

EDITORIAL

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Recently the Collegiate was fortunate enough to be able to purchase three compugraphic machines that enables us to produce the Collegiate more convenient basis. Well, ever since then I have been asked at least thirty-six times a week, "how are the machines doing?" And my reply is always the same... "They're doing great!"

Since their arrival, these machines have affectionately become known as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. And mind you, these beauties cost us an arm and a leg. ZIT RESET zap SHIFT FONT CHANGE SET 5 4 3 2 1 TYPE.

The money was scraped up by means of a minor cut back in the staff's pay, amounting to the sum of \$16 thousand big ones. But being the loyal staff they are, they didn't mind.

ANYway, to get back to the point at hand, so many people had inquired about the machines that I held an open house last Tuesday night. The turnout was overwhelming. Even I hadn't expected the marauding hordes that turned up. But let me assure you that I did my best to show both of them all I know about the machines.

However, and this is the sad part, it was during this open house that some unorthodox person entered the room and commenced to sabotage our SHADRACH* MESHACH* and ABEDnego. Mind you* it wasn't my fault that he, she* or it got in and did a number on the BOYS. I was out of the room on one of my two three minute breaks I get between 6:00 p.m. and 5:00 a.m. I must of scared them off§ because when I got back.. there wasn't a soul around.

However, the mess that I found more than compensated for there not being anyone here. Shadrach's Justification light was burning bright, and meshach's overset buzzer was sounding off loud enough to wake the dead. And even the font button had been defonted. And poor. Abednego's corrosive liquids were gushing forth like a fountain all over the floor. I knew that action had to be taken quickly to prevent irreparable damage. So I* forced the hadlious meceramus up over the thing-a-ma-jig, and ripped out the wire tubing. then. as

I stuffed the gradue, slivers and all, back in the hole. After that, my job was completed. Once again, the machines were in production. Working Order. † # & " § § ÷ □ □ * 0 ? . . . t 6 = # 8 0 ' 9

there is indeed a need to keep these baby dolls unloved and key. And if I ever find out who it was in here that night, I will not behold responsibility for my actions? Believe me* when I am mad. no one better cross me; Just ask my faithful writer Pitch Marker, hell tell' you. what I'm like when I'm upset. Well, I'm just glad that I'm just glad Well, I'm just glad that I'm just glad that Well, I'm just glad that I'm just glad that I was able to fix it once and for all RUEGGY

OFF THE WALL

By MITCH PARKER

I often wondered why people don't come to Wilson on a weekend night for a good time. I know many people who go to Greenville to have a good time. Last Friday afternoon at about 5 p.m. I found out why. As a friend of mine and I walked out of my room which overlooks almost the entire AC campus (but then again everyone else's room overlooks AC campus) what to my wondering eyes did appear, nothing. The entire parking lot was empty, except for a few cars, probably the ones that were abandoned or the ones that wouldn't start. I mean this school has really turned into a "suitcase college". It is becoming so bad that the administration has considered changing some of the names of the dorms to such great names as "Samsonite" and "American Tourister". I can understand that some people have to go

home and work, or help out their family, or because their pet rock died. But when 4/5ths of the school leaves it can really get boring around here.

I asked a few students why they went home on weekends. Here are a few of the responses:

"I have to babysit my little sister." I asked how old her sister was and she said "sixteen" (Name withheld upon request.)

"My brother is getting married." Really, when? "August 23rd." (Forgot name)

"I have to do my HOMEwork." (Has no name.)

"Because" Because why, I asked. "Just because." (Lost name in poker game.)

Of all the reasons for going home, I heard only one reason that was legitimate. "I go home for some good food."

And that's the way it is, on January 25, 1979.

Student-watching

By Bill Haight
National On-Campus Report Editor

Ask any fraternity leader and he'll tell you, "Oh, the fraternity system changed back in the early '60's. There's no more hazing or racial bars and the emphasis is on scholarship and community service."

But anyone with a fleeting knowledge of fraternity life can see that those words are more PR or perhaps wishful thinking than they are reality. There's plenty of hazing as can be seen from the reports of hijinks that go wrong and end up the subject of a police, or possibly a

coroner's investigation (Hazing is strictly undercover now, of course). While there are no longer formal racial or ethnic qualifications for members, no one is likely to call the fraternity system a great melting pot. And as for the community service, frats always mobilized the brethren to sponsor a Christmas party for the underprivileged children or to go door-to-door for a worthwhile charity. Those commendable projects are an important part of fraternity life today, but they are often overshadowed by the widow's complaint that she had to sell her house and move away from the

campus because of the rowdy late-night parties on Greek Row. But this student watcher sees something happening. The higher echelons of the national fraternities are getting serious about the shortcomings of the system like they never have before. (They got serious in a panicky sort of way in the late sixties when frats fell out of vogue and membership was plummeting, but this new concern seems to be deeper.)

Last month in the magazine of one fraternity, the national president warned of the organi-

(Cont. on page 4)

Reflections of a Senior

by Chuck Wheeler

For more than three hundred people at Atlantic Christian College, the spring of 1979 represents their final semester. As a senior on the four-year plan, I have often reflected on the outcomes of past events which affected my fellow classmates and myself. The inevitable question upon graduation will be "Did ACC provide an opportunity for me to grow and hopefully become a functioning person in a sometimes turbulent society?" The answer depends on the individual effort made to be a part of the experiences offered at, and around, ACC.

Nearly four years ago, the class of 1979 invaded Wilson with hopes, dreams, aspirations and perhaps, uncertainty. Produced on by parental promises of "the good life," over 400 freshmen began an unforgettable experience. Along the way, some have dropped out and others have transferred. At the same time, new faces have been added on. Friendships have been won, lost, regained and separated. We sought unity through participation in campus events, student government, religious groups, sororities, fraternities, group projects, and athletics. Our accomplishment in closing in on the horizon is one to be proud of. Yet the horizon offers uncertainty. What will I do after graduation? Will I see my friends again? Will I like my job? Grad school? Where will I go? These are important questions which need attention. Their purpose is not to scare us, only to remind us of the world faced with the prospect of putting up with us after our final incubation period.

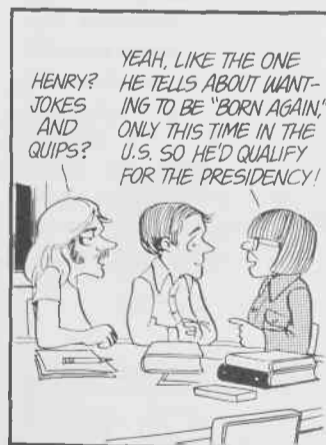
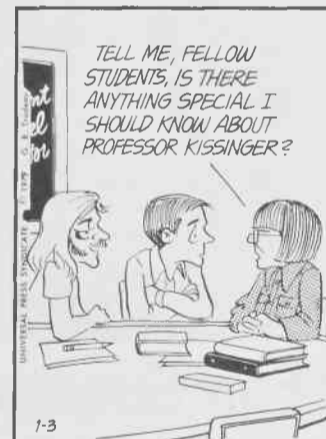
Our decision to attend college, particularly ACC, reflected two concerns. First, each person had to "find" their own identity. What would be our goals in life? The other significant worry regards acceptance. Would our identity be accepted or rejected by others? Since it is practically impossible for a loner to succeed in all facets of life, we sought love, friendship, and understanding. This includes satisfying social, intellectual, spiritual, emotional, and physical needs. Hopefully, we will continue to mature into respon-

sible citizens. The opportunities have been presented. It is up to us to take advantage of them.

In the future, I hope to touch on subjects of interest affecting our entire collegiate community. Looking back at changes made, I will attempt to evaluate ACC to see if we have changed for the better. Other tentative topics include the athletic program, endowments, the liberal arts philosophy, curriculum study, community involvement, and the future of ACC. Stick around, if you like, in the search for more enlightenment.

DOONESBURY

by Garry Trudeau



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