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The Southern University Student Government Association Convention was held in Memphis, Tennessee, April 23-26, and Francine Wimbish was elected Georgia State Chair- man for SUSGA.

Besides Francine, the delegates from Armstrong were Dave Randall, John Eure, Susie Euline, Linda Cooley, Kay Hardy, Mr. Buck, and Bob Ritchie, the official SUSGA photographer. Mr. Charles Wessells, a Savannah lawyer, also attended.

At the convention the delegates were also to attend different discussion groups and forums. John Eure led a discussion group on Student Participation in Administrative Decisions, and Mr. Wessells led a discussion on Students Legal Rights. There were forums on Pollution and Black Rights. In addition to these meet- ings there was an entertain- ment session to ac- quaint the delegates with the different groups performing at different Uni- versities. Among the groups playing were the Trinidad Steel Drum Band, Mouse, the Boys and Braids, and the Town Criers.

As stated above, Francine Wimbish was elected the state chairman for SUSGA, in addition to Francine's election, Mr. Buck was appointed as the General Advisor to the Ex- ecutive Council. The pur- pose of Francine's office will be to coordinate the member schools of SUS- GA in Georgia, which number over 30.
WHICH WAY TO NOWHERE, MAN?

by George Welch

It was a wet town of Whitesburg, Georgia, six miles west of Atlanta, that we finally entered Saturday afternoon. It parked the Volks in a roadside patch and watched for the billfold containing a note of directions:

"To right into Whitesburg on Alt 57 to where there ain't no more house. Turn right on paved road. Cross railroad tracks go 1/4 mile. Turn right on paved road. First house on left past church." I remembered the dark and old gentleman had given me these instructions. If ever there was a notorious giver of misleading information, it was my Grandpa Billy the Head of bad directions. Sometimes I wonder how many people on how many paved roads are going past how many church goers as to be drive on for eternity in search of that elusive "first house on the left." Hundreds, perhaps thousands, pass on into oblivion as day gives way to day and year to year, and still, on some road in some rural road somewhere in Georgia, their search goes on.

We came to a stop right on the highway where lay, nameless and less, a paved road to the right. We chirped with excitement. Even my boy, two years old though he was managed to jump in with an off-key, lilting chip of his own as he wetting his pants again (the third time since Macon) and my political science notes which, as it happened, my wife had warned against my leaving in the car. They'll either get dirty or wet, she had said. Anyone who has or hasn had (and I give my congratulations to those of the latter category those who are so fortunate as to be able to speak in the past tense) a wife knows how this old live goes. She considered this the wetting of the paper—a supreme moral and military victory. She started to tell me that she had me so, I interrupted, grabbing the tiny handle of the technicality, and (continued on page 3)

NIXON'S THE ONE! - ONE TERM PRESIDENT, THAT IS

The following statement was issued by the National Student Association and student body presidents on the day after President Nixon's announcement of the Cambodian invasion:

"We, the undersigned student body presidents, find the United States' invasion of Cambodia an ominous disregard of the Constitution of the United States. The same misuse of presidential power, the identical rhetoric, engages us in the futile struggle in Vietnam. Last night, President Nixon said we would be in Cambodia until we 'clean out the sanctuaries' of Viet Cong. That is what we were saying six or seven years ago regarding Vietnam. We have been told, time and time again, that the strength of our country depends on law and order. The keynote of this law is the Constitution, in which the separation of powers and the means to enforce that separation was clearly outlined by man who feared the rise of a monarch or dictator. We see the president disregarding that separation of power, disregarding the Constitution of the United States.

The recent actions in Cambodia, last night's invasion, more than ever, call to question Mr. Nixon's understanding of his role and power as president of these United States. We, the undersigned student body presidents, find the United States' invasion of Cambodia an ominous disregard of the Constitution of the United States.

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But this snake was very real. We were actually going to do a free fall back onto the highway. We were doomed. There wouldn’t be anything left of us. Just little pieces of us. Just little pieces. I said goodbye to the good earth. I questioned God and had strange, garbled thoughts about everlasting pastures.

The front tires of the car reached and locked over the first of a pair of steel tracks, the engine stopped spewing and the car lay on its side. As it turned out, Grandpa’s directions weren’t any better than usual. There was no way that I know of to drive eleven miles down a road that ends, in bleak wilderness, nine miles from where it begins. We found a red road sign that read, "Where Ideas Are Always Blooming." We were going to do a free fall back onto the highway. We were doomed. There wouldn’t be anything left of us. Just little pieces of us. Just little pieces.

The front tires of the little car reached and locked over the first of a pair of steel tracks, the engine stopped spewing and gave out an audible sigh. We were safe. We breathed.

As it turned out, Grandpa’s directions weren’t any better than usual. There is no way that I know of to drive eleven miles down a road that ends, in bleak wilderness, nine miles from where it begins. The day was saved, however. We found a red-faced, whiskered Uncle Norman stretched in the grass by his stalled pickup, singing a song about "a girl named Lou" and taking mighty, potent gulps from a brown bottle.

Those receiving plaques were Dr. Bruce, Kiwanian advisor; Dr. Frank Thorne, Faculty Advisor; Jane Brown, JoAnn Lee, and Jane Griner, Sweethearts; and Jim Miller, Outstanding Service.

A plaque for outstanding service was also presented to John Tatsumi by the club. Leadership, dedication, and unlimited energy were the qualities shown by John as he led the Circle K Club to a meaningful year.

The new officers for the 1970-71 term are: Jim Burch, President; Jim Miller, Vice-President; Charlie Watson and Mike Dillon, Secretaries; Julian Van Dyke, Treasurer; and Wilson Blake, Li. Gov.

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TELEVISIONS SHOOT COWBOYS & INDIANS, DON'T THEY?

by Bill Better

Like quite a few others, this was my first spring quarter at Armstrong and I might have expected too much. I had heard all year about the big get-together that was coming, the one big event that everyone embraced as the Celebration of Spring, the Age of Aquarius, and the 4th of July all wrapped-up together.

"You just won't believe it," was how "All the guys grow beards all quarter for this one week, and all the girls make sack-cloth dresses with ruffled sleeves to wear to clas-," why, last year, Chief Sitting Bull gave a lecture on continuing trends in American domestic policy, and Charlie Morewestern, Custer's right-hand man, spoke on war tactics in Vietnam...

What can I say? I drank it all in, and the only thing I could say was: "Right ole Say, gotta white hat I can borrow?"

Afterwards, I just couldn't stop thinking about it. Salvation could be in-terior indoor winter quarter made it even worse. I found I was living for the day spring came. At last, the sun broke through the clouds and the color started to return to each pallid body. Bikini bathing suits showed in spring wasn't the only thing that was bursting out all over and Pioneer Days were here.

Nothing happened.

Shortly afterward it was discovered that Pioneer Days was now Pioneer Day, Friday, only. Then news had it that only the southeastern corner of the campus was to be used. Finally John help-raising administration declared that no classes could be dismissed. This may have been a blessing in disguise. As one student put it: "If classes are dismissed, no one will come here."