

The Collegiate

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It Occurs To Me

"It occurs to me" that many of you will never read this thought, but maybe in some way it will get around to those who have never given any thought to the subject.

Along the roads now one can see signs referring to death. There is one which has "Danger" as its heading, with a skull and a crossbone under it. Directly below that it says, "Death is so permanent." In connection with this there is a verse in Job, 14th chapter. It states that "if a man die, shall he live again?"

If a man has lived his entire life thinking only of himself, never thinking of the other person never thinking about the Will of God and its relationship to mankind, never thinking about Love, Kindness, and Friendliness for those who were around, to him spiritual death will be permanent. But a man, who has lived his complete life for others, thinking of what he could do to make somebody else happy and comfortable and who was tired to fulfill the words of the Holy Scripture and the Will of God in a hope to receive the promises of God around the bend in the river, will die on earth, but he will live again. Jesus told us that our Father in Heaven was the God of the living and not of the dead.

There are on campus veterans of the last war. Some of them saw action on the battle fields of the world. Of those few, many saw death. At the same time they were nearer to God than they ever were before. They might not have thought that, but if they will think, they will agree. There on the battle fields they saw men who loved life give it up for us to live.

Below is a poem written by one of the many who gave their lives for a worthy cause. It expresses the feelings of those who had never met God before. The poem goes like this:

Look, God, I have never spoken to You,
 But now I want to, say, How do you do.
 You see, God, they told me You didn't exist,
 And like a fool I believed all this.
 Last night from a hell - hole I saw Your sky,
 I figured right then they had told me a lie.
 Had I taken time to see the things You made,
 I'd have known they weren't calling a spade a spade.
 I wonder, God, if You'd shake my hand,
 Somehow, I feel that You will understand.
 Funny, I had to come to this hellish place,
 Before I had time to see Your face.

Well, I guess there isn't much more to say,
 But I'm sure glad, God, I met You today.
 I guess the "Zero Hour" will soon be here,
 But I'm not afraid since I know You're near.
 The Signal! Well, God, I'll have to go.

I like You lots, this I want You to know.
 Look now, this will be a horrible fight,
 Who knows, I may come to Your House tonight.
 Though I wasn't friendly to You before,
 I wonder, God, if You'd wait at Your Door.
 Look, I'm crying! Me! Shedding tears!
 I wish I had known You these many years.
 Well, I have to go now, God, goodbye!
 Strange, since I met You, I'm not afraid to die.
 "It occurs to me" that after you have read the poem nothing else need be said.

Let's Serve Through CSC

The Christian Service Club has always hit the rocks. For the past several meetings there have been not more than ten faithful members attending, and among those ten were three or four new members. What is a club without members? And what is a club that has members who aren't active?

The purpose of this club is to serve God. The number of persons attending the CSC and the amount of service being done at the present time indicate that the percentage of persons enrolled at Atlantic Christian College who desire to serve their Master through such an organization is very low. Why do we not participate in such a club, the only club on the campus whose main objective is service? Is it because we think that the club has nothing to offer us? Or do we think that we have nothing to offer the club? "Yes" to either question is no excuse for us as members of the student body of a Christian college. We, as upholders of the name of our college, learn to serve by serving.

The students who are Religious majors and are preparing themselves for fulltime Christian service number approximately fifty. If these students alone would make themselves known to this service club and set an example for others to follow, the results would prove that the club is worthwhile.

The Christian Service Club can and will be the club which accomplishes most and serves best if we who believe in serving for Christ will come to the meetings with the determination to put our best foot forward and really work. As Longfellow has said:

Let us then be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing
 Learn to labor and to wait.

Thoughts

A bird's - eye view of A. C. Why is it every class has one — the guy who is a "fresh air fiend," who loves the outside so well that he wants to bring it inside? He's the one who isn't happy unless his merry classmates are frosted like so many panes of glass. The air is frigid, the temperature zero, and our human ball of energy flings open the windows and sits down among the chattering of teeth. Why, oh why, does every class have one?

Another necessary element for every discussion group is the fellow who will not tax himself to give a direct answer. For example — Question: Did Mac Beth have any effect on Shakespeare? Our Quiz Kid answers: "Well, yes and no." Also in the category is the gal who draws, "Either directly or indirectly." Included too are the people who say, "Maybe."

As well as the aforementioned Nature Boy, every class has a soul who knows real live people to illustrate examples in the text. These fall into two groups—the ones who always know a family down the road who has a son, just like the example the author's talking about; and the second group — those who always know a family living up the road who has a son just like the one the author is talking about.

Exactly opposite from the fresh air fiend and equally as obnoxious is "Hot Air Harry" who can't study unless the classroom can double for a Turkish steam bath. He's the type who fills spare cracks with Kleenex to keep the drafts out. There he sits, among the sweating bodies — a hater of all things which resemble fresh air. To him, the world is divided into two temperatures: the inside—temperature 100 F, and outside — 10 below zero.

Nor can we forget the never-falling late comer — usually of the Glamour Girl or Handsome Hero sort who enters the room as Bette Davis enters a movie screen. She (or he) limply drags one foot behind her as she glides into a chair, drops no less than six books in the process, and tucking her handkerchief away coyly, she settles down to listen to the lecture, of which fifteen minutes remain.

Another classroom favorite is closely kin to the house - cat; he must have his favorite chair. The scene is a nearly - filled classroom. There are three chairs empty, two near the door and quite accessible, and one in the middle of the back row — to get to which one would have to stumble over four males, two females, scale three stacks of books and call the fire department. Does our friend take the nearest chair? Indeed not! He stumbles over four males, two females, scales three stacks of books and calls the fire department — but he comes through! Finally he lands in his favorite chair and after only ten short minutes the class can resume.

Don't leave out the guy who asks the teacher a question with a fifteen minute answer, just two minutes before the class is due to be over.

There are many more, the jerk who passes out chewing gum which always gives out just before he gets to you; the gal who drops the contents of her cosmetic bag during a big exam and enlists the class as a whole to help her find every last hair pin.

Every class has one, but what would we do without 'em?? V. Hauser

Then there's a letter making the rounds of the campus addressed to the Hadocol firm and signed by Jay Clark (of Saxapahwah, N. C.) In the letter Mr. Clark testifies, "I wanted to learn to play the harmonica, so I took Hadocol and now I can play 'O Suzanna' on my harmonica. I can never praise Hadocol enough." I must say that Jay has really started something. I'm looking forward to the day when I'll pick up the evening paper and read, "The Jay Clark Harmonica Band will give a concert of Stephen Foster's songs."

Another book that might appeal to you readers is Bill Mauldin's "A Sort of a Saga". He is the author of Up Front. This time he is writing about his glorious boyhood days. After reading his latest book I feel free to call Mr. Mauldin a twentieth century Mark Twain. I have never read a book since "Tom Sawyer" that reminded me of my boyhood as does Mr. Mauldin's new book.

And I leave you with this bit of warning to the unmarried men:

"There's nothing like a wedding
 To make a fellow learn;
 At first he thinks she's his'n
 But later learns he's her'n."
 And I thank you.
 Fred Boyce

Miss Fashion

With spring on its way, we find our fair ladies busily shopping for their new Easter clothes. This year Easter is a little earlier than usual, so we are in doubt about what to get. Orchid and purple are definitely the leading colors with navy blue as a close second.

Brown and white or black accessories will be outstanding. These low - cut "vampire" spectator shoes are becoming as popular as the "babydoll" style. The hats go from one extreme to the other. They are either real small or extra large. Picture hats and spike heels are particularly glamorous for the tall girls!

We might add that the "new look" in hairstyles for the spring is long hair; so if you want to be in style for Easter let yours grow out!

Toppers will remain a favorite as usual. They will be mighty classy looking with the dresses we'll be wearing.

This month we've had a hard time selecting an ideal "Miss Fashion"; so we will call it a tie between Lib Britt and Marjorie Jennette. Girls are chosen on their styles and neatness in clothes for all occasions.

That's all for now. We'll see you next month.
 V. Harrell

Literary Sidelines

With March rolling around and the days getting warmer, ones thoughts turn from literary things almost altogether and turn to baseball and other outdoor games. One can't be blamed for casting aside books and getting out in the open air. What can be more refreshing than to get out on a warm morning and breathe the fresh pre-Spring breezes? Nature is a wonderful thing!

The foregoing paragraph brings to mind a little poem called "Spring - time," whose author is anonymous:

Beware the deadly sitting habit,
 Or, if you sit be like a rabbit.
 Who keepeth ever on the jump
 By springs concealed beneath his rump.
 And, too, my friends, beware the snare
 That lurks within the cushioned chair.
 To run like he —, it has been found,
 Both feet must be upon the ground.

The other day when I went to the library to get a book to read in order that I might give a review of it for this month's column, I did not know exactly what to pick out that would appeal to my readers. So I browsed through all the books of the fiction section of the library and picked out several. But then a rather small green book with a pleasant sounding title caught my eye. I took the book from its place on the shelf and looked at the title again. It struck my fancy. I remembered so many people commenting on what a wonderful movie "I'd Climb The Highest Mountain" was. That was when I decided that THE REVEREND MISTER "RED" by Ethel Hueston would fill the bill. When I read it I became more enthusiastic to tell you something about this wonderful book.

The novel, as the title reveals, is about a minister; not a minister like most of us know, but a minister that has gone to a run - down section of a New Jersey city and organized what he calls the Community Church Center. He is proud of his project and works very hard to make it successful. He tries to avoid the race problem but it is brought to his doorstep when Negro twins are left there. One of Red's best friends accuses him of using the church as a stepping - stone toward his own personal ambition. There is more to this book than I have space to tell. It is so cleverly written that it is very interesting. It is a soothing book. Several people have asked for it because I praise it so highly. Remember: IF YOU BELIEVE IN GOD, YOU WILL ENJOY THIS BOOK!

Economics simplified—"Prosperity is the period when it is easy to borrow money to buy things which you should be able to pay for out of your own income."

Nathaniel Emmons once said, "The weakest spot in every man is where he thinks himself to be the wisest."

When we all start complaining about first one thing and then another, I think of a clipping I have from a magazine. It reads: "In a free country there is much complaint but little suffering — In a despotism, much suffering but little complaint." I'm as guilty as the next one for complaining about trivial things. Why can't we learn to take the bitter with a grain of salt? We can't appreciate what we have so we complain about it. I guess we need a campaign with its slogan being, "Criticize Yourself Before The Other Man." Why not let's try it!

Then there's a letter making the rounds of the campus addressed to the Hadocol firm and signed by Jay Clark (of Saxapahwah, N. C.) In the letter Mr. Clark testifies, "I wanted to learn to play the harmonica, so I took Hadocol and now I can play 'O Suzanna' on my harmonica. I can never praise Hadocol enough." I must say that Jay has really started something. I'm looking forward to the day when I'll pick up the evening paper and read, "The Jay Clark Harmonica Band will give a concert of Stephen Foster's songs."

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Through The Keyhole

By MAY WILSON

I'd just like to say one thing to those who complain about the "trash" in this column. If you don't like the jokes tell me some new ones. I'm not Bob Hope, you know. I'd also like to make a request to all of the chatter speakers; quit telling all the jokes I play to use. I like it you read the "Tarnation" too.

It is told that back in 1938 Miss Ward and Mr. Hamlin, last year's Bible instructor, were classmates. Miss Ward at that time was president of the Y. W. C. A. and the Student Body. The story is told of how Miss Ward and Mr. Hamlin left the campus and drove to Kinross. When they returned, Miss Ward was campused, strictly, that is, and Mr. Hamlin stood by regretfully. Miss Ward: "Don't put Miss on my tombstone because I haven't missed half as much as you think." — Okay you Juniors and Seniors, so what if I did copy that from Bob Clark's column printed in April, 1949.

I know most of you boys dread the thought of going into the service, but I am acquainted with a few dopes who are hog - wild about going in. Before you jump the gun, maybe an experience Bobby Lewis, an ex-A. C. man, had will make you realize that at some places the rules are stricter than those the girls here abide by. One day during drill, his nose itched, so Bobby nonchalantly commenced to scratch it. For the next three hours he stood at attention under the watchful eyes of a higher officer. Under such circumstances I imagine double-jointed Gilbert Ferrell would literally fall all to pieces.

Seriously, it really hits hard to see the guys and some of the gals leave for the armed forces.

Seasickness is when you travel across the ocean by rail.

He returned from his trip, brag and braggage.

Tweetie wanted to see his name in the paper this time. Well, here it is — Tweetie Etheridge.

Dorcas: June, you have a phone call.
 June: Long distance?
 Dorcas: No, short distance, across the street.

Porter: Carry your bag, sir?
 Bill Knight: Nah, let her walk.

What you need is a little sun and air.
 But, Doctor, I'm not even married yet.

"That's me all over," said the bug as he splashed against the windshield.

A freshman is a person who thinks that a college is run for the benefit of the students.

Tex: I shiver every time I think of a handsome man kissing me.
 Jerry: And here I've thought you had St. Vitus dances all these years.

Have you heard the joke about the three men? He, he — Thank you, Bobby Tart.

The bartender in Louie's cafe,
 Stole Louie's only toupee,
 The reason no doubt
 Was the cash he was out
 And he wanted Louie toupee

Dr. Hartsock: "Why are you wearing that toothbrush in your lapel?"

Mr. Wenger: "Oh, that's my class pin, I went to College."

Dean Ward recently began an important announcement to the student body as follows:
 "The president of the college and I have decided to stop necking on the campus."

The neighbors were complaining of the racket Ted Ingraham was making: "All the time he goes around cackling like a chicken," they griped.

"I know," Mrs. Ingraham said. "We get tired of it sometimes we think he's not in his right mind."

"But can't you do something for him? Can't you cure him?"

"Oh, yes. I suppose we could. But we need the eggs."

They were sitting in a hammock in the moonlight. For half an hour not a word had broken the stillness of the night. Finally, she asked "If you had money, what would you do?" And he replied: "I would travel."

In his hand was a dime.

No powder was ever invented that could cause as loud an explosion as that found on a man's coat lapel.

A neighbor was chatting with Mr. Stokes about his son at school. "And what does your son take up at college?" she asked.

"Space!"

Have you heard about the baby kangaroo who ran away from his mother and left the old lady holding the bag?

Spring has really sprung. If you don't believe it look at all the blooming idiots around campus.

Here's wishing our baseball team good luck. Come on team, beat EVERYBODY!!!