

### A Little Sermon

One of the main things in life is making other people happy. Some get a great deal of pleasure out of this, and others just don't think that it is important. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you, and love your neighbor as yourself are two of the great commands of Jesus that we should make a big part of our every day life. Let each of us help make somebody's day a happy one.

## New System Needed

From all appearances, all the students at the college are just about fed up with not being fed. In the last issue there was an editorial on the food situation, but it seems that all it did was arouse a little discussion on the subject and did nothing to alleviate the unsatisfied students.

We realize that there are many things to consider when you take into account the running of a dining hall. There is one thing though—it can be sanitary. It is not appetizing to sit down to a meal and pour water into glasses which have lipstick on them. Gravy tastes very good flavored with roaches. An occasional fly in a water pitcher, worms in the cabbage, and chicken feathers in snap beans add to the attractiveness of a meal. This no exaggeration. Even members of the faculty have complained about roaches being on their table. Those hairs in the food would probably taste good if we were eating shredded wheat. When you take into consideration the number of people who handle the food before it gets to th tables, it looks as if the cooks would be required to wear hair nets. It would also look better if the waiters and waitresses were required to wear aprons. They wear them when guests are present—that is the ones who wait on the visitors' tables do.

When it comes to the way the food is prepared, there is not much favorable that can be said about it. If you were blind and had no sense of taste, you could enjoy a meal—except that the soggy cornbread would probably clog up your throat. We know that food is harder to prepare in large quantities, but there is no sense in putting some of the food on the table. It is just wasted—or saved for Wednesday soup.

It has been rumored that there will be a raise in the board. That was done last year when prices were almost as high and food was harder to get, and the food this year is worse than that which we ate last year. Unless there is a change in the menus, there will be many who will refuse to pay board. The same food is served each meal on the same day of each week from one year to the next. Just tell the cooks what to cook on Mondays, Tuesdays, etc., and it would be the same thing. You can tell the hour of the day and the day of the week by the meals served in the dining hall.

If expenses cannot be met with the present system, why not try another? Every student on the campus would be only too glad to give cafeteria style a chance. At the beginning of the year, the dining hall was overflowing. People rushed in to be sure of a seat. Now there are two and three vacant chairs at many of the tables. The reason is that the majority of the boys and many of the girls average at least four meals up town each week. It would probably save money for both sides if cafeteria style of serving were put into effect. Of course it could not be done right away, but it could be tried second semester. There could be a two hour period for lunch and supper to avoid so much congestion. There are plenty of students who are out of class before one o'clock. There would be fewer waiters needed, but there would have to e some to keep the supply of food while serving table and some to clean the tables when the meal is over. Meal tickets could be issued upon registration. Each student who eats on campus could be required to buy \$75 worth for the semester. If any more are needed, they could be acquired from the office. If a student didn't want to eat everything, he wouldn't have to pay to look at it, nor would he have to pay for meals while at home. The tickets could be for five cents, ten cents, etc. and could be counted out just as money when the food is received.

If the present system cannot function to satisfy the hungry students who haunt the food stores, the system suggested here might at least save the student who brings milk to meals with her a lot of trouble and unhealthiness. It is obvious that something must be done soon to alter the present situation.

## CAMPUS PERSONALITIES

My\*\* But this was a short month, or maybe your Old Editor is looking a little ahead this month. Regardless of what we think, if the boss sets a "dead line," what am I to do but meet it? So here goes with the third issue of your Old Collegiate and likewise, this column.

All of you know him; most of you have all but cursed him under your breath at one time or another. Who could it be? None other than our own "Y" Store Keeper, John Rawls. As you read this, think over the times you have waited for the "Y" Store to open. If John was only a LITTLE late. But what with your best girl hanging on your arm, you figured that every one of those fifteen minutes were precious ones. No one will deny this fact. But no one can be on time all the time.

Mr. Rawls is a member of Phi Kappa Alpha Fraternity. He has a fine voice which enables him to sing with the Glee Club, as well as the Male Chorus. All this and the "Y" Store take up a considerable amount of time. And come to think of it, he does rather well when the grades come out. Just how do you do it, John? Is it a secret?

Maybe that isn't a secret, but here goes something that might be. A lot of us would really like to know what attracts you to Flora MacDonald College so often. From all reports, she is a beauty.

If we have said something we shouldn't have, we are sorry. But just the same, we wish you a lot of luck down F. M. way; and from now on when we visit your "Y" Store, we'll think of what a fine

job you are doing there and try to be a little more considerate. All of us know what a thankless job you have.

I think the next victim is better known to the editor as "Stringbean." Just think of all the tall girls in the school and pick out one with long hair, a very pretty face, well-dressed, and one who hits the ceiling at five feet ten. Of course there can be no other girl in the school who can meet such vivid description except Lib Leach, our Pine Knot Queen.

Natchery there was no way of telling who the Queen would be before the monthly personality was picked, but we can't help it if the girl has personality plus as well as beauty.

Lib is not so stupid as she might lead you to think. Anyway she is a marshal; so that goes to show you how important a stringbean can be. It seems that they do have brains after all.

Lib is the vice-president of DeltaSigma Sorority and a member of the Golden Knot Honor Society. She was last year's editor of the Pine Knot and she lived up to her job. I guess that's one way to work it—editor one year and queen the next. It's a cinch this year's editor can't live up to that next year. You are Okay, "Stringbean."

It is difficult to find a girl anywhere on the campus to even half-way compare with Lib Leach when it comes to sweetness and a pleasant disposition. There are no flies, no gripes, no nothing but good looking clothes on Lib Leach.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

I would like to take a bit of your space to pay tribute, publicly, to a most deserving and courageous gentleman. I would also like to apologize for napping in his presence—that is to say, the first part of his speech; for it has been customary to nap through chapel speeches. But at last, long last, I was aroused from my slumber by a man who actually had something to say and said it. The phrases of thought to this speech rang an old and familiar note. The tune is and has been sung on all points of the campus; in the halls, in the showers, in the frat houses, and while feasting (?) in our dining rooms. The ballad was always sung to a particular few. Need I name whom?

Yes, Dr. Eicher, we are all quite aware of the educational machine, and may I add, that we think the gears are stripped, or is it that they are overworked due to the fact that a few people are essential in too many places. And now that my attention has been called to it, my turnip greens nearly choke me when I think that the machine was stalled because of their purchase. But maybe the buyer is not conscious of the fact that we have a dietician on the campus and that this falls under her jurisdiction. But it is rumored that the poor dietician stands in her kingdom, naked of power, while the machine buys the groceries. We are only using the dining hall as an example; other things far too numerous to mention are run in the same manner.

We agree, Dr. Eicher, it is not what one knows, nor the degree he holds in this institute of learning that establishes his authority or leadership, but the ease with which one sits and listens. (Machines have a way of being dominating).

I hope, Dr. Eicher, that your speech not only awakened me, but also the powers, to the fact that no one person nor a select few have all the ideas, all the talent—and purchasing ability—you'd be surprised how many people who never saw a college, could buy turnip greens.

I personally have faith enough in the faculty to believe that if given a free chance to express themselves without fear, they might find us with a truly "New and Greater ACC," without even pledging a tin ten cent piece. Let us pool the ideas that we already have first, then we will have an institution that is worthy of demanding not only our dimes, but all that we have to give.

Berry Vause.

P.S.—

Again may I thank you for speaking publicly the muffled tones of the AC students. And I thank you personally; for I feel that I can go to chapel now even if I am not interested in what is being said, I can keep myself awake by reminiscing over what has been said by a progressive believer in the freedom of speech.

B. V.

Dear Editor:

This letter concerns only a small part of the student body, but to us it is a matter which we think should get some consideration from the "higher-ups." It being the sad plight of the music department. Sad, indeed!

Approximately 1-5 of the student body participates in musical activities on the campus, not including those who take the method courses required for a teacher's certificate. Off hand I should say that 50 to 75 students take private lessons in voice and piano. To accommodate these, we have exactly 2 pianos which are available for practice. Calling them pianos

is a disgrace to the instruments. I'd like to tell you the usual routine which a music student goes through. First, one makes ten trips down to the basement and waits each time in hopes that the person practicing will remember that he has a class, meeting, or that he will quit in disgust. The latter is not improbable. After patient waiting all afternoon and half of study hour, one is occasionally fortunate enough to secure a piano, but then has to barricade the door, make sure that the 25-watt bulb has not disappeared, and finally settle down to indulge in this luxury. The best is yet to come. It has been raining all day and still is. This sets one's mood even more. Ah! such a splendid night for deep concentration and hard work. But—oh! what those soothing raindrops do to the piano! One begins with a scale to loosen up one's fingers—c, d, f, twang, a, (no tone), b, a hoarse rattle which sounds a moan. Not being easily discouraged, the typical AC student overlooks this and continues. But even the most ambitious student can take so much and no more. After 15 minutes at one of our pianos, it's very easy to storm out of the room and resolve never to touch the ——— piano again. This concerns only one phase of the department.

What's happened to that recording machine which was needed so badly? Has one been purchased? If so, let's put it in use. The public speaking class could probably make use of this also. An even worse dilemma is the fact that we have no phonograph. There are several music classes which are in dire need of a decent victrola or phonograph. We've done everything from using Mr. Fontaine's 1920 victrola (you know, the kind you crank!) to borrowing Joyce Peterson's phonograph. Seems to me the college will be paying Miss Peterson rent on it before long. The phonograph which was purchased last year was out of order in May. Ten weeks of this term has rolled by and still we're waiting for the return of it. We are always waiting for something to be bought or to be fixed. It would really pay in the long run to get a good phonograph for a change instead of some remade war surplus machine. Music students are ill equipped in other ways than instrumental. For a person who wishes to major in music, there are not enough courses offered to even get the major unless he or she takes such courses as "Teaching Music in Elementary Grades. There should

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## THE MERRY MIX-UP

By Mel F. Warren

**YOUR BUILDING FUND AND MINE**—But please do not ask me how much I have pledged. You have been asked to make a pledge to the college for the new building fund, which is the main topic of conversation on the campus at the present time. I really think the fund is fine in every way, but the attitudes of the majority of the student-body. We feel the urge to give an emphatic "No" when approached because we think that the administration does not cooperate with the student body. Maybe we are right! And in case this is your opinion and the reason why you are not pledging or have hesitated, then that is your own business. But I contend that if the students promote this program and show that they are interested in something besides recreation, then it might have a wonderful effect on the administration. . . . there is no stone that can not be turned (even when it is iron!) So let's give what we think that we can afford to give within the next two years.

Are you one of the fortunate people who happen to know MISS Doc Hardy? Miss Hardy is an extremely strapping young lady with—well, to give you an idea of what I mean, I would like to quote a letter that she received from the Anne Spencer Supporter Company last week:

Dear Miss Hardy, I am glad that you have written for information about Spencer Supports. Thousands of women have had health and posture conditions corrected by means of an Individually Designed Support, and I am sure that I can help you.

We are referring you to a dealer in Spencer Supports in your locality who will get in touch with you at the earliest convenience.

She will be glad to show you the benefits and features of Spencer Supports and help you decide which Spencer will meet your particular needs.

I am enclosing a booklet with pictures of the different types of supports most commonly needed by women. It explains in detail how Spencer Supports assist women to better health.

Sincerely yours, Anne Spencer.

The Sigma Alpha men are all anxiously awaiting the arrival of the lady to fit the corset on this Miss Hardy.

**SICK CALL**—Even though we do not know all of the people by name on the campus, we miss them when they are away. I am sure that all of us miss Jean Thomas. She is an operative patient in Richmond Hospital. She will be away for some time; so I think that we should let her know all of the latest "operations" on the campus and send our best for a speedy recovery and return.

Miss Margaret Walker of Wilson is an appendectomy patient at the Woodard-Herring Hospital here in Wilson. We wish her oodles of recuperations and a hurry up back—she am missed!

There has been an announcement made concerning the Flu or Cold shot that is given down town at the County Health Department. It is located on the third floor of the Courthouse. The serum is not compulsory, but better health is. So if you have not taken it, I think that it would be a good idea to take it right away. Each winter there are several cases of flu in school. As all of us know, it is very contagious; and although you have not been a flu victim in years, you are now or will be later on because of the crowded conditions and poor ventilation in the classrooms. So I think that it is a good idea to kill that little flu bug before he kills you—or you get so ill that you wish he had!

There are always several people in a group who are inclined to be poets. Kilroy was the best for years by going to every place possible signing his name. That little man really got around—every place! But he is not the one who writes the poetry on the walls around the buildings. This summer the college painted the walls of the buildings and it was a great improvement. Ahead there are certain individuals who have started their poetry on the walls. It is not gentlemanly nor pretty. If there are some who want to compose poetry, then why don't they

see one of the English professors and get a grade on it instead of degrading the appearance of the school. I do like that poetry that the Oasis has and always see if any has been added, but it isn't exactly proper on the walls around here; and I wish that we would look at the walls and remember that we are only adding to the already drabness of the buildings and that they will not be painted for a number of years again, probably!

Last week Dr. Hartsock's class had a pleasant experience. A new member came to class. Right in the middle of the semester too. Well, there wasn't much that Dr. Hartsock could say to the boy because he brought his mother along to class with him, so that he wouldn't be kicked out. At first Dr. Hartsock didn't know exactly whether to let him enroll in the class or to see the registrar first—what a mess! But the mother said that she was not going to let her son miss out on that class so the Doc let him remain. The next day he didn't return, but the mother did. She had decided that she was going to get an education even if her son didn't want to come back. But it is rumored that all of the girls in the class want the son to return because he is the cutest boy that has been seen on the campus. But after one day of bringing the son to class, Barbara Aycock has decided that her son is just too young to be hanging around the girls of this college. Dr. Hartsock told her that if her son came back and took the test that she was sure that he would pass for the quarter. Why didn't some of the rest of us start out in college young?? (Incidentally, Mrs. Aycock is a veteran's wife and the mother of a 7 months old son.

I would like to mention a charitable deed at this point. Recently all people had their pictures taken, then the organizations, and finally the "big-wheels" of the campus. Each year there are elections on the campus to determine the following year's so-called "wheels." No matter what the position may be, there always has to be an assistant to help that "wheel" roll. Never before have I heard of anyone going so far as to give his assistant any recognition until this year. The Business Manager of the Collegiate, Bill Brinson, refused to have his picture taken until his assistant, Bill Massengill, was in it also. Usually you see one do the work and the other walk away with the honors. I think that both of them deserve credit for helping to make the business ends of this paper meet, but I think that Bill Brinson deserves special credit, and I hope that he has set a precedent for future "wheels."

And then there was the freshman in one of the English classes who defined "Expectation" as, "a slang word for spit."

Our congratulations go to Mr. and Mrs. Billy Ray Smith, both students here at Atlantic Christian College, who were married recently. May you both have the best that life holds in store for a couple of swell people.

And so, with this issue off to press, I would like to leave you with this little ditty that I picked up from the Harding College "Bliss":

"If you think little of a person, say as little as you think."

## A FEW GRINS

The deacons wouldn't deak; the ushers wouldn't ush; the stewards wouldn't stew; the trustees couldn't be trusted.

An editor was being sued for slander because he had called a man two faced. The plaintiff's lawyer argued before the jury: "Gentlemen, if my client were two-faced, don't you think he would have used his other one?"

There's a vast difference between having to say something, and having something to say.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."

## COLLEGIATE

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