

# COLLEGIATE

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## CAMPUS PERSONALITIES

Here we are with the second edition of the "Collegiate", and we don't think it would be really complete without this column. Of course that is a matter of opinion. I believe your editor calls it a "Space Filler", but, nevertheless, we like to think it's an honor to have been selected for this column. Our good paper goes to press only nine times during the school year. Nine times too is eighteen—we think. There are about 550 students in school at present. Yes, regardless of what our editor might call this column, considering the figures, we still think it an honor to appear in this so-called "Space Filler."

For our first selection we have Mary Ellen Jones, a dignified senior. And such a nice little number she is, too. She has my vote as being "Miss Giggles of ACC", and that isn't had either considering the fact that she is so cute while giggling. As a rule you think of freshmen as being the ones who do all the giggling, but you must remember that Mary Ellen has had four years of college life to make hers nearly perfect.

Mary Ellen hails from Snow Hill, N. C., and is a music major. She is a member of Phi Sigma Tau Sorority, as well as the Glee Club. Last year she was president of the S.C.A. Cabinet, just to give you an example of her capabilities. Despite the fact that she has a smile for everyone, (or was that a giggle?) she is a serious minded and a very conscientious person. She acts out the word cooperation. If you have the chance to work with her, that's exactly what she will give you—cooperation to the nth degree.

No one will argue with you when you compliment Miss Jones. They will readily agree with you when you say she is definitely an asset to our campus. So keep up the fine things you are doing; we can assure you they do not go unrecognized.

From the hills of West Virginia comes our campus personality of the opposite sex. He brings with him that kind of personality that is truly an asset to our campus. He enrolled at ACC January, 1945, as a ministerial student and has been a great value in all our religious activities. He is president of the Christian Fellowship and a member of the S.C.A. cabinet. He also holds the office of treasurer of Phi Delta Gamma Fraternity.

Jerry is ever so easy to talk with, and his voice has that quality of going out to you and sinking in in the way his prayers do in chapel. Jerry is definitely a serious, conscientious person; and, yet, you will find him a friendly congenial buddy who loves long walks, dancing, and a steaming pot of coffee. In case you are greeted by the title of "Doncho", you can bet the greeting comes from Jerry Pothlewaite; for this is the nickname he bestows upon all his acquaintances.

## THE MERRY MIX-UP

By Mel F. Warren

### YOUR FOOTBALL TEAM AND MINE

—Yes, each player on the old grid team is as much yours as anything else in school. They are out there fighting for the name that they can give to the college, which is US. The season is about over and as yet we are still a little behind on our wins, but that does not make any real difference to us because we know that they had the spirit to win. Just to show them that we are really pulling let's go to the last game of the season to be played in Wilson and give them the hands that they have been deserving all season. We play Norfolk Naval Station on November 8th at which time we are going to have a victory. Well, a Gypsy told me and it was in the cards... The Wilson County Fair had many other interesting things also, didn't it? No kidding gang, let's hep it right out to the old stadium came November 8th.

**SICK BAY**—We are all glad to see that Miss Lewis, the Physical Educator for women, is back and went through that appendectomy like a real sport. She is fine if ever I saw one. Maybe you haven't had the advantage of knowing all that she does besides run the poor little girls around the block. At all of the games this year she has gone out of her way to help make them a success. I dare say that we would have been in a miserable predicament without her. So, Miss Lewis, we welcome you back from the hospital with open arms. (This does not include opinions of Physical Ed classes!)

I am hoping that sooner or later the time is going to get oriented or synchronized around this place. We all know that the Dining Room closes five minutes after time for each meal. But does it? Now that is a \$64,000 question because I have heard several complaining about being locked out before the five minutes had elapsed. I took it on my own several times to check and surely enough I have seen it happen. I understand that the Dining Room has a clock and when the time comes for the doors to be locked by that clock they are locked! It is not so bad during the week, but at the Sunday noon meal I think that some consideration should be given to those who have church meetings, church members, and others who go to different churches. It is true that they should be able to return in time enough for the meal, but last Sunday there were exactly eleven locked out while I was there and no one knows how many more. Another meal in which there is confusion is Monday breakfast. The week-end students returning who live off the campus find it necessary to come fifteen minutes early in order to be sure to get in. Why? Because the time on the campus varies to that great degree. I would like to see these special considerations made so that all may have the equal chance at the meals for which they have paid. It should be simple! In this there would never have to be the back-door method which always brings confusion between the students and the Dining Hall personnel.

Have you been to any of the Intramural games this year? Why not? They get to be better than the variety games at times. This program was installed for the fun of the college as a whole, not for just the members of the respective teams. Every day there are games in Touch football at Maplewood Field composed of a team from each men's organization in school. They are really fun when everyone begins to relate the rules to one another at one time. But you should go, not because of the time and money spent, but because of the fun which you would get out of it. Get you up a gang and turn out for the next few games. Might be fun flouting out who is going to come out on top... money could be won too. Oh, what am I saying!

Those dressed-up students that you see strutting around here are not trying to give "Preacher" competition but are members of the Practice Teaching class and are head over heels in love with it... head over heels, anyway. So when you see one of those loud ties coming along it is because of the fact that the course requires that type of dress.

I am sure that all of the upper-class students here remember Dr. R. J. Bennett who was a member of the faculty last year. He is now in Sylvania, Pennsylvania where he is still carrying on the good work and is still a benefit to his community. I had a letter from him last week and he is still very interested in the college. I hope that some of the students who knew him well will find the time to write to him since he is still remembering us.

Alas, the water-gun feuding, fighting, and fussing has ceased. It seems good since the experts never furnished towels with their showers. At least it did break the monotony once in a while when a stream hit square in the ear or eye. But thank your stars it was water they were using most of the time!!

Doctor: "You must avoid all forms of excitement."  
 Freshman: "Can I look at them on the street?"

## The Wreckage Speaks

By Berry Vause

(This is the prologue to the actual story which will appear in four installments.)

Lumina Inn dying, dying, dying; as once you lived; lived as if you could never die; how once snobbishly, your glowing lights tilted heavenly, now dim mournfully for what was and what never will be again.

Those flare lamps there along the highway that give warning to the motorist of danger — your destruction — the same flares that gave notice of your birth a little more than twenty-five years ago.

This spot was selected for you here at the foot of an intersection with highway 143 running parallel to your doors, running all the way from Florida to New York; and highway 17 ribboning its way eastward over an overpass to the Gulf. A better selection for your location could not have been made; for everything from a president's son to a lonely and tired prostitute, passed, found, and entered your doors.

Knotted pine, slabs of marble, cut glass, plate mirrors, and granite went into your making. Your entrance, your face, was to be a dining room with a bar on the right and a table and booth on the left. This section could be extremely deceiving to a passer-by; for you appeared almost normal. All dressed with mahogany furniture, white spreads decking the table, heavy woven material draping the windows, and the bar of white cold marble. Yes, the dining room, your face, gave a good impression but, mercy, mercy to the man that sought your soul — the heart of you who was only the depth of one wall, the lifting of a door knob, a step of eight inches, and one could become a part of your pulse.

And then to your heart, Lumina, those walls of moss green blotted and laden with Indian tapestry lighted with soft amber lighting, flooding a dance floor of natural wood with private dens framing its borders. No, there was nothing wrong with the materials of your heart; it was the things that entered. Such as the schreeled high voiced juke girls, the gambling tables, the easy flowing liquor, and that outpouring of affections so disgraceful, so naked, so shamelessly indulged by wives with husbands absent or vice versa.

Constructed and finished before World War I, and by World War II, smothered in wealth and lust, and you were blown to your hell by an ammunition truck in a million pieces.

But there are a few, Lumina, who do not blame you for the wrong doing that went on within your walls, and they are those who were wronged most.

They lie low among your wreckage, dead, dying, or in hope of life. Do you hear what they are saying, Lumina, do you hear what they are saying?

## A FEW GRINS

It is not natural to shrink from kissing, if it were, the majority of college girls would be nothing but skin and bones.

A man who never touches meat, alcohol, or tobacco, recently celebrated his seventieth birthday. How?

Student: Oh! Mrs. Wilson, I am sick. If I could only die.  
 Mrs. Wilson: I'm doing the best I can to help you.

"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?"  
 "Now that you mention it, you do look familiar."

"I caught my boyfriend flirting."  
 "I caught mine that way too."

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
 The prof is dry, the lecture's deep.

If he should quit before I wake,  
 Someone klick me, for goodness sake.

No. 1 on the Wolf Parade: "I'll be seizing you in all the old familiar places."

"Takes guts to do this," said the little bug as he splashed against the windshield.

He is the professor who is referred to as the Grindstone because most of his students keep their noses to him.

"It's funny how one's thoughts keep pace with the weather."

"Yet, it certain is raw outside, isn't it?"

Guy: "How 'bout some old fashioned lovin'?"  
 Gal: "Okay, I'll call my grandmother."

It's on the glasses,  
 It's on the straws,  
 On cigarette tips  
 At the edge of bars.

Its unique shape  
 Will catch the eye  
 And hold it with  
 Its deep red dye.

The mark of lips  
 Is the sign of the year  
 Which says not Kilroy,  
 But Woman was here

## A Little Sermon

Can a person really be good? He or she may not be perfect, but the least they can do is to show a little respect or consideration for others. A kind word, a thoughtful gesture toward a fellow human will be greatly appreciated. You can make the world a better place in which to live by loving and helping each other in Christ's name. Better yourself and you better the people around you.

## This Food Situation

The topic commanding the center position of discussion on our campus is that of the all-important food situation. With onions and orchids thrown in no certain direction, the tone of conversations is invariably on the critical side — criticism which provokes questions as to whether or not anything can be done to vary our consistently unattractive meals.

We would venture to say the one feature most noticed by visitors is our food. If an occasional passer-by makes comment, then it can not be said that the students who are subjected nine months to it are unjustified in their complaints.

Our food is fair. We know that to reinforce this statement, there comes from more optimistic sources the reply that so far we have had no casualties from the food served. Casualties, no! But the number of frowning faces filing from the dining hall is untold. Seven students out of ten head for the "Y" Store or an uptown coffee shop to supplement the preceding meal. One of the greatest luxuries an A. C. student can hope for, if he eats on the campus, is to have a meal uptown or at home on a week-end visit. Parents ask, "How is your food up there, John?" rare exception would be to hear an answer different from this: "Well, I'll tell you, it's fair, but there is vast room for improvement, especially in preparation. Seems to me we could have different foods for the same price."

A. C. has good reason for keeping the price of meals as low as possible, and our college dietary department is to be commended for its improvising within the limits outlined for them in the budget. However, more laurels could be bestowed, if our meals were prepared more on the attractive side. Perhaps, too, something could be done to give us a food, be it meat, vegetable, dessert, or drink, different from the general run that tires the appetite no end. This can be done! Different, attractive, and appetizing menus can be prepared with small change in price. Possibly the two sacrifices that would have to be made are more time on the part of the dietician to work out these diets and close observation to see that proper preparation is carried out. It is a big job, but we have a department to supervise such; and there is no reason why it should not be done.

Last year we saw inflicted upon us a rise in price of board to \$97.50. Everyone expected to see some sort of change in the way of more food. We were disappointed. From all observations, nothing has changed nor is there hope at the present time that we shall see it. If we cannot have more food for the boosted price, we should be awarded at least a variation of the food we see day after day.

This editorial is not a panacea, but we sincerely hope that the people in a position to remedy the situation will do so. Improvement of any kind is a step along the road to betterment of our college.

## It's Try Friendliness

As we settle down and become even more aware of the unprecedented number of students at Atlantic Christian College, we realize that it will be impossible to keep all 500 students in the best spirit all the time. Especially under conditions designed for no more than three-fourths that number.

The students have already begun to feel the pinch. It is going to take redoubled efforts on the part of every student on the campus to get along with his fellows. The best and only way we see to do this is to emphasize the oldest college tradition—friendship.

We can't stress too often the importance of personal friendliness. Can't we be friends with our neighbors? Even if it is just because he is a fellow A. C. student.

Remember, chilluns, you'll never miss any friendliness you give away. Say "Hello" to everyone you pass in the halls, on the campus, in the "Y" Store, no matter how many times you meet during the day. All the hardships won't fall upon you students. Remember the faculty and administration are human, too. They are a part of us; so how about proving it?

Think next time you complain of the over crowded class rooms about the load that's being placed upon the professor who must teach that crowded class. Think of the administration who, hard as they may try, are powerless to do anything about it.

Above all, give the college your full support. Every member of the faculty is doing his best for you. You owe them your allegiance.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

To The Editor:

In the past weeks the students of A. C. College have rendered some very effective vespers services in the chapel. I am sure that everyone who has attended one of these services will agree that they have been very impressive and inspiring. However, the organizations which have had vespers so far have not had the attendance that should come from a Christian college. It is very embarrassing to let anyone know that we students do not take any more interest in the religious activities of the campus. The students who give these vespers services spend much time in preparation and deserve respect and a good attendance.

How about it, fellow students? Let's give them our wholehearted cooperation by being present at future services.

Rufus Braxton.

## Harper's Second Bazaar

Hey, class mates! What's cooking for campus wear? Just one look about our campus proves the answer to be a variety of styles, fabrics, colors, and plenty of 'em. This warm weather brings out tailored skirts, full - sleeved blouses, and short-sleeve sweaters in dreamy pastel shades. And speaking of sweaters, the new form fitting sweaters are replacing the old "sloppy" ones, to give that longer look. I think the males will agree that for a change, they are strictly all reet!

Plaids are definitely in vogue! Plaids for tired and true odd skirts and jackets, plaids for casual dresses, and plaids for dizzy accessories. The men on campus seem to go in for plaid shirts, too. But we must admit, the bright colors are a gay atmosphere about campus!

That grey satin of "Gin" Hooker's gives to her sophistication plus! It's really in the line of style, with a swirling draped skirt. Dresses are featuring long sleeves, slim ties, draped or straight skirts, and rounded shoulder pads to balance the round padded hips. The change of padding is to create a smaller looking waist line for the well-dressed lady.

The fall suits are smartly styled in exclusive tweeds, exotic gaberdines, and conservative wools. Even the old suits are being high-lighted with gaily colored nylon scarfs — both floral prints, and plain. Have you noticed the many different ways they are being worn this season? Scarfs add quite a note of variety to a wardrobe.

## Our White House

Truman has his White House; Roosevelt had his Little White House; and now ACC has a White House. Yes, it is a nice little house next to the heating plant and has a wonderful view of Harper's.

The Little White House of President Roosevelt was used as a resort when he needed rest or his health was bad. It must have been the southern exposure that was so good. If that is the case, each student who has a class in the White House should be in good physical condition. There is plenty of exercise offered in going from Kinsey to the White House to Kinsey and then back to the White House. All that tends to develop the leg muscles more fully. The walk takes you through a pea patch, over a small hill, and then onto a two-by-four porch.

The interior of the house is painted cream with gray woodwork. There are three rooms, two small and one large. To add to the newness of the building are the new desks which have been placed in the classrooms. The large room offers an exceptional amount of vitamin D through the windows which pour excess rays of sun directly on the occupants of the room. Not much air circulates through the clumsy windows which quite often take a flying jump and fall down with a bang. Dr. Hamlin frequently gets after them with a stick to make them stay up. The noise is good for the nerves and tends to make the students jumpy. It is a good way to develop an active nervous system.

The White House should be very warm, especially since there are radiators on the inside and outside. The heating plant should help because of its nearness — especially if it decides to blow its top. The White House should be just showered with heat.

If it snows this winter, sleds and snow shoes should be in style. It would be just like sliding into base and should give baseball players plenty of practice for baseball season next spring.

All in all, the White House has improved the crowded conditions of the classrooms. The necessity of carrying an opener to open the doors has not yet arisen. You can tell who is holding the pencil with which you are writing and can tell whose exam you are filling out. At least this year there will be no need to take up the theme song of "Near You."

We have a cat in our dorm who eats cheese and breathes down the rat hole with baited breath.

Frosh (bumping into a grey-haired man on the campus): "Say where do you think you are going?"

Dark hose aren't quite as eye-catching as they have been. They are fastly becoming a part of the female ensemble. However, there are still a few of us who insist on wearing the plain shree hose, or better still, the liqui d leg make-up until the temperature drops down;

Well—you of the opposite sex, there seems to be very little change in the men's styles as yet! But I might add, those loud shirts and sweaters still look "mighty sharp!"

Maybe next month will bring cold weather, more new styles and fashions, and more to write about. And aside from the fashion, students, remember — neatness in your appearance is what really counts most!