

THE COLLEGIATE

Published Weekly by Students Attending
Atlantic Christian College, Wilson, N. C.

Members of United States Students Press Association News
and Features Services Leased from the Collegiate Press
Service.

The views expressed on this page are not necessarily those of
the faculty or administration at ACC.

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Thursday, May 18, 1967

Weakening The Link

It seems to me that one of our most critical prob-
lems at our college is that of campus-community re-
lationships. Moreover, it would seem that even "our"
students are concerned with the problem, and there
is a definite opinion that all that is possible should be
done to remedy the "C-C" gap.

It surprised me, consequently, that our Exec Board
completely dropped an opportunity to help sponsor
the All Children's Day Tobs baseball game. The
Board was forced to act with a minimum of informa-
tion on the sponsoring of the game and were further
pushed by a lack of time. Yet it seems that the Board
could at least have donated some small sum, perhaps
\$25, to the cause. As it is, it appears that our Board
wants nothing to do with the affair. This writer's
thanks go to Bobbie Ellis who did volunteer, on her
own and not at the request or urging of the Board,
to find people to help out at the occasion.

My second surprise came when Miss Ellis an-
nounced that the Homecoming Committee was con-
sidering the possible elimination of floats, which in
turn would be replaced by organizational booths in
a fashion similar to this year's Greek Carnival.

Doing away with the floats would probably ease
a lot of problems — a place to build them in, get-
ting use of trailers and tractors, etc. — but it would
virtually end our homecoming parade. Our college
does not often get the chance to gain the community's
attention, especially in the degree that we do through
the parade. ACC viewers of the procession rank only
in the minority, it is the Wilson citizens who really
line the sides of Nash Street.

If the floats are eliminated and only booths are
erected, then we are the ones who are depriving ACC
of this great opportunity. If the booths are used, how
many people from the community will view them?
I hope that the ACC students let the Homecoming
Committee know that they are against the eliminat-
ing of floats and keep ACC from drawing farther into
the proverbial collegiate shell! (no reference to this
newspaper).

Farewell

Well seniors, that time is drawing close when
you will leave the ol' Alma Mater. There will be
times for reminiscing later, but for the most of you,
the realization that you are about to leave has not
fully come upon you.

There are still those finals to plow through (maybe
we should wait to say goodbye?), then the baccalaure-
ate, graduation, and finally the rounds of partying.
The four years that you have "studied" her have prob-
ably, thanks to the phenomena of forgetting, been
good ones. Remember the day you . . . These are
the thoughts that will rush back to many of your
minds before they call your name and present you
that sheet of paper.

Four years, three years, two years, one year ago
that degree looked so far away, now it has been
reached. But that degree is not the end—your training,
studying, and goalreaching is still in the early stages.
Your years in college study has, hopefully, better pre-
pared you for the coming years. You have learned
what it is to face challenges and meet them, you have
learned to face tasks that seem insurmountable.

Out of all of it has come the "new you", the
person who will mold your future, who will build
upon the past, and who will meet new goals.

Before your reverie is broken by the calling of
your name, we wish you all of the good things of life
and simply ask that you not forget about us who have
not yet reached your surmounted goal.

Reader's Forum

Dear Editor:

On March 5, 1965, there ap-
peared in *The Collegiate* a re-
view the paper had asked me to
write on the Stage and Script
production of "Androcles and the
Lion." The review was rather
critical because I felt that the
acting had been sloppy and that
it left much to be desired. I
also said that, "We realize that
the people in Stage and Script
had a good time putting on this
production, and that a majority
of the audience enjoyed it very
much. Yet, we believe that a
much better quality of drama
can be achieved from Stage and
Script if more attention were
centered on the dramatic arts
themselves."

Realizing that I was exercising
a strictly personal opinion at the
time I would like to exercise
my opinion on the work of Stage
and Script once again.

In viewing last week's produc-
tion of "Love's Labour's Lost"
I could not help from being
greatly impressed by the quality
of the performance and by the
degree of improvement that
Stage and Script has made in
the past two years. It was a
real pleasure to watch a play
where so many polished perfor-
mances were presented and where
the mark of quality was evident
in all phases of the production.
To me the performance demon-
strated a real depth of talent
that has been developed and it
highlighted the significant prog-
ress that has been achieved.

I am sure that the credit for
the work of Stage and Script
must be extended to Mr. Cecil
Willis. The student body can al-
ways be thankful that this man
has devoted so much of his time,
energy, and talent into making
the student organization of Stage
and Script the talented outfit in
has become.

Dwight Wagner

Inquisition

By SAM MCPHAIL

Johnson: Well, we had a good
talk.

Boswell: Yes, Sir; you tossed
and gored several persons.

Boswell's Life of Johnson

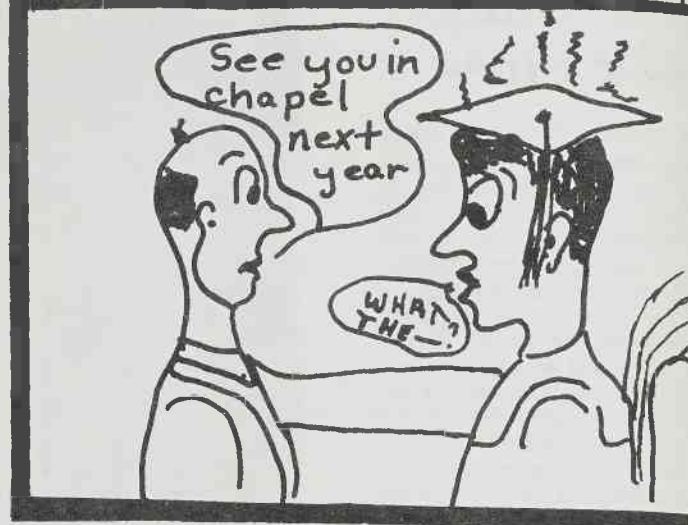
In medieval physiology a hu-
mor was one of the four fluids
entering into the constitution of
the body and determining by
their relative proportions a per-
son's health and disposition. A
careful observation of A. C. Col-
lege reveals at least four hu-
mors are active upon the health
and temperament of the acad-
eme. If it is nothing more than
human curiosity we cannot es-
cape from an unscientific inves-
tigation of these fluids.

The dominant humor within the
system is PROVINCIALISM.
This ancient force may be di-
rectly attributed to the pride
with which the college asserts
its regional character. Obviously
no institution can escape the
dust and cobwebs collecting in
its environment. But the error is
to promote the "eastern
Carolina" image. It is all too
clear that the tone of campus
life is often an aroma of a
southern pipe dream. Instead of
creatively exploring values for
its own community life, an out-
worn "town culture" is imposed.
Any college that is seeking to
be a creative truth seeking com-
munity cannot be bound to the
provincial nature of its environ-
ment. Indeed it should be a
force disrupting the narrow-
minded life style within its geo-
graphic region.

Closely allied with PRO-
VINCIALISM is INSTITUTION-
ALISM. It is impossible to im-
agine a way of operating a college
without the absurdities of insti-
tutional life but it can be a
stagnating humor. This has been
observed this year with the in-
sistence upon certain social rules
which are the institutionaliza-
tion of sexual fears. It is really
surprising that such a stupid at-
titude as, "But, it's always done
this way!" should prevail among
the enlightened. Lurking behind
all of this is a failure to recog-

See INQUISITION Page 4.

Graduation
Day
is
Finally
Here
Joy Joy!!!



News and Views

By DWIGHT WAGNER

This being the last issue of *The Collegiate* for the year also marks
the last time that this column will appear under my by-line. Upon
entering ACC as a freshman in the fall of 1963 I had not the slight-
est intention of working on the newspaper. But the unexpected often
occurs, and shortly after the semester began I was asked to write
a column of this type. Four years and 100 issues later I can say that
it has been a very enjoyable relationship.

The intended purpose of this column has been to look beyond the
immediate borders of ACC and to offer comment and opinion on
some of the issues and problems affecting this nation and the world.
The degree of knowledge that the public possess about national and
international affairs is rather limited to say the least, and in spite
of my own limited background I would hope that some of my articles
have been informative and the source of some thought stimulation.

Thought within the writer is often hard to stimulate but one con-
cluding observation would have to be that the world changes very
rapidly and that the pressure upon us students to keep up with these
changes is heavy pressure applied in a ruthless fashion. Certainly in
four years this college has changed a great deal and for that matter
even this newspaper has very little resemblance to the way it look-
ed when I first saw it. All this is to say that we must extend our-
selves beyond all our past efforts in staying informed and knowing
the "why's" of a situation as well as the "what's".

Being informed is a key element when it comes to applying the
education we receive in a college such as this one. The role of a
newspaper in this process is certainly a central one, and I believe
that *The Collegiate* has and will continue to do an excellent job at
informing its readers.



Miss Barefacts

I was born on the very day which the second world war began.
July 4, 1942. My father, Slim Barefacts, prayed the whole day before
I was born. He kept saying, "Lord, make us truly thankful for what
we are about to receive."

That glorious day they even rang the city fire bell, sounded the
Comrade Alert Siren, and had a day-long, live radio broadcast on
station WORT.

The ladies from the churches Women's Auxiliary brought enough
food to keep the family going until Ma could get back to her
chores. We had sow belly, pig feet, toad ears, and for dessert, we
had pine bark pie. Pappy was a pretty big eater so we didn't have
any to throw away to the hogs.

I began going to the small mountain school at the age of seven
and graduated thirteen years later, fifth in my class. The other
four people in my graduating class bribed the teacher and naturally
ranked a little higher.

I went to Meadowbrook Charm Farm for a year and then went
to a school for journalism in Sweet Blossum, ten miles south of
Bitter Creek, S. C.

Dear Miss Barefacts:

I am one of the many "uncontented" ACC coeds who is having
a great deal of trouble in the art of love making. It's not that I'm
ugly, it is just the opposite.

I have a very wonderful boy back home and we've been engaged
now for two years. My problem is that I have another campus
"playboy". It all started back in September when I was strolling
past bush number 13, you know the one by the cafeteria. Well, I met
him there, by accident of course, and since then we've had a great
number of accidental meetings.

I didn't think anything would come of our amours, as soon as

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