

THE COLLEGIATE

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A Plea For Help

By NINA JONES

Earlier in the year, members of the Circle "K" Club started writing young men at the Polk Youth Center in Raleigh. The club was sent a list of young men that had expressed a desire to begin such a correspondence.

The participants in this project have arrived at various opinions. In most instances, it has proven to be a worthwhile project. However in others, the results were not as expected.

I have been writing three young men for nearly four months now. In my experience with them, I have found just how much need there is in these men. While some are more aware of their own needs, others are closed and not aware or willing to admit their needs.

With one young man, I have found that he has come to face reality. He never knew his family and ran away from his foster home. But through his experience with Christ, he has come to have a family. God sent him a family that cares for him as much as their own. This family has not adopted this young man and opened up their hearts to his needs. When he came up for parole last month, he was told that he would have another six month wait. Through God's help, this young man has kept a positive outlook on life.

Although I'm sure that he has had times of depression, he is basically strong in spirit. This young man's goal in life is to work with his father in helping

other young people like himself. This is a goal worth working towards, and he along with all others like him need our prayers.

This young man is only one example. On the other side, I am corresponding with a young man that has big hopes for the future, but is not as strong in character. This young man has not received Jesus Christ in his life, but expresses a desire to know Him. It is as though he is crying out for help, but is not willing to admit to himself that he needs it. He tried to compensate for his lack of love by turning to me. When I reassured him that my correspondence was merely a friendly one, he discontinued writing. But, I have not given up hope. This young man still needs help, but not a help that is forced on him. He must first admit to himself that he needs help.

Projects such as this one is a means for us to help others. Like all such projects, the results are not always a success. But there are so many men and women that are crying out for help that it makes it all worthwhile. Even if only one man is reached, the project has been a success.

These young men have the same basic needs that we do. At some time in their lives, they have traveled in the wrong direction. For this reason, their needs are even more stronger.

If you want to help these young men contact either Cathy Turner or Nina Jones at Caldwell Hall, and we will gladly put you in contact with a young man.

I Hate Being Wrong

Recently I have been challenged to make a decision, a decision that will determine how I live my life. What is going to be more important to me—money or usefulness? And since I am allotted this space each week, I believe my decision-making process can be of some help to others.

This field I have been confronted with offers a great deal of personal satisfaction, but not a large sum of money. A career in this area will help me come into contact with many people of different backgrounds, different outlooks, and different rungs on the ladder of society.

Yet, I have long thought of success in terms of money in the hand, not usefulness in society. This profession probably rules out the beach houses, the trips to Europe, and lazy days where I let my capital wealth do my work.

When I look at how much money I need, I can say that this profession will meet and exceed

the bare minimum for living. There will not be much room for extravagance. As I glance at the people I know in this profession I can see that the job has never let them down.

One need of mine would be satisfied, I would be heard and I've been told that this is a very powerful position in terms of swaying popular opinion. I always have enjoyed being heard, and in some ways this counteracts the lowly salary.

Again the whole bundle narrows down to one argument; do I want to be rich or do I want to be a useful tool in improving society? This is a battle between the practical and the idealistic elements.

This entire situation appears a bit lopsided. Anyone can tell which side I am favoring. Yet I am afraid to make the choice. I'm afraid I'll be sorry that I didn't turn the other way when I look back twenty years from now. I hate to be wrong.

BRIGGS PETWAY

Ok, Give It A Try

Sunday night the governor outlined his gas rationing plan. Many say it will not work, these are the ones who won't give it a try. Others say this is the perfect way to solve their problem, these are the idealists who can't quite prove their theories. One thing is for sure, the plan will never work if North Carolinians don't co-operate.

In its essence, the plan is an attempt to relieve over crowding and short pumping hours at service stations. On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday cars whose license number ends in an odd number (or if it is a personalized plate) can get gas. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday are the days when vehicles with even numbers can get gas. This is a very fair system since both even and odd cars will have only two straight days without gas.

The mayor and city council of Durham, N.C. have come up with what is possibly the best overall system. The new plan, which allows cars to fill up once a week, will go into effect the first of March. On Monday cars with license numbers ending 1 or 2 gas up. Tuesday is the day for numbers 3 or 4. Likewise the week continues: Wednesday for 5 and 6, Thursday for 7 and 8, Friday for 9 and 0, Saturday for special plates, Sundays will be day of rest for all.

Durham feels it does not have enough gas to offer the every other day program. Probably this is quite true for all of the cities in this fair state.

If this 18-year-old college student can stretch a tank (16 gallons) of gas over 10 days (with nearly all in-town, stop and go driving) in a 1968 Mustag with an out of tune V-8 engine, nearly anyone can survive on a tank every seven days. The writer acknowledges the many exceptions caused by tremendous amounts of driving some occupations require, the gas eating large block engines, etc.

This whole concept behind gas saving systems is an alternative to the hated system of Federal Gas Rationing, experienced during the years of World War Two. No one really wants to go to that stamp system simply because the black market on gas can far outdo the good that rationing will do. How many service station owners would sell gas on the open market when with a minimum of book work he could cover up huge profits made through black market dealers.

The even-odd system needn't be a too little too late thing. Extended use of car pools, public transportation, and some leisure time walking could help the system work very well. However, any pessimist can tell you that without some "togetherness" the whole idea wouldn't keep gas in a Volkswagen.

One thing the public must understand: this thing will not go away if people close their eyes and pretend it's not there. The Raleigh Automotive Dealers (or some such name) sponsor a commercial on WKIX and WQDR radio stations implying that the "gas scare is going to blow over," that's an appropriate line from a group of car dealers. Bubble-bursting has never been popular, but this crisis will not blow over sooner or later. It is going to take a lot of pressure from consumer groups and legal powers before the oil men get this mess straightened out.

Whatever the cause and whatever the cure, only one thing will keep gas in America's cars and that is compliance with gas distribution systems. As George Washington said, "We must all hang together, or we shall hang separately."

BRIGGS PETWAY

To An Alcoholic

You wake up to another night-mare

All mornings are the same,
You reach into the dresser
drawer
And start another game.

The bottle that you now hold
Courage will it give,
A type of hell it must be

To not even want to live.

You gulp your vital fluid
A man you've come to be,
Life is much more simple
In the world you now can see.

Your body's sick, your head will
hurt

Your soul's in Satan's door,
But never will you listen,
You always come back for more.

I pity and despise your soul
A man you're surely not,
The courage that a bottle gives
A tiny insect's got.

By: Duke



"GOOD HEAVENS, FRIDAY ALREADY?"