

Gems of Happiness

"Ah but a man's reach should exceed his grasp
Or what's a heaven for? —Browning

"If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" —Shelley

The pleasure seeker is not the pleasure finder; those are
the happiest men who think least about happiness.

F. C. Sharp

All human history attests
That happiness for man—the hungry sinner!—
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner.
Byron "Don Juan"

Are You Bored, Brother?

Recently in Howard Chapel the World Federalists group sponsored a program that showed a movie to the student body. From all reports, this movie was received with a great deal of enthusiasm on the part of everyone who attended. It can be admitted that everyone who saw the movie might not agree with the view it presented, but do doubt all feel that it was an interesting variation to a monotonous and sometimes boring stream of chapel programs. The people who guide our lives along the right channels at times become disturbed about our manners in chapel. One of the most noticeable features about the audience-atmosphere on the particular day the movie was shown was the absence of an undertone of mumbling and scuffling of feet. This can be attributed to one thing, the audience was interested.

Rather than let the new 16mm picture machine, which the college has recently purchased, collect dust, why not put it to a better use? This visual aid could be used to an advantage not only as an aid to our educational program but for entertainment as well.

There are many movie-leasing companies all over the country who make a business of renting out all kinds of movies to colleges and universities. If a special fund for obtaining these movies could be set aside, we would have opened another gate of advancement in our attempt to catch up with the rest of the modern world. If provisions for such a fund could not be made, then why not use a portion of the money spent on concerts and lectures? When "Mr. Birdbrain" speaks on the vanishing species of a rare Indonesian sparrow, most people either do not attend or comfortably snooze through the ordeal. Perhaps this is an extreme illustration, but it goes without saying that there always exists a certain element which the aforementioned medium of education and entertainment does not reach. The movies have become an overall medium of reaching people of varied interests.

It would be reasonable to assume that a Shakespearean play, shorts of educational interest, sports movies, or travel talks would draw a greater majority of the student body than at present attends our concert series. We are speaking here not of reducing the number of concerts and lectures that we now have, but rather of spicing the program with interesting films.

Many students who are forced to remain at the college during week ends say that it is not conducive in the least to interest of any sort. Of course, couples can wear out the old reliable of holding hands in the parlors, but even this form of diversification can be stretched to the breaking point. Even such a small thing as a movie shown in the chapel could help brighten some of the dreary week ends and keep Jane from asking Joe, "Are you bored, brother?"

The Man Who Didn't Vote

It was election day at the college. The candidates for the coveted offices had been put up by the various interested parties. The characters of Joe College and Susie Coed were being aired in the public forum as to the number of times He or She in question for said office had chosen to speak or ignore. Mr. Voter was the center of attention. At that time this same Mr. Voter was interested. He knew whom he wanted to fill the office and rather liked being the center of attention and having people cater to him for a change. Here was his chance to break "the machine", and he knew it. For a while he kept his enthusiasm. Time wore on. Finally came election day and his big chance to do something about his hitherto burning desires. Then all of a sudden, something in his nature caused him to pull a "Hamlet". It happened that on election day Mary Vampitious came along, blinked her big red eyes, Mr. Voter's resistance wilted, and it naturally followed that the last time seen, they were headed due West for an afternoon of Roy Swoon playing in "Love's Bitter Mystery". Mr. Voter had truly laid sound proof for T. S. Eliot's hypothesis that "modern man begins with a bang and goes out with a fizzle". Returning from the movie, he found that the election had gone the wrong way. "Why don't people assume their responsibility and vote?" was the natural question that came from his lips. He was not responsible in the least because his one meager vote didn't count. Mr. Voter thought that he was smart in his deduction. Too bad that he could not see the ironic hue of his statement. This is the story of the man who didn't vote. Is it your story, too?

In the recently held elections, about one-half, at most, of the student body turned out to vote. Yet, of this number who did not vote, it would be safe to assume that over half will not be satisfied with the outcome. In any piece of writing, it is nearly always thought that to steer away from the didactic is to stay on safe ground. For this one time, may we break the rule and say that it is the duty of every student of our college to vote? To realize just how important this right to choose by voting is to each of us, we need only to have it taken away. It is a much cherished liberty that we all need to exercise, for we are at present citizens of a college who will later become citizens of society. If we learn to exercise the vote now, it stands to reason that we will be better qualified to use it later. At times many of us are prone to criticize our college for a lack of school spirit. Taking into view what happened in the last election, we might aptly say to each other that the fault has not in our college, but in ourselves, that we have no school spirit.

Christmas Spirit

By PAT HALEY

Packages that rattle mysteriously, beautiful ornaments and colored lights, Christmas carols that never grow tiresome—all go to make up that most celebrated time of the year—Christmas. What presents to give to whom becomes the uppermost question in our minds. Every one is home-ward bound, Home—that paradise that we now get to see so seldom. Every one seems just a little more generous, a little kinder, a little happier. It is the time of year when children miraculously become angels over night, and expressions of awe and delight cover their little innocent faces.

Even though it is true that Christmas is for children, it isn't exclusively for them. People sometimes say that they haven't really had the Christmas spirit since they stopped believing in Santa Claus. Is the happiness that comes to children from getting things really the true, the only Christmas spirit? Have you ever felt a small feeling of spiritual contentment at Christmas, or any other time that came when you gave—when you made a small sacrifice to give instead of to receive?

Let us again think of the time when the shepherds saw an angel, and the wise men followed a star; they traveled many miles to see the Baby Jesus, and to give Him presents out of pure love and tenderness of heart. This was the first and the original Christmas spirit. Could we in some way capture that feeling—feel within ourselves some of the joy that came to those men? It was not a selfish nor a physical joy. It was the essence of spiritual happiness. Why couldn't we, at this time of year forget ourselves and think of others? He who was born on this evil earth, to live and die unselfishly for us, God's own Son, whose birth we celebrate, can be with us if we will but open our hearts and minds to Him.

As we again live through another of the glorious Yule-tide seasons, for the Christmas spirit, let us remember that Christmas is a time for love, fellowship, and giving. It is not the expense of a gift but the feeling behind it that counts.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will to men."

Poet's Column

LONLINESS

By BERRY VAUSE

Lonliness:
The pursuer
The companion
The lover
Devil and guide
Of so many endless days and nights.
Tonight
You creep
Upon my bed
And keep my eyes ajar
When sleep and rest are needed.
And tomorrow
Unless I take great care
You will snap forth
On the whips of cross, sharp words:
Or pool my eyes while pride dams your flow.
And yet
I must remember—
It was your hand that guided
Me out into the night on long walks
Where I learned the language of stars and strollers.
And because of you
I have learned many languages
That speak and make my world for me.
Maybe tonight or on some night to come
I shall learn the language of my soul.

SCHOOL MEMORIES

By J. R. GRADY

Graduate, 1929

As memories dingle
Down the days of yore,
I think of the days
And the carefree ways,
At old A. C. C.'s door.
The college was small
But it gave to all
Some solid direction
That will not fail.
If we heed the advice
Of what we rede told;
We'll find that life
Is great, as a whole.

Immaculate Page

By Sam Goldstein

Stuart's desk getting dusty. His books, unopened, sprawled on top. And inside, everything he ever wrote.

Stuart's dead. It's still hard to believe. But it's true, all right. And only twenty. Don't ask me why; I don't know—and I was his friend, his best friend.

He used to write things down in his ledger. Poems, stories and stuff. First page—a sentence by someone called Wolfe. All about beauty or something like that. Not bad, and pretty. Wonder why he copied it? He was always writing something or other. Either that or at his books. Stuart was a bookworm if there ever was one. I don't think his poems were so hot. Like this one:

Here then is the white immaculate page
Blue ink within the pen,
And time to alter the original whiteness
Since the pen is guided by the mind
And destined to alter with oershining lines.

He was good at using words. Always used such big ones. But he was a real good guy anyway. You couldn't help liking him. He was smarter, but he made you do most of the talking. And he looked interested:

Here then is the pen upon the sheet—
Flying fingers traverse the field,
And slowly, ever slowly come the words.

To transform, shape, mold space
Into meaning and time into sea.
Sometimes I'd get mad and start swearing. I'd ask him to go to the show or a dance or something like that. He'd smile and go back to his book. Everytime I'd swear, he'd get red in the face. Not angry, just red. And I'd leave, feeling sorry for him:

Here then is the idea entrenched
Within the lines and words,
And ideas laid bare reveal the writer's mind.

Until all who care to penetrate
And judge meaning and time as one.
I guess Stuart was a strange bird. It was hard to understand the way he talked at times. You knew that he'd eventually be a professor like he wanted. But why was he always asking how you felt about death and God and stuff like that? Most guys wanted to talk about girls and that kind of thing. But not Stuart. And I always felt sorry because he didn't—I could have fixed him up:

Here then are blue and white inter-sperred,
Life molded in phrases, words—
Immaculate page? Perhaps—and yet,
The color is changed through
Medium of pen and mind and fingers.

All Stuart had to do was ask about a girl. But he never did. Renee always talked about him. She liked him. I really meant to tell him about her, but I didn't. I know it's silly, but when I was around Stuart, I couldn't talk about sex and Renee and what the score was. I didn't want to. You know what I mean—not to Stuart, not to innocent Stuart:

Here then is the wasted, crumpled sheet,
Pen immobile upon the desk,
Mind wandering through jungle of schemes.

Searching along the road that is life
Time ticking along a weary path.
I asked him once if he wanted to be a writer. He said he'd like to get his work published, but that he probably never would. He said something about not having lived, really lived. I asked him what the use of all the writing was for. And he said some crazy thing about release and getting clearer when he wrote them down. Stuart was a strange bird:

Here then is the white, immaculate page,
Blue ink within the pen,
Ready fingers to pierce the downy splendor.

Mind active and racing madly,
With new thoughts throbbing within.
Stuart wasn't bad looking either. He could have had the prettiest of them. But he's dead. I don't think anyone will ever know why such a smart guy took poison. I don't know—and I was his best friend:

How can the page retain its whiteness
Despite the ink and pen and mind?
Life has blackened this page,
Withered the mind, once fresh,
With lurid thoughts of emotional heights.

Dirty page upon the desk,
Wild heart pounding with exotic joy,
Lead mind upon the reader's eye—
These are the too real moments of time.
While the muddy creeks are the page,
Yes, he was a strange bird. But I liked him.

Editor's note: Reprinted from "The Skyline" of Western Reserve University.

Through the Knothole

Bob Clark

Heard on the campus: Fred Boyce, "I am a man of few words. Do you pet?" Dot Rawls, "No, but you talked me into it." Dealer, "How do you like your new radio set?" Dr. Hilley, "The music is fine but the light is to dim to read by." Bob Jones, "Dr. Hamlin, why didn't I receive a perfect mark on this test paper?" Dr. Hamlin, "Perhaps you remember one of the questions, the one that read, 'Why did the pioneers go into the wilderness?' Your answer, while very interesting, was not correct." Steve, "I may not have all the money that Jim possesses. I may not have a fine car like Jim, but I love you." Betty, "I love you too, but where is this guy Jim?"

..... Said an ape as he swung from a tree, to his child who was scratching a flea, "From your offspring, fear may evolve my dear, a student at ole A. C. C."

..... It seems that the majority of Atlantic Christian College students admire our good friend Milton. Not just Milton, but his philosophy. They find Milton's thoughts as portrayed in his sonnets to be the greatest ever written. To find the greatest pattern for campus sport, it our students love "Sonnet on His Blindness". The greatest lines that Milton ever wrote are not found in the beginning of this composition but in the latter lines. With the exception of 15 students, the student body truly express Milton's theory, "They also serve who only stand and wait." The Christmas formal had been arranged for Friday night. It was to be held at the Wilson Armory. Zolly and Jean had worked themselves to a nub trying to perfect each detail. Then Thursday, the day before the dance, arrived and the Armory, a barn, cold, and dirty, had to be transformed into a memorial auditorium—with all the trimmings. Miss Strother, swell gal, set out to muster the hundreds who were asked to help with the decorating. Pine trees, six feet high must be cut and brought to the armory. Now there wasn't just one tree needed but twenty five. The stage was to be made attractive with bright crepe paper. One must hold the ladder while another could climb up and place tacks. Dim blue lights must replace bright ones. The coke bar must be made to look like the "Kitty Hawk Tavern". This was on Jean's and Zolly's minds as they asked for help in chapel when we voted to have one big dance instead of several small ones. As aid was solicited, each person only STOOD. You students WAITED and enjoyed the dance. I say you students because 15 out of 600 is no representation. Our Social Committee had something in common with the Russian school teacher. Someone just kept them from jumping. Sure we all enjoyed the dance, all but the ones who helped on Thursday and Friday. They were too tired to shake a leg much less "intermission". And too, Zolly and Jean were forced to watch the door, pay the orchestra, and keep those blessed little reindeer from falling down. We understand that scotch tape is off the list for good. Hats off to you who helped. Orchids to the Social Committee and a word to the students. It takes a heap of working to make a dance a dance. Miss Mary Johnson, faculty member of the music department of A. C. C. in 1946-47 is to be married in December. Word has it that Miss Mickey Moore, Spanish professor summer school 1945-46, 47-48 will marry into the math department of Farmville High School on December 27, at the First Christian Church of Wilson. To add another to this list I'll mention Miss Susan Vick, Spanish Professor. and, of course, Dean Murray who will be married this Sunday afternoon in Lucama. Only three young ladies tried out for the part of the principal female lead in the Christmas play. We guess that the others were too involved with their boy friends to attend rehearsals. Here are a few definitions in the new Webster's Dictionary. Bubble bath: There's no place like foam. Consideration: A woman who shoots her husband with a bow and arrow because she doesn't want to wake the children. Good manners: The noise you don't make when eating soup. Love: One darn thing after another. Marriage: A public confession of a strictly private intention. Parrot: Only living creature with power of speech content to repeat just what it hears without trying to make a good story of it. Wolf: A fellow who takes out a sweater girl and tries to pull the wool over her eyes. Sympathy: Two hearts tugging at the same load. Have you ever seen a man with a half hair cut? Well, we did. He is on the campus. Look for him. A move has been started by the men's dormitory council to establish an infirmary for men, on the campus. This is badly needed. If this plan is put into effect maybe we won't be forced to take an aspirin for a case of dandruff.

The Coed and The Guy

By CHARLIE JOYNER

(Reprinted from the Tarnation)

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the coed to the guy;
"The prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy;
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to show when you are there."
"O no, no," said the freshman, "to ask is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can never come down the same."
"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with being up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the coed to the guy.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine and tight
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in."
"O no, no," said the freshman, "for I've often heard it said,
They never, never lie again, who lay upon your bed."
To prove the running coed to the guy, "Dear friend, what shall I do,
I have within my pantry good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome; will you please to take a slice?"
"O no, no," said the freshman, "kind miss, that cannot be;
I've heard what's in your pantry and I do not wish to see."
"Sweet creature!" said the coed, "you're witty and you're wise,
(How handsome is your jewelled pin, how glassy are your eyes!)
I have a little bitters-glass upon my pantry shelf,
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall help yourself."
"I thank you gentle miss," he said, "but I think we both are tight,
And bidding you good evening now, I'll call another night."
The coed turned her round and went into her den,
For well she knew the silly guy would soon be back again:
So she wore her subtle web and in a corner sly,
She made her toilet ready, to dine out with the guy.
Then she came to her door again, and merrily did sing:
"Come hither, hither, little man, with the pearl and silver pin;
Your roadster's blue and cream and there's a crest upon your shirt;
That sparkles like the diamond bright, but my pin's dull as dirt."
Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little guy,
Hearing her wily flattering words, came slowly cruising by.
With ponding heart he hung around, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her loveliness her lipstick's inebriate hue;
She lured him up her winding stair, into her dusky den,
Within her little parlor; he came out without his pin!
And, now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed:
Unto conniving coeds close heart, and ear, and eye,
"Til you've decided for yourself—Was it worth it to the guy?"

The Collegiate

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