

Letter To The Editor

No personal offense or sarcasm is intended in this article, nor is it an attempt to criticize or condemn the opinions of others. If I have implied such motives, please accept my apologies. I am merely attempting to state my own personal opinion concerning the school spirit of this campus — an opinion which I am sure is held in esteem by many other students of the college.

Last month's issue of COLLEGIATE carried an article entitled, "A Winning Team Helps, But—". As far as I can see the entire article was a condemnation of school spirit with that of Flora MacDonald was rather an unfortunate and an unfair comparison. Any attempt to compare a girl's school with a co-educational institution is futile. One doesn't expect the spirit in the two types of schools to be one and the same. And besides, it's possible that the transfer from Flora MacDonald hasn't been on this campus a sufficient length of time to attempt to either condemn or praise the school spirit here.

Beginning with the first paragraph the article "rubbed me the wrong way." The comparison of our campus spirit with that of Flora MacDonald was rather an unfortunate and an unfair comparison. Any attempt to compare a girl's school with a co-educational institution is futile. One doesn't expect the spirit in the two types of schools to be one and the same. And besides, it's possible that the transfer from Flora MacDonald hasn't been on this campus a sufficient length of time to attempt to either condemn or praise the school spirit here.

It seems that the author's "pet gripe" centers around the "gangs" or cliques that supposedly exist on this campus. Now, I'd be the last one to deny that these cliques exist — that they do is very evident — but I am not one to condemn them.

A statement made by one of the students interviewed by the author rather amused me! When asked the question, "How do you feel about the campus spirit at A.C.C.?" the answer was this — "I think there is more gang spirit than school spirit. Some groups seem to feel different somehow from the rest of us, but I can't figure out why!" You know, it never ceases to amaze me how people will "group" themselves without realizing that they are doing so. By making the statement that "... some groups seem to feel different somehow from the rest of us..." the contributor automatically places herself in a group consisting of "the rest of us."

Certainly there are small, individual groups on this campus as there are on every other campus. But I challenge any person on this campus to name for me one group or clique here that cannot be penetrated or that does not cooperate with every other group for the betterment of campus life!!!

If the author is having difficulty with the groups, I would suggest as a solution to the problem that she break away from Her group consisting of "the left out" and participate in the activities of some of the other cliques.

Moving along now to another statement in the article — this time concerning the effect that the expansion of the school is having on the school spirit — again, I would heartedly disagree with the opinion expressed by the author. Another of the individuals interviewed by the writer has this to say: "The school has changed since it is growing larger. A person must feel proud of his school, and yet, when it begins to expand, one revolts and feels that the school isn't concerned with him, or that he is being gyped or cheated." Now, I know, that I'm just a little "dense" but for the life of me I cannot recall one instance of revolt or any type of insurrection as a result of the expansion of this college. Everyone with whom I've talked seems to be proud of the school and delighted that the expansion program is underway. As a result of the achievements of the college, the institution has literally "made the headlines" and I don't believe that there is a student on this campus who isn't proud to be an integral part of this growth! If anything, the program of expansion and growth has served to REVITALIZE the school spirit!

The final complaint made by the author hit me hardest. She asks the question, "Why don't students attend vespers, dances, and parties if they are so eager for activities?" The answers given were unfair to the members of the S. C. A. and the Social Committee. First, concerning dances and parties, this was the answer given. "The dances or parties are not successes because there is a division among groups. A formal dance will never prove to be a mixer for groups who will not socialize on campus." Might I suggest to the thor that she personally attend some of the dances and parties and then formulate some opinions. I have missed very few myself and for the life of me I can't remember ever having seen her. Neither can I remember a social affair on this campus that hasn't been a success!

This was said concerning vespers. "Who wants to go to vespers to hear just two or three people who always are in charge? Yes, they are smart, but I know of others who have offered to participate and are never called upon."

Permit me to ask a question of the author. Did you sign up for the worship commission of the S. C. A. at the beginning of the year? If so, my apologies, please! It really breaks my heart to know that there are students on this campus who would like to participate in Vesper services but that are left out. You'd never know it from the attendance. The average attendance at vespers (and here I'm being dangerously optimistic) is probably around fifteen. I am bold enough to defy the statement that students have offered to participate and have never been called upon. Possibly it would help, if the appeal were directed to the proper individual. Is the chairman of the Worship Commission to be a "bloodhound" in search of fresh talent? When a vesper service is planned, she must use the resources on hand. Have you thought of the possibility of approaching her concerning your participation in a service? I am sure that she would be delighted to use your talents.

The author's concluding remarks are rather interest-

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Howard's Howlings

By JIMMY HOWARD

"Wilson just ain't no theater town." How many times have you heard this proverb "excuse the citizens" and whom they break a new record for low attendance at some production. By now, those interested in dramatics have become immune to the line of chatter, when few if any show up at their play.

Instead they continue along different lines, experimenting with all types of drama—old forms, new forms, classic forms—anything. Just say the word and they are raring to go! The innocent bystanders say, "why? What, if there are few (if any) regular theater goers, is the satisfaction to be gained by giving a play if nobody is there to see it?" Traditionally speaking, audience approval may have been the goal of the theatrical group. But things have progressed to the point that this is not so often the case—much to the distress of the business managers who realize that the audiences are the ones who make the production possible. Nowadays, the reward must be personal satisfaction of a job well done—or the escape from the distress of present day realities, becoming a part of a make believe world in which selfishness and hypocrisy have no place, except when held up for ridicule or scorn.

Now comes the irony. If a census were made here in Wilson the results would show that the ranks of the play-givers has been swelling steadily over a period of the past five years, while the number of theater-goers has done just the opposite, with fewer and fewer people attending each production. Maybe the reason for this is that the mob that would come to see little Johnny hopping across the stage at Easter time or Mary Lou looking so precious in her new white dress, have turned their glances back toward their old habitats—bridge table gossip parties or dime a dozen hill-billy shows which are becoming more numerous and more trite everyday. Don't be mistaken. In the latter case the radio and TV stations depend on the sponsors for their existence too. And when business firms decide to advertise by sponsoring a program, they want to appeal to the masses. Well, if you judge Eastern Carolina intelligence by that standard, whoever named 391 "tobacco trail" was closer to the truth than he realized.

However strange it may seem, no one can truthfully say that the reason why Wilson turns its back on its stage is because the productions are not good enough to be worthwhile. The talent, especially in Wilson and also in surrounding areas, is tremendous as was shown at the recent Eastern Carolina Drama Festival. Of course, that statement would be hard to verify, for you would have to search a long way through the local haystack in order to find those precious few old stand-bys who could tear themselves away from their ACSWBA meetings or dances long enough to enjoy the pleasures their FIVE theatrical groups offer them. And to those few who do find their blessings worthwhile—they, also, deserve the applause which they give the players when the curtain goes down.

In that respect Wilson is unique. There is not another city in the state which can boast of two community theaters, a college theater, a high school theater and a children's theater, not to mention the carrying of plays to the surrounding rural areas and the production of radio shows. However, with all this, the Raleigh Little Theatre alone has a larger attendance at an average production than any one of Wilson's groups has in an entire season. We here in Atlantic Christian are extremely fortunate in that respect. Protected from the financial dilemmas possessed by the outside groups, we can and should concentrate all our efforts towards perfecting technical and acting techniques and producing experimental plays, as well as entertaining those who pay their activity fee.

Unfortunately the Stage and Script Club was forced to close its 1953-54 season with the two entries in the eastern drama festival. However, much was gained as far as furnishing AC with prospective talent. Special note is only fair to Miss Shirley Parker, who taking on the heavy burden of accepting the feature role in *Heat Lightning* the night before it was to be presented to the festival, joined the ranks of the troopers when she

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Spring's Bursting Out — Even In The Dining Hall

Spring invaded the campus after everyone had vacated the buildings and scattered for home and spring holidays. Yellow jonquils had begun to spring forth here and there among the green foliage. Excitement and a general buzz could be heard all over campus and in the dorms.

One building, however, had a new tone and a new note. Everyone knew the dining hall had been renovated, but few were prepared for the final effect. After being halted in my tracks, I took a side seat to observe others as they came in one at a time or in pairs. The bright yellow walls on each side were reflecting the sun light back and forth. The deep cool shade of green in back and front not only blended with the dancing yellow but seemed to temper it with a calmness of tone.

The new accoustical ceiling was absorbing such bits of conversation as this: "Oh, I like those colors, they look like spring — Doesn't it look better?" "Why did everybody stop talking when I entered? I'm not a stranger here!" Bobbet walked in, paused, looked amazed and exclaimed, "Every one must be tired out like I am," and dismissed the thought.

Most people do agree that the quieter atmosphere affords a pleasure and aids digestion. It is even possible now to discuss the matter across the table without shouting.

When the fan went off, there was such a hush across the room that everyone bowed his head expecting the blessing. The timing seemed appropriate and in order.

There is a whisper that those red engraved tables will soon be replaced by new ones.

The rebirth of spring and the blossoming and the growth of AC's campus seem to be in one accord.

—Doris Tyndall

It Happened On An April Day

It happened on an April day,
Bounded by skies so blue and still,
And olive trees all hushed and gray,
They led One up a skull-shaped hill
Followed by a crowd whose piercing cry
Was, "Crucify!"

It happened on an April morn,
They nailed a Man upon a tree
Whose head was circled with sharp thorn,
Lifted Him high that all might see
His agony, His heaving breath,
His awful death.

It happened on an April day
They tumbled a Man (the crowd had fled),
Sealed it; and set a watch that way
To flout His words; to prove Him dead;
And show Himself He could not save
From the dark grave.

It happened on an April day . . .
A tremor shook the paling gloom,
A white flame tore the door away,
Life came a victor from the tomb.
Love cannot die, nor truth betray . . .
Christ rose upon an April day!
—John Richard Moreland

Not "Just Another Meeting"

A few weeks ago a delegation of students from this campus attended a National Student Association meeting in Greensboro. The meeting was one of great success in the eyes of those who attended. Delegates from all over this region of the nation were present for this regional-type meeting, and all of them enjoyed learning and sharing with others the practices of their respective colleges and universities, as they attempted to learn a means by which they might better their situations. Various workshops were conducted as the main portion of the meeting. These workshops involved various phases of the campus leader's responsibilities and possibilities, through sharing, how they might obtain better results in their respective situations.

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