

## Nostalgic throwback

By Dwight Hunter

Dear Gleam,  
You showed me when the times changed and kept me warm when my answers blew in the wind. You gave my life to me, and you set me free from my inbred bondage. The most intimate semesters I ever knew were the semesters I spent with you.

Westmar College came to life for me through the Gleam; I became even more involved than what I had planned. My college goal I established while in high school the system for the **betterment** of the students.

Westmar has its negative aspects which caught my undivided attention as editor because of that goal. Such aspects as what direction are this college really heading, campus policies, societal relations, structural relations and selective justice have been a constant thorn in my side.

Even so, if I was asked what was my general over-all view of Westmar, I would have to respond positively. The largest contributing factor for this positive response, besides the excellent faculty I have encountered, was the environment of Wernli Hall — Delta Epsilon Pi, a door to a small circle of friends.

*"A newspaper reflects its editor to a very great degree. This editor was not without the expected anxieties and headaches that accompany the job. It took a great deal of understanding from several close peers to endure these times 'on the rag.' To all my (Wernlifriends) and my roommate, I offer my sincere gratitude." Gleam article, May 8, 1973*

I have often been told that a publication reflects its editor. I never accented that statement as truth, until very recently. When I assumed the position that whatever a person wished to write was fine with me, the

paper reflected that loose-knit, low-key approach. I remember responding once that if the paper truly reflected me, it would have to be indifferent of its superficial appearance, be angry at society, political, anti-organized religion yet spiritual, emotionally spirited yet intellectually pragmatic, conscious of societal-economic deviance, humanitarian, indifferent to news, controversial and a talkative loner. Perhaps the Gleam can be seen in this way, but I still have a difficult time comprehending such a belief.

*"As a former editor, I feel that to do a good job in a publication, you have to expose yourself to some degree. Only then have you done your best." Gleam article, Oct. 10, 1972*

Viewpoints expose a person to a community quickly. I became acutely aware of this realization in D.C. Because of that point of realization, even though I had been an editor before, last summer became a time of despair and visions of being surrounded by hostile Westmar community members. Fortunately, my desire to write viewpoints overcame my reluctance.

*"I do not write editorials just so everyone can read them silently and agree with everything I say. If that were the case, I would feel ultimately frustrated and useless. If I can produce one iota of disagreement, doubt, discussion or involvement from students at Westmar, I will feel that I have successfully completed my part of my job as the editor of your newspaper."*

*Gleam article, Sept. 25, 1973*

I remembered being asked by a student after writing a nasty viewpoint if I wanted to remain a student at this college. Needless to say, I was somewhat shocked by that question. However, I always wanted to raise questions, though not verbally, and to combat ideas to produce discussion. That motivation made the editorship worth its trouble.

It is fun, sentimental and nostalgic to look back, but only for a minute. The real task is to survive and continually challenge those immoral symbols we see and to keep searching for truth. Thanks for sharing your time with me.