

# The Collegiate

FEBRUARY 9, 1978

The Student's Voice

"Now that we've settled on a name,  
What building is big enough to bear it?"



## Attention Students

**IMPORTANT:** Students who wish to pre-register for the fall semester 1978 must make a \$50 advanced tuition payment to the College by March 10, 1978. Part-time and evening school students who intend to enroll full-time must also make the payment. Part-time students who wish to pre-register as part-time should inform the Registrar's Office of their intention in order that a pre-registration packet may be set up. Students who do not make the advanced payment will not be permitted to pre-register. The notice will not be mailed to parents. The payment will be credited to the fall semester account and is non-refundable.

## Elections

Elections will be held Wednesday, Feb. 15 and Thursday, Feb. 16 to ratify the new proposed SGA Constitution and to elect a Freshman class senator.

## Departmental News

### History

A trip to Washington, D.C., sponsored by the History Dept. is set for April 8-9. Visits to the Capital and museums are planned with the possibility of a concert on the evening of the 9th.

Interested persons should contact the History Department. March 22 deadline.

### Art

Deborah Yelverton, an Art Education major from Eureka,

North Carolina, was recently honored by having one of her works selected for exhibit in the current Western Carolina University Photographic Competition. The exhibit, juried by Rob Amberg, will tour schools in the state for one year.

Yelverton's photograph, a study of large metal pipes, shows the artists interest in tonal variations caused by the reflection of the sun.

Happy Valentine's Day  
From The Collegiate Staff

## Campus Celebrities



One of the most recognized faces on campus is that of Dixie Gill, an employee of Atlantic Christian College. She works in the campus snack bar, and has done so for over ten years.

Dixie has a unique sense of humor that's hard to come by in her line of work. When asked what was the funniest incident she could remember, she answered, without a moment's hesitation, "People come in here, order, and get ready to pay, only to find they don't have any money. It happens all the time, to students as well as professors. It's embarrassing for them, so I always let them have it because I know they'll bring the money later."

Although Dixie enjoys her work, she does have a pet peeve. "The one thing that is most aggravating is to get an order completely ready, and then be told it's to go!"

Dixie is warm and entertaining, and she's willing to go to great lengths to be of help. She asks only one thing of those she comes in contact with, "If an order's to go, for heaven's sake say so!"

shall take five for one American dollar. Okay, four will do." I get rid of one vendor as I hurriedly go to the middle pyramid built by Cephren. I avoid the groups of camels and their drivers and the persistent vendors. Cephren's pyramid, with some outer casing left, looks like an escape haven from the vending mob. Not quite. I begin climbing to the entrance. I am met by a grubby Arab who skillfully pulls trinkets wrapped in old newspapers from his dusty ghalabayas. How they keep their wide sleeves from encompassing their goods as they sneakily extract them is something I shall never know. As I leap from stone to stone, the Arab keeps pace, unwrapping his wooden Ibis bird, made in Hong Kong, and giving his sales pitch. I can't climb to the entrance without being bothered.

I find safety inside, but as I return to the exterior I see the mass of vendors swarming. Why didn't the ancient Egyptians build tunnels to connect the tombs? They sure would be nice for the tourists.

Wow! Cheops' pyramid. It appears that the largest pyramid gets the most sellers. I am exhausted from fighting the swarm. I shake my head emphatically, say "no" to every Egyptian, and quickly walk with my head down to avoid their clamor. How can I see the majesty of the pyramids while looking down? I concentrate on what I am walking on and through. I shall have to clean my shoes again, damn it!

How large did Dorea say this pyramid is — thirteen acres? I move toward the pyramid yet this filthy but beautiful girl thinks I want her oranges. No

## Conversation

### With

### Doster

The Convocation Coordinating Council invites you to join in conversation with Dr. Doster on Tuesday, Feb. 14th, at 11 a.m. in the Old Gym. This occasion will give the students and faculty an opportunity to meet informally with Dr. Doster. Following his opening remarks, there will be a question and answer session.

## Greek News

Phi Mu sorority is proud to announce the initiation of five sisters into their bond. Congratulations to Terry Brohawn, Amy Lamm, Susan St. Clair, Donna Taylor, and Frances Wages. The sisters of Phi Mu would also like to wish all Greeks much luck in their Spring rush. The sorority will be selling flowers on Valentine's Day, Tuesday, from ten until four in Hamlin Student Center. Come and buy one for your girlfriend, boyfriend, best friend, roommate, or favorite teacher. If you want, the sisters will deliver the flower to any of the dorms, buildings, or fraternity houses at ACC.

## Pyramids, con't.

thank you — no tangelos either. I have no bacsheish.

I feel like I am in the wild country, fighting eager, persistent natives. I am worrying with them and not enjoying the beauty and impact of the pyramids. The pyramids which are shown in books and on postcards without this human and animal clutter. I remember pictures from many books, from encyclopedias to **The Pyramids and the Sphinx**, yet I do not recall grubby kids begging tourists for bacsheish, ink pens, or cigarettes, or the same grubby kids being whipped by the stone faced tourist police. I do not remember pictures with Egyptian men slyly unwrapping goods from newspapers or the rush of camels, donkeys, and Arabian horses carrying their yelling riders. How clever the photographers must be to make pictures without the swarm.

As I board the bus to leave, the Egyptians still follow. The tourist police gather around pushing away the sellers. At last I get in the bus and am free from the Arabs and their sales talks. The bus begins to move slowly through the crowd honking its horn, as is the illegal custom in Egypt, and swerving around the people. I get last glimpses and see many faces watching our bus. Some Egyptians are waving to us as if they know us as friends, others look dejected holding their unsold goods, and some are already turning to the next group of tourists. Behind all this cluster are the animals,

decorated like Christmas trees. After the animal clutter comes the pyramids.

I can say I have seen the pyramids and I have seen everything in front of them, beside them, and on them. When I reminisce, I shall probably remember the pyramids not as three structures in the middle of the desert with their majesty and strength, but as three rock formations built by the ancients and surrounded by these Egyptians. It will probably not be the pyramids that I remember, it will be what is around them — the people, yes, these Egyptians. Oh, well. My photographs will prove that I have been there. Maybe somewhere in a photograph I shall have a pyramid alone, without all this clutter. But the people make a country and I have seen the country and the people and I guess that is culture.

The bus is moving more quickly as it goes down the hill away from Giza. The last vendors are moving toward new tourists, and as the bus makes a turn, the pyramids go out of sight. So do the vendors. So do the camels and donkeys and Arabian horses and all the begging kids. I shall not worry about them any more. I have seen the pyramids and I can say I have been there. I can point to postcards and books and say, "Look, I was here." I can point to postcards and books and think that I was here amidst the buzzing swarm of vendors and camels and...

## Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor:

Some people may have thought that the Jaycee's Spirit Night was a success. However, I thought it was rather disgusting. I am not talking about the defeat that was dealt to the Bulldogs by the Campbell Camels. However, I am talking about the spirit that was portrayed by our clubs and organizations.

It seems that our Spirit Night is like a holiday which comes once a year. At this time students leave their dormitory and respective abodes to come and cheer the Bulldogs to victory. However, the students fail to realize that there is more than just one game to a season.

If every organization was to assemble and provide their support to the Bulldogs at every home game, the basketball program could possibly be upgraded. The vocal support could provide added incentive to the players that then be reflected in their won-lost record.

There is still one question that is left unanswered. Was the vocal support provided on Spirit Night directed toward the Bulldogs, or was the support voiced in order to gain notoriety for a particular club or organization?

I know that it is hard to come out and support a team that loses time after time, but in order to upgrade the basketball program, it is going to take a hundred percent effort by the team, coaches, and THE FANS! Support of your athletic teams can have a greater effect than most people realize. So let's get

off of our butts and help the Bulldogs finish in a respectable fashion.

In closing, I would like to congratulate the Jaycees for a fine job, and also congratulations go to the members of Phi Mu for their uncontented spirit, but we will be looking and listening for them for the remainder of the season.

Thank you,  
Mark Hodges

## The Collegiate

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