

The Collegiate

Editor-in-Chief Briggs Petway
 Associate Editor John Paca
 Business Manager Jim Farthing
 Sports Staff Guy Hyatt, Russell Rawlings, Leigh Taylor
 Photographers Peter Chamness and Doug Hackney
 Staff Writers
 Ann Dixon, LaVee Hamer, Tricia Lough, Mary Kay Merkle,
 Jackie Parker, Brad Tucker.

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College And Jobs

God does things for reasons that appear strange to man. He creates catastrophes and calamities to put man's mind back in the proper perspective. Man has a way of launching out on his own to suit himself. And in the words of Maude, the television victim of verbal diarrhea, "God'll get you for that."

The current economic mess is a perfect example. For years and years there has been much too much emphasis on money and salable commodities. Sadly, a college education has fallen into that category. People come to school, not to learn, not even to play, but to get a job. This, to me, is one of the most vile, mercenary acts a person can commit.

Why pay the \$700 per semester to come to ACC to learn a body of knowledge that someone calls a salable commodity? For far less, a person can go to Wilson Tech and take accounting, secretarial science, business administration, or some other salable skill.

I do concede one point, someone has to teach business. They, perhaps, and only perhaps, need the additional background that college offers.

I get sick at the sight of every poll of employment agencies that says business majors have the best shot at jobs. If my only goal for education was a job, I'd go to the Tech and learn to drive a bulldozer. (By the way, I am well acquainted with blue-collar jobs.)

The purpose of a college education is simply an education. The student should come to college for no other reason. If he needs to grow up, the military would pay him to do it.

Maybe I am too idealistic, but I think education has a place in the American society. I suppose with the education I want, I'll be expected to teach. But, I may drive a truck or be a farmer or be a professional athlete. I will not limit my education to finding a job. I plan to go to school until it is no longer fun. Then, I'll try something else. God looks after fools and blind people ... and I ain't blind. I will always have some source of income, my faith will not let me down. I may not be rich or famous, but I'll be satisfied.

Briggs Petway

Nov. 9-15: National Nurse Week

Student nurse: patients love her, doctors tolerate her, surgeons scream at her, instructors hide from her, head nurses ignore her, housemothers pray for her, heaven helps her, and mothers love her.

Student nurse: no one else can give nine complete baths, five SS enemas, one hundred and twenty-three injections, lose seven Bic pens, fill eighteen croupettes, take twenty-five a.m. TPR's and emotionally support seventeen women patients in one day, still get along with her roommate.

No one on earth loves weekends more, has such an enormous appetite, gets blamed for so many things, faces so many empty mail boxes, and can still tolerate lettuce and round pieces of "meat" for dinner.

Student nurse: she is so darling with Demoerl if her hair, Solu-B down her uniform, hot coffee in her shoes, bathroom tissue in her pocket, fruit gum on her medicine tray and betadine nail polish. She is the picture of love to the geriatric patient, wisdom with a pile of

To the Editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to express my deep appreciation to all the students that assisted in this year's Homecoming activities. From comments that I have heard I feel that Homecoming 1975 has to be rated as one of the best.

The activities were enjoyed by more Alumni than in past years, and I feel that because of the interest and cooperation that was displayed by many students that this will be an incentive for more Alumni to return to their Alma Mater next year.

Again, "Thank you Students" for your help.

Bill Smith

To The Editor:

On Tuesday, October 21, I was tired and depressed. So many negative charges, seemingly, had been hurled my way that I felt depleted of energy. I kept thinking: "I hope I can make it through the day."

Then, I remembered the note on the door about the worship program to be held at eleven o'clock in Howard Chapel. I could not go because I had appointments with two students during that hour.

The telephone rang, "We cannot come," they said. "We have papers to finish writing."

The time was ten minutes past the hour, but I quickly made my way to the Chapel. The second song was being sung, but I found the song and sang louder than anyone else. (I know I did because one of my nieces always nudges me in church and says, "Hush, you sing so loud someone will hear you.")

The sermonette was about having faith, and I remembered — so many things!

I did feel better after that message. In fact, I chuckled as I came out because I had been reminded of the ridiculous after shave lotion ad where the guy slaps himself on the cheek and says:

"Thanks, I needed that!"

How about you?

Sincerely,
 Tassie Ree Langley

I was really happy to see the number of people who came out to work on the float last week. The participation was great, and it helped me to realize that

worksheets, "our baby" to mom and dad, and the future with a newborn in her still childish arms.

No one can sleep through class, pretend to enjoy a guest lecture, fail so many pop tests, write so many bibliographies on unread articles, avoid so many library fines nor receive so many handouts. She does all this and then ends up at Broughton where she talks carefully, lives on Hardee's hamburgers, yells at cows, is the "Queen" at patient dances, walks the estate daily and during all this checks for her keys a hundred times.

She comes in dead tired, aching feet, weak hands, yet sats up late as possible, then tells everyone goodnight, gives her soles a swab, crawls into a half made bed full of stuffed animals, paper clips, and popcorn kernels, sets her clock for 5:30 a.m. and says, "don't forget to check on me in the morning."

She came a girl, leaves a woman; she came a teen, leaves a young adult; she came untrained, leaves a professional; she came for herself, she leaves for others; she came with love and she leaves ... a Nurse.

Marsha Cunningham

Letters To The Editor

apathy can be turned into enthusiasm if everyone works at it.

I thought our float was a success in bringing so many of us together, and in increasing our relationships with others. The cooperation and fellowship within our own class and with the other organizations were great.

A million thanks to everyone who helped! We couldn't have done it without you!

Melba Etheridge

Dear Friends,

I want to take this opportunity to express my appreciation to all of you for the honor you bestowed upon me last Friday Night. Being chosen as first runner up to the Homecoming Queen is something I will always remember. Thank you for making this Homecoming a very special one for me. You and your friendship made it all possible.

Thank you,
 Delores Williams

Dear Editor:

As members of the Student Body, we would like to confront you with the issue of the "Pine Knot" for 1974-1975.

In the past two or three years there has been an increase in the number of black students attending Atlantic Christian College and participating in campus life. To look at "The

Pine Knot," the viewer would feel that the Black are not active at all.

There are clubs such as the Afro-American Awareness Society, Sigma Gamma Nu Social Club, and a few others that we Blacks have worked to form. In the "Pine Knot", we did not receive any recognition for any of these organizations.

During Black History week, held in February of 1975, Afro-American Awareness had an exhibit on Black Heritage and creativity. The same week, there were several speakers that visited the campus. To end the week, there was a talent show and a concert with bands from A and T State University, Greensboro, and Fayetteville.

There were pictures in "The Pine Knot" of dogs, empty boxes, and breezeways. We feel our organizations are of more value than boxes and breezeways.

This is not 1492, when the first Black man came to America with Columbus. We are another generation with great potential. We are somebody. We may be Black, but we are still somebody. We have a voice and we deserve a chance to be heard.

Yolanda Whiyney
 Anita Lott
 Delores Williams
 Romana White
 Nancy Pinkney
 Mary Baker
 Vickie Simmons

Wishful Autumn

You know it's autumn when the undertaker wraps the body in scarlet, orange and vermilion and the first frost makes its sugar-coated, glistening. When flies move so slow you can almost catch them, when all breath is fine fog, you know it's autumn then too.

Autumn never fails to affect us. We always imagine things, crazy sort of wistful things mostly, but we cherish them in an inward way. Take for instance Jack Frost, bonny boy dressed in a right smart fur hat, painting his name on street posts and sewer wells. How many times have you hoped to wake soon enough to see him at his games. He always comes but he's quick as a blink so look quick.

What about the rest of the gallery of images associated with autumn — dapple apples, all things primely plump and leaf smells. And what about football. Surely we can't forget that, for it's autumn too. But don't forget to count county fairs and the hootchy cootchy and the farm boys gathered round. That's autumn too.

Enough images. After all, we only move so fast, in wet leaves.

Imagination is the thing. Imagination, purge sophistication. Someday the three Muses will descend upon us and wreak havoc for ignoring them.

In all seriousness, we should pay more attention to old Jack Forst and Mr. Imagination. We've let the romance in us dwindle to the far corners of our mind where it doesn't do any good — it just lays there like a dead cat. Where are our poets and novelists? Where have all the flowers gone?

We've fooled around in the wrong places, and we've been too serious in the wrong places. We've been laughing at the wrong things, and we've been crying at soap operas when the real tragedies are not the images on the screen but ourselves watching the stupid things. They're barely even shades of human character and yet they mean more to most people than all the plays of Shakespeare and poetry of Milton.

We need to get back to imagination and hope. Somehow it all fuses together.

John Paca

Atlantic Christian College
 Presents

Fleetwood Mac

Wednesday, Nov. 19

New Gym

Students 2.50

At Door 5.00

MOVIE
AIRPORT

Hardy Alumni

Nov. 12- 7:30 P. M.

No Admission Charge

Sponsored By; The Student Center