

THE COLLEGIATE

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To provide the student body and faculty of this institution with a means of communication and a free discussion of the interests of the day.

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February 14, 1964

The Light Of Life

The passing of Mrs. Doris C. Holsworth came as a great shock to all that knew and loved her. True she was 66 years old (young would be a better word) and had lived a full and purposeful life, but all of us who worked under and with her expected her to live many more years of a life characterized by vivaciousness, driving energy, and a deep love and enjoyment of young people.

Her life, accomplishments, and the memories that she left behind will serve in the years to come as monument to her dedication and devoted loyalty to Atlantic Christian College; her own Alma Mater, Mount Holyoke College; the students she taught and the associates with whom she worked; her community; and her country. To each she gave of herself more than she ever asked for or received in return. To each of these relationships, she gave her zeal for life, for life to her was a precious gift not to be wasted.

As our civilization becomes more complex and impersonal, as we become more and more concerned about status, security, and the "Good Life," let us sincerely hope that we shall always find room for persons like Mrs. Doris Campbell Holsworth who manifested that which all men seek—Lumen Vitae—"The Light of Life."

Hatten Hodges—Alumni Director

Labels: Conservative Or Liberal

Today, in politics, there is a trend, or so it seems, a necessity, towards the labeling of each political candidate. The two most predominate labels now are "conservative" and "liberal." This, in itself, is not an ideal system of identification for many reasons. One label cannot represent the entire scope of any candidate's political philosophy, nor do we even use the words "conservative" and "liberal" in the same way that they have been used through American history.

The conservative is sometimes accused of trying "to turn back the clock." This statement implies that all the political progress today comes from liberals. Somehow, for the liberal, all change is considered progress and attempts to maintain limited constitutional government are considered old-fashioned and naive.

Going back into history we find the liberal as the champion of human freedom who feared and disliked the idea of government which deprived individual rights. The Boston Tea Party was the work of liberals; Patrick Henry was a liberal; and even Thomas Jefferson was considered an extreme liberal with his idea of the separation of church and state and the idea "that all men are created equal." In these days the conservative considered the power of the government to be the normal thing, and it was the liberal who felt that government should be controlled by the individual citizens. We seem to have taken many of our freedoms for granted and had now better heed the words of Thomas Paine: "What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; it is dear-ness only that gives everything its value."

Over the last thirty-five years, Americans have voted for many changes in government which have created an enormous bureaucracy. Has America after so many years of relative freedom, lost its fears of big government? Have we been satiated with all the "benefits" and "services" to the extent that we are no longer aware of the new taxes, controls, and regulations that must necessarily be "gifts" from the federal bureaucracy. This road leads to decreasing economic freedom, and finally, to the lessening of personal liberty.

It is very strange, indeed, that today the liberal wants more and more government, as America had before 1776, while the conservative is the William Dawes or the Paul Revere who warns of coming danger.

It seems, rather, that the liberal is the one who wishes "to turn back to clock." The liberal of today thinks more government is the answer to all problems, regardless of the over-spending or the ever-enlarging bureaucracy.

The modern conservative warns that we must appreciate our freedoms unless through apathy and bad leadership, we again fall under the strong wave of government rule in which the individual is drowned.

Throughout history, mighty nations have fallen when people looked upon the government as an institution offering for nothing. The government cannot grow without the diminishing of the individual. As John M. Lupton has said:

"In the days of Rome, it was 'bread and circuses'; today it is the myth of 'free federal aid'. You might call it 'seduction by subsidy'.

"Socialism and state planning are not modern ideas; they are centuries old. There will be men in every age who seek power over others by offering security in exchange for freedom.

"It is today's conservative who is the true progressive, for he favors limited government in order to give unlimited opportunity to every man."

Truly, there has definitely been a change in the meaning of these two words: "conservative" and "liberal," and it is vital importance that we well understand this change.—AGG

JUST A DREAM

By T.O.D. JOHNSTON

He had been working on it for a couple of days. It had really taken shape. Once it had been just another young tree; now it was a straight and strong spear. He had peeled the bark off, and carved it—it had dried and was light. It was pretty thick at the pointed end and tapered nicely. It was strong and smooth, and he liked the way it felt in his hand. He felt big with it; he could defend himself against anything. He liked to be in the woods alone — he felt safe with it. He carried it with him everywhere that he could. He liked to run with it. When he walked he sometimes used it as a hiking stick — but it was more than that. He felt warm inside when he had it tightly gripped in his hand — when he felt its smooth weight. He took it where he and a friend met sometimes — under a bridge. It was funny under the bridge with rocks and all kinds of small trees; there was also a polluted stream with clear-grey liquid running. Once he had built a dam in the stream — it didn't last long. This time his friend wasn't there — two other guys were. They were big guys; they looked mean to the little boy with the spear. The fat guy had a knife; he was cutting at bushes with it. He had been running and got close to the fat guy before he noticed him. The fat guy grabbed the spear, and pushed and pointed his knife at the little guy. The other big guy told him to leave the kid alone. The little guy wanted his spear — he was scared; he felt all alone. A great big smile came over the fat guy's face as he broke the spear. He broke it right in half over his knee, and threw the pieces on the ground. The little boy grabbed the pointed part and started running. He was confused; he did not know what to do. He couldn't understand. . . He just couldn't understand why that guy had broken it. He knew he was angry, but what could he do. He kept running, and as he ran he kept blinking; he couldn't see very well — his eyes were blurry and his cheeks were all wet. His mouth had a funny taste in it. The little boy running with the pointed half of a spear rightly gripped in his hand was crying, and there was no one to tell him why.

Campus Calendar

Chapel And Assembly

Tues. 25th — General Assembly to announce candidates for Executive Board officers.

Thur. 27th - Advisee Meetings for all students.

Other Events

Mon. 24th - Peace Corps representative John McGinn will visit A. C.

Thurs. 27th - Government Account-Telegraph interviews - contact Mr. Wiggs for appointments.

Thurs. 27th - Governemne Accounting office interviews - contact Mr. Wiggs for appointments.

Thurs. & Fri. 27th & 28th - Navy College Visitation Team - Lobby at Classroom Building.

Sat. 29th - Freshmen Masquerade Ball.

Music Bulletin

Solo cellist Leonard Rose of the Houston Symphony will make an appearance at Reynold's Coliseum. There are fifteen free tickets available to A. C. students in the music building. The concert is sponsored by the Friends of the College.

Campus Musical

BY JERRALL LOPP

On Tuesday, Feb. 18, and again that evening at 8:15, folksinger Karen Duke captivated an overflowing audience of Atlantic Christian students and Wilsonians with her charm, her striking personal appearance, and her lyrical voice. Miss Duke, whose father is famed composer John Duke, divided her program into three main topics: I. Wandering; II. Young Love; III. Marriage and related subjects. In her songs of wandering, the long haired beauty included Scottish songs, some of which were about the wanderings of a gypsy. Some of the songs were very light and humorous such as, "The House Where Grandma Dwelt." Also included in her songs of wandering, was a song that Miss Duke wrote which stressed the universality of suffering, especially the suffering of children and the fact that if it can happen elsewhere it can happen here.

The second area which Miss Duke's songs asked for audience participation in a Yiddish love song in which the lovers ask riddles of each other. The final area contained songs of marriage and related subjects. Most of the folk songs in this area were of a light comical nature, and usually described some area of conflict between an elderly couple.

Miss Duke exhibited a good range, and a fine interpretation of a diverse selection of songs. Her strongest point seemed to be the lyrical quality of her voice on the lighter selections. Miss Duke's interest in folk singing stems from songs she heard as a child and from her interest in the guitar. Her professional background is great and includes everything from opera to U.S.O. shows. All these things have contributed to the make-up of a fine artist and entertainer.

from the eye of the fly

BY JOHN REYNOLDS

James Baldwin is possibly our most introspective literary-political essayist. On the 100th anniversary of the Emancipation he wrote a letter to his small nephew, James. Originally published in The Progressive of Madison, Wisconsin, the letter may again be found in his latest book, "The Fire Next Time." I find it interesting to substitute tenses in the letter, and in place of the 3rd person insert the 1st or myself. I offer these now personal excerpts:

... This is the crime of which he accuses his country and his countrymen, and for which neither he nor time nor history will ever forgive me, that I have destroyed and am destroying hundreds of lives and do not know it and do not want to know it . . . But it is not permissible that the authors of devastation should also be innocent. It is the innocence itself which constitutes the crime . . . This innocent country set him down in a ghetto in which, in fact, it intended that he should perish . . . He was born where he was born and faced the future that he faced because he was black and for no other reason. The limits of his ambition were, thus, expected to be set forever. He was born into a society which spelled out with brutal clarity, and in as many ways as possible, that he was a worthless human being. He was not expected to aspire to excellence: he was expected to make peace with mediocrity. Wherever he has turned he has been told where he could go and what he could do (and how he could dot it) and where he could live and who he could marry . . . The details and symbols of his life have been deliberately constructed to make him believe what I say about him . . . What I believe, as well as what I do to cause him to endure, does not testify to his inferiority but to my inhumanity and fear . . . There is no reason for him to try to become like me and there is no basis whatever for my impertinent assumption that I must accept him. The really terrible thing is that he must accept me. He must accept me and accept me with love. For I have no other hope. I am, in effect, still trapped in a history which I do not understand; and until I understand it, I cannot be released from it. I have had to believe for many years, and for innumerable reasons, that he is inferior to me. I know better, but, as he will discover, people find it very difficult to act on what they know. To act is to be committed and to be committed is to be in danger. In this case, the danger in my mind, is the loss of my identity . . . The black man has functioned in my world as a fixed star, as an immovable pillar; and as he moves out of his place, heaven and earth are shaken to their foundations . . . And if the word integration means anything, this is what it means: that he, with love, shall force me to see myself as I am, to cease fleeing from reality and begin to change it . . .

"He knows that the country is celebrating one hundred years of freedom one hundred years too soon. He cannot be free until I am free . . ."

In offering these excerpts in revised form, one might easily assume that I am trying to pass on a little guilt. Well, inmates . . .

A Matter Of Dignity

We have noticed lately that the number of people cutting up in the cafeteria lines has been increasing. This is unfortunate, and it must be said that it is in vain to hope that this problem could ever be completely erased. A look at human nature tells us that, no matter what, some people are going to completely disregard the rights of other people.

However, the problem of cutting up was brought under consideration by the Executive Board. The discussion on this topic brought forth a proposal which would be quite effective for the solving of this problem. It proposed that when a student entered the Dining Hall, he would be given a ticket with a number on it for which ever line he chose to enter. When he reached the serving line, he would turn in his ticket, and if it was not in the proper sequence of numbers he would not be served.

We certainly hope that this method never has to be put into effect. Needless to say it would be a blow to the dignity of every student who uses the Dining Hall. However, if this problem continues to worsen, our dignity will no longer be considered.—DW