

The Big Gripe

If every student were given one thousand dollars apiece "the students would gripe"; if AC's campus were as large as Wilson, "the students would gripe"; if we had a dance every week-end, "the students would gripe!!!!"

No, I'm not being pessimistic, just quoting facts. Nothing happens on this campus, or few other college campuses for that matter, that does not bring a gripe from some group, whether the incident be bad or good.

I understand that these gripes are for constructive purposes in urging the leaders to better the circumstances and environment which make up this college city, and am in complete sympathy with this attitude. But the thing that worries me most is the fact that when these gripes arise out of every situation, it clearly pictures the fact that at least a minority on the campus is thinking entirely in the negative, and believe you me this doesn't add much to the betterment of the campus activity.

Look first at the problem of dances. Everyone complains that there is nothing to do on the week-ends, and so various organizations sponsor dances. But do we support these dances???? Maybe one third of the campus does, but where are the rest of us??? Then those who do manage to attend have some complaint to make about the nature of the activity!!! YOU CAN'T WIN FOR LOSING.

But then there is something which no one can seem to put his finger on. It's some blank in the minds of the students which they realize is not present, but are not able to say anything other than "We want more social life." If the administration doesn't know what we want how can they get it for us, and help us to enjoy it. Due to this one item of pertinent discussion on the campus now, I am urging each and every student to place in my mail box any suggestion, within reason, that you might have for the betterment of social life on the campus of Atlantic Christian College, and I guarantee that we will publish in the form of editorials these suggestions. Maybe the attempt will be in vain, but on the other hand maybe it won't.

But the main point of this editorial is to attack the problem of how we may help ourselves in the meantime. And the answer certainly does not lie in complaints about every attempt that is made for the improvements. This discourages, rather than encourages, any action by those who are in a position to take action.

We are beginning a new year and a new semester. Let's stop thinking and talking about how dull AC is, and start talking constructively — Using our words to an advantage, and not talking just to be talking about something. We can help win our own battle by thinking positively and picking out the good points rather than the bad in the school. By doing this we encourage growth and prosperity for the future.

O.K., so you don't think it will work!! Well, let's just try it for this semester, and see. It is worth a try I'm sure, because to hear us talk we would do anything to improve situations. Support the dances and ball games — tell people how much you like the good things about the campus — cheer harder at the ball games — STAND UP FOR THE CAMPUS — AND IT WILL STAND UP FOR YOU.

—James Hemby.

eeeeeeek!

"From now on—I'm making dough the easy way—with a gun!

Only SAPS work!!"

"He: 'Now I'll get my hands on your white neck!'"

"She: 'Stay away from me, you beast! A I - EEEEE!'"

These are graphic quotations from the sort of literature that is readily available to every six-year-old in America. In a recent issue of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Dr. Fredric Wertham, consulting psychiatrist of the Department of Hospitals, New York City, examines the sadism and pornography present in "What Parents Don't Know About Comic Books".

In the 90,000,000 "comic" books American children ready every month, says Dr. Wertham, are examples of every kind of perverted and criminal behavior. Children are actually taught how to break laws by illustration. One publication, for instance, gave a careful, technical description of shoplifting devices: "I pushed back my sleeve in a lightning-like move and deftly slipped the pen under a wide elastic band which I wore under my forearm."

Although publishers of the comics defend themselves

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Collegiate

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Howard's Howlings

It's Here To Stay

The most far-reaching event lately around these parts undoubtedly occurred when WNCT-TV went on the air just before Christmas. The repercussions were immediate, and are gaining momentum every day, as more people turn to this new form of entertainment. Though suffering from growing pains, as would naturally be expected from a new station, everyone seems to understand, and patiently counts to ten, grins and bears it whenever the "ONE MOMENT PLEASE" sign flashes on the screen.

The other night, while giving us the 6 o'clock edition of the news, Larry Carr's picture was cut from the video, being replaced by the 83rd session of congress. Mr. Carr unknowingly continued to tell us about liquor stills and vampire beasts until the trouble was discovered. Finally, the control room returned to the reporter who had momentarily become weary of the legislature. Mr. Carr gave one last go-climb-a-tree look over to the left and continued with his program.

Nor does it seem that all TV dilemmas are confined to the station. Early this month a farmer was attracted to a set operating in a Goldsboro store window. He stood watching so long that he forgot where he had left his car. "My wife's in it and it's way past her milking time." He was heard to say as he hurried down the street. Well, we hope he finds her— for his wife's sake!

Common Sense

A few months ago, rumbles of book-burning echoed down from Capitol Hill. Coming in the middle of the witch-hunting, red spy-hunting antics of Senator Joe McCarthy, this move was designed to remove from American government shelves the Communist tommy-rot which was fast becoming as prevalent as true-love dime novels. However, when the time came to act, many books whose authors had only doubtful sympathies were immediately banned with little regard given to the worth of their contents. The Committee did its job, but too much of a job — well, as the mud went back and forth, we shrugged it off, as is often the case. "They know more about what's what than anyone else," we told ourselves. "Let them take care of it. That's what they're paid for." So, for the time being all was forgotten.

Then the wires were filled with the news that one of these dubious authors, Howard Fast, had received the highest Russian literary award. A prize with \$3,000 attached to it. Interest was revived, and since Fast was a logical suspect, we found and read a paper-back Bantam book of his, "Citizen Tom Paine." When we say read, we mean just that. Usually, if one has time, he reads say a hundred or so pages at a time. Definitely, this was not the case. After the first few chapters, the Red spy search was thrown to the wind and we found ourselves submerged in a hard-biting emotional story whose magnetism made it impossible to be put aside. This is a historical tale, woven around a life spent in England and America about the time of the Revolution. It tells the story of a disillusioned outcast boy— Paine; of the vain struggle for survival of an unlearned man — Paine; and the despairing of a numb drunk derelict— Paine. This is the Paine of debtor's prison days in England. Then he finds his way across the seas, and we see how a man's whole life is changed beyond his wildest dreams, by this land of equal men. Finally, the historical figure that you and I know is unfolded— The writer of "Common Sense"— Paine.

As the pages fly by, one becomes aware of overtones which seem to whisper: "The cause of America is in a great measure the cause of all mankind. Many circumstances hath, and will arise, which are not local, but universal, and through which the principles of all lovers of mankind are affected, and in the event of which, their affections are interested."

This is one of the most realistic, human, down-scratching-in-the-sod type novels in a long, long time. Read it. You may not agree with everything in it, but that's not the point. Whether you've heap much imagination or not, you'll find your time well spent, and yourself perhaps even prouder of being one of the luckiest people in the world—an American.

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Dog

He was as old as a mongrel they found at Tel Ba, of ancient wood from the timber of Lebanon. No, I think he was older than that! There were blue flames in his eyes From when he snapped at the gas fires of the earth. There was hot foam on his tongue From when he lapped from the ocean on moonless nights.

His ears were stiff From when great cedars fell and boulders split. He had ragged fur From when thorns caught hold and would not let go. His nails were stubs From when he scratched in the dust of lonely plains in unknown afternoons.

His paws had spots From when the ice was sharp and tracks lay red on the snow. He had teeth and a howl that caught the night by the hide and ripped it open.

He had all this and more When February passed, And alone he stretched in early grass While red streams broke and gushed.

—Billy Weathersby.

Conversation Piece

By CECIL WILLIS

"Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night. God said, let Newton be! and all was light."

—Alexander Pope.

The above lines were writtend by Pope in commemoration of the birth of Sir Isaac Newton, the famous English scientist, who was born on January 4, 1642.

I imagine many of us will soon be wishing for some of the wisdom of Newton, when exams roll around shortly. I doubt if any of us will find much time to do any reading of books — other than texts — so will not write about the hard-bound volumes this month, but suggest that you take a look in the library at the very fine collection of magazines that Miss Fleming has assembled there. There seems to be something to suit just about everybody's taste — and it might help you to relax and get your mind off "a x b equals 53498y", if you'd drop in and spend an hour or so enjoying them.

If you find that you're snowed under by the varied assortment and can't decide upon what to read, you might take a gander at the list of "Ten Outstanding Magazine Articles," which is posted each month on the West (There! I did learn something when I was a Boy Scout) bulletin board in the library lobby.

Three Strikes Against "Lucky"

With the introduction of TV in this area, we are all more conscious of the wonder of the age, and TIME magazine carried an interesting story recently about the advertising men who are responsible for keeping the sponsor happy, and how they are kept busy keeping any mention of competitor's products out of the script. On "I Love Lucy," sponsored by Philip Morris, it is an unwritten-law that no one is ever referred to as "Lucky". On the "Kraft TV Theatre" (Kraft cheese, Kids, in case you're a hot-dawg man) the name of a leading character was hurriedly changed. His name: Borden! (A rival cheese company.) Then on "Suspense" (sponsored by Auto-Lite, makers of auto appliances), a weekly mystery show, with plenty of murders floating around, no one can ever be hurt in an auto accident.

A script was turned down for "Studio One" (sponsored by Westinghouse), when it was found its plot centered around a leaky refrigerator. Perhaps the best of all the changes also occurred on "Studio One", when the title of Rudyard Kipling's famed story, "The Light That Failed," was changed to "The Gathering Storm."

Don't Need To Study?

If you find that you're the "genius" type, and don't need to study, and have time enough to read some books this month, you might be interested in the "Ten Best-Sellers of 1953", culled from different magazines and newspapers. Of course, being a "best-seller" doesn't always mean a book is of the best—but, at least, it seems to be a guide to the entertainment value of certain books.

Fiction Best-Sellers

(Placed on list governed by number of copies sold during 1953.)

1. "The Robe"—Lloyd C. Douglas. A reprint of the 1943 best-seller which jumped to the top of the list for 1953, no doubt, due to the release of the movie based upon it.
2. "Desiree"—Annemarie Selinko. A historical novel about an early mistress of Napoleon.
3. "The Silver Chalice"—Thomas B. Costain. Another "biblical" novel.
4. "Battle Cry"—Leon Uris. A realistic and tough portrait of Marines in World War II. Some hail it as "the" War novel.
5. "From Here To Eternity"—James Jones. Still popping up. Was mentioned in last month's swipe at reprints. Still a good yarn.
6. "Beyond This Place"—A. J. Cronin. A good, workmanlike job by the famed English novelist.

Non-Fiction Best-Sellers

1. "Revised Standard Version of The Bible"—Sold more than a million copies, though it still lagged behind the King James Version, which in 1953, as for many years, sold more copies than any other book published.
2. "The Power of Positive Thinking"—Norman Vin-

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