

THE COLLEGIATE

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not necessarily those of the faculty of administration of ACC.

Wanted

Every year the merchants of Wilson send out welcome notices to the AC students. Banks fight for the student's savings and checking accounts. Car dealers, clothing stores, restaurants and various other businesses in Wilson encourage the students to come see them.

AC students spend thousands of dollars in the City of Wilson every year on merchandise and taxes. Students for the most part fit well and adjust to the way of life of the townspeople. However the people in Wilson aren't so polite when it comes to recreational activities.

When the lighted tennis courts at AC are full then students must go elsewhere to play. This leaves only the city courts on which to play. This is where friendly relations between Wilson residents and students ends. Now, we all know that the Wilson city residents pay more taxes to build the courts and they should have first priority.

The problem is increasing with the change to warmer weather. Many students want to play tennis and are willing to wait for a court but dislike being asked to leave by some resident.

Now, AC students don't pay high property taxes, don't have a Country Club membership or invest money at the local brokerage house. However, the students do patronize the local merchants and perhaps make up a sizable per cent of their income.

So, the next time you are asked to leave the Wilson City Tennis Courts remind this person, in a polite way, that you help pay his salary.

JBR

Communication Gap

It seems that just about the time you are getting ready to end another school year with the joyous preparation of term papers 2nd exams — the activities of next fall are already pressing down on you.

Some things move fast before your next semester has already begun. In the processes of paying down payments, selecting rooms and roommates, electing officers, and planning your tentative schedule — stop a moment and look back on these previously past semesters. Much has happened at ACC. But there is much more to happen.

In your college life you have acquired more than scholastic knowledge. You associate with a great variety of people every day. Knowing how to communicate and work with others is one of the best courses offered at college — and it's free. When there is OPEN communication — there can be no generation gap!

Next August you will have advanced one step further in your education but the goals are still to be reached. Whether these goals are for yourself or for all ACC students one must work in cooperation with one another.

PEACHES by PRICE



Letters To The Editor

Letter to the Editor:

Now that the 1972-73 basketball season has come to an end I would like to thank those students who supported our program. It was gratifying to recognize the continued support by the student body at home and away games. Although the team did not win many games I feel we played some of the best basketball that has been witnessed in Wilson gym in recent years.

Having completed my first year as the Atlantic Christian basketball coach I feel that the objective of establishing a winning program has been initiated. It is essential that the program continue to have increased support from the faculty, students, parents, alumni, and friends of the college. I am striving to develop a program which can successfully compete with any small college in the state. I hope that a successful basketball program will help to develop pride among the student body in Atlantic Christian College. I am eagerly looking forward to next season and the opportunity to once again serve Atlantic Christian.

Sincerely,
Ben Pomeroy
Head Basketball Coach

Dear Editor,

I am writing about something that at one time or another plagues us all — the mail carrier. This morning was my turn for a run-in with her.

Let me get something straight. I would not have been at the window if my P.O. Box was in

working condition. For the last two and one-half months I have not been able to open it and yes I do know the combination. I always check to see if there is any mail in the box before I ask. Lately, I had rigged my P.O. Box to open without locking it by applying tape so it wouldn't close completely. Unfortunately, I broke two fingernails trying to open it, and if you've ever broken a fingernail of any length, you know it hurts like hell and takes many moons to grow back. Well, my little trick stopped working, some malfunction in the tape — but at least I tried.

This morning I saw that I had some mail and I tried (hoping a miracle had happened) to open my box. As usual the darn thing was stuck. It being 11:00 I figured the mail attendant would help me. That was a big mistake. She and her dog have got at least one common characteristic —

they both bark. I simply asked her to get the mail from my box and she barked out her reply for me to wait, so I leaned up against the wall and had my books placed on the ledge. Well, she certainly took out of her valuable time to push me and a witness out of the way of the post office widow. "Get out of the way!" she yelled. Well heck, if she wouldn't help us, she wouldn't help anyone who came up. We were just waiting for our turn — Is that too much to ask?

Her actions were entirely uncalculated for and I didn't deserve the treatment I received. I do have a few solutions to this problem.

- (1) Repair P.O. Boxes
- (2) Hire more help
- (3) Replace old help — Hire someone who won't keep a dog in the student center against the rules.

Sincerely,
LDS

Undone

By ROBBIE STEEN

I find myself having much difficulty in sitting myself down and studying. Spring has tripped onto the scene and my thoughts are forever a million miles from the classroom in which I am sitting. Springtime is like a virus. A sunny day in the high 60s; one of those days when you can feel the heat of the sun. A sign. People break out their slaps and their tee shirts, and break in tender feet. But then it rains for five days straight and the temperature does an about-face into the 40s. After the fourth day you begin to wonder if the sun is ever going to show its face again. You find yourself trying to picture what the sun looked like the last time you saw it. You keep watching the six o'clock weather for a preview of sunny days again. "Clearing on Thursday with highs in the mid-50s", you hear. Thursday it rains. You curse the weather man openly and wonder if the talk about turning Wilson into North Carolina's answer to Venice, Italy is rumor or fact. After all, the campus grounds are submerged and wasn't that the infirmary that just went floating down Lee Street? And maybe we'll have better luck in water polo than in basketball or soccer. Also there would be a great demand for gondola drivers so that more students could obtain part-time jobs. Just when you are beginning to enjoy the idea of picking up your date in a canoe, surfing three-foot waves down Gold Park Road, or fishing for trout from third floor Hackney, you feel something bright on your face and when you glance up you have to turn your face away because Sol's smile is blinding. You pinch

yourself to make sure you are not dreaming and to your delight its no dream at all! This is Spring! Here to stay this time! "You going to class?" "Naw, I'm cutting." "What are you going to do?" "I'm gonna let the sun dance all over my body." This is Spring! All the chicky-babes are grabbing their dare-to-be-bare bikinis and heading for New Dorm to let Sol paint their skin that enticing shade of brown. The teachers are even feeling the urge. Classes are meeting outdoors and no one is paying attention to the lesson ... only to the couple that is getting it on under the big oak tree. I dare you to stand up Jim!

Spring is outasight! If I was King of the World, I think I would probably proclaim a holiday everyday the mercury climbed to 65 and above. Furthermore, students who attended class or persons who worked on these days would be subject to fines.

Also, everyone would be responsible for making five new friends, gaining 12 ounces of suntan and rolling 50 yards in green grass. I would appoint a department of munchies which would be responsible for providing luxurious feasts on the holidays with fresh fruits, very green vegetables and mouth-watering meats. Every one would eat off of paper plates which would be recyclable so that there would be no waste. All of the leftovers would be given to dogs and other visiting animals. After this fantastic meal everyone could sleep or go walking or bike riding or play tennis or do anything. At the end of the day everyone would be happy ... and thankful ... and they would pray. Because He made it all possible.