

The Collegiate

Whispers

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By DR. SECRET

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PIANO

No piano! Just what shall we do for amusement this winter or even later in the fall when we cannot stroll upon the campus. Shall we sit in the parlors and look at each other night after night, week after week, for three or four months with nothing to break the monotony of looking at the same faces?

To me, music makes anyone feel better. It gives a gay lively crowd an even gayer and livelier spirit. Since we are not allowed to dance, smoke, play cards, or engage in any modern pastime of today's youth, and there is no form of recreation offered us during social hours, I suggest that we demand a piano for the parlor in the girls dormitory.

FRESHMEN

Freshmen, you have been here two weeks! You are probably still a little homesick, but soon you will be over this phase of college experiences and will be contentedly working in the different activities in which you will be asked to participate. Your thoughts will then be filled with the joys and companionship of your fellow classmates. Friendships will be created that will always linger and memories of your college days will be cherished forever.

While wandering over the campus give a hearty smile and friends will be yours. Laugh, talk and be gay and you will be on the road to happiness.

Get into the different activities and do all you can to increase your knowledge in more than one way. Study your lessons for a better foundation and remember the more you give, the more you receive.

While in the dining hall, eat, drink and be merry! Enjoy every minute and do your best to overlook the sorrows and discouraging moments during the year, and we assure you at the end of the last semester you will love and cherish our Alma Mater as the upperclassmen do now, which seems so strange to you.

The rules and regulations of our school may seem a little tough after your carefree years at home, but we sincerely hope you will do your best to build and hold the morale of our Alma Mater. The upperclassmen will do all in their power to help you understand the aim of our student body.

The Collegiate staff welcomes you to our campus and wishes you a most enjoyable and aggressive year.

UNITY

The campus Religious Council should have the good will of the entire campus. Last Saturday night they met for four hours and discussed plans through which campus activities and projects could be better unified. During the four hours, 10 elected representatives put their heads together and brought forth a seven point program that was no fly-by-night affair. It represented the efforts of the campus, leading students. There was no disunity between the campus members themselves. They knew their task and labored to achieve their goal in a democratic way.

Having been formed last year, the Campus Religious Council is a relatively new idea to the campus. At that time organizations were asked to send representatives. Several problems arose from this set up. This year each dwelling house, together with the officers of the Y.M.Y.W. will have members on the council. A student may belong to as many organizations as he likes and it makes no difference.

It is the opinion of the COLLEGIATE that the basic activities of the campus should be centralized, and that under the much improved set up of the Campus Religious Council, these activities can be better and more effectively carried out.

The female supervisor of the dining hall still thinks "Old DUTCH cleanser" is very satisfactory. Wonder how long it will be a necessity with so much new material around?

Sh—h

GITA, GITA! You must be exerting your good influence on a future Phi Kappa MANING, P. S. He stays dressed up all the time! Anyway he wears a coat to dinner.

Sh—h

The vice president of the Cooperative government seems to be seeing a great deal of one of our professor's sons. Could it be that she still attracts him, or do they have a lot in common?

Sh—h

Our little JEW is at IT again. We thought Phi Delta's SON, TOM, was staying at the frat house. From the looks of things he is residing on Senior Hall's front porch.

Sh—h

Girls, if you take a ride on a CARR with the freshman boy from Maury (pronounced Murray) he will certainly think you are flirting with him. He is the one that takes his book money and buys a radio.

Sh—h

It will be a sad DAY when JOHN leaves for Indiana, says the preacher's daughter from Robersonville.

Sh—h

The girls that occupy the suite at Senior Hall certainly have a collection of their boy friends' pictures. Too bad they graduated last year—the doctor extends his sympathy.

Sh—h

Must be nice when the boy friend transfers from State so he can be in school with you. This is an arrangement that will really BLOW you down.

Sh—h

HOW-ard about the boy that waits up all night to see his girl from Maryland? I BET-ty he was glad to see her. Evidently the feeling was mutual.

Sh—h

The doctor would like to know why Bath's tiniest daughter is so gloomy these days. He is going to Wake Forest, so it must be a little GREY matter.

Sh—h

When EASTER comes to the city of TROY we can always look forward to the little BOY-ette being the official chaperone.

Sh—h

It is MADELINE rushing when Mr. Grove (girls I am sure you need no introduction) opens his studio.

Sh—h

Farmville's blonde TAILOR seems to be a good worker. At least she doesn't find it a HARD-y job.

Sh—h

"I'll Never Love Again" is the theme song of our junior girl from Bayboro. We are sure she would get along much better if her CAR-rol were here.

Sh—h

The pretty GEORGIA PEACH seems to be the talk of the campus. We take off our hats to a freshman for at least giving us something to write about.

Sh—h

Note: For the benefit of all freshmen . . . the doctor prescribes:

- (1) Don't go into hibernation as soon as you get from the dining hall . . . the upperclassmen would like to know you.
- (2) Don't study too much the first month; you still have eight more.
- (3) Go to breakfast every morning, without fail.
- (4) Last, but not least, give the doctor something to write about next month.

So until you need some more whispers for the nourishment of your bodies, Dr. Secret will say adieu!

—ooo—

YOU

You're the one who smiled today
At everyone who passed your way
You're the one who thought to ask
If you could help him with his task
You're the one who helped at home
With things which cause most others to roam.
You're the one who at eventide
Turned to God with nothing to hide.

Mary Elizabeth Jones.

OUR DEMOCRACY ——— by Mat



THE "MANY-SIDED" BENJAMIN FRANKLIN ENVISIONED THE USE OF ELECTRICITY AS POWER.



PIONEER EDITOR AND PUBLISHER, HE ALSO LOOKED FOR THE GROWTH OF THE NEWSPAPER.

BUT EVEN HE COULD NEVER HAVE DREAMED OF THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF AMERICA'S PRESS.



THE U.S. NEWSPAPER—NOT ONLY A BULWARK OF DEMOCRACY—BUT INDISPENSABLE TO IT.

Among the Greeks

"When it hits you, you'll holler, yes indeed that's the song of all the new pledges for both Sororities and Fraternities. Of course, the "it" is the well known, or rather dreaded paddle. "It" is the thing that will really be in full swing in a few more weeks when initiation starts.

New pledges who have accepted and will be initiated this fall are: From Phi Sigma Tau: Mary Alleta Smith, Ruth Blizzard, Ava Grey Barnes, Celia Crawley. From Sigma Tau Chi: Eleanor Smith, Faydeen Sasser, Earle Williams, Ann Barclay, Virginia Adkins. From Delta Sigma: Norma Clay Daniel, Katherine Lewis, and Frances Oakes. From Phi Delta Gamma: Billie Adams, Edwin Thompson, Lyman Grey, Charlie Warren. From Sigma Alpha: Dutch Miller, Aaron Fusell, Bruce Davis, Hume Paschall, Edward Smith. From Phi Kappa: Gordon Manning, Campbell Huxford, Leslie Tyson, Philip Banks, and Paul Struther.

Two sororities have found it necessary to have new sponsors.

Delta Sigma, due to Miss Morgan's leaving, have asked Dr. Hartsock to take her place as sponsor. Sigma Tau Chi, who lost a sponsor when Miss Snyder left, will also choose a new sponsor for the year.

Unknowningly

Our skies may be an azure blue
But across the sea they're a different hue.

While nazis planes are dropping bombs,
We over here aren't twiddling our thumbs.

Homeless women and children weep
While seeking shelter—somewhere to sleep

Deliver us from evil and give us our bread!
To be sure our Lord doesn't need us all dead.

—Mary Elizabeth Jones

Letters to the Editor

Dear Ed.

During my Freshman year I spent several enjoyable afternoons playing ping-pong on the campus and in the gym. At that time it was a new game to me, but not being as green as most Freshmen, I learned rapidly and was soon what I considered an artist at the art. I would not hesitate to say that today I would be among the best of the best. Since I find myself somewhat unable to excel in the other sport departments, I had looked forward with some degree of confidence to my first days of school and to my afternoons of ping-pong. As best as can my recollection serve me from one year to the next, there in a remote corner of my cerebellum still lurks the memories of a year-ago-today. If this was the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and forty, I would have this afternoon had my round of ping (or pong, as you prefer). Instead I spent my spare moments—and for a Sophomore, moments they are—in a picture show. Mind you, I have nothing against an occasional show; but after spending four straight hours on class, I would hardly consider a show the best of recreation.

Perhaps my best appeal would be to the Freshmen . . . No, not they, for they know not what they are missing. Then, perhaps, to the upperclassmen, for they are aware of this loss to the campus. Better still, I would appeal to the students as a group to join me as I express my desire to once again enjoy an afternoon of PING PONG. I WANT PING PONG AGAIN! Am I alone or may I say, "WE WANT PING PONG AGAIN!"

Say Ed.

I hate to start fussing around here the first thing, but it seems to me that with three summer months of work a few improvements could

surely have been made around here. I'm like Aunt Het (say, you all know her) about a few things: "It seems that people ought to take hints."

In the first place, why can't the bulletin board on first floor be replaced, or at least a new one put up? As much as this particular board is used, and seen by our visitors, it seems that some one should take an interest in its appearance. I never pass the board but what I see several notices upside down, half off the board, marked all over, or in some other unshapely condition. Perhaps an enclosed board would eliminate this particular fault.

Well, that's enough for the bulletin board. It's the thought of pencil sharpeners that really "gripes" me. Let me tell you what happened only about two weeks ago. I was asked to come back for freshman week. One freshman girl was late getting here on Thursday, and when she did get here the English examinations had already started. She went down to take hers, but could find no pencil sharpener. The poor girl was found in the hall a few seconds later, crying because she knew not what to do. A friendly upperclassman took her pencil to the second floor and sharpened it.

Imagine yourself being in such a position. What would you have done? To me it was embarrassing. And so, in a friendly way, I suggest that we get some pencil sharpeners for the classroom hall.

I don't want to take anything away from the splendid work that was done on the campus this summer—the newly painted dorms, the addition of furniture in the girls' lounge, the lovely floor in the parlor, and all improvements too numerous to mention—but, there are still things lacking—namely: a pencil sharpener and a bulletin board.

"THE MEN'S SHOP"
HOWARD ADKINS,
Inc.
NEW FALL GOODS ARRIVING DAILY

SENIOR PERSONALITIES



WILMA WILLIAMS

"Did you say I was to see Wilma Williams about work? Who's she? Oh yeah, she's the girl I saw arguing with Professor Waters and Professor Jarman the other day."

Well, that's a lot to say about anyone, for honestly I'm scared to argue with them. Perhaps her ability to talk and make friends accounts for the success Wilma has met since she has been at A. C. C.

Wilma came to us in the fall of '38 and in the spring of '39 she was welcomed into the sisterhood of Delta Sigma Sorority. Her sophomore year found her taking active parts in the Y. W. C. A., Pan Hellenic Council, and Delta Sigma. Before the year was over Wilma was elected secretary of the executive board, tapped by the Golden Knot Honor Society, elected Junior class marshal, and appointed supervisor of offices.

With such a record I know that you will agree with me when I say that Wilma has been and continues to be one of the most outstanding people on the campus. The honor roll would feel lost without Wilma's name on it.

Freshmen, I guess all of you don't know Wilma yet, but if any day of the meeting of the Cooperative Government you hear a smiling girl call the meeting to order you may be sure it's Wilma, for she's vice-president of the C. G. A.

Now that Wilma is a senior we are beginning to wonder just what she is planning to do. "Imagination is funny," I know, but by letting my imagination run wild I see Wilma as the DEAN of some institution. How about it, "cute girl?"

AIRLINE TO AFRICA

Pan American Airways has been granted permission to establish a commercial airline between Miami, Fla., and a point or points in Southwest Africa.



JAMES WEBSTER

"Swing hard, boy. You'll be an ace player after all, I believe." That's what I said when I saw James Webster playing tennis the other day. But don't think he'll be playing long, for within a few days he'll be marching to a "big" red school house "over the way" and telling those "luckless" kids all about why the world is in such a condition, and so forth, and so on. Why? No other reason than because he is a social science major.

"Web" was elected president of the junior class last year and by all reports no better person could have been chosen. Serving on the man's dormitory council as junior representative gave James a start to become president of the council for this year. No wonder all the boys ask about James. They're just like the girls, wanting permissions, too.

"We're expecting to have splendid care of the buildings this year," I heard a person say the other day. "Why?" I asked. Oh, James Webster is supervisor," he immediately answered. Well, that's what we are expecting, too.

The "A" Club has found in "Web" a true worker ever since he has become a member and so has the International Relations Club.

The highest honor a person can attain while at A. C. C. was bestowed upon James last spring when he was tapped by the Golden Knot Honor Society. Surely this shows his leadership ability.

James, I don't know what we would do without you around. I guess though that you are ready to leave and take your place in life. Yet, when looking in my crystal I plainly see you coming back to A. C. C. about 1965 as a prof of social science. So don't think you'll forget "dear ole A. C. C."

Across The Sea

Over there across the sea
That's a place I wouldn't be
There's a lot of hate and fear
And bombs that kill your love ones dear
You can't say what's pent up inside
Or some one'll take you for a ride
And worse of all it's coming near
This thing that causes hate and fear.

—Mary Lib Jones

To The Editor

Dear Editor:

I'm only a freshman up here—and for this reason, I feel that I may be sounding off half-cocked. But in the face of this fear I would like to venture off on a limb.

For several nights now I have been trying to do my studying in the library. At first I found this an ideal spot to study for it was quiet and no one bothered you unless you bothered them. These ideal situations still prevail, but even I — with my glasses—can't study in the dark.

I realize that I am not aware of the reason or reasons for the lights to be acting up, but it would seem to me the cause should be corrected. It is most disgusting to be in the midst of my study and suddenly find myself in complete darkness. I have to start all over again—or at least get back in the mood.

In view of the fact that so many people do study in the library, I feel that I am justified in wanting the light disturbance to be adjusted. If I am not out of order print me—If I am censor me.

Sincerely Yours,
(Name upon request)
A Freshman