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HONOR AND THE HONOR SYSTEM.

Every social evil has its cause and effect, prevention and cure. Cheating is no exception to this rule. That the effects of cheating are fatal to the intellectual and moral growth of any school is an obvious but none the less tragic reality. And if this evil is to be eliminated in Atlantic Christian College or any other College, it must be approached in the light of its true causes.

What are the causes of cheating? Let us not confuse here the motives for cheating with its fundamental cause. There are as many different incentives to cheating as there are types of students who cheat. One student cheats because he is lazy and unambitious and merely wants to get by; another, because he is jealous of students who have more ability than he and feels that he must make up for this deficiency or drop out of the competition. Another lacks ability to pass his work otherwise; and still another cheats because he lacks self-confidence and ends by losing what is more dear—his self respect. It is my belief, however, that the large majority of students who cheat do so not because they lack ability, confidence, or cannot stand to be excelled, but simply because they have formed dishonest habits during their early school years which they have never given up, because they have not developed sufficiently morally to do so.

This last incentive, I believe, contains the real and fundamental cause of cheating—a lack of sufficient moral training and development of positive attitudes and habits of honesty. Many students who come to Atlantic Christian College and other colleges have cheated their way through high school and probably elementary grades also and perfectly naturally try to do the same thing in the higher institution. Why? Because they came, in many cases, from autocratic schools in which the teachers, instead of being personality specialists who aid their pupils in developing the art of democratic living and good citizenship, are autocrats who use negative means of discipline almost exclusively and act somewhat in the role of a policeman, whom the students take great pleasure in cooperating to outwit.

This brings us to the crux of the matter. If cheating is to be eliminated in this college, we must supplement external control with something more vital—and that something is inward control. Moral growth cannot be super-imposed from without or above; it must come from within. Our trouble is that there is not sufficient sentiment in Atlantic Christian College against cheating. We can erect all the honor systems we like, but they cannot succeed where there is not honor. We can pass all the laws we like, but no law can be successfully enforced if it is not supported by public opinion. If we are ever to prevent cheating in Atlantic Christian College, we must develop such attitudes and habits of honesty as will enable student opinion to be not tolerant, indifferent or merely mildly opposed, but thoroughly aroused against it. We must learn to resent even the slightest signs of intellectual dishonesty and consider it not only an insult to our personal honor but to the honor of our institution! We speak of school spirit, and decry a lack of it! What greater work is there for the school spirit of any school to accomplish than this! What achievement more vital and essential to the development of personality! What accomplishment more in harmony with the ideals for which our institution was established! One person cannot do it; a few persons cannot do it; but we must all work together if we outlaw cheating and make intellectual honesty a living and powerful tradition of this college! Other schools have done it, and we can too—if we only will!

Until the time, however, when student opinion is strong enough against cheating for effective enforcement of its laws, we cannot afford to be too stringent in our punishment of the occasional offender who is caught. We cannot justly make an example of one or two persons and impose the most severe punishment on them, when lax student opinion is allowing many others to go free. It is chiefly for this reason that those students who are already strongly opposed to cheating do not report the few students whom they catch. Sadly to say, at the present state of student opinion in our college, should the few persons sufficiently motivated against cheating to report the few persons they catch, and help to have them "shipped," such an action would have no other good results than to make a too severe and unfair example of the one or two caught, ostracize those students who reported them, and merely make the large number who continue to cheat more cautious and more clever in their methods.

In seeking to re-educate student opinion and build up mores against cheating, we must realize, first of all, that we are not dealing with general dishonesty, only, but with a specific type of dishonesty, and that there is not always a carry over between the different specific reactions falling under the same general head. A person may be neat in one habit and untidy in another. He may be scrupulously honest in regard to personal property and cheat with little or no sense of guilt. The theory of the carry over of formal discipline has proven as inadequate when applied to general habits and attitudes as it has with general fields of knowledge. Student opinion must be educated and directed against this specific form of dishonesty.

The school in its anti-cheating campaign must also seek to create better educational motivation and a truer sense of educational values. Much of the false scholastic motivation which helps to cause cheating can be attributed to the evils of our grading system which tends to over-emphasize competition and make grades an end instead of a means. Students must learn to measure educational values in terms of socialized and individualized growth rather than competitive grades, units of credit, and diplomas. They must learn that when one is mentally dishonest, he not only cheats others but himself also. It will remain difficult to furnish this proper motivation as long

as the educational activity of most of the schools of this country is organized around an academic curriculum rather than the growth and development of human beings; and it is true that the problems of lack of finance and low professional status of teachers, which do much to hinder a pupil-centered philosophy in the school, are hard ones to solve especially in a state like North Carolina which ranks only about 40th in its support of public education and would probably rank still lower did it not collect a sales tax on the necessities of the poor. And while we can hope only to do our small bit in working toward this general goal of the better financed pupil-centered school and its consequential elimination of many evils of the grading system with their incentive to cheating, we can hope to accomplish a great deal in improving scholastic motivation of that supposedly select group who attend college.

When student opinion has become strong enough to efficiently enforce measures against cheating, it will then be time to consider the comparative merits of different machinery of enforcement. The honor system is ideal, because its aim is the building up of group ideals through democratic self-government. So let us strive to acquire sufficient honor to make an honor system function successfully in this school!

When we have attained such a system, how shall we deal with offenders? As it is pre-supposed that under such a successful system, the majority of those who cheat will be caught and dealt with impartially, it is easier to conceive of a largely just treatment of such persons. Shall we condemn each offender as irreparably guilty and send him home on first offense?

No, I think not. How many persons have been saved from moral degeneracy by having someone talk to them kindly but firmly! How many persons have been pushed farther under by the bitterness which follows absolute condemnation! Social stigma and fear have saved few people. The prisoner finds that he has acquired a name which will be a handicap to him the rest of his life in any attempt to re-establish himself in society. A horse thief may be frightened at seeing another horse thief hanged, but it is seldom the case that this sight influences him other than to make him more careful in his profession and rare indeed that it inspires him with positive ideals of honesty and good citizenship. He is more likely to become even more bitterly opposed to all that makes for law and order. Rehabilitation is the spirit of the most modern and socialized theory of punishment, and no person should be "shipped" from school until all other attempts at reform have failed. To "ship" a person home from an educational institution is something like forcing a sinner to leave church. Both are, or should be, institutions of character development; and when either takes this action, it is severely indicting itself and admitting that it has in some degree, at least, failed. It is admitting its inability to cope with the situation. If educational institutions cannot solve this problem, in what can we trust to do so! Of course, there are a few persons sometimes in colleges who are such moral problems that they must be dealt with in more specialized institutions and for this reason should be sent home, but these are in the very small minority. We must remember too that when the more important and more fruitful work of prevention has been effectively accomplished, the problem of cure will be reduced to a minimum.

It is not claimed that the preceding arguments are flawless or infallible. They represent merely the opinion of one student. What are your opinions concerning cheating in Atlantic Christian College? And more important still, what are you going to do about it! We cannot set by passively and wait for student opinion to change; we must help to re-educate it. Are you willing to do your part?—EARL RHODES.

THE OLD SPIRIT.

There are many stories about the returning alumnus, who while walking over the old campus for the first time in years, spies out the familiar object of his own college days and suddenly feels that he is once again a student and that the years since his graduation are only the fabrications of his mind. Perhaps he is inspired by the sight of ivy covered walls, which are altogether appropriate and usual, or by the tolling of the old bell that has called undergraduates to class since the days of some esteemed benefactor who is an ideal of the young hopefuls now enrolled. The old graduate is overcome by his sentimental fancies and forgetting the dull hours of classes and examinations, the endless grind of the life after the newness was gone, digs deep in his pockets and lavishly contributes to his dear old Alma Mater.

Unfortunately we do not have any ivy covered walls. Neither do we have any tolling bells, nor any traditional campus landmark for that matter. It is true that we have buildings that are unchanging, trees that are the same, and even an old tower that suggests a touch of the sentiment one reads about in descriptions of Alma Mater. As a whole, however, our campus presents a picture of static lifelessness, marked off by ordinary gravel walks, and usually muddy at this time of the year. The buildings themselves are notable for their usefulness of design, their absolute lack of artistic contour, and especially for the air of "small college" which the very walls emanate.

A great deal of this is unavoidable, of course, but some steps could be taken to make our campus more beautiful, some permanent improvement that will impress the students who are in college and cause them to return to the familiar scenes of their college life with fond associations which the campus will recall. Our old pump, for instance, that once gave promise of becoming our most permanent landmark and tradition, is in a sad state of disrepair. The tube has been pulled from its foundation and the pump itself is bent and twisted so that it is hardly recognizable. The pump would be an ideal object for the sort of memories that one is supposed to hold of his college campus. A few dippers would add a homely touch and an overhanging limb (the tree could be planted) would make the campus pump worthy of a poem some fifty lines long in the best Longfellowian manner.

PROSPECTIVE STUDENTS

The college will soon be entertaining high school students at our third annual High School Basketball Tournament. Many of these high school basketball players are future college students and will be enrolled here next fall. A large number are undecided as to their choice of colleges, or whether they will go to any school after their graduation. Their reception here will determine the opinion they will hold of our school, so receive them well, show them the college, and talk to them about entering here next fall.

THE COLLEGE AUDITORIUM

The lack of an auditorium or any place for general assembly has brought on problems which few of us foresaw. In the past the daily chapel was considered a sort of unnecessary evil which consumed much of the time of the students. The announcement that this period would have to be discontinued was not met with any general protest.

We are finding, however, that the daily chapel is a necessary part of our college life, that without it the life of the students is tending to become static. In the college auditorium we listened to lectures, heard announcements of coming events, and in other ways kept a check on what was going on in our school. A great many of the extra curricular activities depended on the use of the auditorium. Many of these are necessarily inactive at the present. A meeting place for the literary societies is needed. Plans for the annual debate and a place to have it must be arranged.

In the meantime our chapel is permanently condemned. A new one must be built. The students can no doubt see the necessity of cooperating in every way with the college to carry on our activities under the present handicap.

Pipings of a Peeper

Slowly, I pick up my pen to continue the profession of the prominent peeper generations who have preceded me. The page, a pale mass of past life, glazes blankly retrograde with an appearance somewhat similar to the common expressions of the latter sea. The pen stands sentinel waiting patiently to serve the same as we who have not as yet reached the destination of scholars. Almost unattended the pen leaves its post and staggers uncertainly across the page leaving grotesque shadows in its wake. These shadows which darken the page are mere darts as compared to thoughts that course through some fairer mind. In mill-harsh, uncessant words are formed which stand out on the page as the crosses of the pagans dot the hill-side, and history is born.

Haunt! ? !
I awoke with thunder in my ears and fear in my heart. I was startled at the thought of a thunder-storm. My soul quaked with fear as I burrowed into the inner folds of my blankets. True, I had slept through several classes; but was this any reason why the Lord should send a flash of the elements to appease his wrath? "Little Peeper, you're a goner now," thought I. Bang! The house shook violently and two "pep" bottles leaped to their doom from atop the bureau. I got up and ran to the window to see what was happening without—Holy Horschick! The sun was shining. I grabbed my books in one hand and rushed into the study room. My mouth flew open like a smokehouse door. Leon was crunched with a fly swatter in his hand. His hair was a disheveled mass and his eyes were red from the last of battle.

He fastened his bloody orbs on a fly atop the mulligan bottle and stalked, ate like, the aforementioned insect. Back came the swatter—Bang! The table toppled to the floor scattering books and spicing stories and burying the deceased beneath an avalanche of papers. Leon took out his knife and cut a notch on the handle of the swatter. Continuing the conquest, Leon patrolled the room, ever alert for the next victim. He passed before the calendar. There he was on No. 13, fast asleep. Leon cocked his gun—Snap!

The fly flapped his wings and flew away with a perturbed expression on his face.
Unnoticed I returned to my bed which tossed me about like a chip on the high seas. I lay there approximately an hour thinking how utterly helpless man was in his efforts to survive. Finally, I came to the conclusion that men were parasites living at the expense of their neighbors and that they are not mortal but mechanical puppets impressed into motion by the more superficial weaker sex.

As suddenly as the storm had come it ceased. Well, thought I, the conquest has ended. I heard departing footsteps in the hall which abruptly ended as the clang of an ice truck pierced my puffed brain. I crawled from my bed, a little seasick, thinking how utterly foolish I was for an ice truck to make so much noise. Ice trucks are a nuisance, thought I. Bloody ice truck I'll buy all of them and burn them. Then the ice will melt and they won't run and make any more noise.

I threw on my robe and started for the room beyond the study room to wash my face. On my way I passed and surveyed the scene of the aforementioned battle. There on the floor lay the swatter. Four notches marred the handle. There beside the weapon lay the four victims. Their souls had probably passed on to the country beyond and were preying on some of Leon's ancestors. 'Tis tragic, I mused, continuing my journey.

POP UPS

If there is a follower of William Faulkner on our campus he has an excellent plot for his story in the recent Caledonia Prison break. He can imagine that he was one of the persons kidnapped by the escaping prisoners and write an account of the wild two hundred mile ride before he was told to "get out and go." It would probably be convenient to have the fugitives commit a few murders and for the writer to go insane in the closing chapters. It could be written in a style something like this:

We drove down the road until we came to a filling station that was sitting a little back from the road, in a group of dead oak trees. The one called Spot said, "We better stop here and gas up before we hit the through road." I was sitting crouched down in the back seat. The sandy haired man had his gun in my stomach. They pulled up beside the pumps and the one sitting beside the driver got out and walked in the station. There was a shot and the sandy haired man said, "Christ he shouldn't have done that and now you have played hell." To him as he walked out with a roll of bills in his hands and started working the pump backward and forward and the red gas started spurting downwards.

This would take care of one of the murders (with apologies to any one who is considering writing all this into a novel).

Still on the subject of writing, it is amusing to read some of the masterpieces of a century or two ago. Carry the style a little bit farther, add a modern touch, and it is suddenly grotesque. Samuel Richardson's "Clarissa's Flight", for instance.

Harlowe Place, Feb. 15.
I beg your humble pardon for not writing sooner! Alas, alas, my future is most unrosy! My dear sister, the wretch, and my dear brother, the cheat, are at this very moment scheming my utter downfall! I assure you, dearest friend, that I am faced with problems which are weighty beyond description. Oh emphatically so!

On my arrival a few hours ago I was met by my drunken father, who was waiting for me at the station with his shot gun, and who quite un-

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"QUALITY WITHOUT EXTRAVAGANCE"

reasonably demands that I marry the awful Mr. X, who, dearest friend, you have heard much of in a manner which I fear was not altogether complimentary, coming from my own ever-frank pen. (I weep for my fate.) Even now the church bells are chiming for my wedding—tolling, I should say, my funeral dirge.

Your ever affectionate friend,
Cl. Harlowe.
Of course the above is a failure. It couldn't possibly be as funny (or as it is funny at all) as the gushings of the original Harlowe. Each letter makes up a chapter in the book, which is supposed to be supremely tragic in places. The total impression on the modern reader is that Clarissa should either associate with a few bright grammar school girls or else hang herself to the bed post with a coil of her no-doubt feminine tresses.

Your argument that this book was written two hundred years ago is good, of course, but the capers of Clarissa are inevitably ridiculous to anyone living today.

All this goes to remind me of a picture I saw in a popular magazine recently. There was a pale moon riding low over a mass of pearl-colored clouds, reflecting thousands of mirrored points of light on the glass-smooth lake. Two lovers were sitting on the beach, darkly silhouetted, almost one figure. Under the picture was the line, "I love you, kid."

MRS. J. M. WATERS SURPRISES SOCIETY AND FRATERNITY WITH PARTY

At a joint meeting of the Phi Sigma Tau sorority and Sigma Alpha Fraternity held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Waters, sponsors, a delightful party took the place of usual business matters. Bingo tables were set up, and after the game, prizes were awarded to Mae Mercer Harrell, Leon Roebuck, and Ralph Whitfield.

Later in the evening Mrs. Waters invited her guests into the dining room decorated for the Valentine season. There she served a delicious ice course.

MAE MERCER HARRELL ELECTED NEW PRESIDENT OF PHI SIGMA TAU SOCIETY

Recently, the Phi Sigma Tau Sorority elected its second group of officers for this year. They are as follows: Mae Mercer Harrell, President; Rebecca Carter, Vice-President; Dare Barnhill, Treasurer; Lou Ellen Perry, Secretary.

The allotted number of fifteen members for the sisterhood was attained when Dare Barnhill was initiated. However, four will graduate this year, and bids will be issued at the end of the school year to four girls who measure up to the standards of this Sorority.

Intra-Mural Sports

Boys

The Juniors defeated the Frosh by a score of 12 to 4. Hardison and Laing accounted for the freshman scores.

The Seniors were the second to take the measure of the lowly Frosh this time to the tune of 18-10. Whitfield with 14 points was high scorer for the seniors.

The Sophs again trimmed the Frosh 48-15. Holmes with 29 points led the Sophs scoring.

The Powerful Soph quintet laid low the Seniors in a one-sided contest 42-13. Holmes, ace forward for the Sophs ran wild, scoring 21 points, almost equalling his record 29 points made against the Frosh.

Summary:

Seniors (12)	(4) Frosh
Dixon, 2	Moitern
Johnson, 2	Taylor
Edwards, 2	Hardison, 2
Moye, 1	Laing, 2
Cogleton, 4	Conyers

Seniors (18)	(10) Frosh
Adams, 2	Hardison, 2
Wintstead, 4	Moye, 2
Jackson, 1	Laing, 3
Barnhill, 11	Hugh, 2
Whitfield, 11	Warren, 3

Sophs (48)	(15) Frosh
Holmes, 29	Hugh, 3
Dodd, 19	Hugh, 1
Hudson, 8	Hood, 5
McColl, 1	Moitern, 4
Lee, 1	Warren, 5

Girls

The town Frosh bested the Dorm Frosh 23-17. Holliday was high scorer for the town girls with 18 points.

Sigma Tau Chi gained a hard fought victory over Phi Sigma Tau 22-15. Coyle with 8 points led the winners while Cox also with 8 led the losers.

Dorm Frosh took a 22-11 decision over the Junior-Sophomore girls. Brantley with 11 points was high scorer.

Town Frosh won their second game by trimming the Delta Sigma sextet 22-15. Adams with 23 points led the Town girls.

Delta Sigma lost a close contest to Phi Sigma Tau by a 21-27 count. Cox with 16 points, and Willis with 14 shared the scoring honors.

Town Frosh handed a blistering defeat to the Phi Sigma Tau sextet. Holliday with 28 points led the Town girls. Cox with 18 set the pace for the Greek letter jasses.

AMONG THE COLLEGES

STATE COLLEGE

"Simpson persuades—West tempts," stated the affirmative, in a farce forensic Ag Club debate at the Y. M. C. A. Wednesday night, as it undertook to prove how Wally Simpson's interest in horticulture and checkers enabled him to "jump two men and get a king."

But dissecting the witty quips of the affirmed team proved to an hilarious audience that "Mrs. Simpson couldn't get along with two husbands, but Mae West could get along with everybody's husband."

The negative team, composed of Joe Pou and M. L. McLaughlin, convinced a doubtful affirmative that "Mae West is more popular in the United States than Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson, friend and counselor to the former King of England."

The entertainment was produced by the Ag Club members to benefit flood sufferers.

DAVIDSON COLLEGE

Dear Editor:
We would like to tell you why we are for the R. O. T. C. at Davidson. There is nothing that the College needs so much—not equipment, books, buildings, courses, or professors—as an R. O. T. C. unit to establish us as a liberal arts school.

We are for the R. O. T. C. because it makes the boys look so nice. There's nothing like a uniform to give that snappy look. R. O. T. C. makes the boys stand up straight and say, "Yes, Sir." And isn't that swell?

We are for the R. O. T. C. because it teaches boys what war is like. In the R. O. T. C. they learn to march in columns, to do right face, and the manual of arms. They have dress parades and play around with machine guns, and thus learn about war.

We also favor the R. O. T. C. because it teaches men to hate war. In our rifle range we learn accuracy and steadiness, and out of this experience we will develop not only a hate of war but of everything military.

The R. O. T. C. is also a fine thing for the campus socially. Periodically we could select honorary colonels from the weaker sex. Then Scabbard and Blade has its military ball at which they wear their uniforms. This will be a good thing because it will make the girls hate war, too; for women in their deep love of truth will see through the superficiality of the dances, and honors, and nice clothes, and realize the horrible truth beneath it all.

Davidson Peace League.
(Courtesy of New Mexico Lobos)

L. HARDY MILLIS PUBLISHES POEMS

Mr. L. Hardy Millis, graduate of Atlantic Christian College, recently published his first contribution to the poetic world. He wrote and edited a pamphlet of poems titled "Straws in the Wind."

Mr. Millis began his college work at Elon and came to Atlantic Christian College to finish in the summer school of 1933. Today he is editor of the "Onslow School News," which is published at Marines, N. C. He is also one of the successful farmers of that section.

For a long time Mr. Millis has been interested in literary work and "Straws in the Wind" is his first contribution to this field. His title poem, "Straws in the Wind," follows:

STRAWS IN THE WIND

See! Yonder, snow capped mountain-peaks,
Boggy dales, islands, and oceans—
each
Marking a distinct step in the trail
of time,
Crouched on yonder mountain-side,
in the
Grandeur of art and architecture,
sits the city
Which portrays the most recent
dreams of man.
Its lawns and parks, the haunts of
men and
Maidens, play a large role in shaping
The course of future progress.
The country-side vies with cities' comforts
And supplies the oven's wants.
Great! Yes; Thermopylae, Hastings,
and Waterloo,
Plato, Cleero, Charlemagne, Luther,
and Napoleon;
Who, with their contemporaries,
made the world
A veritable book shop. Their successors have
Served as custodians to rebind the
worn-out and
Trite. Pyramids, palaces, temples,
and walls
Perpetuate the building arts; while
automobiles,
Airplanes, radios, and talkies are
proof of the
Presence of a genius thought-wave
which is only
Another "straw in the wind."