

The Collegiate

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Let's Be Wise

There are two extremes in the way students take exam week. First, there is the student who takes it too seriously, or, shall we say, who takes it unwisely. He forgets to study until exams, then he sits up all night and tries to "cram" enough to pass. The next day he is tired and worn out, and cannot possibly do his best work.

Then there is the student who thinks of exam week as a vacation. He puts aside all thought of study. Since he has no regular classes he forgets to study. He forgets the importance of exams.

Let's be wise this year. Let's take exam week seriously. Remember the grade you make on an exam may determine whether you stay on the fence or fall over.

Looking Beyond the Duration

In face of war hysteria, there is a likelihood that many of us who plan now to be in school next year will let excitement and chance of a job keep us from continuing our college education.

If any of you are contemplating getting a job or in some other way disrupting your college career, think twice before you do it. Think how lucky you are to be able to come to college when the greatest desire of hundreds of young people is to be where you are.

Will your job be good "beyond the duration"? Many people who are holding jobs now are going to be without jobs after the war when the demand for workers is not so great. Are you going to be able to get a job then? Can you walk into an office or elsewhere and say, "I am a college graduate and I wish to apply for a job." You will not be able to do that if you don't keep your head now and go through with this thing you have started.

Perhaps from the time you were a child your parents have had as their ideal for you, a college education. They have probably sacrificed for you that they might realize their dream.

Perhaps since you were in grammar school and high school you have said, "I want to get a college education so I can stand out from the average person. I want to serve humanity in the best way possible."

Are you going to disappoint yourself and your parents by allowing mob psychology and hysteria to over-power your "better senses"?

Let us as students take the advice of those who know from experience, and make plans to come back to school next term.

It's Your Paper, Students

Many criticisms have been heard from students this year, as in former years, about the Collegiate. Most of these students have never worked on the staff or participated in any way towards helping the paper to become a better one. They do not realize the limited resources we have to work with. They do not realize that it is hard to get cooperation except from a few faithful students. They do not know the amount of work the staff puts on the paper. Perhaps if some of those students who feel so prone to criticize would come to staff meetings and work together, there would not be so much criticism, neither would there be as much room for criticism.

We want to express appreciation to the out-going editor who has carried on her work so admirably and efficiently, and to her staff. Plenty of credit goes to our faculty advisor and to the Journalism class too. When the fall term opens, we hope more of you will become interested in journalistic work, and leave an opening in your plans for Collegiate work.

Come on students! It's your paper. Let's work together for a bigger and better Collegiate!

Do We Want a Refugee Student?

Most of you have heard about the drive that Golden Knot Honor Society is sponsoring. Perhaps none of you have thought about how important it is, or what it can do for the students at the College, and for the person whom we help. So far in the drive, students have cooperated as they usually do at the beginning of many of the drives held on the campus, but we wonder if this cooperation will last. You know that our goal is \$200.00 and with contributions from the various sororities, fraternities, Y. W. C. A., Y. M. C. A., and other organizations the individual quota will not be so much, that is if everyone cooperates and does his part.

A refugee student on our campus will probably do more than anything else to eliminate such a feeling of antagonism and hate as exists towards some nationalities involved in the war.

The person chosen could add much to our campus life by participating in class-room discussions and by talks in chapel. By this first hand experience they could tell us things that would be of more real value to us than speeches, magazine articles and lectures that we wouldn't remember.

Bringing a student here who has been torn from his home and school will show him what real democracy is.

He can know that even though many of us have to work to come to college, we are willing to give up some of our luxuries to help a less fortunate person.

Students, let's show the administration, and the town that we can raise our quota and that we will do it.

If we can get the \$200.00 we feel that through individual pledges and through pledges from the various civic organizations in town we can get the other \$150.00 easily.

Yes, we want a refugee student, and we are going to have one, if everyone cooperates as he has done so far.

THE COLLEGIATE PRESENTS Editorials -:- Letters -:- Features

Bill's Column

By Pvt. Bill Osborne

Well, I'm in the Army now!! And how!! Thus far I like it fine. Of course I have only been in two weeks, and my basic training has barely begun. But I still like it fine!!

As you know I entered the Fort Jackson Reception Center on the 19th of last month. I had a rather dreary day, both from the standpoint of weather and of my particular mood in which I was. I was escorted to my "room", which in reality was an upstairs barracks bed—a hard steel cot. I was shown by an orderly how to make up a bed "army style". This is a very intricate process involving use of square corners and creasing less blankets. I guess I made my bed up so well that the sergeant in my barracks had me make his for him every morning. Each morning after I finished making mine, he would yell in his booming voice, "Hey, Steve! Come here!" And I answered, "Yes sir!" and went on the double.

The sergeant in charge of supplies told me to stick tight to my barracks in case I was called for. And he further said that each time a formation whistle was blown I should report on the double out front. So from then on I lived in mortal dread and fear that I wouldn't hear the darn whistle and get cussed out by the top kick (sergeant to you).

I was in the army a week before I got my uniform. My papers were sent to Bragg instead of Jackson, and because of that I was held up. Finally, when I got the "green light," I really traveled. I wandered for miles in my nude and nakedness among army doctors; I made out insurance papers; I was processed and interviewed; I took numerous tests to determine my mental ability; I was treated roughly by the clothiers who took away my civilian finery and gave me the olive drab of the army. My shoes are so large that Uncle Sam could rent them as gunboats! Then I was transferred to Company C of Jackson and placed on the shipping list. My name was called out for shipping the last day of April. That was a momentous day for me. I got twelve letters from my friends. What girl can beat that? It makes one feel awfully good when one gets letters from one's friends.

When my shipment left Jackson we had no idea where we were going. We were going North and towards the mountains of South Carolina. When we neared our destination the lieutenant in charge told us we were going to the new air base at Greensboro, North Carolina, to take our basic training in the ground school of the Air Corps. I was completely surprised to say the least.

When we reached Greensboro we discovered the new field was already overflowing with new recruits and that there was no room for us. So we continued our journey.

Dawn came, and I had no idea where we were. Then along the road I saw a sign post on which was painted "Selma". Instantly I guessed where we were going. And I was right!!

We arrived here Saturday morning, the first of May. We did little until Monday. Then we started our B. T. (basic training) in earnest. We drilled and drilled and drilled. And we have done it ever since. In the afternoons we have not drilled, however, but instead we have seen movies on military courtesy, have had lectures on saluting, etc. They are very strict here about saluting all officers, so I go about hunting them and saluting them before they reproach me for not doing so.

I am in a barracks with forty other fellows, mostly my age. We are all usually very jovial, singing much of the time and telling jokes to pass the time away on our "off hours", which aren't very frequent. As yet none of us have suffered from homesickness, which I think is extremely good.

Collegiate Book Review of The Prophet

By Kahlil Gibran

Few of us have ever attempted to single out our favorite book. Perhaps that is because we ourselves are not born writers, for authors themselves often pick from their many achievements what they consider their "best."

This is the place which Kahlil Gibran gives to *The Prophet*. He said: "I think I've never been without *The Prophet* since I first conceived the idea in Mount Lebanon. It seems to have been a part of me. I kept the manuscript four years before I delivered it over to my publisher, because I wanted to be sure, I wanted to be very sure, that every word of it was the very best I had to offer."

And that is what *The Prophet* is—a culmination of the best of ideals, ideas, emotions, philosophy, life, truth, and majestic desires.

Every line rings with an unexcelled rhythm which leaves in the hearts of those who read it a singing as of music born within the soul of man or woman.

Gibran writes his philosophy on love, marriage, friendship, crime, punishment, reason, passion, clothes, houses, work, joy,

children, and many other phases of human life. Never is the human interest angle omitted; it appears from "the coming of the ship", the opening of the book, to the "farewell".

For an example of this appraisal, read this part—quote from his words on love:

"When love beckons to you, follow him.

"Though his ways are hard and steep.

"And when his wings enfold you yield to him.

"Though the sword hidden among his pinions may wound you.

"And when he speaks to you believe in him.

"Though his voice may shatter your dreams as the north wind lays waste the garden."

So, when you're lonely, when you feel deeply the need of a friend or the need of comfort, when you are tempest tossed inside, find a copy of *The Prophet* and find a lovely country hillside. Here read to your heart's content—and your heart will find content.

Mary Louise Rose

Letters To Editor

Dear Editor:

Although much has been said concerning the problem of cheating on Atlantic Christian College Campus it seems to be occurring as frequently as ever.

Students cheat more on daily and monthly tests; however, with final semester exams staring us in the face, I think it is well to mention the honor system again.

It has been estimated that 25 per cent of the students on this campus cheat on tests. Whether this is accurate or not I have no way of knowing, but whatever the rate is, it is serious. Who is to blame for this? Is it the student or the teachers' fault? We'll admit that some of the teachers do not seem to see cheating under their very noses, however, it's the student that does the cheating.

Cheating is unfair to the cheater and to his classmates also. If a person gets a higher grade than he deserves then the system of grading that we have is ineffective.

A student should not work merely for a grade. His highest aim in study should be for the acquiring of knowledge. Without knowledge, a person is liable to fall in later years.

It is queer to me that so many students think only of an "easy way" out. To them cheating seems to be the solution, but they will find in later years that it does not pay.

Many students do not fear being caught because they do not think there is a very serious punishment inflicted on the offender. The cheater is never denounced publicly.

I think an Honor Council on the campus would help to solve the problem. This council would be composed of both students and faculty members chosen by the Executive Board.

It would be the duty of this council to see that all cheaters are caught and punished. The punishment for the first offense would possibly be loss of credit and for the second offense, exclusion from school.

Perhaps such a council can be planned and organized next year. Students and faculty, let us show that we do have honor. On our final exams let us see that no cheating goes on.

The Honor system has worked on other campuses, why not ours?

A Student

Dear Editor:

I want to take this means of giving a word of advice to any Freshmen whom the various Sororities and Fraternities may already be "rushing".

(Continued on page three)

P. O. POPULAR WITH STUDENTS

Now as well as anytime the mail must come through. And come it does to A. C. College. On an average mid-week day, over 200 letters and 42 papers and packages were received at the college post office. A hurried glance through them will show that over half that comes in has that unmistakable "Free" in the upper right hand corner showing the service men don't forget the A. C. Girls.

And the girls don't forget the boys, for of the 231 letters going out on that same day around two-thirds of them were addressed to men in the army, navy or marines.

Stamps are bought too. At anytime during post office hours one may see someone at the window buying stamps. Over \$607 worth of stamps have been sold since January, 1943.

The war has stepped up defense and production and post offices also it seems, for the A. C. College station certainly does a flourishing business.

Mystery Reigns In Caldwell Hall

Some thought the noise sounded like a screaming bomb; others thought it was merely a whistle, but whatever it was it caused a bit of excitement in Caldwell Hall one night recently.

Miss Eugenia Stickley, dean, was the rat person aroused a short time after the light bell had rung at 11 o'clock. The confusion spread rapidly until all girls living in this dormitory were out of bed, yelling and screaming.

A few brave co-eds ventured downstairs and searched the chemistry lab and shower room. They found nothing there but they discovered the door leading outside was cracked open. This was probably due to the fact that some girl's date left after the door had been locked and he didn't close it well. During the excitement nobody thought of this. The only logical thing seemed that someone was in the building.

The police were called and the first floor of the building was again searched. The amusing sight was forty girls in pajamas, housecoats, etc., with hair pinned up, all grouped around two policemen, who thought the whole thing rather amusing.

The hidden ghost was not revealed and probably never will be unless a certain girl admits that she was the one who made that whistling noise. (P. S. It's a military secret).

WE SNOOP WITH THE SENIORS

In place of our usual "dirt" we thought we'd give you a little something to remember about some of our seniors. We can't say they're very dignified, but we'll never forget:

Lib Browning and her efficiency as president of the student body.

Fanny Hemby and her ability to chew gum—and we forgot to add her love for Kendrick.

Margaret Farmer and her wonderful dancing (ask anyone) and Bill—and don't ever forget her work on the "Pine Knot."

The Y. W. C. A. led by Ruby Jones who will be missed by the Council and certain men in the services

Johnny Greene with those "lakka-bibble" bands and her dozens of skirts.

Those letters signed by Cassie Mae Cowell from Executive Board—She was certainly an efficient secretary and she doesn't forget her staff sergeant.

Carolyn Buggette with her beautiful red hair and her love for Delta Sigma.

Catherine Deans and her slogan "Better late than Never."

Evelyn Russell and Guy Smith—a twosome but don't forget Guy's love for the Chemistry lab.

Eleanor Blow and her many baths a day and Reg and Harvey (How does she rate two?)

Frances Sermons—how could we ever forget her beauty on May Day or Howard.

Peanut Morris—her efficiency in anything—regardless?

Carrie (Red) Davis May and her indifference—

Bule Garriss and her lovely voice and Howard and Mickey.

Cespy (Superior) Parrish and her work as president of Delta Sigma.

Hazel Johnson and her ability to "jitter-bug".

Charlie Harrison and his calm dignity—and always Bella.

Ginny Lancaster and her flitting from place to place.

Curle Davis and his physique in full dress—remember May Day—and those beautiful blond curls.

Myrtle May torn between her love for soldiers and chocolate milks.

Ann Wainwright—the typical Elsie May—her wit and work in the Post Office.

And last but not least those seniors here in spirit but really in the service—Lessie Murray, Albert Gaikey, Bruce Davis, Ambrose Manning, Johnny Hicks and Ray Carraway and Sapiro O'Neal.

Yes, we'll never forget these students, for we say it sincerely—with them will go part of our school life. For in them we saw, and still see, our future. We ran to them in our first days of loneliness; we ran to them in our every happiness; we ran to them for advice, for co-operation, for leadership.

And now comes the parting in the path of college life. Some we shall see again; others we shall never see. But in our hearts and in our memories all of them will leave their special imprints.

Who Done It?

"Where did the Collegiate get the Easter cartoon? It sho is cute!" was one of the many remarks voiced after the April issue came out.

Well, the Collegiate staff wants everyone to know that it belongs to them exclusively. Yes, because Marjorie Little, of Wilson, art and journalism student of Charles L. Coon High School, under the direction of Miss Glenn Dunevant, Journalism teacher, made it especially for the college paper.

On behalf of the Collegiate and the students of Atlantic Christian College, We thank you, Marjorie Little.

The Staff