

Collegiate

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Heedless Horsepower

A new deadly disease has the American people in its grip and no miracle drug is in sight to stop its frightful toll of human lives.

Heedless horsepower is the chronic disease of the Age of the Automobile. Its symptoms are many and various. The heavy foot on the accelerator; the eye fixed on the climbing speedometer; the hand on the horn; the mind idling while the car is in high.

In its 23rd annual highway safety publication, "Heedless Horsepower," The Travelers Insurance Companies of Hartford, Conn., point to the fact that 40,000 Americans were killed and 2,368,000 injured in 1956 on U. S. highways. That's an increase of six per cent in fatalities and nearly ten per cent in injuries over 1955's toll.

The disease of heedless horsepower is highly contagious," the booklet states. It can be spread by an irresponsible word, an inflated claim, a careless example. And everyone who is in a position to influence drivers should learn that horsepower, in the hands of the heedless, is the fundamental cause of our ever-mounting toll of disaster.

In recent years, engineers have made many attempts to feature safety equipment in the new cars. Probably many lives have been spared by safety glass, seat belts, padded instrument panels, all-steel bodies, etc. But these safety devices can be nullified by any combination of speed plus carelessness, thoughtlessness or lack of judgment by the driver behind the wheel.

However, it is the driver, not the manufacturer, the advertiser or the salesman who must bear the greatest weight of blame. For it is the driver who can control the horsepower and use it safely for his greater ease and convenience. It is the driver who is lectured to, legislated at, prayed for, preached to . . . in every medium of public expressions known to man. And it is the driver who nods sagely, promises readily, and forgets everything but his sense of overwhelming power when he steps on the gas.

Casualty lists on U. S. highways have mounted steadily until in 1956 all records of heedless haste and heedless waste were shamefully broken. The facts of human suffering and death speak for themselves.

Human error is by far the biggest single cause of accidents. Figures compiled by The Travelers show that in 96.4 per cent of the fatal crashes last year, the automobile was in apparently good condition. Clear, dry weather prevailed in more than 85 per cent of these instances!

If this year's record is equal to that of 1956, one in 70 Americans will be a statistic . . . a pain wracked survivor, or a name in the obituary column.



Billy Farmer and Jimmy Harris will soon be giving their senior recitals. Both of these boys should be well versed by now with the works of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, and Gershwin. (Duke Ellington too, maybe.) Billy, at left is shown in his typical piano pose. Jimmy is ready to make like Benny Goodman on the licorice stick. Everybody is invited to their recitals. If you want to know when the recitals will be held, kindly read the story to the right of this picture.

SPEECHLESS IN GAZA

By JOE HARDEGREE

When I say go
 Begin to think.
 When I say stop,
 Stop.

You can say what's on your mind
 But let your words
 Agree with mine.

Little boy red come blow your horn,
 But don't dare wake the sheep in the barn.
 Little boy red your horn's off key.
 Come now, give your horn to me.

I will fix your horn so broke;
 Take out all discordant notes.
 I'll return your horn in time
 To let you pipe the party line.

Little boy red, I do surmise
 That you've a yen to improvise.
 Naughty, naughty must not do.
 Play the notes we give to you.

When I say go
 Begin to think.
 When I say stop,
 Stop.

All right now, is everybody ready to go?
 One,
 Two,
 Three,
 Stop!!! (But sir, we haven't even started yet.)

Through The Looking Glass

By GWEN STANLEY

April is fleeing,
 May is approaching
 The problem is clothing.
 For a quick look-see in shop windows I see full skirts being featured. These skirts are often topped off with perky bolero tops.

Blue, pale, is being combined with green cumberbund for a sharp look!

Speaking of sharpness—noticed the green sparked by white worn by Yvonne Patterson?

And it looks as if Becky Keel read in the column about the Spanish influence with that attractive yellow sash style cumberbund.

Strawbags in natural and white are reappearing on the arms of young AC lassies.

The artificial flower business is really booming—by the look of the gals' cottons. Mrs. Riley tucked a yellow bud in left top pocket of blouse—very effective! Blossoms have been seen on shoes . . . A blossom here, tucked there . . . looks natural-like.

Here's an interesting point for all sophomore lit, girls—the Grecian Urn is influencing—not grades—but cottons. For an example of that urn influence look at simplicity patterns for cotton surplus neckline dresses.

Taking into consideration all these diamonds—found this tip typical: bride pays \$243.29 for trousseau and \$125 for a wedding dress. Beach wear is in the top list of honeymoon clothing.

Seen on the lapel of Mrs. Holswoth was the prominent fashion accessory—the stick pin! This stick pin was gold with an open flower on the head.

Light weight, varied colored bracelets are here to accent dresses, use them!

Have seen one draw string blouse on campus—looked very chic.

During Holy Week at its many observances I noticed many lovely outfits worn by H. H. women—often emphasized by gloves.

The sororities are having more dress-up meetings, which is good, for it gives many girls a chance to spruce up during the middle of the week.

Thinking of three months separation from college—"thrill" or "throb"—here's an aid taken from "Polly's Corner." Put a light bulb behind the picture with this motto: your face is burning bright in my memory.

BONNET BRAINSTORMS . . . for their Easter parade . . . Denver students started the designing idea, it reached Goldsboro, where students just recently had their BRAINSTORM Easter Bonnet parade.

Dot Denning certainly started the week off by dressing very attractively with green over red.

"Beautiful faces are those that wear,
 It matters little if, dark or fair—
 Whole-souled honesty's printed there."

Harris, Farmer To Present Recitals

By "THE VULGAR BOATMAN"

Two of the well-known "Dreamers" on campus for the past four years are having to wake up to hard reality during the month of May. While smiling on the outside, making gorgeous mood music for the whole student body, they have been—well, not exactly crying on the inside—but they have had their inner torments in their struggle to master "concert music" for their respective instruments, clarinet and piano.

Jimmy (James Carlton) Harris had no private music lessons during all of his grammar and high school days in Millbrook and Raleigh, but he has made up for it

during his stay at Atlantic Christian College by having three different clarinet teachers. The graduating recital which he will play in Howard chapel at 8:15 on the Thursday evening, May 9, will show the result of work he has done with Dr. Millard Burt, former college band director, Mr. William Ramsey, present band director, and Mr. Lee Howard, who has coached Jimmy on interpretation.

Billy (William Nathaniel) Farmer could almost count his pre-college piano lessons on two hands, but, like Jimmy, he had years of experience just playing, mostly with dance bands. Because he grew up in Wilson, Billy's dance band

New Books

It's Thursday. We're one day late, and the fearful tread of the Collegiate orge echoes again in the library halls. "New books! new books!" he pants and screams as the dozing student in the reading room raises a blood-shot eye to the phantom in red and green you know whats, and drops back to his close scrutiny of the matter at hand.

So what's new? — Arnold Toynbee's *An Historian's Approach to Religion; The Suffering Servant of Deutero — Isaiah* by North; Noerdlinger's *Moses and Egypt; Lobinger's If Teaching Is Your Job; The Early Christian Father* by Bettenson; Samuel Thompson's, *A Modern Philosophy of Religion*; Shanland's *Atomic and Nuclear Physics*; Hutten's *Language of Modern Physics*; Bawden's *Man's Physical Universe*; *Tips from the Top*, two books on golfing by the staff of *Sports Illustrated Magazine*; *Weight Training in Athletics* by Jim Murray; *Munn's Michigan State Multiple Offense*; *The Tumbler's Manual* by La Porte; *Kramer's How to Win at Tennis*; *Modern Track and Field* by Doherty; *Baseball* by Coombs; *Coaching and Playing Girls' Basketball*; *Cross-country Techniques Illustrated* by Canham; *Dance Composition* by Hayes; *Creative Rhythmic Movement for Children* by Andrews; *Victor Lowenfeld's The Nature of Creative Activity*; *Bench Metalwork* by Giachino; *Modern Metalcraft* by Feirer; *Making Things of Plastic* by Edwards; *Schaefers-Simmern's The Unfolding of Artistic Activity*; *Children as Artists* by Mendelowitz; *Studies in the History of Accounting* by Littleton; *Crompton's Passionate Search, a Life of Charlotte Bronte*; *Coleridge's Biographia Literaria*; *Hobbs Behind the President*; *Swords into Plough Shares* by Claude; *Gelhorn's Individual Freedom and Governmental Restraint*; *Wilson's The Empress Josephine*; *Hurlmann's Eternal France*; and *Laurence Wylie's Village in the Valley*. Courage!

Bulletin Board

Selective Service College Qualification Test will be given May 18. Any student desiring to take the examination should register with Dean Morrow as soon as possible.

People who wish to use either the class-room lobby or the chapel should put the date on the social calendar — then clear with the Dean's office. This is, of course, the same procedure that you would use for the dining room or Bohunk.

On May 1, from 8:00 to 9:30, Phi Kappa Alpha entertained at a reception in honor of Dr. Wenger, the administration, the faculty, and staff.

There are many openings for teachers. These announcements are on the Bohunk Bulletin Board and the Central Bulletin Board.

Nearly 28 per cent of U. S. drivers involved in fatalities in 1956 were under 25 years of age.

playing did not by any means stop when he started long-haired college music. He was too well known already among the local bands and they wouldn't let him alone. On top of that, an aggressive freshman classmate named Harris rounded up his own student dance band and forced Billy into slave labor at the iano. Because Harris worked his players so long and hard, way past their sleeping hours and into the dreaming hours, his band soon acquired the name "The Dreamers." Or perhaps the professors gave that name to the boys, since dreaming was about all they could do on class during those weeks when they sometimes played four school nights in a row.

But youth will have its fling, and after their freshman and sophomore years two haggard old boys were just about flung. They realized that although they were music majors, the college had been giving them absolutely no credit hours (not to mention quality points) for their studiousness in the field of dance music.

For Billy it was mostly a question of changing repertoire (that's just the word for those pieces of music you've got ready to play when somebody asks you to play). Aside from a little sliding on the trombone at Charles L. Coon high school and with the Atlantic Christian college band, he was strictly a piano man.

But for Jimmy it was still a question of whether to settle down to one instrument or to prepare