

A Concerned Parent Writes

Happily enough, Davidson is a Christian college operating in the A.D. era of grace. The gift of God's grace (His pardon) was given almost 2000 years ago when His Son hung on the Cross in order to protect us from the dreaded consequence of our fallen human nature: alienation from our holy Creator.

In a way, Davidson reflects God's grace when it provides condoms to protect users from the dreaded consequence of pre-marital sex: pregnancy or, worse, AIDS.

So you're safe. Safe from life-changing or life-destroying consequences. Safe with a "cover up" that will protect your good kid image. Safe to act on impulse, to relieve a physical urge when it might occur.

The condom is as close as the hall bathroom. Safe, so that with the provided aid of condoms, no sporting male or female can really have reason to say "no".

Anyway, what can be so awful

about showing another person some affection? Many fellow students don't come from loving homes. God knows, they need affirmation. Some desperately need the kind of total acceptance

God has set His moral standard to be a better protection than rubber can provide . . .

that only total naked disclosure in a relationship can bring.

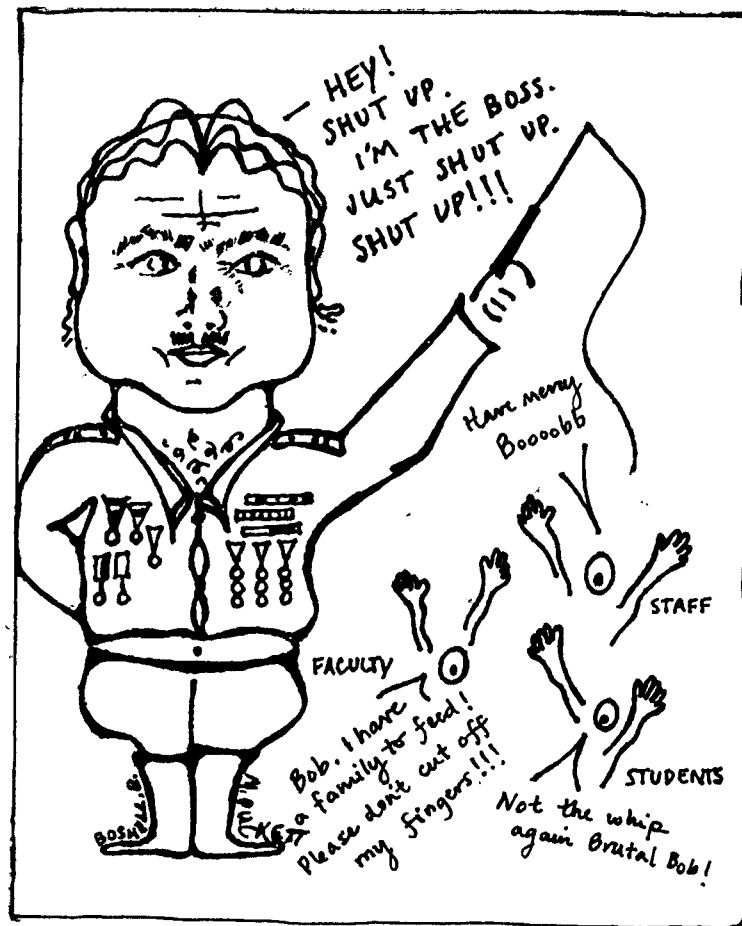
And college is a magical, relatively irresponsible time, an all too brief period when pleasure can be hindered by commitments. Make hay while the sun shines. So much to enjoy, to have NOW. But a warning should be posted on every first aid box: "Warning! You'll never forget the first time." There is nothing more personal that you

can give . . . and years (you don't know when) down the road when you take your marriage vows, there will be nothing more that you can than you already give to . . . whomever. Like a haunting curse, you'll never be able to recapture the singular significance of that first time.

Condoms do protect you from some unwanted consequences of pre-marital sex. Condoms do not protect you from the most devastating consequence of all - the loss of meaning attached to the most loving gift you have to give.

Sex will serve as a powerful bond within your marriage, but only if it hasn't been demeaned by an extra-marital relationship. God has set His moral standard to be a better protection than rubber can provide . . . He wants to protect you and your future marital relationship. He cares about you.

The individual wished to have his/her name withheld.



General Bob Collins

D. A. Thompson | Rude Notes and Random Scribblings

Why the Helms Not?

Having spent several lonely nights thinking about how they make simulated wood grain vinyl and why you can't eat what's in those little packets that come with stereo equipment, and if I should get those pectoral implants, and how much my roommate looks like one of the before pictures in those Hair Club for Men commercials, and whether or not I should bother calling one of those swinging hip party lines for people with social lives as active as my own or maybe one of those Phone Confession numbers so I can make up stories about my past and tell them to complete strangers over the phone, and about how maybe we were never meant to have existed in the first place and this whole universe thing might just be the result of some divine flatulation, I decided to get some sort of hold on my thoughts and I directed my neuroses towards this Helms - Gantt nonsense.

Some of you may remember my suggesting the institutionalization of both of America's Jesses in the first installment of this column; and while I still think that such action will be both necessary and amusing in the future, I believe we ought to give him another six years in Washington first.

Yes, that's right, I'm endorsing Jesse Helms for the United States Senate. Aghast, are you? Then you obviously don't understand the innumerable benefits of being represented by an old age mutant ninja fascist. Really, what do you have against good old fashioned family values anyway?

You do know, of course, that not to love Jesse is not to love America; and not to love America is to be a heathen, pagan, homosexual swine from the darkest bowels of hell who dares to blaspheme against the divinely inspired system of free enterprise and thus stands to incur the wrath of the blessed and chosen lord judge almighty on high, Jesseus. (Excuse the religious fervor).

In all seriousness though, North Carolinians need the kind of wisdom and leadership that only our friend the sinister sexagenarian can provide. Political genius that he is, Jesse - Baby (as, it is rumored, his friends and various love slaves call him) managed to distract the nation from the massive Savings and Loan Debacle by having a connipation fit on the floor of the Senate over the work of Robert Mapplethorpe. (Inside information suggests, however, that the outbursts were brought about more by Mr. Helms's desire to look at dirty pictures and needing an excuse to have them in his office rather than a politically strategic ploy).

But let's not forget Jesse's fervent defense of North Carolina's textile industries from the communistic environmental legislation sponsored by that way out, left wing, ruskie hugging nutball, George Bush.

Individual instances of the Helms magic aside, the overall effect of the ultimate J - Man's works should not be disregarded in November. Thanks to the Bible-thumping-backwater-redneck-on-acid style of senatorship Jesse has

embraced while in office, we've managed to fool the rest of the country regarding what we North Carolinians are really like.

Ask someone from, say, Yonkers what they think a North Carolinian is like, and he'll describe your basic inbred moron, who's only worn shoes when it was snowing or when he was getting married to one of his cousins.

The good thing about such an impression is that Mr. Yonkers, in his skin tight, see - thru fishnet tank top shirt and his bushy, lox and bagel crumb riddled mustache, and his designer jeans and his God forsaken gold chains from the disco era, will probably never show his face in our most beautiful and beloved section of the country. How can this be bad? Sure, we have a raving lunatic as a Senator, but he serves a purpose.

Due to his antics in Washington, few people know that North Carolina is actually a wonderful state with a wealth of superior citizens, and, in my opinion, that's just fine.

When Claude Pepper was one of Florida's representatives, his combination of age, intelligence and integrity suggested that Florida might be a nice place for old people to reside.

Today that state is absolutely riddled with blue hair, orange formica, shag carpeting and Buicks. As long as Jesse Helms remains in the public eye as our Senator, that won't happen here. Let's keep out the rest of the idiots by having our biggest one at the gate. Really folks, why the Helms not?

Collins, a Cranky Guy

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sure ought to. On the map I got from the police, open lots are marked green, our spaces are yellow, and I think faculty spaces orange. We have our spaces, they have theirs. Of course, on the weekends, when the faculty spaces lie empty, they look awfully inviting. Trickery! Actually, they're student car traps on weekends. You park there, you still get towed, even though they do sit open...all weekend long.

Suggestions

1. If a student's car is going to be damaged, then give a few extra dollars on the fine. Don't just tow

it and screw up the car. That's rude.

2. Make the faculty/staff lots open parking on weekends.

3. Nail the faculty and staff just like everyone else. If they take our spots, then tow them. That is only fair.

4. Try giving warnings.

5. A question: If the Texaco station only gets 15 dollars to tow a car, and the ticket is like forty bucks, where is the 25 extra going. Huh, Bobbo?

6. Bob, listen to some soft music or something in the morning. You sure are a cranky guy.

If you don't, we might just... tow your car.

How To Economically Maximize A Study Break.

1. Take a friend and this ad. Go to Norman Crossing Shopping Center at Exit 28 off I-77. Very close by.
2. Order any SUBWAY sandwich. You'll get a **free** 16 oz. drink. Satisfy hunger.
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