



Why Wait? - Why Not Now?

by Gary Johnson

During the past several weeks, the phrases, "I have a dream!", and "We shall overcome!" have been echoed throughout this nation. And in reply the phrases echoed back have been, "Give us time to adjust!", "You can't hurry this thing!", and "Wait!" Another question posed now is "Why must the Negro wait for something that he should already have?"

Also during the past several weeks I have sought to make a careful and meditative study of the campus race relation in respect to the situation in the nation. My thoughts were reflected in the following memories:

Several years ago, a Young Negro minister in Montgomery, Ala., came to national spotlight after he had come to the rescue of a situation that developed when a Negro woman was not allowed to sit on the front seat of a city bus. His name—Martin Luther King Jr. Later this same young minister became the recognized leader of his people and thus began protest demonstrations for the equality of the Negro with a non-violent attitude approach. He was met (in Birmingham, Selma, St. Augustine, Jackson, Albany and other cities) with dogs, bricks, bullets, and even twice his house was bombed. How much could one man take? The answer was delivered April 4, 1968 at 8:05 P.M. in Memphis, Tenn. on the balcony of a motel by a bullet in the neck. He had given his life for the cause. Thus the nation erupted in violence, fear, and chaos. National guards were called to the scene. There were pleas by the President to halt the disturbances. There were pleas by the businessmen for the safety and self-interest of their establishments. Pending civil rights legislation in Congress was passed. There were some Americans for a short period

of time really concerned. Then there were other Americans who didn't give a damn, and were glad that another "Nigger was dead." Now two weeks later, the nation is safe and everything is under control. Ha!! Where now do we go? Where are the ones who were so vitally concerned. Nothing has changed. The peak of a crisis and tragedy is over. The Negro still doesn't have equality.

Looking back to the campus, the situation is of a similar nature and destiny. The Negro students are demanding equality and are now doing so with a non-violent attitude. In contrast they are met with phrases such as "Wait!", "You can't do that!", and "Nigger you can't sit there!" In turn many Negro students are becoming embittered with hate and anger because of the prejudices, pretensions, and the hypocrisy that prevail. From a realistic and not an idealistic viewpoint, the Negro is living in Pure "Hell". He can't join a fraternity or sorority. He is restricted to activities. He is bickered with by his fellow white students and in fact has only been able to enjoy a small portion of college life. Now, what then are his alternatives?—Violence?

Then his fellow white Merccerians say, "Violence? This can never happen at Mercer. We have a nice paradise." We do? How long can this situation prevail as it is, in a tight neat bundle? Will the Negro keep being content (that is keep his cool) with the present so-called paradise? The answer is simply and emphatically No! It has thus become upon this holy campus that nothing is being done or will be done until something happens. The White Merccerians have begun to react rather than to act. The result can only be disastrous. The Negro can't wait!

Coeds . . .

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tried for several years to change the rules through regular channels. Nothing changed. Now we are going to press our demands.

Students who have been sitting in terminated demonstrations Friday afternoon after holding a Good Friday Service. Spokesman David Simpson said, "We are demonstrating our good faith by this act. We now call on the university administration to reciprocate by offering a similar act of good faith. We believe that a change in any single significant rule would be such an act." Several hours later, Simpson and 400 others were served with a temporary restraining order. At 2 P.M. Monday, April 15, Judge James Barrow of Clark Co. Superior Court heard arguments on a permanent injunction.

Obscene . . .

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A new voice joined in "As you can read in my *Georgia Noises*, the first one took place sixty-nine years ago at Emory University.

I must confess that by this time completely engulfed in the conversation and it was very painful to hear the words of Dr. Sotto as he said, "Let us Depart now." With this the whole group made a hasty exit and I made a swift entrance into a state of transcendental meditation, trying desperately to get drunk. Ignorance is Bliss, I thought.

JOIN THE STAR-SPANGLED FREEDOM PLAN



Dear Merccerites,

April 16 marked the silver anniversary of Dr. Hoffman's first L. S. D. "trip." It was also the day of Mercer's drug abuse seminar. The seminar itself was nice and clean, and even somewhat informative. Yet, some of the speakers would have left a more favorable impression if they had shut their mouths after they had finished reading their lectures. Maybe this seminar would be appreciated more if it was given at a Rotary luncheon.

To continue the discussion on drug use and abuse, I would like to reprint an editorial from Colorado State's Collegian.

In Love and Peace,
Frumious

Drugs and the Middle Class

Hippies catch a lot of crap from the Establishment because some of them use drugs. The middle class really gets upset when a flower-child artist or poet uses LSD or STP to sharpen his sensitivity, or escapes from the harsh realities of a trying situation with marijuana or hashish. Occasionally, someone reputed to be under the influence of some sort of drug will knock off his neighbor, drive his car into a cement truck, or try to fly to Tarmania without a plane. Immediately the call goes out to state legislatures to prescribe the death penalty for possession of "dangerous drugs" and movements arise to have all the hippies deported.

Parents, the Establishment press, ministers, and college administrators are quick to recommend Moral Rearmament, hayrides, prayer, and the YMCA as more acceptable forms of consciousness expansion. "I don't understand the younger generation (read hippies) and their dependence on drugs," says a middle-class advertising executive as he washes down a Compoz with his third luncheon martini.

"We need some stronger laws to keep those horrible hippies from using marijuana and LSD and all the rest of that junk. Just think of what those drugs are doing to their minds," says the housewife from suburbia as she swallows two Tired ("the activity booster—no, it's not a vitamin tablet!").

No-Doz, one of the more innocent of the socially acceptable and commercially available mind benders, has launched an advertising campaign claiming its product will not only keep you awake, but will sharpen your mind if taken immediately before the big exam. (Increase your sensitivity with a drug?) No-Doz implies that their little white tablets will help keep your grades up, enable you to retain your draft status and stay out of the army. That may sound confusing, but read their ads in the COLLEGIAN. Of course, they don't really promise all these things, but the reader is led to believe that No-Doz will do everything except keep his girl friend from getting pregnant.

Compoz, on the other hand, promises a state of euphoria, which will enable nervous brides to get through the wedding (and presumably the honeymoon). Executives take Compoz so they can get through a busy day at the office and still retain the sunny countenance necessary for raises, promotion, and a Christmas bonus. Husbands take it to get over the shock of the wife's new mink. (. . . escape the harsh realities of a trying situation?).

Tired is advertised as the thing to take when you're just too tired to go shopping with the girls or bowling with the boys. (How's that

for disassociating your mind and your body?).

And then there's sleeping pills. "Take Sominex and sleep—safe and restful." I haven't heard of too many hippies who need sleeping pills, but a lot of people over 25 use them. Probably to come down from Tired.

Or antihistamine cold tablets, like Dristan or Contac. All antihistamines cloud your judgment. Have you ever read the fine print on the box which warns against driving or operating heavy machinery? Ever dropped a couple of Dristan before you drove to work? Oh, yeah? People like you shouldn't be allowed on the highway, endangering your lives and property, with your mind all boggled by drugs.

So much for the drugs the middle class can buy over the counter. (I could mention alcohol, which is readily available to everyone over 12 and is so socially acceptable it's repulsive, but the advertising campaigns for booze concentrate on its snob appeal rather than what it does to your head.)

Now let's move on to the stuff you can get a prescription for if you're respectable. First, there's a diet pill called Dexamyl that's used by thousands of fairly straight housewives across the country. The pills contain Dexedrine, a strong stimulant of the central nervous system. Dexedrine is known as "sped" to those who don't get it in diet pills. To keep the chubby housewife from freaking out on Dexedrine, the Dexamyls also contain sodium amobarbital. Sodium amobarbital has a strong tranquilizing effect and is in the same family of drugs as phenobarbital. You may have seen the term "goof-ball" in a Kerry Drake comic strip. That's phenobarbital, baby. Anyhow Dexamyl is medically described as an "appetite depressant" . . . But I wonder.

I also wonder how many members of the CSU administration stop by the drug store every couple of weeks to get their tranquilizer prescription refilled. (Escaping the harsh reality of a difficult situation?). The doctor and the administrator probably don't see it that way.

So what's the point? Are we progressing towards the soma-society of BRAVE NEW WORLD? Probably. Should we therefore legalize marijuana, hashish, LSD, STP, peyote, cocaine, heroin, and birth control pills? Probably not.

Whatever the advocates of these presently illegal drugs may say, there has been little research into the possible effects of prolonged usage. And in spite of the questionable morality of a Great Society stoned on Compoz and diet pills, these drugs at least have been approved, presumably after extensive testing by the Food and Drug

Mercer R.O.T.C. Visits Fort Benning

by David Sibley

Fifteen sophomore cadets turned out for Mercer University's R.O.T.C. orientations tour of Fort Benning April 11 and 12.

Accompanied by Captain Guthrie of the R.O.T.C. department, and Dr. J. L. Crenshaw, of the Christianity department, the cadets traveled to Columbus, Georgia, on a chartered Greyhound Bus. Arriving on the post at 6:45 p.m. they were greeted by their tour co-ordinator, Lt. Bain, who immediately directed them to their first army meal. After dinner the cadets were escorted to their rooms located in the bachelor officer quarters.

At 6:30 Friday morning the cadets were roused from their sleep by the thundering footsteps and singing of thousands of airborne trainees conducting their morning exercise. The tour began at 8:30 a.m. when the cadets were welcomed to the base by the Commanding General, and watched a dramatic presentation of "I Am the Infantry" in Marshall Auditorium.

From the auditorium, the tour moved to Eubanks field where an

Administration. (Known as the Feds to those who don't get their sped in diet pills). While these drugs may screw your head around, they aren't likely to deform your children.

So this editorial isn't to attack the pot heads or the speed freaks or the day trippers, but to question the rationality of the middle class minds muddled by an overdose of Tired, antihistamines, diet pills, and No-Doz.

Those middle class minds would probably be better off if they passed a joint around.

—GREEN

P.S. The new "Seed" is out for all you hippies, degenerates and peeled potatoes.

airborne demonstration was held. Included in this program was an introduction to parachute training techniques, and a sky-diving exhibition by three army parachutists. Quite an impression was made when the parachutists made pinpoint landings after jumping from a height of 8,000 feet.

The next program consisted of a scout dog demonstration. Here the cadets observed the training methods used on army dogs. These dogs are used solely for alerting troops of any enemy in an area, and for seeking out Viet Cong booby traps. The dogs are extremely vicious and will attack anyone except their own handler.

Unfortunately, due to the present war, the next program had to be recorded on video-tape. Across the television screens rolled every vehicle available to an infantry commander. As this program drew to a close, the cadets realized they were hungry enough to venture another army meal.

With lunch completed the group was whisked away to Watson field where a Ranger demonstration was held. Rangers are the army's toughest soldiers, and the cadets soon learned why. Every conceivable emergency is simulated for Ranger trainees to encounter. The major part of their training consists of confidence and physical stamina building. When a soldier graduates from Ranger school there is no doubt concerning his military capabilities.

Perhaps the most interesting program on the tour was the Quick Kill demonstration in which the cadets had the opportunity to ac-

tively participate. Quick kill is a relatively new military innovation, and involves firing a rifle without the use of sights. Much like bird hunting with a shotgun, the object is to co-ordinate the weapon as an extension of the arm. Interestingly enough, initial training is carried out with a Daisy B-B rifle.

The final program in the tour was an aviation display of aircraft currently in use in Viet Nam. Although the cadets did not get a chance to actually fly, they were allowed to explore the interiors of the helicopters and planes. After dinner that evening, the group returned to Mercer.

The orientation tour was both impressive and educational. Every cadet was inwardly pleased that he had chosen to be an officer rather than a draftee in the United States Army.

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