

The Collegiate

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Welcome

By this time we hope that all of you new students have become accustomed to the Atlantic Christian College campus. We welcome you and hope that your life will be enriched in the future by the contacts with the faculty and students just as ours have been in the past.

You probably have already discovered that indefinable something about Atlantic Christian that causes the school to grow on you, that makes you feel it is a part of you.

We like to think that this indefinable something is the attitudes the students have toward each other, the friendliness and helpfulness that becomes a part of each student's life when he enters this college.

It is a tradition of Atlantic Christian students to speak to each other as they pass on their way across the campus, whether they know the other person or not. Just try it and see how much better it makes you feel, especially when you are on your way to those eight o'clock classes.

We hope that you have found the students' friendliness has not stopped there. The students are glad to help new students solve their problems.

To all of the old students this is a little reminder to be careful lest you forget these little things that make a new student feel at home.

With cooperation and a little extra consideration we can all become brothers in our academic and social lives.

A Great Service

The story is told of an old woman walking through the streets of a small town. In one hand she was carrying a pail of water; in the other hand and high above her head she was carrying a lighted torch.

Since this was not an ordinary everyday occurrence it attracted much attention. All of the people who were there in the streets turned and looked at the little woman as she passed by. People were looking out of the windows of the one-and two-story buildings which lined the streets. Then, finally, some young man became curious enough to approach the woman. When he drew himself near enough to her he asked her why she was carrying this lighted torch and pail of water.

She replied, "With the torch I am going to burn up heaven, and with the water I am going to put out the fires of Hell."

"Why?" exclaimed the curious young man.

She replied, "I am going to burn up Heaven so that men will no longer serve God in order that they might gain for themselves the reward of Heaven. Then I am going to put out the fires of Hell so that people will not serve God because of their great fear of burning in Hell. I want people to serve God for Himself and not from any selfish motive of their own."

Today, if we look all around us, we can see exactly what this sincere woman was seeking to put an end to in her own simple way. We can see about us people who do force themselves to live the Christian lives because of rewards which they might receive or as an escape from eternal punishment. Many Christians seem to have lost the serving of God as a response to a prior love. This response of worship and service is the only response which a man or woman could make (as Douglas V. Steer says in his little book Prayer and Worship) "who has been made aware of the love at the heart of things, the love that was all around them, that rallied them, and the love that wearied out evil and indifference by its patient joy..."

If Christianity is to survive in the future and maintain its respect we are going to have to heed the warning of this little sincere old woman with her torch and pail. We are going to have to serve God out of a love of Him and not our own selfish motives. If we are to have any respect from the people of the world who are outside the Christian faith we cannot operate under an egotistical selfish motive. We cannot be hypocritical when we preach neighborlove.

THOUGHTS

By V. HAUSER DANIELS

I'll never forget my first date. I had just turned nineteen. Most girls start dating a good five years sooner than I did, but I wasn't at all "dateable" until I was nineteen. Even then, I wasn't regarded as desirable meat. My social life consisted entirely of various specimens kind-hearted room-mates brought in. But my first date was the sensation of all the sensations!

It all began when my best friend dashed into the room at 5:45 p. m. I don't know why, but girls always describe a bag's looks when fishing for him a date. Apparently, personality means nothing, but if he looks all right—he's definitely to be considered. My date was described as tall, blond, and favoring a well-known movie star. Visualizing a Van Johnson, I leaped with joy. Imagine my downfall when I found that said star was Lassie! Well, he came; we met; we went. I suppose I registered shock when I saw him. If I hadn't been expecting so much, it would not have been so bad. He was all right, I suppose, except his ears. An oversized feature many times isn't too noticeable but for two features (both ears) to be out-sized is pathetic. I saw him first as he came flying in—literally. He swooped out again. I was tagging along behind. I don't remember too much of what the date was like. He flashed money at various night-spots. I gathered his money was like his ears—plenty of it.

And that's the end. (But not because of his money).

STUDENTS OF THE MONTH

One year ago our feminine student entered the portals of Atlantic Christian as a freshman, bringing with her that "know-how" that

it takes to accomplish the things that she decides are worthwhile. In the spring of 1950 she became an active member of Stage and Script and of the Student Christian Association. She joined the staff of the Collegiate as a reporter. At the time she became a member of the Christian Service Club and Christian Youth Fellowship. Returning to Atlantic Christian again this fall after attending summer school she was elected to serve as treasurer of her sophomore class and secretary-treasurer of the Hesperian (debate) Club. She is representing stage and Script on the Chapel Committee, is vice-president of the Disciple Student Fellowship and is a member of the Alpha Gamma Chapter of Sigma Pi Alpha, national honorary language fraternity. This Student with her winsome ways and friendly smile comes to us from the coast of North Carolina, Panteo. She will be graduated in the summer of 1953 with a double major in Religion and English. In choosing you, Cora Myers, as our Feminine Student of the Month, the staff of the Collegiate showed its trust in its Associate Editor. Congratulations!



Star! A Guiding Star! This is exactly what our January masculine student of the month has been ever since his enrollment here at Atlantic Christian in September, 1948. His classmates elected him as their vice-president. He served on both the Collegiate and Pine Knot staffs, was a World Federalist, and at this same time he began his first college work in the field that he prefers above all others—dramatics. In his sophomore and junior years he was chosen president of his class. Early in the fall of his sophomore year he was initiated into the Phi Kappa Alpha Fraternity. Also in this same year he became a charter member of the Alpha Gamma chapter of Sigma Pi Alpha, national honorary language fraternity and was tapped in the Golden Knot Honor Society. As a junior he served as an officer in his fraternity, was Associate Editor of the Collegiate and a marshal. He has continued his work with the Stage and Script Club throughout his college career and last summer was given his opportunity to continue his work in the theater when he traveled and worked with the Barter Theatre of Virginia. At the present time he is directing one of two one-act plays that are being given by the dramatics club and recently was chosen to play the lead in the Wilson Little Theatre production of Mr. and Mrs. North. This Washington, N. C., senior will be graduated in May with a double major in Spanish and English. An editor of our college yearbook, the Pine Knot, he is carrying the responsibility for its success. Accept our congratulations, Fred Boyce! You are our star and our February male Student of the Month!



Letters To The Editor

Dear Christine:

The December COLLEGIATE was literally a beautiful paper. It was good to look at (as well as to read). What bothers me is that I can't find anywhere in the paper (including under your staff listing) any hint as to who is responsible for the wonderful photograph of carolers in front of Kinsey Hall. I'd also like to know how you went about getting such striking-looking design and engraving for the front page and Christmas page. Is that a staff project or do you just have good luck with your printer?

Sincerely,
J. H.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We appreciate your appreciative eye and admit having had only a small part in the items you praise. Vernon Morton, an evening school student, spent care and time in getting just the right picture for the Christmas page. (It's probably not too late to give him credit also for the handsome front-page picture of "Elizabeth the Queen" in the November issue.)

As for the make-up of the front and Christmas pages, there was no such thing as "just good luck with your printer." We owe much to the good skill of our printer, Frank Denny of The WILSON DAILY TIMES, who used much time, interest and worry in helping us through the difficult transition from standard paper to tabloid size. Some of the success of the appearance of our new "art-work" may indeed be attributed to the size of the page on which it now appears. The engravings rightly

seem to get your proper attention on this size page. The distinctive engravings you mention were done by James Smith of the DAILY TIMES.

Dear Miss Williamson:

Three o'clock Wednesday afternoon is not an ideal time for a fraternity program, I admit, because there are classes going on which occupy some of our brothers and sisters. But I don't believe that everyone of our members had a class except we six or seven who went out to see Mr. Hugh Johnson's collection from Latin-America, (mostly Chile) which proved to be particularly interesting and enjoyable.

The ones with militaristic interest were fascinated by the great number of guns, pistols, and knives of different age, size, form and workmanship. The artistically inclined found original landscape paintings from down there, handmade rugs, house utensils and musical instruments, all of which were presented by Mr. Johnson with interesting comments.

In one of the most interesting meetings of the year (and one which broadened our outlook in taking us off the campus) about one fourth of the group participated. This brings up the whole question of joining a group either for the honor of belonging to it or for genuine interest and activity. Each group is naturally eager in embracing as many persons as possible, yet as in every voluntary set-up the breath of life can be each respective group are conscientious only if the members of ours not of their duty but of their privilege of participation.

a sister

Scrolling

By FRED BOYCE

Ah, so this is Leap Year—the year that fellows have to leap if they want to stay single. From the looks of things around campus a good many girls are serious about this matter. Now, you take Miss Tomlinson, she's a very careful woman. She's been down town looking around, but she says that she hasn't seen anything to leap at. (Pardon the preposition)

Once in many years there comes a movie that people rave about. At this time I want to rave about the most extraordinary one that I have ever seen. The movie is "The Emperor's Nightingale." It is a beautiful fantasy done with puppets. It is almost unbelievable that the characters are puppets. Their movements—a turn of the body, a toss of the head—make them almost life-like. The immovable expressions of their carved faces portray their types of characters. The narrations are done by Boris Karloff. The movie was filmed in Czechoslovakia. The music is beautiful.

Of course, you might say that this is mostly a children's film, but it also proves that, after all, we're all children at heart.

Speaking of movies, I hear that Cyrano de Bergerac will be at the Center Theatre soon. From all reports this is the movie to see. The critics have praised it since it was released last year.

Let me close with this note of warning to prospective Leap Year suckers:

A bandit makes the stern demand: "Your money or your life!" A woman gets them both when she consents to be your wife.
Cheerio,
Fred Boyce

Don't Walk Around It

Pick It Up

Dates In February

- 1-2—Initiations
- 12-14—Minister's Retreat
- 14—Valentine Dance
- 15—East Carolina - Atlantic Christian basketball game at East Carolina.
- 18-19—Wilson Little Theatre play in Howard Chapel
- 20—Westinghouse - Atlantic Christian basketball game in Atlantic City
- 29—Bonus 24 hours