



\$17,000 BUDGET FOR S.G.A.

NEWS BRIEF

The tennis courts have been cancelled. The sponsor of the idea lost.

The cafeteria may be opened next quarter to serve a hot lunch once or twice a week, but student opinion is needed before any action is taken.

If anyone knows anything about pool tables for use at the school, please let the Insight office know and we will forward the information to the proper sources.

Plans are now being worked on for a faculty vs. students chess team, which will hopefully hold Friday night matches. Advance notice indicates that prizes will be awarded to winners. All interested students may contact Don Goldmann, or the Insight office for more information.

Make a note that there is an option for faculty vs. students competition in the areas of ping-pong, bridge, etc. if enough interest is shown.

Plans are being made for a student and faculty meal to be held on the Wed. before Thanksgiving.

A new group, the Cantaberry Club, an Episcopal social group is trying to get a foothold on campus. Contact David Grover or the Insight office for more information.

DAMOS HOPES FOR COFFEE HOUSE EXPENDITURES

A newly appropriated budget of 17 thousand dollars has been unanimously approved by A.B.C.'s student government. The budget calls for a four-thousand dollar appropriation to Phoenix, the college's yearbook, 1400 dollars to Insight, the student newspaper, and one-thousand dollars for support of the baseball team. Remaining funds will be used for activities for the student body, and special projects. The seventeen thousand in expenditures is the largest budget in the two-year history of S.G.A.

SHAKE-UP ROCKS INSIGHT

An extensive purge of all mediocre elements of the Insight is being lead by the paper's editor, John Strange, after a warning tone was heard at a recent S.G.A. budget hearing. The warning, expressed officially as a suggestion for better quality, was coupled to the passage of a bill for funds from the S.G.A. to the paper.

Editor Strange made it crystal-clear to his newly reorganized staff that the Insight will be going after the news stories that are not already common knowledge to the student body. He also demanded a harder line of editorials. Complete changes were made in the areas of pages three and four. Page three will be set aside for longer, creative material, or in depth studies of various subjects. Two new items, a photo file and clubs in brief, will be carried on the last page. The editor stated that the form will be experimented with for a while longer, hopefully to achieve the best product possible.

A new innovation has also been added to the business staff. A 15% sales commission has been offered for advertisement salesmen, and plans are being developed for salesmen's training programs, and community circulation of the paper through intermediaries such as churches, businesses, etc. The emphasis will be on more ads sold in order to increase the paper's size.

EXTENDED COURSE OFFERED

To all students who successfully completed the first two courses in Oral & Written Communication last year when it was offered as a three-quarter sequence with three credit hours per quarter. I wish to announce that the third quarter of that sequence will be offered again during the winter quarter this year. It will be offered as a three-hour course and for those who have had the first two quarters, this will complete your Oral & Written Communication requirement. If you have had the first two quarters of Oral & Written Communication last year but did not take the third quarter, you are urged to arrange to enroll in the third quarter of that course during the coming quarter. If you do not take it at this time, then you must take one of our present courses in Oral & Written Communication which is equal to a five-credit-hour course. This course will not be offered again after the winter quarter as a three-hour course.

To those of you who took a first quarter of the three-quarter sequence last year, you may complete your Freshman Oral & Written Communication requirement by taking our present Oral & Written Communication II.

President, Steve Damos, has started plans for a coffee-house to be funded from some of the remaining, unspent money. He estimated costs for this project at about five hundred dollars. Damos further stated that much of the money would be brought back into the treasury by selling one-dollar membership cards to the coffee-house. The president is optimistic of approval of the idea from the student body.

The budget, as a whole, received little opposition from the Senate. The request for four thousand dollars by Helen Duttonhauer, representative of the yearbook, was granted on a three quarter basis of one thousand for each of the first two quarters of the year, and two thousand during the third quarter. This grant will hopefully cover about 85% of the yearbook's total \$5,200 estimated costs.

The grant of 14 hundred dollars for the school paper met some opposition. Debates ranged on the question of whether the money was worth the paper in regards to the quality of past performance. Funds were finally given with the suggestion that the quality improve, and if possible, with bigger and more issues. Editor, John Strange, gave assurances that a great effort would be made.

The request of the baseball team was cut approximately in half. General feeling among the Senate was that the S.G.A. would cover the costs of umpires, but that it was the administration's duty to allow room in its budget for the other expenses which the team would incur. These expenses included travel money for away games and general equipment expenses.

Raiders Mock Security Force STUDENT FIRED AT BY NIGHT FORCE

Thieves, in daylight raids on A.B.C.'s student parking lot, made off with three car stereo-tape sets, and numerous dollars worth of recording tapes. They gained entrance into cars, during the early morning raids, by smashing through the car windows. Officers estimated the time of the robberies as being between eight and ten o'clock. The police are presently on the lookout for two or three men, driving a black 1955 Chevy. The men are suspected in recent raids on neighboring high school parking lots.

The daylight raids prompted school officials to place one security man on watch in the front parking lot. He has since been removed after a one week tour of duty.

Meanwhile, in other aspects of school security, Jim Cagel was shot at while returning to school to pick up his car. The incident occurred after a Friday night student dance.

The shooting was deplored by the Director of Student Affairs, Dr. Marvin Cole. "The only time for shooting is when the personal well being of the guard is at stake." He added, that recent changes in administration policy concerning students on campus at night, have apparently not been told to the security guards.

Cole maintained that the school's budget did not allow money for the hiring of guards who are experienced with college life. He stated, "Guards are not orientated to the difference between college pranks and real criminal activity."

Ex-Pres Sets Up Fund

Ex-student body president, Chuck Wilkerson, has established a scholarship fund at A.B.C. for needy students. Wilkerson stated that, "It is a special needs scholarship, and may be used for whatever is required, tuition, books, whatever it might be." Distribution of the money has been left up to the wishes of the college.

Information released to the Insight office quoted the amount of the fund as being enough to furnish funds for at least one student's costs each year. Unofficial sources suggested the total amount to be near four thousand dollars. The money is reputed to come from stocks given to the school by Wilkerson. The former A.B.C. student hopes to add to the fund in the future.

Wilkerson switched to Atlanta Baptist last year from Gainesville Jr. College. While at A.B.C., he was elected S.G.A. President. He married Kathy Estes, another former Atlanta Baptist student, daughter of Dr. J. R. Estes of the Baptist Mission Board. They presently live in Avondale Estates. Eventually, Wilkerson hopes to get his B.A. and law degree. He presently attends Atlanta Law School.

Skeen Possible Replacement for Anderson

Dr. Neil Anderson, head of A.B.C.'s Biology department, has given notice to administrative officials of plans to leave Atlanta Baptist at the end of the present quarter. Professor Anderson has accepted a position as Chairman of the Division of Natural Sciences and Mathematics at Southside Virginia Community College, located near Lawrenceville, Virginia. Unofficial sources state that Dr. James Skeen, presently a professor of biology under Dr. Anderson, will assume the responsibility of directing the Biology Department programs for the remainder of the year.

Employed at A.B.C. since 1968, Dr. Anderson sights many reasons for leaving, most predominate being a big step upwards in his career. His family also prefers the country atmosphere which this move will facilitate. In an interview with Insight reporters, he expressed some disappointment when asked of this college's progress. He stated a generally optimistic hope for the college, "if immediate steps were taken for long range planning in regard to the academic future of the college."

Nude Stands Out

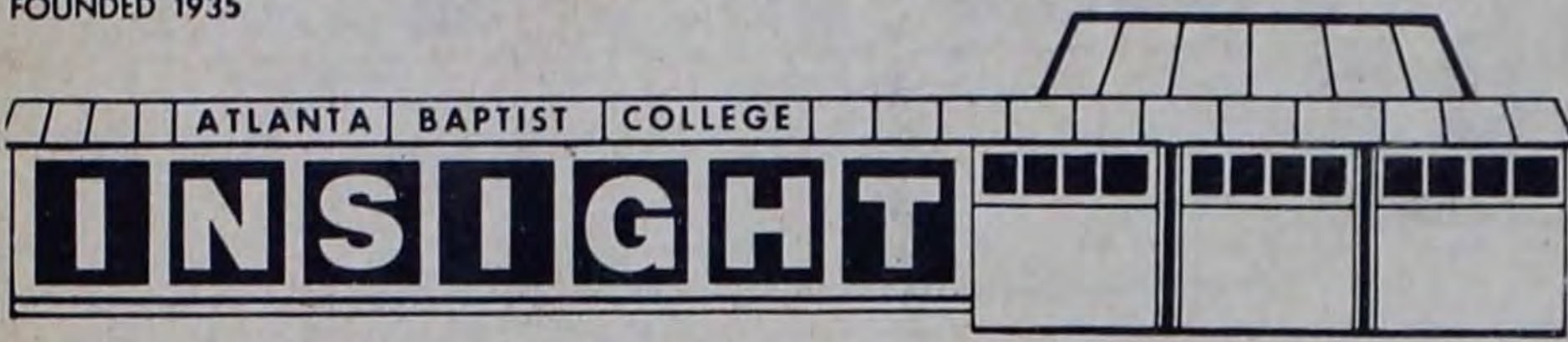
HOUSTON — Marilyn Penelope Johnson, 22-year old most outstanding student at Rice University, did her own thing in a full page photo which appeared in The Campanile, Rice's yearbook. Miss Johnson made a blushing appearance nude against a white background with her arms around her knees because, as Campanile co-editor Gary Grother said, "Penelope suggested a nude shot of herself because that is the only time a person is shown as her true self."

Miss Johnson, who has since gone to the State University of New York seeking her doctor's degree in English, said, "I did it for Rice and the Rice community, but I don't want to talk about it because that puts it into a class of a publicity stunt."

Any girls with an equal love for A.B.C., please report to our yearbook office.



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EDITOR, John Strange

A.B.C. Loses Another
by John Strange

Dr. Neil H. Anderson has been the professor of Biology since Atlanta Baptist first took roots in sixty-eight. His attitudes and expressions have always been compared to A.B.C.'s motto "Do your own thing". His words were stepping stones to an idea; an expression of truth.

The question must now be clear to all who hold close to the A.B.C. ideal. When Dr. Anderson leaves next quarter will this foretell a trend? Dr. Anderson would be the last to say that he was even a part of the idea. He would believe that the idea was here before he came, but the real truth may be quite the opposite.

Dr. Anderson is a part of the nucleus that could have made the A.B.C. idea a reality. He espouses the professional and academic standards that eventually bring about a successful campus atmosphere. Without persons like Dr. Anderson, stagnation may engulf this college and progress may be moved to another campus. Dr. Anderson was a part of the idea, but the idea was not an accepted policy.

Dr. Anderson stated that he resigned primarily because he had found a better position. Could it possibly be that this school could not offer the security that would enable a man to place his faith in it? A good professor could not place faith in a school that continually threatens to close. This college must create something a man can place his faith and future into.

When Dr. Anderson leaves, he will definitely take his portion of the A.B.C.'s idea with him. He placed his faith on a truth, not a gamble, and so this college has lost another asset. Probably not until the idea has been stomped into the ground and the grave is closed will this college realize its predicament.

STAFF

- REPORTING STAFF..... Randy Collins
Debbie Crosby
Renae Fairchild
Donald Goldmann
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- BUSINESS STAFF..... Michael Brown
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He let off with one blast in the air, and runned right up next to me, mak'in sure he didn't get too close, see'in how I wasn't one of his kind. He shouted at me to get the hell out of his land, or he'd shoot me quick as a rabbit. I'd tried to explain, but my devil beset tongue just wouldn't work right, and I was frozen to the spot. I wanted to make my feet run, but they just stood there look'in at the ground. I couldn't figure out what to do, so I cried.

Right then, good old Jeb and Scott come a'runn'in, and shout'in at the farmer, ask'in what he thought he was do'in to their friend, me. Well, when that farmer heard I was their friend, imagine me-friend, he just turned as white as a white man's ghost, as if he hadn't wanted to hear. That farmer backed off real slow, and then lit off across the field. No doubt he thought Jeb and Scott were figures of the devil, calling me their friend, imagine me-friend.

I just got down on my hands and knees, and praised the Lord for mak'in me such good folks, like Jeb and Scott, to look after the likes of me. I just crawled up to Jeb and kissed his feet for a'help'in me, and I thanked the good Lord again. Course, Jeb got real sore at me for gett'in myself miss'in. He cursed up and down and then kicked me up the side of my head. I knew I had deserved that kick for doing such a dumb thing. I also deserved the kick in the stomach that Scott had gave me, see'in how I had forgot to say "Sir", when I thanked them for sav'in me. The likes of me are born so dumb that if Jeb and Scott hadn't kept remind'in me, I would of forget to be polite, which after all's only right.

Well, like I'd done said before, without Jeb and Scott, I'd never make it up north. Some nights, I lie awake wait'in to tend the fire so Jeb and Scott wouldn't catch cold, and I just lie there and think how nice it'd be if I was like Jeb and Scott. Go'in north was the next best thing, that's what my old mom used to say. Head north, to Providence, that's what she use to say. Still, it would be easier to have been born black, like Jeb and Scott. Course, all us white folks wish that, to be born as black as an angel instead of as white as sin.

"Prejudice Is Stupid So What If..."

by Donald Goldmann

We've been head'in north for pretty near four months now, Scott Hunter, Jeb Turner, and me. Been a long time since I've seen home, and I kind of figure it'll be a lot longer till I sees another home for me.

Course, I ain't gonna complain much, least not to Jeb and Scott. Them's be'in so much better than me, I'm surprised they even let me come with them. I never could make it north without them, see'in how so many folks hate my kind, be'in what we are.

It wouldn't be quite so bad, if I could talk straight. I'd be able to lie my way up north. I got this here speech problem. My tongue just don't want to work right when I open my mouth. My old mom used to tell me that I was beset with the devil, that all our kind was and there wasn't noth'in we could do about it. Just the same, I sure wish I could talk like Jeb and Scott.

Yes sir, without Jeb and Scott, I would've been dead long ago. Just the other day, some old farmer nearly shot me. We'd been about two miles outside of some real small town, just south of here. I'd done gone and got myself miss'in from Jeb and Scott, I'm always do'in dumb things like that. Well, I'd been walk'in for close to half-hour, when this here farmer come runn'in out across this field. He had one of those old type shotguns pointed right at me, and I was so scared, I didn't have enough sense to turn tail and run.

CAMPUS LIFE FOR COMMUTERS

Detroit, Mich.-(I.P.)-Can the commuting student ever have a home away from home, some small corner of the campus that even for a few minutes he might call his own? A new report prepared by Wayne State University faculty and students after a year's research provides some possible solutions.

The report, entitled "The Commuting Student," was written by Prof. Richard F. Ward, Geology and Theodore E. Kurz, a consulting architect. It was financed by a 1967 grant from the Educational Facilities Laboratories, Inc. Excerpts reprinted in Wayne Report follow:

Collegiate Unit — The concept of spatial continuity encouraging frequent encounter and intermix of functions is as important in academic facilities as it is in social and support facilities.

A sense of community seems to be of particular importance to the beginning full time student. By a system of related spaces for classrooms, faculty and counseling offices, study lounges, and recreation and eating, clusters of students could naturally form and support the interest and motivation essential to an education. This continuum of relationships embraces all of the activities normal to the student day - from active to passive.

The Urban Collegiate Unit, therefore, is not a center or building as such for commuter students. It is a way of relating facilities so that the student's daily life is focused more consistently on an enriching intermix—on his effort to improve himself and his company.

While such a set of relationships is appropriate to normal student groups and honors colleges, it is of special advantage for the groups of inner city disadvantaged students, who require a more coherent academic climate in order to sustain their desire for an education.

An initial facility to accommodate 1,000 students is proposed. The group would take one half of its course work here and up to one half of the faculty teaching in the programs would have its offices here. Graduate assistants could have quarters in this facility, adding personality and providing guidance.

Counseling offices at the rate of 100 students per counselor (perhaps house breakdown) would be provided as well as small areas for supplemental instruction and multi-media carrels. Study stations, lockers, lounges, recreation, food service facilities, and substitute domiciles complete the amenities of the proposed complex.

A series of "Outposts" is recommended to assist the commuter student in linking his living and academic environments. These miniature satellite campuses serve as meeting places, study centers, and express transport to campus stations.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

It has been recently brought to my attention that the perfect spot where we had our lighted Christmas tree last year is now occupied by a fountain and bushes. In my opinion it would be a tragedy if we did not carry out the tradition that was begun at ABC last year. I know there is a lot more to Christmas than a pine tree, but one gesture we can make as a student body is to arouse some Christmas spirit on campus through the lighting of a tree.

How about it student body? Let's find a place for that tree and spread a little Christmas cheer.

MKM, Sophomore

Dear MKM,

It is my pleasure to inform you that the tree will be lighted. If you wish any further information please contact our office. Maybe you would like to suggest lighting Georgia's largest pine for Christmas.

THE EDITORS

Student density by geographic area reveals high concentrations of student in areas with poor public transportation. Scheduled, direct express bus transportation, contracted by the University, is proposed as an intrinsic part of the Outpost idea.

Selected commercial storefront spaces in Detroit would put an Outpost within walking distance of many of Wayne's inner city students. Leased space of 3,000 square feet will accommodate 8 students.

The typical Outpost will contain multi-media carrels with direct dial access to the campus learning resources center. This will help to answer the frequently expressed desire for easier access to study materials, especially in a way which does not require a special trip in to the campus. The Outpost would be staffed with a receptionist to provide security and information.

A casual lounge for browsing, relaxation and socializing, and an area equipped with tables and chairs for study, eating, and recreation will be provided. Two meeting rooms provide the local group with a place for organizational meetings and group study sessions.

The Campus Street — To achieve a sense of community, the campus must give the student a visual sense of the whole and his place in it, and generate a frequency of social encounter which strengthens his interpersonal relationships.

This means a lively place with a variety of activities, holding the interest of the day student, and accommodating the needs of the part-time student.

Eating is the predominant focus of most socializing on the commuter campus. Perhaps the most important idea is that a variety of small eating places, some by private enterprise, be provided to accommodate Wayne's many types of students. Snack bars with vending machines near study lounges and recreational areas, a "Nedics" for the evening student on the run, a coffee house for casual socializing, perhaps a small personal restaurant for those attending a campus event, would line the campus street.

Retail shops, a laundromat, gallery space for student and faculty exhibits would also be part of the scene. A small cinema at the end of the street could double as a lecture hall near the center of campus.

Directly behind these facilities would be study and casual lounges, mail boxes and lockers, indoor and some outdoor recreation. Street furniture would include information desks, escalators from parking below, and a waiting station for the express buses to the Outpost centers.

The Outpost, the Urban Collegiate Unit, and the Campus Street are intended to bridge the gap between home and college, and to create an academic climate within a sense of campus community.

Of these facilities, the Outpost and Campus Street are oriented to the general campus population while the Urban Collegiate Unit serves those students specifically assigned to it. They would serve the general and entering students with a full range of amenities and spaces. These facilities find their place in, and help support, patterns of movement.

College Costs Up 16 Percent

WASHINGTON — A recent survey, made by the Office of Institutional Research of the Association of State Universities and Land Grant Colleges centered in Washington, disclosed that rates rose a record 16.5 per cent across the United States this year. Medium tuition and fees went from \$369 per resident student in 1968-69 to \$430 in 1969-70.

Believe me, private colleges felt that rise, too. My pockets are 16.5% lighter.

S.G.A. — Conception, Administration, Reunification, Progress:

Part one

By DON GOLDMAN

[Editor's Note: "The following is the first part of a series of articles on our student government from its conception until today. One part of this series will be printed per issue over the next four issues. The text will be broken down into sections dealing with the Constitutional Committee, the Wilkerson Administration, the Spring Elections, and the progress which the present administration has made. The ideas, judgements, and opinions are those of the writer, and not necessarily those of the entire Insight staff. As part of a standing policy, any reader who wishes to express his opinion on the article will be allowed space, as room permits to do so, in the section of this paper designated for letters to the editor."]]

The weight of governing ourselves hangs like bad weather. It rains down on the land, eroding the very structure upon which we stand, blocking the light of sound judgement. As often happens, when one of the governing persons finds himself falling, he grabs someone else, who in turn grabs another, topping the system like dominos. Occasionally, and thankfully so, there are some who manage to push above the weather like a mountain, and allow patches of light through. This, allegorically speaking, was the life and tragedy of last year's work of student government.

Dark clouds of rain, and foul wind swept across the campus for the first five days of school. Light from the student center found a group of some 20 students sitting circularly around the discussion leader, Dr. Marvin Cole, Director of Student Affairs. Twenty-some faces, faces of those students on financial aid, faces of those who would hopefully lead, faces of those who would talk, debate, argue, and a good portion of who would fail to lead the way. The wind which swept across the open yard to the center, whistle in the door, and slapped the window panes in applause for the performance that was being acted inside.

The object of debate was over the question of whether a constitution should be written before electing school officers or vice-versa. General agreement was to get the officers elected first, and then they, the officers, could write the constitution in their first few months of office. Only one voice was raised in question as to how did the group know what officers to elect if they didn't have a constitution. More discussion followed with final general agreement that the constitution would cause no problem in being written. It was a minor problem.

Raining, Thursday, September 19, 1968, the first open student body meeting was held in the auditorium. A four member panel, consisting of the persons most involved in the discussion held the day before, headed the meeting. On the panel were Gary Weart, who was to be influential in future formulation of student government until his departure from A.B.C., Robert Stauffer, who was to become one of the college's foremost standard bearers, Donald Goldmann, who was to become an involved voice although unelected in student government, and Chairwoman Linda Woodlief. Amongst the student body, the voices of James Capel and Chuck Wilkerson were heard loud and clear. Unfortunately, they were to be heard again.

The meeting was recorded for posterity by the editor of the newly formed school paper, Insight, Beth Maxted:

"... out of confusion came some concrete ideas and solution. It was generally agreed that the elections for student body officers would be held at mid-term following the writing of the first articles of

the student body constitution. Those interested in helping formulate these articles and future work on the constitution were requested to sign up with Dr. Cole, in the student affairs office. From this list of names a constitution committee will be drawn up."

The constitution committee was ill-fated from the start. No one seemed to know who had qualified within the prescribed time period, so the meeting was thrown open to all students. The result was that in each meeting the same material was recovered in an effort to keep everyone informed. Discussion went in circles, uninformed sources added confusion and deviated talk from its proper subject, no accurate records were carried from meeting to meeting, some kind of uninformed parliamentary procedure was tried unsuccessfully, and in general the proceedings appeared to be a cross between a cub scout meeting and an alley fight.

At the end of the first meeting, which was held on Oct. 2, 1968, a chairman and vice-chairman had been elected. Robert Stauffer headed the committee with Donald Goldmann as vice-chairman. Also on the official register of the committee were: Andrea Harrison, Gerald Bertolini, James Capel, Linda Davis, David Grover, Bond Rousey, Randy Hewett, Lee Walker, Steve Damos, Gary Weart, Larry Hall, Len Camp, Cecilia Dunahoo, Laura McCall, and Beth Maxted. The list appeared to be impressive with intelligent, devoted people at the time, but as would be discovered, it contained only two members that remain in student government today, and two that work with student government although not elected into office.

This committee held four more meetings before being disbanded because of a series of fisticuffs held by some of the committee members, who would become holders of some of the highest offices in student government last year. The progress of the meetings held was pathetic. After agreeing that everyone should write a constitution and turn it in for discussion, only one, written by vice-chairman Donald Goldmann, was turned in.

The decision was made to add or delete from the version turned in. The ideas submitted, which were to change the original version, were in many cases simply in complete opposition of ideas everyone had already agreed upon as correct. Irritation, boredom, frustration led delegate David Grover to cries of "sheep" referring to those persons who were not standing behind their proposals. Another delegate, Gary Weart, rose in disgust with a cry of "Democracy, this is tyranny". Chairman Stauffer's plead for order was unheard. Numerous votes on measures no one knew anything about such as school colors, school mailboxes, mascots, plaques commemorating the committee members, etc., were voted on. Anyone in the room who raised their hand got counted as a "yes" vote regardless of whether they were a delegate or not. Somehow, in between outbursts of anger, the constitution, which was now a conglomeration of opposing rules and regulations was brought to a vote. The original author of the document, threw up both hands in disgust, got both hands counted as "yes" votes, and then voted "no" on the final tally, against his own constitution.

The first question that comes to mind is why didn't the committee succeed. Why couldn't seventeen official delegates and numerous participating bystanders, all of whom were supposedly intelligent, devoted, mature college students, succeed in an atmosphere of discussion and cooperation. Why did the basic human nature of fighting it out behind the Fine Arts Auditorium prevail when the battle should of been with words and ideas.

Immediately after the disbanding of the committee, these questions were asked by many of the school's administrators. Perhaps, the timing was wrong. Maybe, the students were not as intelligent and mature as the college had hoped. Both of these problems, no doubt, helped in the failure of the committee. The timing had been wrong. The shift from high school to college had been a strain on the students. To face facts, some of the students on the committee were neither mature nor able to handle the problem of self-government, but, in this case, there was more. There was especially a combination of aggressions and frustrations, which were no doubt brought on because of the inadequacies inherent in the students.

Most of the committee members were working under the mistaken impression that a complete constitution was needed by Oct. 10th, just eight days from the first meeting. This appeared to necessitate haste which only confused things. In truth, only guidelines of action for such things as elections, government structure, and some basic duty separations were really needed by the tenth of the month in order to meet certain requirements of the accreditation committee that would be visiting. The other area of frustration was the drive for recognition which many of the committee members and bystanders were carrying on. Those

who talked the most weren't as worried about a form of government as about who was going to go down in the annals of Atlanta Baptist College history as the author, or delegate most responsible, or in some cases, the first S.G.A. President. Because of his overhearing drive for recognition, ideas of sound judgement were passed over, people who could get the job done were passed over, anything which did not spring from within the breasts of certain individuals were considered unworthy.

The results of the complete and utter failure of the committee affected the entire year to come. After the fighting incident, it became clear to Dr. Marvin Cole that this experiment in self-government had been ill-timed. The committee was disbanded and the committee's version of school government was filed in the annals of trash history. A new set of student government guidelines were issued by the Student Affairs office to be used until a new effort could be made towards a constitution. Until today, student government is run by those guidelines.

The students had not been able to mesh the gears of government to grind forward together, so someone else had to. This failure of progress was the one main failing of the constitution committee, and this failing was to carry over into the Wilkerson Administration of the S.G.A.

MARTY

The most unforgettable character I've ever met

Martin J. Schuster, a paradox of psychic genius and madness, lived forty-three fantastic years in Bangor, Maine. On August 13, 1969, he died there of a self-inflicted bullet wound in the head. When you first met Marty, you instinctively called him friend, confident, and brother of your soul. Friendship with him could be both intense and platonic, and mental telepathy was a natural phenomenon of the relationship. In games of mental fencing he remained the victor. He probed into your subconscious and exposed your fears, the thorns in your flesh, and the outer limits of your dreams.

Marty was small, muscular, and bore every semblance to a jungle cat. The empty, hollow pupils of his piercing, yellow-green eyes looked through you into infinity and beyond. His high cheekbones, angular jaw, and flared nostrils looked as though they'd been hacked from granite. His crew-cut, grey hair and the deeply-carved lines of his brown, leathery skin gave him the look of a sailor who'd been too long at sea; but, his every movement was that of a cat, and you thought jungle rather than sea when you looked at him. He would pace the floor, back and forth and back again, with the restless agility of a lion. Somehow you felt he was stalking prey — about to roar and pounce on his victim.

As self-appointed king of the jungle, Marty was pompous, positive, and in first place. Public opinion made no impression on him; he was always number one. No one dared question his personal beliefs in astral journey, spirit entities, or re-incarnation. He attributed his catlikeness to a primitive incarnation when he'd been a lion and rode in a chariot beside Caesar. There were other, more believable, claims but none quite so remarkable. He owned a Lincoln Continental and drove it like a Grand Prix winner. For Marty there was only one rung on the ladder, and it was labeled "top."

Marty had unusual abilities and he was first to point them out. He'd been a hotel chef and an obvious master of the art. He'd prepare a sirloin-tip or a standing-rib roast to medium-rare perfection, baste it lavishly with sauce bordelaise, then wof it down with the grace of Atilla the Hun. As an entertainer, Marty was magnificent. While performing card tricks, he'd deal off the top, bottom, and mid-

dle of the deck while you still thought he was shuffling. He was an artisan painter who finished every baseboard and every cabinet door with the pride and dedication Michelangelo gave to painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. He'd walk a twenty-story catwalk on a construction job with the relaxed skill of a tightrope artist. Marty held the title of "black-belt" Karate and could crack bricks like paper straws, but there was no cruelty in him. No task was ever too great, no journey too far if he called you "friend."

The most outstanding of these abilities, however, was his clairvoyant, psychic power. His chisel-like eyes would hammer through the bony, skull covering of your brain, sift through the grey matter, and unravel all the knots. He'd solve your problems whether you wanted them solved or not.

Finally, Marty reached a point of no return. In the midst of all his abilities, he fluctuated somewhere between genius and madness. His sixth sense gradually engulfed his basic five; he lived, moved, thought, and spoke in a dimension beyond normal comprehension. In dangling too long and too closely toward madness, he took his life. The psychedelic lights have gone out inside his head, and the wheels of his brain have stopped their wild, compulsive spinning. Like a visitor from some remote planet, he has vanished into nothingness but not without leaving his own peculiar stigma on all who knew him.

My feeling is one of indignation, that in his madness he did not turn to me as I would have turned to him. Grief is withheld at the moment — waiting, perhaps, in the wings for its cue when the heat of my anger has cooled. His death is both the passing of a friend and the passing of an era. There was only one, unfathomable, incomparable Marty; and, indeed, that must have been all that God intended, for he never sired a child. Marty is dead, only his ashes remain, but I find rationalism believing that his confused and tortured soul has gone on to one of those Utopian realms of his imagination.

But who among us is free from some touch of madness? Perhaps I shall never again see a lion without saying very quietly when no one is listening, "Hello, old friend."

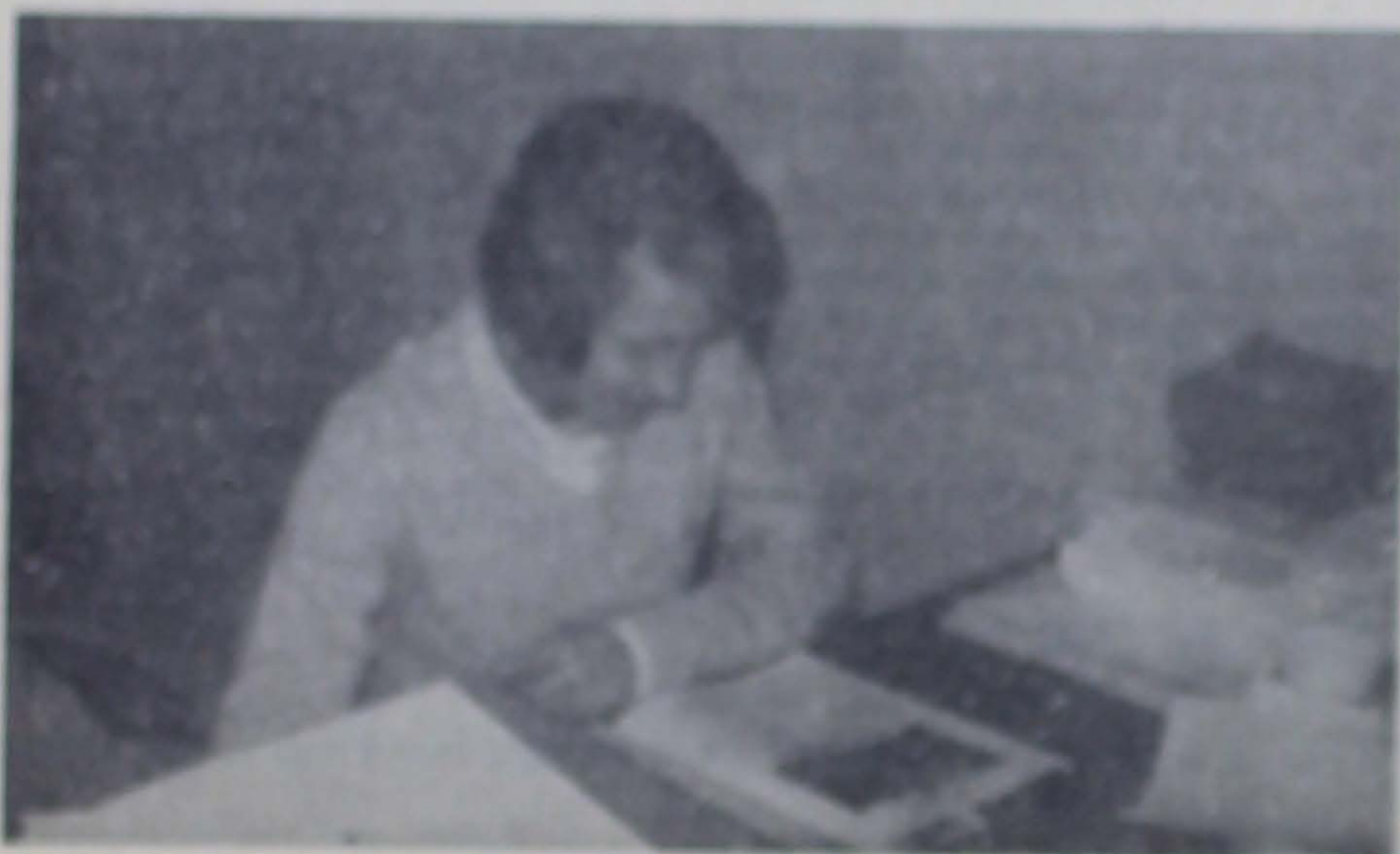
Alice Stokes October 22, 1969



Ex-S.G.A. President, the youngest sponsor of a scholarship fund at S.B.C., as he was pictured last year at a student body meeting. Story on page one.



Beautifying Jeffie Carpenter retaining her title of Miss Phoenix, 1965-1966.



Hard working Gail Dove, 1965-1971 Baptist Student Union President.



The Phantom is left out in the cold.

Picture File:

Review of the oldies

Upper-left: Chuck Wilkerson, whose '65-66 S.G.A. administration will be the subject for part two of a part four series to appear in the next Insight issue, became the youngest sponsor of a fund set up for needy students. The complete story and other facts on Chuck are found on the front page of this newspaper.

Upper-right: Pretty and peep, Jeffie Carpenter, last year's Miss Phoenix, will be hard to beat for good looks, but we have hope in this year's crop of beauties. Jeffie, much to S.B.C.'s dismay, transferred to DeKalb College over the summer.

Lower-left: Gail Dove, who showed leadership ability when she finished the remainder of Tertia Blum's term as S.G.A. Treasurer last year, has stepped into the great job of B.S.U. President. The Insight staff wishes Gail the best of luck in her new position.

Lower-right: With a creak of his coffin lid, last year's Phantom has been identified as Gerald Bertolotti. Gerald spends his time this year in his new sport, sky-diving. If he falls in his sky-diving, he'll return as the Phantom.

CLUBS IN BRIEF

Baptist Student Union: Seven members spent a week-end at the State B.S.U. Convention at Rock Eagle, Oct. 24-28. President Gail Dove has announced that the new trial meeting time will be Wed., 2:00 to accommodate more students' schedules.

Chewleaders: Speaking of spirit, fifteen vivacious spirit boosters are getting ready for action in support of our athletic teams and various student affairs. Nov. 15, they will be serving a dinner for Atlanta's high school counselors.

Circle K: The bench selling project proved a success. Members will be serving refreshments at Come Blow Your Horn, Nov. 20. Circle K will set up a roadblock in support of the Muscular Dystrophy Drive along Buford Highway. For a Thanksgiving project, the members will be helping at the Smith Home. Also for the future is a blood bank drive.

First Letter Players: Opening night performance of the comedy, Come Blow Your Horn, will be on Nov. 20. Final performance will be Nov. 21. A preview performance will be held for a local organization on Wed., Nov. 23. Prices for the Thurs. and Fri. night shows will be 75¢ for students and \$1.50 for adults.

Great Books and Travelogue Club: Twenty students heard an interesting talk on Europe 1889 by Mr. Joel Strowers on Nov. 1. Slides were also presented. Dr. Paul Aiken will give a travelogue on Alaska at the Dec. 8th meeting to be held at 2:00.

P.E.M.M. Club: The club was out to Georgia Baptist Children's Home for a day of activities. It was a tie as to whether the kids or the students had a better time. Thanks go to Coach Fountain for all the help.

FIRST LETTER PLAYERS
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"Come Blow Your Horn"

November 20-21

8:00 o'clock

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