

A True Story

By DOUG PATE

On May 28, 1967, a young man finished his work at Morehead City and presumably returned to his home in Kinston, North Carolina. His job consisted of handling the concessions booth and generally guiding work on the Anohor Green Golf Course at Atlantic Beach on weekends.

This young man was psychologically stable and was content with life up until this date and was looking forward to examination week, starting about two weeks later. He was a member in good standing of Gordon Street Christian Church and was active in many church functions of his church. North Carolina State College at Raleigh had just sent this man an acceptance letter and his parents and friends were proud of his success. But for some reason, he could not be reassured that this was what he wanted—he wasn't exactly sure where he stood in the community or what status his friends and schoolmates gave him. An internal problem threatened to tear apart the roots of his family, and this happened.

A strange thing happened that weekend in that the young man did not return to Kinston nor had anyone seen him since that date. This young man was myself and because of pressures and unsuitability I felt I just had to get away.

I got a ride from Morehead City to Jacksonville where I made a sign to place on my suit case showing that I needed a ride to Wilmington. When I arrived in Wilmington, I roomed in a motel for seven dollars, which cut my sole funds to only thirteen dollars. The next morning I hitched a ride to Jacksonville, Florida and spent the night with a group of boys at a data processing school. From Jacksonville I hit U. S. 1 to Miami Beach and finally came to rest with about two dollars to my name. After about two hours of haggling and a flick, I found myself dead broke and remained there for about five days.

One day I was sitting in a cafe drinking water, having not eaten for those five days and obviously showing it. A distinguished-looking man sat down beside me and we began talking. I revealed that I had no place to stay, no job, and actually no reason for being in Miami. He bought me a plate of food and I found out that his name was Ivan Tors, the movie producer of such films as "Flipper", "Daktari", and "Hatari". He offered to let me stay at his house on Biscayne Bay, and this became my home away from home for eight weeks. The Playboy Club, the Castaways Hotel, and most of the night clubs became my hangouts in Miami. There was a great mixture of people in Miami, such as the Cubans, the time gangsters, prostitutes, homosexuals, millionaires, and the like. This much mellowed my understanding of life and provided many maturing aspects to my personality.

After two months of Miami, I became disgusted and hitchhiked to New York, where I lived in an apartment in East Greenwich Village. I tried the mind-expanding drugs and the like, but they really didn't interest me.

Briefly, I will describe the rest of my journey from the time I left New York, I went to Chicago, then to Northern Minnesota where I lived for two months and almost married.

Then I proceeded to Kansas City, Oklahoma City, Amarillo, Texas, Albuquerque, and to Phoenix and Tucson, Arizona. This section of the United States was by far the most beautiful country I have ever seen. From Phoenix, I passed on to Bakersfield, California. I remained in Bakersfield but a few days and then returned by the same route to Minnesota, Chicago, Washington, D. C., and finally after six months living on my own, I returned to Kinston. I logged over twenty-two thousand miles of hitch-hiking by truck, train, and passenger car, and I worked at a variety of jobs, including construction work, ditch digging, service station work, and the like. Now I had to readjust and fit into my true environment. My parents feel that God was watching over and caring for me and I myself believe that.

All of us desire to get away from it all, but only a few can do. I am proud and feel that this event in my life matured me better prepared me for life as it really is.

THE TIMES ARE UPON US OR NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN TO COME TO THE AID OF HIS COUNTRY

Now is the time for men to show their true colors,
Tomorrow may be too late.
Best to remain in TIME'S line... stand straight and tall
And to keep the date.
Blessed be the worthy—they do not insist on many things
Others think they have earned.
Even so, they are the more commendable... they give loyalty
And expect nothing in return.
Many Americans and allies are losing their lives in Viet Nam
While someone yells foul play.
Some Americans are seeking peaceful coexistence within themselves
Without confidence they talk—they only delay.
When called upon to serve your country, be prepared to play
Tomorrow may be too late.

Frank S. Harper

or... as John Stuart Mill said:
"War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest thing: the decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks nothing worth a war is worse... a man who has nothing which he cares about more than his personal safety is a miserable creature who has no chance of being free, unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself."
or... as the late President John F. Kennedy stated:
"In the long history of the world only a few generations have been granted the role of defending the world and its freedom... I do not shrink from this responsibility—I welcome it."

Dean's

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Scott, Roger Sin, Drenda Skinner, William D. Southern, Joyce Ann Strickland, Margaret Swindell, Clida Tunnell, Catherine G. Vick, Donald Jerry White, Patricia Kay Williams, Joseph M. Willis, Charles Wolfe, Patricia Ann Wylie, Robert James Young.

Thomas R. Albert, John P. Anders, Katherin Anderson, Linda Sue Andrews, Catherine Arrington, Clara Ann Askeew, Elaine B. Bailey, Linda Lee Baker, Patricia Ann Banks, Linda Faye Barnes, Linda Kay Basnight, Linda H. Benton, Lynda K. Benton, Mildred E. Best, Kay Bigger, Johnnie Carol Bishop, Camille Boone, George Boswell,

Jack D. Brinson, Thomas E. Burkett, Benjamin E. Casey, Barbara Combs, Joyce Ann Copeland, Robert Covington, Clifton Crawford, Cheryl Marie Dail, Marilyn Joy Dixon, William R. Dixon, Arthur G. Dunn, Nancy V. Edmundson, Judith Ann Edwards, Julia G. Edwards, Sandra D. Edwards, Agnes J. Frye,

Wilma F. Fulkerson, Frances Gladson, Clara G. Grantham, Nancy Jane Gray, Frances D. Griffin, Phyllis Anne Hamilton, Sidney M. Hardwicke, Tamsy Louise Hight, Ramona Kay Hill, John Daniel Hobgood, James D. Horne, Kathleen Humphrey, Betsy Jackson, Dennis E. Jones, Linda D. Jones, Barbara Joyner,

Frances Kornegay, Bonny F. Lane, Kenneth Lang, Martha Langley, Sandra J. Lee, Lynne Mincher, Inez Moore, Jack Musick, Susan Carol Nelson, Qyang Nguyen, Ronnie Norfolk, Ann F. Pepper, Judy Pfaff, Catherine Pierce, Dewey Pittman, Janet Renninger, Deborah Roberson, Angela Robinson, Brenda Rouse, William Sermons, Janet Rae Smiley, Linda Stallings, Mary F. Stott, Judith Thomas, Brenda Thorne, Marsha Thorne, Sandra Tomlinson, Rebecca Wallace, Elizabeth Webb, Elmer Whedbee, Joe B. Wilkins, Virginia Williams, Mary D. Wilson, Rachel Winslow, Janet Winstead, Sarah J. Wooten, Gloria Y. Worrell, Walter Wynne.

Players

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formance. The three became one in the fast-moving lines and actions of the play. Each gave an equally excellent portrayal.

Our congratulations and thanks go to the three, Miss McKovich, Richard Slocum and Jim Bob Kessinger, for an excellent performance and tribute to the late Carl Sandburg.

Our thanks also go to the Campus Christian Association for sponsoring the group.

Tell

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presentation. I believe that the expression of personal opinions and their interpretation is a part of my education." CRC (student)

"... only if there is some moral issue involved." AKC (student)

Correction

In last week's edition of The Collegiate, it was incorrectly reported in an article that the snack bar and recreation room of the Student Center had been named.

Winners of the contest to submit the most appropriate names for the rooms were announced.

However, it was the feeling of the Student Center Committee that none of the names submitted, "However original or clever, merit presentation to the administrative council at this time."

According to Frances Gladson, student chairman of the committee, "The rooms will be definitely named at a later date, pending further study regarding decorating schemes, furnishings, etc."



Look: Then Go!

The cracker barrel, long a symbol for American politics, somehow rolled away from our campus. We have a most definite lack of "politicking" among our candidates for offices.

While saving a lot of time on the part of both the campaigners, who generally want to please their audiences by giving favorable answers to questions thrown at them, and the listeners, who seldom really note what the heck is being said; the lack of meeting candidates and knowing where they stand on campus issues hurts our campus leadership.

How many of you really know what your candidate stands for when you go to the polls today and tomorrow? Do you know his past record, what he has been active in, what he has contributed to our campus thus far? Are you voting for him because you feel he is the most qualified for the office?

We hope your answer to all these questions is a positive and strongly felt "yes!" But we fear that many of our student body will go to the polls and vote for a candidate only because he (or she) is a friend of ours; or only because the candidate is a member of our fraternity or club. In our opinion, if this is your reasoning, then it is you who hinders sound student government.

We overheard several students the other night commenting on whom the Greeks will run for office, another Greek announced (and rather proudly we are ashamed to admit) that he didn't know whom he would vote for in a certain office, because a member of his fraternity might petition for the office within a few hours.

We are the first to admit that fraternity spirit is a good thing. When the brothers stick together on a worthwhile project, they generally get things done rather smoothly and efficiently. Nevertheless, this does not mean that students must blind themselves in accepting dictation as for whom they will vote.

Voting is not only a privilege, it is a civic (and in our case a collegiate) responsibility. We are now in the process of selecting our Executive Board leaders for next year. If we vote for them because they are popular, because they are good-looking, because they are our friends or members of our special group, then we may wind up with a President who is popular, handsome, a friend, and about as ignorant to the workings of student government as a kindergarten student.

Before you go to the polls, investigate! Find out how much experience the candidates have had in student government, in student affairs. See if he possesses the traits necessary for the office which he will be holding. Then go to the polls and cast your ballot according to your own decisions.

And most important of all, after you have selected the person you feel most qualified for the job, after you have cast your ballot, then make a covenant with yourself that you will support your student leaders by accepting responsibilities, by acting when called on—don't pass the buck now, it could come back to you later as a dime!

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