

# It's A Hard Job

It's a hard job to say goodbye to such a large number of friends as we have in this year's departing senior class.

It's just as hard to say goodbye to just one friend when he has meant as much to us as Dr. Lindley has.

But one of the most difficult tasks is to bid farewell to a group of personalities each of whom has made an indelible impression upon us and is not merely another name on the roster of the graduating class.

We refer to the outgoing staff of THE COLLEGIATE, a group that has continually surprised and pleased us during the past year — surprised us with some of their unusual ideas, and pleased us that they didn't try just to be "different" but gave us solid, traditional stuff as well.

The most that next year's staff can promise the students now is that we will try to please them. If we do that, that will be enough of a surprise for us.

# What? Read Books Out Of School?

What are your plans for the summer?

Well no matter what they may be, we as college students will want to do some reading which is free from any deadline or book report. But with what purpose in mind will we undertake this course?

Will it be reading entirely for pleasure, therefore seeking those books which make for the easiest understanding and will not endeavor to set our minds in action? Or will it be reading with a definite purpose in mind, choosing a particular goal and working toward this goal with the careful selection of books which will serve as a means toward this end?

Most of you will agree that the latter should take precedence over the former, while some of you will ask to what end shall we work, and others will hesitate a moment and wonder if I mean that we should plan a definite course of reading comparable to a course in school.

Well, that is exactly what I mean! For college students this should not be a burden. In the process of preparing ourselves for the work which will constitute the major portion of our lives in the future, it is necessary for us to channel every moment of our reading time in the direction of enriching our minds, rather than freeing them from life by "light" reading which seeks escape from reality through fantasy.

Now I am in no way taking a meticulous viewpoint of this situation, because I realize the sentiments of students. Perhaps in order to clarify myself I should give some examples. The freshman for instance, could easily begin reading assignments which he is sure he will have in Sophomore English next Fall, or in his Bible courses, or any other field of study. But to be more specific let's turn to those who are preparing for a certain profession. Whether one is preparing for the ministry or instruction in the class room, reading books which will build his intellect in this field or which will aid in some manner is an integral part of the preparation.

Upon considering these few abstract thoughts try to keep in mind a definite purpose and plan for your summer reading. Choose books which provoke thought in a profitable direction, and my guarantee to you is that next September you will come back to classroom and school books with a comfortable feeling inside.

—James Hemby.

Many tombstones are carved by chiseling in traffic.

What some people don't know about driving would fill a hospital.

When a politician says he is a man of few words, notice how he keeps repeating them.

Apology is egotism wrong side out.

Confidence is the feeling you have before you know better.

## Collegiate

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### For This Issue

This last issue of The Collegiate was prepared by the following members of the Creative Writing and Journalism class:

- Billy Draughn
- Robin French
- June Holton
- Tommy Lewis
- Georgia Morris
- Oliver Rand

Advertising was handled by Bertie Barham and Therese Rabil.

Faculty Adviser

Lee Howard

# Behind The Door At The End Of The Hall

By WILLIAM BYRD

I walked into the room that had been a library and a cold draft met me at the door. I shivered a little and looked around me at the debris left over from an age past. First I noticed a kind of couch littered with books, a pillow and a painting. The picture was upside down. I turned it over and saw a green forest of birch trees. It was cold and I had to hurry, so I went to the other end of the room. Along the way I found some old bed springs, an old book that someday had been on Case's reserve shelf, and an aluminum boiler.

It seems that this room caught all the junk that had accumulated on the whole campus since they built the new library. I picked up a little bulletin-like publication written by Bernard Baruch about twelve years ago. It was something about inflation and price control. I wondered if the little book looked foolish in the light of happenings since 1940 or if it might be sound in principles. I threw it down in preference for another similar one about civilian defense workers.

—My mind wandered back to the little structure that used to sit on top of our town hall. It was an observer's shack where I used to go with my sister to report the presence of aircraft. I was just a kid, but I knew the score on the importance of those observers. I often wonder if they ever really spotted a bandit plane. Anyway they were on the job.

Both of those booklets carried me back to the second world war. I wonder how many fellows may have looked at those same booklets who didn't come back to enjoy the peace they fought for. Then thinking of peace I wondered if this is peace.

There was a folder saying something about putting to use the excess cotton by making mattresses. There were instructions, etc. I think it was from the Texas Extension Service.

"Time changes everything" is so very true.



By ROBERT D. OVERCASH

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Matthew 6:10.

"God has a plan for every man, and he has one for you," says an old saying. It is God's plan that Christian men should be ever occupied at advancing the reality of the dream of both heaven and earth. "Thy kingdom come."

However, God also has a definite plan for each individual. But man is not an automaton with God at the controls. Therefore, it is up to each one of us to find and to follow the plans God has for us. In this modern world, man can not be happy or secure until he has found his true place; and some men never find it.

Paul writes, "Only, let every one lead the life which the Lord has assigned to him, and in which God has called him. This is my rule in all the churches." (I Corinthians 17:1 RSV). Paul realized that all men must play his own role in the plans of God. And this means YOU.

Talk has begun concerning publication and revision of the RADIANT. Students having suggestions for the campus handbook are asked to give them to the Executive Board.

Drive sanely—and enjoy the holidays.

Don't beat the light. Amber means danger, too.

While traffic accidents last year killed 10,700 people in cities, 26,600 were killed in rural areas.

# Whatcha Doing This Summer?

"What are you going to do this summer, Bruce?" a campus man of the press asked Bruce Strickland.

"Follow the north end of a south bound mule," this rugged young man replied. I assume he means that he is going to be plowing, but what a Shakespearean way of saying it! I would say that this is quite a come-down for Duke Frederick.

Recently a survey was conducted by the Creative Writing class to determine what students do in the summer. Now, this survey did not include every student at Atlantic Christian, but some interesting answers were given from the thirty or so people polled.

Carl Jones said he was going to do "as little as possible" this summer. That ought to keep him busy.

Janie Langley is going to work on the farm, chopping tobacco. I'll bet Janie can swing a mean hip - oops! - I mean ahoe!

Billy Draughn (better known as "The Student Prince") and Billy Smith are looking forward to painting the town this summer. They are going into the paint contracting business.

One of the most ambitious students is Lorraine Carroll. She plans to work in an office, go to summer school and get married. Whew!

Looking forward to a trip abroad at the expense of Uncle Sam are Bill Hooper, Ed Lane, and Oliver Rand. Oliver is so anxious to go he has already strained a cartilage.

Be sure and buy your hotdogs from Bill Brown if you visit Carolina Beach this summer. He has

great plans for his "weenie" stand.

The Raleigh Recreation Department has bid for Jim Peebles' services this summer and he plans to help them and attend summer school at State also.

Fitzhugh Thompson is going to play professional baseball in Williamston, and Herbert Pierce is going to be a shining light at Whiteley's Electrical Shop. More "power" to you, Herbert!

Jack Woodard, authority on what the well-dressed male is wearing, will continue his work at Oettinger's Men's Store.

Here's a way to spend your Jack. Buy some clothes from your old friend Jack!

(Paid Advertisement)

Ben Boyette is going to sail on the holy bark of matrimony. Good luck, Ben - you'll need it, boy.

Two students leaving the state are Jim Burnette, who is going to work in Florida, and Tommy Lewis, going with DuPont in Augusta, Georgia. I wonder if those two states have extradition treaties with North Carolina.

Having nothing better to do, Anny Spivey, Joe Dannie, Zeb Whitehurst, Ruth Sanderson, and David Etheridge are going to summer school.

Cecil (Touchstone) Willis plans to direct The Children's Theatre of Wilson this summer and has already in rehearsal "Hansel and Gretel" in which he plans to use almost a hundred children. The angels and gingerbread men will keep him entertained! Everybody to their own amazement - I mean "amusement."

# A Letter To Tweetie

Dear Tweetie:

We, the students of Atlantic Christian, consider ourselves fortunate in having you and your fine "establishment" at our convenience. Bearing this in mind, we are sure you will welcome a few suggestions on how to improve on what you already have.

Knowing your solvent state (despite your protestations to the contrary), would it not be wise to invest a little money in decorating your joint? — Er, we mean your soda shop?

You see, Tweetie, Atlantic Christian is progressing so rapidly that we are afraid it will get ahead of you. It is still no Chapel Hill, but we think that it needs a place similar to, say, Danziger's. Atmosphere, that's what it lacks. Now you can do something about this for an outlay of very little of your "hard-earned" moola. Here's what you should do:

Decorate your walls with fancy fotos of local characters, write on the walls sentiments in foreign languages (who cares if no one can read them?), hang some bells around, put in a piano and a wider variety of magazines. Incidentally, a good policy would be to let your clients read the mags free of charge, with the stipulation that they would not abscond with them. Each Friday it would be a good idea to serve everyone "on the house". This would get them back again—next Friday. And, since it looks like TV is here to stay, you might get two sets. One for the front and one for the back of the room.

With all of these improvements we can assure you that you will have a "full house" at all times. Yours would be a place where the intellectuals could gather and expound on Art and Life. Suppose they don't buy anything? Isn't it enough to have them for customers?

So, Tweetie, why don't you spend a profitable summer and do as we have suggested? You won't make any money, but think of the fun you'll have! And no income tax! If that isn't inducement enough, consider the possibility that the name "Tweetiezigers" has a chance to go down in AC history.

Sincerely,  
The Student Body

# "I Don't Have Time"

I am the first to admit that I am lacking in some of the more sterling qualities — however, I am endowed with that one called "patience". Patience is an attribute much desired by all and without it I'm afraid most of us would go berserk. There are a few things which try men immensely — just a few, for I am not easily tried. One of these is the person who persists in using the expression "I don't have time". This excuse — for that is what it usually amounts to — never fails to give me a slight case of apoplexy. I have observed that the person who is quick to say "I don't have time," is the person that has nothing but time. There are those who use their allotted 24 hours each day wisely — but, in too many cases, there are those who fiddle away the hours on the most asinine and frivolous occupations.

ACC has its quota of fiddlers—Students who complain bitterly that they are overburdened with work. They're on the nerve of a virtuous breakdown, as it were. This type student is usually a C or Even a D student. Part of

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