

## The Collegiate

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## Fear of Flying

The flak is flying already. Editor for a week and I feel like the enemy is in hot pursuit. Somehow I get the impression that the readers feel I'm strangling the free press.

Honestly, I'm not placing unfair rules and restrictions on the newspaper. But, in the interest of good taste, and with an eye on history, I cannot allow obscene language in the letters to the editor.

Ben Jonson, one of England's greatest social and literary critics, said that good art appears strangely out of place when all around it is vulgar. He used vulgar to imply the mundane and common-place. But, if profanity is not common-place, what is? I simply want the letters to be readable when the trends in language shift back to a more conservative bent, before it becomes liberal again, etc.

In my own verbose way, I am saying that the art of criticism, both social and literary, and the art of informing are truly arts that the activist student should acquire. Communication is an art, an art that every college student has the opportunity to learn before he graduates. If a person cannot express himself, how good was his education? And the failure to communicate is not necessarily the failure of his instructors.

A writer must think of his audience. How well will profanity express the idea to a group of leaders of the Disciples of Christ? They have every right to ignore the issue until it is expressed in a manner suitable to their tastes. Will profanity impress the job recruiters? How about the judge who doles out the traffic fines. Right or wrong, the content of an argument means absolutely nothing until the style is acceptable.

Granted, many good ideas have been presented by poor stylists. But, did they impress the people that they needed to impress. I do not need to impress the folks on my side of an argument.

How about the good stylists — did their work last? How about Jefferson's work with the "Declaration of Independence" and the "United States Constitution?" How about Rousseau's work on the French "Declaration of the Rights of Man" How about Shakespeare's jabs at humanity? What about Jesus? What about every person whose writings have affected the lives of men?

Some of the criticism may be well-aimed. Maybe I do come off like a dictator. But, that is simply because I have definite ideas about what constitutes good journalism. One of my campaign posters said, "I'm no politician, I'm a journalist." I have no bones to pick. So, why be afraid of me? I am no more prejudiced towards non-Greeks than I am towards Greeks. I'm a senior, so I will not run for another office. A good, readable newspaper is my only purpose in being editor of "The Collegiate." If ever I become bigoted and narrow-minded in whatever direction, I hope someone will ask me to resign. But for now, I'm a student who just happens to be the editor of the paper.

Briggs Petway

Auditions  
For  
**ONE ACT PLAYS**  
In  
**Howard Chapel**  
**October 21 & 22**  
**7:00 P.M.**

## Poem: Be Still And Know

If God were only strong enough  
To do just as WE please,  
I'd fear your "God" no more  
than I  
Might fear a puppy's sneeze.

You think that you can figure out  
And tell God what to do.  
You think that by YOUR  
REASONING  
His word is false or true.  
You don't see God's truth and  
law will stand,  
Nor bend, or break in two.  
And whether a thing is right or  
wrong,  
You think, depends on YOU!

There is no God Who does not  
think,  
Who does not feel or see,  
Who does not know the thoughts  
you think,  
Though you may lie to me.

There is ONE God, and He alone  
Must be our King and Judge.  
His word is where I'll take my  
stand;  
No man can make me budge.

A thing is so because it is,  
And not because we let it.  
So if you think to influence God  
By reasoning — forget it!

Scorn me. Say whatever you  
will.  
I care not for all such strufe.  
There is ONE God — Christ! And  
He alone  
Will guide and rule my life.  
Larry G. Pittman

Last year, a professor at ACC  
whom I had come to think a lot of  
lied to me and tried to make a  
fool of me and thus disappointed  
me and inspired me to write this

## Letter To Editor

Dear Editor:

For the past four years it has  
been a pleasure and an honor for  
me to serve the students of  
Atlantic Christian College as  
director of Financial Aid and  
Admissions Counselor. I want to  
take this opportunity to express  
to the students my appreciation  
for their part in the very  
rewarding experiences I have  
had in this service. I wish the  
best for you in this upcoming  
academic year.

Very truly yours,  
Ben Casey

poem. I regret having to admit  
that this poem was written  
partly in anger, but  
disappointment, frustration, and  
sorrow were much more a part  
of this poem than was anger.  
This poem is in answer to the

ridicule I received from a  
professor who said he could not  
deal with me, just because he  
could not change my faith  
anymore than I imagine I could  
change his.

Larry G. Pittman

## Bicentennial

The beginning of the Bicentennial remains many  
months away, but a steady flow of advertisements in one  
form or another has lately been recalling history for the  
purpose of either boosting our patriotism or draining our  
pocketbooks.

One can only marvel at the dexterity with which our  
so-called consumer economy changes products in  
accordance with the styles of the time. Its remarkable  
ability to provide for all of our desires is good and  
obviously what we want; but some economists,  
Galbraith for one, have been increasingly concerned  
with the question of who is really leading who — do the  
products we buy determine what the economy produces,  
or does the economy, through manipulation  
(advertising), determine what we buy?

Which ever way the question is answered is  
unimportant here, for I am concerned with the activity  
of the economy only as it relates to the purpose of the  
Bicentennial. (On its own merits, the question is  
immensely important.) The point is that if we become  
overly concerned with the superficialities surrounding  
the Bicentennial, we may lose sight of its real meaning;  
and if it has no meaning save for boosting the economy  
and arousing a fictitious sense of patriotism, we should  
invent one.

Watergate's juxtaposition in time to the Bicentennial  
is rather curious because the implications of the crisis  
force us to look upon the Bicentennial as it ought to be.  
During the Bicentennial we should try to capture at least  
some of the spirit of self-evaluation which the early  
years of the United States so ardently acclaimed.

In a very broad sense Watergate was what Theodore  
White called a breach of faith: in order to secure the  
union's well-being, the government had wrongfully  
impinged upon the prerogatives of the individual as set  
up in the Bill of Rights. Consider this in conjunction with  
the fact that the Bicentennial is the celebration of a cleft  
that eventually lead a young nation to a question just  
recently renewed in the ordeal of Watergate — how  
much government should there be in order to maintain  
individual liberties while at the same time maintaining  
the security of the country? (Maintaining the country's  
security is, of course, only an indirect way of insuring  
individual rights.)

Although the question of power in government is  
applicable in many other circumstances, there is a  
lesson to be learned from the healthy skepticism with  
which the founding fathers approached it. Our  
government has grown tremendously since those early  
stages, and the Bicentennial calls for a renewal of the  
doubting, but not cynical spirit that permeated the years  
of the new republic.

John Paca

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