

The Collegiate

Published Monthly by the Students of
ATLANTIC CHRISTIAN COLLEGE
Wilson, North Carolina

Subscription Rate ----- \$1.00 Per Year

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Food For Thought

Some large universities and colleges have what they call community workshops. Many who take this work come out of the course saying, "Progressive methods of teaching with a big dash of common sense is what I have learned."

Perhaps we need some of this sort of study on our campus. Atlantic Christian College, as well as other colleges, will be making great strides toward progress when it can say to prospective students that in its catalogue are listed:

Common Sense I Wisdom II

Then, as an elective, a course in developing a sense of humor would add the final touch to the perfection of a college curriculum.

Students, we need these elements in our study. It's up to us to help put them there. Yes, "Chew and digest this 'food for thought.'"

What Is Your Alibi?

Have you ever heard of or seen a man who, while crossing a stream on a horse and wagon, would stop in the middle of the stream and change horses?

You exclaim, "Why no! How silly and ridiculous!"

Yet that is the very thing that many members of the student body have done this school year. No, you haven't "changed horses in the middle of a stream," but you have done the very equivalent to that act. For example, several students have stopped two term courses with only one term's credit. This is being done to the extent that students are dropping courses that are known to be of vital importance. This is a difficult problem for which to find a solution. Evidently there is some reason for this increase in dropping of subjects and obviously the reason lies within the students themselves. Is it because you are afraid of work and the courses seem to be too hard for you? Is it because of your environment and the fact that people have individual differences and your best friend may exceed you without as much work?

These are only possible alibis. Do you really know your reason for taking this step? Here in college is the best place to learn to face hardships. Put your problems on the scale and weigh it for its virtues and its weaknesses. Be sure that you are broadminded and that you consider every angle. Don't be afraid to ask the advice of those who are older and more experienced than you. Learn now, before it is too late, not to be a coward.

Go To Sunday School and Church

Now is the time to make some New Year's resolutions, if you have not already done so, Students! Since our nation is still engaged in combat with Germany and her allies, I think that one resolution should be uppermost in our minds—the resolution that we shall not only attend Church every Sunday, but that we shall also attend Sunday School.

After a week of turmoil and mental strain, we need the quiet relaxation that may be found at our Sunday School and Church. We should not feel exactly right about going to the movies on Sunday afternoon, if we have not first attended some religious gathering.

January has nearly passed and many of us have made no effort at all to attend any Church or Sunday School. There are so many things that may be gained through Sunday School attendance: (1) Sunday School is much less formal than Church. (2) It is in Sunday School that a person is given the chance to openly confess how he stands on numerous questions. (3) In Church you are one of a large body of worshippers—in Sunday School you are an individual.

On January 24, I was very much impressed by the manner in which the minister's sermon, "Sparrows and Men," was in close correlation with the discussion we had had in our Sunday School class, "Where Do We Find God?" I am sure that everyone who attended our class realized that there was a close relationship between Sunday School and Church that Sunday. We were just in the mood to hear such a sermon after our discussion.

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Bill's Column

By BILL OSBORNE

According to a War Department announcement issued January 30, all enlisted army reserves (the E. R. C.'s) are likely to be called into active service within two weeks. The announcement stipulated that within fourteen days after the end of the first semester, or next quarter, all army reserves are subject to call when the army commands. Although this order will not deplete entirely on our campus members of the opposite sex, it will certainly reduce the number of boys to a minimum. As yet, Navy and Marine reserves have received no notice to report.

I won't say that when the majority of us boys depart, we won't be sorry to leave A. C. C., because we will. At times, I imagine, we all have become pretty disgusted with conditions, although temporary, that existed here; but we soon got over it. And when we did, we realized that it had increased our admiration for the college. After being on the college campus for two or more years, one acquires that spirit of lightheartedness yet seriousness, that spirit of flippancy and gaiety so typical of, and peculiar to, college and college life.

You mix and mingle with people, make new friends and acquaintances, enter into various sports and other extra-curricular activities about the campus, formulate new ideas and opinions, receive a worthwhile education—in short, you become a part of college life. You become so attached to college you're really disappointed to see the four years slip by so quickly. I know. I've heard seniors say this to me. Even when vacations are in progress, you are anxious to get back "into the old grind"—to see your friends and to engage in college activities again. College gets in your blood!!

It's the little things that count, so someone has said. And this is true in college. It's the little things that count—those memories or souvenirs that one possesses. Your first date; social hour; the cheering throng at basketball games; the college sponsored parties and get-togethers; sorority and fraternity bids and banquets; classroom incidents; club meetings—all these in their way increase one's desire for college and college life. Everyone gets sentimental once in a while—even the most hard-hearted of us. And in those moments, that is when we see most clearly and distinctly how much our college experiences have meant to us.

Even though we will miss college and all those factors that make college what it is, we are proud to be members of our nation's armed forces. We can be proud, and justly so, that we will have a part in stamping out tyranny and oppression and substituting in its place a fine, durable, lasting peace. There is not one of us who isn't glad he has a chance to help his country when she most needs him. There's a job to be done—a war to be won—and we can assist in doing it.

Yes, college and college life will have to be dropped for the present, until a successful conclusion of the war has been made. And when we feel down and out, as we

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Collegiate Book Review of See Here Private Hargrove

By MARION HARGROVE

Reviewed by Private Edward Vause, ASN 14148008

In the latter part of 1942 an unusual book appeared on the bookstands of America. It was **See Here, Private Hargrove** by Private Edward Thomas Marion Lawton Hargrove, a soldier who before his induction into the army at Fort Bragg, was a writer for **The Charlotte News** of Charlotte, North Carolina. Private Hargrove describes army life in a manner different from any previous writing. If you will look for a message in the book you will be disappointed. There is no message but there is humor and zest for living that will keep you entertained from beginning to end.

When Marion Hargrove received a long white envelope from Washington which began "Greeting," he swallowed all the advice from well-meaning friends good-naturedly. Once he was in the army, however, he found the advice very useless. Private Hargrove seemed to be the cause of most of Sergeant Goldsmith's trouble for he could not learn that you should salute only commissioned officers. Once when asked by a sergeant why he was on KP that day, Hargrove replied, "It wall all the corporal's fault, sir," and then he looked around to make sure the corporal wasn't there to defend himself. "Just because I right-faced a few times when I was supposed to left-face and I ziggged when I should have zagged, and because I forgot and smoked in ranks—and a few other things like that."

And," said the sergeant, "you just turned around casually every time he ordered 'about Face' and you kept watching your feet all through drill. And you stayed out of step all morning and took those plowhand strides of yours and walked all over the man in front of you. And you generally sassed the drill master three times. And you generally spoiled the whole morning's drill. Why can't you be a good boy and learn to drill?"

Doggedly Hargrove accepts the numerous painful inoculations upon induction, the weary hours of KP duty, the endless drilling, the constant barking of the sergeants at every mistake and the long hours of guard duty. He soon learns, however, that it is the first four weeks of army life that are the hardest.

See **Here, Private Hargrove** is a book for the boys in the service and for their mothers, fathers and Sweethearts. It is a book for everyone who enjoys a good hearty laugh and this is promised in this epic of army life—1943 style.

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Letters To Editor

Dear Editor:

We are here again to complain about the noise in the Chapel, but this time we are not complaining about the noise at regular Chapel meeting. We are complaining about the conduct during the recent vocal recital in the Chapel. The conduct was really "high-schoolish"—paper airplanes were sailed from the balcony into the main auditorium; yells were emitted at the completion of each selection until a faculty member was forced to leave her seat and "take the situation in hand." During the entire program there was a continual noise made by the patting of feet as certain students left the chapel.

Frankly, we were embarrassed and humiliated. The artist must have felt that he had a very unresponsive audience. We are sure that he could hardly be inspired to do his best for such an unappreciative group of listeners.

We have heard numerous complaints because of the scarcity of public entertainments, but we believe if our own students cannot or will not behave when these entertainments are provided, it will be quite needless to provide interesting things for the students to attend.

After all, college is the

place in which to become cultured—and good behavior is culture!

Humiliated Students

Dear Editor:

It is a very distasteful sight to walk through Kinsey Hall during campus elections and it is all the more discouraging to try to vote. In every election of any importance since I have been on this campus I have tried to vote privately and unassisted—but in vain. A pretty girl, who heretofore hasn't even condescended to speak to me or even glance my way, runs up to me with a gracious smile and her usual sweet talk that the average male voter can't resist and tries to get me to vote for her best friend or beau. When I finally manage to evade her and after mopping my brow again, proceed to vote, I turn around and see that I am surrounded by female, who are all eyeing my ballot furiously. As if this were not enough several boys come up, shake my hand, pat me on the back and indicate their choice, making me feel every inch a morron who can't make up his mind.

I think more private means should be provided for voting and no "political" should be allowed around the polls.

An Exasperated Voter.

From A Relocation Center

I know I'm only a Japanese; My skin is darker than yours, But still I can love the U. S. A.

Whatever our country endures.

I'd fight for "freedom and liberty."

I'd die with the best of you. But here behind this barbed wire fence

What can a patriot do?

I know no flag but the "Stars and Stripes."

Your songs are the songs I sing.

My tongue knows only the words you speak

But what do my loyalties bring?

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SNOOPIN'

By The SNOOPERS

YESTERDAY WAS St. Valentine's Day and there WERE plenty of hearts flying around. Some were broken, some were separated, some were joined as one and some were promised to be joined as one. But you're tired of jive or should be by this time so here I go with the "Dirt."

Sincere congratulations to **Miriam Johnson** (oops we made a mistake) we meant **James**. She and **Robert** are now Mr. and Mrs. Good luck to both of you! And to **Ada Catherine Rhodes** who is engaged to **Pug Morgan**. And now for the "snoops" that the space will allow. It really must be serious "Fritz," when you go home with **Troy** to meet his folks. Well, all "yours truly" can say — is you're both swell people — good luck. **Dot Freeman**, I heard you were in a fix, when your army Lt. showed up and you were out with **Howard Lupton**. **Charlotte Thomas**, what is this we hear about you and **Jack Jennette**? We thought your heart belonged to **Pete**. **Adeyn Proctor**, make up your mind, will you? Are you or aren't you going with **Jack**? There are a couple of triangles on the campus these days; the first is concerned with **Pete Riggan**, **Reba Driver** and **Martha Myers**, which of you gals are going to be the best **Daisy Mae**? The other triangle is concerned with two **Romeos** and a **Juliette**, namely **Evelyn Russell**, **Lessie Murry** and **Guy Smith**. **J. P. Tyn-dall**, **Robert Jones**, **Bill Osborne** and **Ed Vause**, the girls around here are not so bad looking, and as scarce as boys are, why can't you be a little bit more thoughtful? We thought that the radio programs that college students are participating in were supposed to be strictly business, but from what we hear about **Vivian Denning** and **Bill Bunn**, it has gone beyond that stage. **Greg**, we hear that "Teeny" has only eyes for you in English. Yours truly, heard that **Myrtle May** had boasted that this column couldn't get a snoop on her. What a laugh! Shall I start enumerating, **Myrtle**? **Polly** always insists that someone else call up **Robert** every time. Come, come, **Isla Mae** I know you are not that bashful. Everyone in **Caldwell Hall** wonders why a certain **Red Head** on the second floor calls **W. G. T. M.** to play "Here Comes The Navy," every single morning. Could that picture on your dresser have anything to do with it, **Irene**? **Caro Lee Morgan**, was it worth an entire weekend's pleasure just to see your Army Friend? Now, **Caro Lee**, just what would your Navy boy friend think? From all reports both hearsay and from the parties concerned we heart that **Rella Pace** and **Charlie Harrison** have called it "all-off" for good. **Tommy**, **Peter**, **Floyd**, **Zero**—make up your mind, **Maggie**, will you please? We have at last found out the attraction at **W. C.**, **Wade Pridgen**, and we like the name **Cecelia** very much. **Gordon Manning** was in **Wilson one** week-end for one purpose, and that purpose was "Gita." The love-bug must have at last bit **Ruth Blizzard** and we have a feeling his name is **Joe**. She is even wearing his class ring. **Margie**, I know

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