

### Good-by

As the hour of graduation approaches, memories rush in when I pause to think back over my years here. It is hard to believe that there were fewer boys here when I came as a freshman than now make up one fraternity—twenty-seven to be exact.

I was one of the many boys to leave school after one year to enter the armed forces. After sight-seeing on the islands and in Japan, I returned to ACC to find many fellow-service men. The student body had doubled.

When I returned, plans were being made for the construction of two new buildings for the college. As I leave to join the ranks of alumni, I see a dream come true. The new girls' dormitory has been completed, and the library is nearing completion.

But, Atlantic Christian College has meant more than material value to us seniors as we graduate. With us we shall take a little of the "Light of Life" that our school stands for.

AC means much to me because of the closeness and fellowship of the student body and the faculty members. There is a spirit of friendliness here not to be found at any other school. The contacts of friendship that I have made during my college career will be life-long I am sure.

From the graduates of Atlantic Christian, I can think of many who have distinguished themselves through significant service and notable leadership. Numbered among the alumni are outstanding college presidents, ministers, professors, physicians, lawyers, teachers, bankers, and business men and women. In concluding our enjoyable college days together, I would like to say to the departing seniors, may each of you be successful in the field you enter.

David Bridgers  
Senior Class President

### Curtain Call

As the curtain falls on another episode of life for the seniors of Atlantic Christian college, we bid farewell to some of the best American citizens to be found anywhere. This ends a drama that destined the paths down which these young men and women will travel in years to come.

Seniors, we have watched you these years with eager eyes approach one of the saddest, yet happiest moments of your lives. Yes, you are leaving behind old friends that you have stood by through thick and thin, but they will remain in your memory. You shan't forget them nor will they forget you! You have played your part well! Your character portrayal was one that no one will ever forget. You built your settings and painted them with beautiful colors. Your beautiful designs of life will go down in the history of Atlantic Christian — that stage where you played your master role. Sometimes the scenes were hard, but you put your whole soul into it and came out on top. It was a drama of laughter, sadness, conflict — a drama in four acts — a drama well written by those who played it. Some of your scenes played upon the heart strings of the audience, some boomed at, yet loved because without their roles the play would not be complete. Your cast was well chosen!

Now what is that we hear? The final phrases are striking our ears. The music in the background is beginning to swell. It gets louder and louder! The curtain is descending! Listen to the thunderous applause! The audience is cheering as the curtain opens again for your curtain call. You bow. A person comes up from the audience and hands each of you a bouquet of beautiful roses — no, it's a diploma. Congratulations, seniors!

### Words to the Wise

I'm sure no human heart goes wrong  
That's told "Good-by, God bless you!"

Eugene Field

We have no dearer word for our heart's friend,  
For him who journeys to the world's far end,  
And scars our soul with going; thus we say,  
As unto him who steps but o'er the way—  
"Good-by."

Grace Denio Litchfield

If you are tempted to reveal  
A tale to you someone has told  
About another, make it pass,  
Before you speak, three gates of gold:  
These narrow gates. First, "Is it true?"  
Then, "Is it needful?" In your mind  
Give truthful answer. And the next  
Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"  
And if to reach your lips at last  
It passes through these gateways three,  
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear  
What the result of speech may be.

Beth Day

## The Collegiate

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## Proscenium Procession

Make and Script Club presented George Bernard Shaw's "Candida" on the stage of Howard Chapel on Wednesday and Thursday nights, May 17 and 18, before large and appreciative audiences.

In the title role, Virginia Hauser, of Winston-Salem, gave a warm and mature interpretation of the minister's wife who must choose between her complacent but dependent husband and the young poet who understands her. Miss Hauser, who was seen earlier this year as the comedienne in "The Lovely Miracle", has worked previously with the Winston-Salem Little Theatre, the Parkway Playhouse at Hurnsville, and the Priscilla Beach Theatre at Plymouth, Massachusetts. Miss Hauser, a sophomore at the college, established herself in "Candida" as a talented and sensitive interpreter of subtle character.

The role of Candida's husband, the Reverend James Morrell, was intelligently and ably played by Jack Overman, president of Stage and Script and veteran of the college-stage. Mr. Overman is remembered for his excellent portrayal of Tom in "The Glass Menagerie" last year. This year he has appeared as the Duke in "Twelfth Night" and as an artist in "Lady of the Mists". Fred Boyce, as the sensitive young poet, caught the fine shades of meaning in a character whose fundamental strength becomes apparent as the play unfolds. Mr. Boyce, sophomore from Grimesland, appeared last year as Octavius in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street", and this year as Sir Andrew Aguecheek in "Twelfth Night" and as the artist in "Lady of the Mists". He has done all types of stage work, including stage-designing, scenery-construction, directing, and stage-managing.

Comedy was entertainingly provided by Norwood Dunn as Candida's father, Mr. Burgess, a man of sixty "made coarse and sordid by the compulsory selfishness of petty commerce, and later softened into sluggish humplousness." Mr. Dunn, junior from Selma, delighted audience last fall as Sir Toby Belch in "Twelfth Night".

Proctor Hardison, of Kinston,

played the part of the curate, the Reverend Alexander Mill, dog-like admirer of the Reverend Morrell. Mr. Hardison added a touch of humor to the play in his fine characterization. He was also in charge of the unusually effective setting for the production.

Neil Mitchell, of Jacksonville, appeared for the first time on the college-stage as Proserpine Garnett, the minister's secretary. Her port quickness contributed much to the humor of the presentation.

Laurice Daniels, of Atlantic, was stage manager for this production. Working with Mr. Daniels were Fred Grady and Edwin Alston on lights; Beth Bisette on costumes; Jack Holton and Hill Waters on properties. Others who assisted with the set were Catherine Brown, Durward Tyson, Joseph Tapp, James Hardison, and Curtis Phipps. Make-up was done by Bernelle White, Nancy Johnston, Fred Boyce and Norwood Dunn. Reid Pool acted as house-manager, and ushers were Joyce Harrell, Neil Beaman, Opal Roberson, and Clinton Ousley.

The play gave evidence of the customary able direction of Mrs. Doris Campbell Holsworth.

The audience responded enthusiastically to the comedy-lines of "Candida" and listened sympathetically to the serious lines of characterization. Shaw's witty satire added zest to a play which is a forthright presentation of a domestic situation that threatens to end tragically for three people.

The performances of the Shaw play brought to a conclusion a successful season of Stage and Script productions. In the fall, "Twelfth Night" marked the initial presentation of a Shakespeare play on the college-stage. In March, the club gave three one-act plays: "The Giant's Stair", "The Lovely Miracle", and "Lady of the Mists", an original play by Bernelle White. One of these, "The Giant's Stair", was given in Chapel Hill during the festival of the Carolina Dramatic Association.

Mrs. Holsworth and members of the club are already planning for another successful season in 1950-51.

## For The Literaty Mind

By FRED BOYCE

Ye olde editor asked me to write an article on the library for this paper. I can't understand why she picked me, but I am going to take advantage of the opportunity to help you get acquainted with just a few of the new books that are coming in every day.

First, let's be romantic and talk about poetry. We have "Carillons and Cow Bells" by Mrs. Maybon Lindley, wife of the new president of Atlantic Christian College. Then there are "Person, Place and Thing" by Karl Jay Shapiro and "The Pisan Cantos" by Ezra Pound.

Speaking of poetry I might mention Marchette Chute's book, "Shakespeare in London", since Shakespeare was such a great poet and dramatist.

Now we have had our romantic moments, let us turn to controversial issues, such as the discussion of socialism in John T. Flynn's book, "The Road Ahead." And I urge you to read "Southern Legacy", a book on the problems of the South, by Hodding Carter, a Mississippi editor and publisher. Oh, yes, we must not forget that stirring novel by John Hersey, "The Wall". It deals with the extermination of the Jews in Poland during the last war. This book ranks second on the list of best sellers.

For the musical-minded students, the library has received "The International Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians." (Now we can find out what those darn musical terms mean!)

And for those dear students of Dr. Long there are "Omnibus of French Literature", by Harry Steinbauer and Felix Walter for the French-minded, and "Embarrassing Moments in Spanish" (catchy little title, eh?) by James N. Mosel for the Spanish-minded. Another book that foreign language students will find helpful is "Comparative Grammar", covering many troublesome points in languages.

The math majors will find "Klein's Famous Problems of Elementary Geometry" an interesting book. (Bless you, geniuses!)

Now, let's turn to the books of inspiration. (I surely could use some!) Of this type there are "Firm Faith for Today" by Dr. Harold A. Bosley, head of the Duke University Divinity school, who was commencement speaker several years ago here at ACC; "A Guide to Confident Living" by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, minister of the Marble Collegiate church in New York. His "The Art of Real Happiness" has been ordered; and Peter Marshall's "Mr. Jones, Meet the Master," a book of inspirational sermons.

I recommend that all of those who are interested in learning more about North Carolina read "North Carolina Almanac and State Industrial Guide." This book was published this year for

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## Thoughts

By VIRGINIA HAUSER

Am I dreaming? Can this be true—is this a dance at A. C.? It is—I know it is, or why else would these students be dancing? Who is swaggering towards me? He is going to ask me to dance, I know he is, or why should he have that smile of pre-meditated murder? And just to think a few short minutes ago I was planning to send a sympathy card to the poor girl with whom he was dancing. (Hey, kids, check the "with whom", this English can be a thrill, agreed?) What should I do, stand motionless so that he'll think I am a post and hang his hat on me, or maybe think I'm another kind of post and hitch his horse. I didn't know this was a mask ball. Oh, sorry sir, I thought you were wearing a mask. Where did he go, has he given up the chase? Oh, here he comes, he's saying something. What's that? May you have this dance? Why, of course. I was hoping you'd ask me. (I was hoping you'd ask me. I was hoping for the D. D. T's. I was hoping to be trapped in an elevator. What do you say when a man asks you to dance? "Why, yes, I'd love to, but I have only one leg." Or maybe, "Gee, that's nice of you, but I'm waiting for a train." What do you say, huh? What would the great women of history say, Joan of Arc, for example? Oh, she'd say something in French, and I can't do that, so we'll eliminate her. Well, here goes.)

What's that? Was that my shin you kicked? (Was that my shin he kicked? Oh, no, that was my cane I just happened to bring with me.) I can't hear you. What's that you're saying, you like the music? Yes, it is lovely, isn't it? (Music? I didn't know we were having music with old Personality Boy here bellowing in my ear.) What's that? Are you holding me too tightly? Oh, no, I love to be held snugly. (Sure, tighten up, lover boy, we don't want any space for the neighbors in here, they might crowd in between us. And as for my ribs, I didn't need all of them, anyway. One never really needs all one's ribs, does one? They are so in the way. . . . What do you say to a guy like this? Ask him his name. . . . ask about his family? And how is that dear little brother of yours—the one with no nose?)

What's that? I dance well! Thank you so much. (Yes, I dance well. I can imagine the picture I present, a lame horse backing from its stall, no less. Here I am, eyes ablaze, my head bloody but unbowed. What's his excuse, anyway? Too much Vicks, or whatever they feed to other green plants.)

Do I like your step. Oh, indeed I do. (Do I like his step? Step, he calls it. . . . a rip, a snort, and a twenty yard dash. O. K., cement mixer, the music is slowing down to a stop.) Did you step on my feet? Oh, I didn't feel a thing. (No, I suppose not, I've been numb for

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## Through the Knothole

By MAE WILSON

'Twas the week before exams  
And all through the school,  
All the students were studying,  
Including Bartholomew!

Mr. Miller: "Edwin, will you tell me why you look at your watch so often?"  
Edwin: "Yes, Sir. I was afraid, Sir, that you wouldn't have time to finish your interesting lecture, Sir."

Mr. Jennette: "Young man, we turn the lights out at 10:30 in this house."  
Stacy: "Gee, that's darn nice of you."

Have you noticed the sheepish looks of some pledges when they meet a member of an organization whose bid they didn't accept?

A sugar daddy is a form of crystalized sap.

MacBride: "Should I propose to a girl on my knees?"  
Ken: "Either that or she should get off."

No Comment.

Some of the students are wondering what is going to happen to our mascot this summer, "Sparky".

Miss Lewis: "Can you give the class an example of wasted effort?"  
Rachel: "Telling a hair-raising story to Crutchfield."

For girls only: All men are alike, but they have different faces so we can tell them apart.

Jolly: "I had a mustache like yours once, but when I realized how it made me look I cut it off."

Mr. Scherer: "I had a face like yours once, and when I realized that I couldn't cut it off, I grew this mustache."

Doctor: "Wine, women, and song are killing you."  
Mert: "O. K., Doctor. I'll never sing again as long as I live."

Congratulations, pledges! (Me, too) I'll be right along with you come initiation next fall.

Beth: "If I take this castor oil do you think I'll be up by in the morning?"  
Ma Wilson: "Yes. . . . long before morning."

It's not tuberculosis that some folks have but whoopee cough.

The easiest weeds to kill are widow's weeds. You only have to say "wilt thou", and they wilt.

Mr. Hamlin: "Everytime I breathe someone passes into eternity."  
Peevie: "Try cloves."

Seriously, we are really going to miss the seniors next year and we hope that they all "will live happily for ever after."

Barbara: "Just because a man has money doesn't mean that he's a success."

Johnnie: "I'll marry any failure who's got a million dollars."

Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never hath turned his head and said, "Mmmm, not bad!"

Joe Costin: "A sharp nose usually indicates curiosity, doesn't it?"

Peggy: "And a flattened one may indicate too much."

Doug: "This food tastes terrible. Did you salt it?"  
Edna: "Yes. But I never used that brand before. It was called Epsom salts."

Joe C.: "What are you reading?"  
Red: "What Twenty Million Girls Want."  
Joe: "Let me see if they spelled my name right."

The shortest distance between two dates is a good line.

David: "Hey, this plate you gave me is damp."  
Morgan: "Quiet! That's soup."

Landlady: "You've been here two years and never complained. What are you leaving for now?"  
Clyde: "I just found out you ain't got no bathtub."

Jack (answering phone): "I don't know. Call the weather bureau."

Nell: "Who was that?"  
Jack: "Some sailor, I guess. He asked if the coast was clear."

When you stand up, your stomach retires to the rear and pops up under an assumed name.

Flattery is nothing but "soft soap" and soft soap is 90 per cent lye.

Oh well ——— If you can't laugh at the jokes of the age, laugh at the age of the jokes.

"Johnnie, are you spitting in the fish bowl?"  
"No. Mother, but I'm coming close."

Doorman at fraternity meeting: "Who's there?"  
Voice: "It is I."  
Doorman: "No teachers allowed."

What a world! Everybody asks how you're feeling, and acts bored when you begin to tell.

Miss Ward: "Am I too late for the garbage?"  
Garbage man: "No ma'am, jump right in."

A pink elephant is a beast of bourbon.

So long! Happy holiday! I'll see you next year peeping through the knothole!!