. Mauldin's letter falls short of the type of reasoning that should be expected in the Vice President of the SGA and particularly as the Managing Editor of THE SENTINEL.

In short, Mr. Mauldin, Aristotle would turn over in his grave.

## Col. Bull's bull



Please, address all correspondence to:

Colonel Bullford Shite (Retired)  
% The SENTINEL  
Box 40  
Kennesaw Junior College  
Marietta, Georgia 30060

Dear Col. Bull:

Why is it that KJC does not have adequate medical facilities?  
A concerned friend of the Northland

Dear Friend:

Mr. Howland's hamburgers will cure anything!

C. B.

Dear Col. Bull:

How come all the walls in the school are yellow?

Jay Nelms

Dear Jay:

When the buildings were under construction the workmen had a four day mustard battle.

C. B.

Dear Col. Bull:

Why does Robert Haines wear those silly hats all the time?

Morgue

Dear Morg:

It's better than wearing Haines underwear on his head.

C. B.

## Ritual of the Draft Arthur Hoppe

Once upon a time in the country called Wonderfuland, there was a ritual known as The Draft. The Elders thought it up. And, being fair-minded men, they worried and worried and worried how to make it fair.

The ritual was basically simple: The Elders would seek a glorious cause worth fighting and dying for—like Economic Self-Determinism in Southeast Asia, or Unimpaired Political Hegemony in Northwest Africa.

Then, having found a cause worth fighting for, they would send The Young Men off to fight and die for it.

"This is eminently fair," The Elders told The Young Men. "We being elder and wiser, are obviously best suited to finding glorious causes to fight and die for. And you, being younger and stronger, are obviously best suited to do the fighting and dying."

The Young Men said they guessed that sounded fair. So everybody thought the idea was fair.

But a problem arose in selecting which Young Men to send off to fight and die. Being fair-minded men, The Elders wanted to select them by the fairest possible method. So they worried and worried and worried about which method was the most fair.

The Elders made lots and lots of rules to make sure the method was fair.

They ruled that a Young Man must be 18½ years old before being sent to fight and die. It wouldn't be fair to send a Young Man who was 18¼.

They ruled that a Young Man must be healthy. It wouldn't be fair to send an athlete with a trick knee.

They ruled that a Young Man must be too poor to go to college or too stupid to stay in. It wouldn't be fair to send the rich and the smart.

And they ruled that a Young Man must believe that God thought it was all right to kill people. It wouldn't be fair to send some kind of religious nut.

To make the ritual even more fair, little groups of Elders were set up in each neighborhood to pick The Young Men personally from among their friends and

neighbors. But some Elders personally didn't like Young Men with long hair. Or black skins. Or odd political ideas.

The Young Men found that their odds of being picked depended on what neighborhood they lived in. There was a lot of grumbling. "Somehow," said The Young Men, "it doesn't seem quite fair."

The worried Elders thought up new ideas. "How about picking just about everybody?" they said. But just about everybody didn't like this.

"How about a lottery?" they said. "Then everybody would have a chance at the honor of serving his country—if he's unlucky." But that sounded strange.

"How about paying them more money," they said, "so they wouldn't mind fighting and dying?" But that sounded mercenary.

The Young Men grew more and more bitter. They didn't like the worthy causes. They didn't like fighting and dying. And they didn't like The Elders.

"How can you say these things," said The Elders, astonished, "after all we've done to be fair."

Eventually, of course, The Young Men tried to overthrow The Elders. There were terrible riots and battles. Many Young Men fought and died in the attempt.

And the odd thing was, none of them had to be drafted.

Moral: If you find a cause worth fighting and dying for, do so. If you don't, don't. That's fair.

Art Hoppe, regular columnist for Atlanta Constitution. Courtesy of Copyright Chronicle Publishing Company.

# Speak out — Someone might hear you

Gerard Harrison

No little concern has been expressed over the communication gap between the various on-campus organizations. It has been attributed to lack of a common interest, general apathy, and lack of an effective medium for communication. Whatever the cause, a solution is past due.

I cannot subscribe to the theory that our organizations have too little in common to warrant a sustained liason. When one observes the massive congregation of students in the student center during free period, there certainly exists no noticeable lack of topic for conversation. Certainly it is true that we all identify best with those whom we work with in our campus groups, but we are all people, with basically the same wants and needs and with such a strong link with one another there can be no basis for alienation.

As far as apathy is concerned, there is little that can be done about it. Many more influential writers than myself have tried and failed to do away with it. Kennesaw is far from unique in having a problem with an overabundance of indifferent individuals. There will always be a few. They, however, are probably not going to take the time to read this. If, however, you ARE reading this and do not care about Kennesaw then you are wasting your time on this newspaper, for even the dry humor of Colonel Bull is oriented for those who are concerned with the college.

Our last problem is the lack of a communicating medium. To resolve this problem is simple indeed. Let THE SENTINEL act as a liason between the campus organizations. Why doesn't the President of the Student Government Association write a column informing the students of S.G.A.'s activities and of his opinions on subjects? Likewise why don't the other groups: Drama, Civitans, B.S.U., Circle K, etc., have one of their officers submit a report of their activities and the groups consensus of opinions on important issues? This way, at least we will all remain informed, and perhaps some indifferent individuals will wake up, become interested, and contribute something worthwhile. All we have is a "failure to communicate."

## LIBRARY NOTICE

The use of the study rooms in the library will have to be strictly limited to a maximum of four students if a few of the students continue to abuse the use of these rooms. As long as the rooms are used for group study, the students are asked only to keep the level of their voices low. However, the continuation of socializing in the library will necessitate new and stricter rules.

**SMOKING IS PERMITTED ONLY IN THE LOUNGE.**

## My Mom ...

Although Bill Shaughnessy's article on the super-patriot was interesting, it did get out of hand in a few places. The quote by G. K. Chesterton, "My mother drunk or sober," was catchy, but irrelevant. If you love your mother you will stand by her drunk, sober, or high.

When referring to Nazis Germany's super-patriots, Shaughnessy seems to have forgotten that it was the street protestors that brought Hitler to power. These street agitators awoke the unquestioning loyalty. As Bill Shaughnessy said "...and this type of faith led them to defeat in 1945."

It saddens me greatly to deem protestors unable to accept the fact that some people believe in our countries policies. The protestors are intolerant also. They throw eggs and shout obscenities. This is the way the protestors show their dissatisfaction. They label people whose views differ with theirs pigs.

Our fore-fathers in their "infinite-wisdom," wrote the constitution to keep common people from having a meaningful voice in government. They made provisions for differences of opinions, but also blocked these opinions from being enacted.

It is tragedy when the majority of Americans cannot come out in favor of American policies without being labeled war-mongers.

Jim Baikie



## — LETTERS

## Hammett's

Hammett's Canton Road Plaza  
Canton Road  
Marietta, 30060



Open daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

# Lottery, what Lottery?

interviews by Jan Nelms

LARRY ENG  
Age 20, No. 294

It's a very efficient system, but no system is perfect since some other person will be subject to the draft even if I'm not.

DANNY COVINESS  
Age 19, No. 323

I'm outrageously happy about the whole thing. I'm very glad they took it out of the hands of the local board because the lady was prejudiced of long hair. Now we're free.

JERRY KEY  
Age 18, No. 6 this year

It's better than the old system. It's not a blind deal. The new lottery allows a little more freedom for those out of school. I've got one more shot for a better number, say 365, then I can drop my 2-S classification and burn my one year eligibility for the draft.

JIMMY MYERS  
Age 20, No. 9

I think it's a bunch of... but if I were 366 then I would think it was great.

LEE PASCHAL  
Age 19, No. 190

I thank God, my mother, and my father that I wasn't born on September 14. I'm really glad I didn't get a low number because I don't want to catch V.C.!

MOON BUFORD  
Age 19, No. 337

It's the most fantastic thing that has ever happened in all my life. I wouldn't have gone if they called me anyway. Besides, it's a long way to Canada.

MIKE ANDERSON  
Age 19, No. 145

It really doesn't bother me too much. I'm not any worse or better off than I was before the lottery. I'm going to just stay in school and get my degree and hope for the best.

WAYNE PAINTER  
Age 19, No. 99

I guess it's okay because everybody had an equal chance, but I didn't like being No. 99. It would be great if I were No. 366, but I wouldn't try to change my classification.

EDDIE KEITH  
Age 22, No. 7

It makes me feel good to see so many people not having to go in. To see others get off so easy though, it makes me feel like not going. There are many ways to evade the draft; this I know. It is up to the individual whether or not to do so. I don't think he should be subject to criticism, for this is a free country, isn't it?

No, I don't agree with it. I believe in a professional army.

BILL WHATLEY  
Age 19, No. 256

For those with numbers over 244 it's pretty fair, but for those under 122 it's very unfair. I think the winners of this game were the unlucky ones.

DAVID TROUT  
Age 20, No. 115

I don't know if it's any better now than what it was. I'll possibly graduate, then join something. It could be worse. I know I'm going, but someone who's number is 300 knows that they're not. It's hard to do much of anything because the Army's in the way. I guess it's just a hazard of life, but it's hard to concentrate knowing that maybe even if I graduate I might be in the army.

SCOTT LEDFORD  
Age 19, No. 199

It's a good idea! It's better than not knowing where you stand. You have some idea of where you're going.

STEVE TARRANT  
Age 23, Veteran

I really don't care. I think it was a rigged lottery.

CHARLES M. Wilkin  
Age 19 No. 162

I think the new lottery system that our government has started to induct young men into the service is a lot better than the old system. This new system allows a man to know when he is to be drafted and taken into our "wonderful" military service instead of developing some kind of neurosis wondering when you will go under the old system, but I still object to the draft because of what it is—how many people want to be drafted? I am generally opposed to any type of draft that separates a man from family and life; throws him a gun and says, "kill for peace."

I am presently in the United States Navy—I joined voluntarily to see the world, for adventure; not to kill. If I had to do this all over again and would up in one of the low numbers on the lottery I would get the hell out of the United States, if I were crazy enough.

GERALD MARTIN  
Age 19, No. 339

I think it's great. No matter how much pull you have you can't get out of it. Even if I were number one I would be glad to go. I'm thinking seriously about changing my draft status to 1-A. I'm an American and I'm proud of it. I just want to thank my father that I was born on August 22. Buddah looked upon me the right way. I did not support the Moratorium and one good deed deserves another.

JOE BAILEY  
Age 19, No. 327

I think it's fair because it gives the individual some idea of whether or not he's expected to be drafted. I hope that I will be able to benefit from this good fortune that has been bestowed upon me.

DANNY MCBRYDE  
Age 19, No. 177

I think it's very fair. If I were 366 it would be a lot better. It's a better way to do things but I'm against the draft altogether, because it should be voluntary.

## ZIP-IN

## ZIP-OUT



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Mu Alpha Theta initiates Jerry Hicks, Joan Gibbs and Dan Bravo.

## Mu Alpha Theta Initiations

On December 3, Mu Alpha Theta initiated their new members. Mu Alpha Theta is an honorary math society that has been part of Kennesaw Junior College for the past three years. Qualifications for a new member is an overall "B" average; a "B" average in the first two quarters of math and maintain a "B" average in their math courses.

The new members initiated into Mu Alpha Theta were Jerry

Hicks, Joan Gibbs, Dan Bravo, Mrs. Janet Holbrook, and Dan Thom. After a brief introduction, Robert Haynes presented a speech and demonstration on error analysis. His main theme was the probing of physical problems by using the first approximation to binomial formula. While speaking of the new members, the club advisor, Mrs. May, said, "They are really fantastic people."

## Self Tutoring Offered

For the first time, a self-tutoring system has been set up for the students use. Slides covering selected topics in Biology and Math with tape narrations have been placed in a booth in room 115 to help students with some of the subjects that trouble them or that they would like to learn more about.

mathematical films are offered. Films which are now available are: "Adaptations of Marine Animals to Environment", "Marine Plants", "Petilline Modifications", "Tillium Life Cycle; Sets", "Inequalities", "Absolute Values", and Exponents." A four part series on "Primary and Secondary Growth in Trees" is available. It is hoped that in the future tutoring booths covering other subjects such as Chemistry and Physics will be installed.

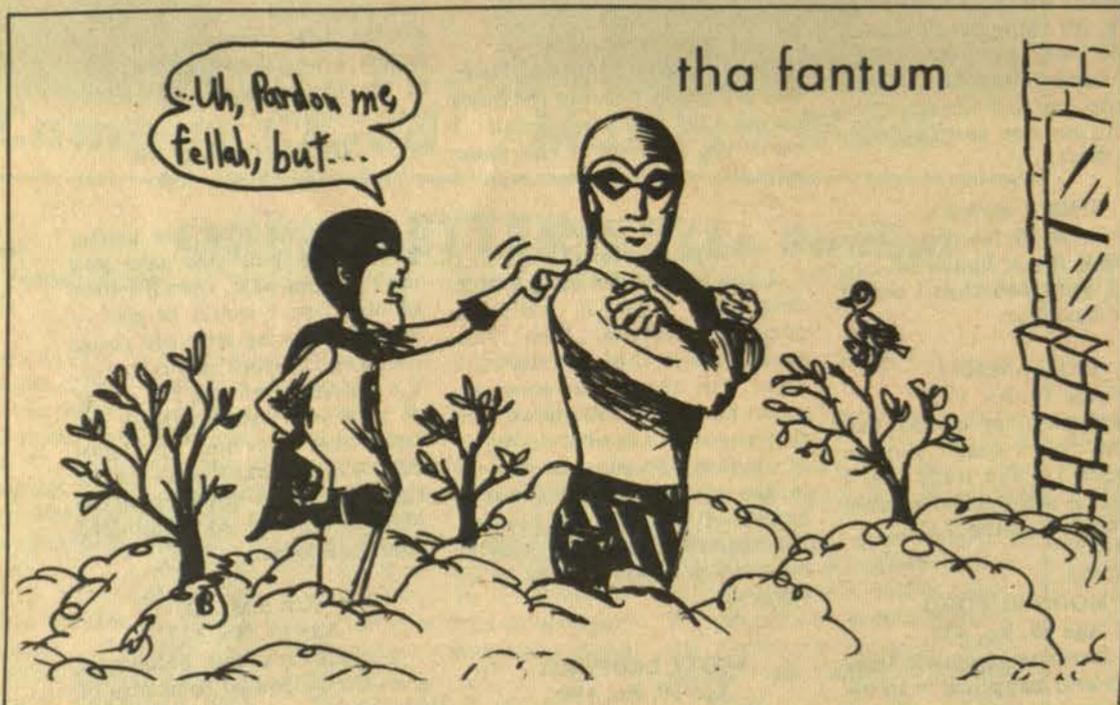
Presently only one tutoring booth is in operation; however, a variety of Biological and Mathe-

## KJC hosts GPGA

"Group Processes in College Counseling" was discussed at the 7th District of Georgia Personnel and Guidance Association meeting at Kennesaw Junior College Thursday Nov. 6.

The dinner meeting was held in the private dining room at the student services building at 7 p.m.

Some 40 school counselors and representatives of personnel departments, business and industry attended the affair. Highlight of the evening was a panel discussion on group processes in counseling moderated by Dr. Carol L. Martin, dean of student affairs at KJC.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

ago Jerry moved to Georgia. Jerry attended R. L. Osborne High School, where he was chaplain of FBLA. At Kennesaw he is taking Algebra, History, and Golf. Although Jerry is very busy, he still is active in Circle K. He enjoys playing golf and watching girls, playing tennis, and partaking in photography. Right now Jerry is a radio announcer for WYNX, but soon hopes to be an announcer for television. I asked Jerry how he got the nickname "Crowpecker." He explained to me that when he met a group of North Cobb students-Crowpeckers." Jerry replied NO!! But eversince everyone has called him "Crowpecker."

On election day the students were asked to approve a sophomore senator, Robert Haynes. Robert was approved by 276 students, and disapproved by 67 students. Robert was born in Fort Bragg, North Carolina, on February 22, 1950. Sixteen years ago he moved to Georgia.

When he was in high school, he was in the Chess Club and Science Club. This quarter, Robert is taking Physics 201, English 202, and is on the Apes intramural team. He is also taking part in Civitans, Circle K, Mu Alpha Data, Student Activities Committee, and the National Society of Professional Engineering. This is Robert's last year at Kennesaw. He wants to transfer to Georgia Tech and get his PHD in Applied Mathematics. He enjoys math, girls, and sports.

The right of each individual to investigate the truth for himself is insisted upon ...



in the BAHAI FAITH

## Intramural Football Standings

### Final Standings

### Team Points

Team	Won	Lost	Tie	Team	Points
GAMECOCKS	3	0	2	APES	411.5
APES	3	1	1	GAMECOCKS	327
ROADRUNNERS	3	1	1	PUMAS	319
PUMAS	2	3	0	ROADRUNNERS	288.5
GORILLAS	2	3	0	CHEETAHS	240
CHEETAHS	1	4	0	GORILLAS	223

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