

# Collegiate

WILSON, N. C.

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## Letter To Editor

September 26, 1954  
 College Infirmary  
 Atlantic Christian College

The Collegiate  
 Atlantic Christian College  
 Wilson, North Carolina

Dear Sir:

I would like to take this opportunity

to thank the Delta Sigma Sorority for the bedside table and the bath set they presented to the infirmary last spring.

All of us have enjoyed using these things. I would like to invite the students to come over to visit and get acquainted with the infirmary and with those of us who live here.

Sincerely yours,

Mary E. Wilson  
 (better known as Ma)

## A Little Great Man

By JIMMIE BURNETTE

The echo of my footsteps came bounding at me from the walls of the corridor as I silently counted off the number in my mind. I stopped before room number 223, turned the knob, and opened the door. My eyes were instantly drawn from the snow-white walls, from the sun streaming through the window, from the whiteness of the hospital bed, to the sun-browned face sleeping on the pillow.

Quietly I closed the door and moved to the side of this sleeping figure, majestic and powerful, even in his infirmity. I stood looking down at his wonderful face, with the lines of wrinkles running out from the corners of his eyes; I thought of the years of squinting out the sun's glow that had put them there in such a beautiful pattern. Even though his eyelids were closed, I would see his sky-blue eyes as if they were wide open—those eyes that could pierce right through any kind of lie or untruth, and yet could soften and dance with sheer joy at the sight of a little child or a beautiful sunset. My eyes moved to his mouth, even now formed in a sort of half-smile, like the one he always wore.

Even with the sheets over him, I could see the outline of his wide, powerful shoulders and mighty chest, and thought of how they seemed to dwarf his short, stubby legs. My gaze traveled to his arms as they lay cradled on his heaving chest, and then down to his big bony, calloused hands. My mind flew backwards to form a picture of him standing on a scaffold with a big hammer nestled in his firm grasp, as he drove home the nails into board after board of some new house. I thought of the words he once told me: "I don't think of it as just a bunch of boards held together with a lot o' nails. As I see it grow and change shape with each new board, I think of the people who will live here, and fill it with the warmth that such a fine house deserves; I think of the children that will some day play here, grow up, and move on; I think of the love that will be centered in these walls, and the job of building becomes a heap o' joy, instead of just a job." I thought of how those big, gnarled hands could also carve out a ship model for the neighborhood kids, or "squeeze" a trigger to send a bullet straight to the heart of a big buck, or tenderly hold the Bible at the close of a long day. As I saw the wedding band on his finger, I thought of the house he had given a lifetime to build, with God as the head of the household.

I tried to blink back the tears as I picked up a towel and wiped the heavy perspiration from his brow and cheeks, and remembered the years of honest sweat that had trickled down the collar of his workshirt. I could almost hear that mighty, bigger-than-the-world heart pounding within his chest, that heart that went out daily to drunkard or socialite, and to the world of others needing help and comfort. I smiled as I recalled how constantly he used "ain't," but how he had made a man of himself using a sixth grade education, and I finally realized that this little man had an education that many of us with diplomas will never have.

"He'll be up and about in a couple of months," said the uniformed nurse coming down the hall with the hypodermic needle as I left the room. "That falling beam didn't do anything to your dad that we can't repair."

"Yea," I said hurrying on down the corridor.

## A Typical Day

By BARBARA TILGHMAN

Ringing! Hello! Who's spe-ringing! Hello! Oh! It's the alarm clock. Time to rise and shine if you want to make that eight o'clock class. Who wants to? Oh, well, you're awake now so you might just as well get up. A glance at the clock shows you've wasted ten minutes debating, so you crawl out. Armed with toothbrush, wash-rag, and comb you proceed to the bathroom for your morning gloom—I mean grooming.

The clock again! You won't have time for breakfast 'cause you've just got time to dress and get to class. At two minutes 'til, you dash over to Kinsey Hall feeling desperately as if you've forgotten something. Mr. Sharp teaches a wonderful course of Religion. It's oh! so early in the morning! Sleep claims you. The next thing you are aware of is the rest of the students filing out of the room, so, mechanically, you file out with them. Oh, no! That English assignment! What are you going to do? Lucky you. She didn't check.

Well, it's ten o'clock and you haven't got a class this hour. Think you'll mosey on down "Tweeties's" way. After all, there may be someone there you haven't seen all day!

At eleven, after a good "gab fest" at "Tweeties's," you have to go to chorus. Finally, at two, you are a free person. Free to go home and do last week's homework. After all you have to keep up with the rest. Oh, but look who's coming across the campus! At five-thirty you struggle home and begin your homework. Oh golly, you promised Betty you'd call! Oh well, you can get that math after supper. But first you have to see Arthur Godfrey on TV.

Say, that bed looks pretty good. Think you'll lie down for just a few minutes. Rinnng! Rinnng! Here we go again.

## RE Week Visitors Are Distinguished In Youth Work

The coming Religious Emphasis Week provides an opportunity to seek and find and enter into a better understanding and life with God.

Our main speaker will be the Rev. Beverly Asbury, former student of the University of Georgia, University of Chicago, and Yale Divinity School. Mr. Asbury comes to us with a very commendable record for dedicated service, which began in his early high school days. Mr. Asbury is a very good example of harmony in life in that he is Director of Zebulon Rotary Club, chairman of the Town Recreation Program and various other professional responsibilities along with being the pastor of the Zebulon Baptist Church.

Mr. Harry E. Smith and Miss Anne Queene will also be on our campus during RE Week. Mr. Smith is a very active and capable man and has held practically every office in young people's work. Of the many offices he has held, chairman of the Student YM and YWCA, president of the National Student Council of the YMCA, and president of United Student Federation are only a few.

Miss Queene, who has served with both of these men in the past, is very well known for her work with young people. Miss Queene works with the American Friends Service Committee.

Mr. Alfred C. Payne also will lead one of the four discussion groups to be held during the RE Week at 7:00. Mr. Payne, secretary of the Southern Area Student Council of YMCA, has worked with Miss Queene and Mr. Smith as a team on many other occasions.

We have our RE Week in very good hands, but without the linking of hands with the leaders and committees by the student body, Religious Emphasis Week will not be the complete success it could be. So let's all link hands and make this RE Week the best in Atlantic Christian's history.

## College Calendar

Religious Emphasis Week—October 11-14  
 Top Hat—October 30  
 Fall Play—November 4 & 5  
 Disciples' State Convention—November 9, 10, & 11  
 Homecoming—November 19-21

If a small piece of brown seaweed is placed in alcohol, the brown pigment will rapidly disappear and a green hue of chlorophyll will become visible.

# Hey There

"Hey there!"—you with the amazed looks, you with the big Shakespeare books, you with your nerves already shook—welcome to the campus of Atlantic Christian College.

If you are one who already has your name in the AC history book, I will just say, "We're glad to have you back." But, for those of you who are new, I have a few things I wish to say which are sincere.

First, I am so proud of each of you, for you have made a big and great decision in your life, that of coming to ACC. In my estimation, you could not have chosen a better place.

Second, I welcome you into our AC family. Let no one on campus be a stranger to you. Remember, we are all a part of this institution. Don't forget to say the two kind words, "Good morning," when you greet your friends at your 8 o'clock class; also, your one word, "Hello," can make someone happy.

Third, don't be an anti-socialist. Join in the various activities sponsored by our campus organizations. I hope you will not be one who does a great deal of complaining in regard to our activities and in the meantime never participate in them.

Fourth, keep up your studies. Depend on yourself for doing your work and not your neighbor. Balance your time so that you can also have a well-rounded college life.

Fifth, remember thy Creator. He too seeks a part of your time. Don't you be one who said, "Good-bye, God, I'm going to college." If ever you need him, it is now. There is one religious organization on our campus, the Student Christian Association. The SCA meets every Tuesday night at 6:30. Could you not devote one hour of your time for extra activities to the work of God on campus? Please, I ask you to give your full support to this organization. Remember, also that your church needs you.

Yes, you who are new, there is a great road ahead of you. I hope that the things I have listed above will be of benefit to you as you walk this road of life.

On behalf of the editorial staff of the COLLEGIATE, I say, "We're glad you came."

Sincerely Yours,  
 Richard Ziglar

## Let's Get Acquainted

A big, hearty "thank you" to the History Department. The student body thinks the choice of the new social studies teacher is excellent.

What! You say you have not met him? Well, students, this is Mr. Robert Capps. Mr. Capps, Atlantic Christian College. We hope you will like being here at ACC. Could you tell us something about yourself, Sir?

"I attended William and Mary College in Williamsburg, Virginia, and there received my B. S. in Psychology. Following that I started working on my M. A. at the American University in Washington, D. C., and received the degree in Sociology. Here at Atlantic Christian, I am teaching three sections of World History, one section of Principles of Sociology, and one section of Major Social Problems."

Mr. Capps is married and lives in the College Court apartments. Mrs. Capps teaches social studies at Charles L. Coon High School.

"As for ACC, I like it fine, I really do. Think it's a wonderful place. I have never witnessed such a relationship between the faculty and the student as is prevalent here."

We appreciate the compliment, Mr. Capps, and we hope that you can learn to love Atlantic Christian College as much as we do. It has been nice talking to you—see you at Tweeties.

**Make Mine Music**  
 "Make mine music," says Miss Lydia James, one of the music department's newest additions.

Miss James may be new to some of us here at Atlantic Christian College, but to the residents of Wilson she is no stranger. Miss James is a native of Wilson. A graduate of Women's College of the University of North Carolina, Miss James received her BSM degree in 1950, and later in 1953 she received her MFA degree. She has also studied piano theory and composition. In public performances

she has played several compositions. Most of her compositions and playing were done in Greenville.

Miss James is a member of the Christian Church. Besides her talent for playing both piano and organ, she has a wonderful voice. She sings in the church choir and is an accompanist for the Wilson Choral Society.

Miss James has one of the strangest hobbies on the campus, we believe. She likes to play a recorder! What is this strange instrument she plays? A recorder is a medieval flute sometimes called the black flute. The flutes vary in size from five inches to two feet and are usually made of wood. Miss James likes to play the flute in her spare time and is very much interested in this medieval music. She is eager to get a group of students to form a mixed ensemble.

**"Something New Has Been Added"**  
 A good many students have been wondering who the new addition is in the administration section. She is none other than Julia Percise, wife of Ronald Percise.

Julia (as she prefers to be called) is at AC for the first time this year, and we're all very happy to see her around.

She is originally from Farnville, but she and hubby Ronald are now living at the College Court apartments. Julia attended Peace and then transferred to Campbell College. "That's where I met Ronald," she told the reporter during the interview. While in school, she studied business.

When asked what activities she most enjoys, she replied that she likes basketball. However, the part she enjoys is watching her capable husband play.

Her pain in the neck this year is keeping a record of chapel attendance, so students, if you want to help her out, just don't cut chapel.

It's good to have you with us this year, Julia, and we're all looking forward to knowing you better.

## Poetry Contest Open To Students

All college students are cordially invited to submit original verse to be considered for possible publication in the Annual Anthology of College Poetry.

Rules are simple—as follows: Manuscripts must be typed or written in ink on one side of a sheet. Student's home address, name of College and College address must appear on each manuscript.

Students may submit as many manuscripts as is desired. Theme and form may be in accordance

with the wish of the student contributor. In order to give as many students as possible an opportunity for recognition and because of space limitations—shorter efforts are preferred.

CLOSING DATE FOR SUBMISSION OF MANUSCRIPTS  
 NOVEMBER 5

Send all poems to:  
 Dennis Harlman, Secretary  
 National Poetry Association  
 3210 Shelby Avenue  
 Los Angeles 34, California