

Collegiate

WILSON, N. C.

VOL. XXV

No. 3

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Hey There

Our hats are off to you Mollie!
 We feel honored to be able to fea-
 ture you as the Queen of the PINE
 KNOT for 1955.

As the PINE KNOT was proud
 to crown you their queen, we too
 take great honor in dedicating this,
 the December issue of the 1954
 COLLEGIATE, to you as a "Queen
 Among Queens."

To you, Mollie Hester, we ded-
 icate this COLLEGIATE.

Richard Ziglar
 Editor

Jim Fulghum Will Be Missed

Atlantic Christian College has
 been served well by James Ful-
 ghum, whose resignation from the
 position of Director of Public Re-
 lations, was announced recently.
 His personality and hard work have
 helped to build the prestige of the
 college and aided immensely in its
 growth. Mr. Fulghum, before ac-
 cepting his position on campus,
 proved his interest in the welfare
 of AC while working with the Wil-
 son DAILY TIMES. His service will
 be greatly missed. We would like to
 wish Mr. Fulghum success in the
 future and say farewell, knowing
 that we are losing a true friend
 of Atlantic Christian College.

Buy Seals To Aid Tuberculosis Research Project

Have you ever visited East Caro-
 lina Sanatorium here in Wilson?
 If so, I believe you will be able
 to understand what I'm going to
 write about.

The sanatorium is different from
 other hospitals - the only real cure
 for its patients is rest. The tuber-
 cular patient is not in physical
 pain, but perhaps even worse, he
 must stay in bed for long periods
 of time. Many of us probably think
 it would be wonderful to stay in
 bed and sleep for a few weeks, but
 when months and years pass and
 you're still in bed, that's different.
 And when one is barred from all
 physical activity, it is painful!

Tuberculosis does not strike at
 those people who are "ready for
 the grave," but many times at
 young people like you and me.
 These young people have several
 years of their lives already plan-
 ned for them. Even after their dis-
 charge from the sanatorium there
 is the process of getting back to
 a normal life - if they ever do.

The purpose of all this is to en-
 courage you to buy Christmas seals
 for the sale of Christmas seals is
 the one drive of the year dedi-
 cated to the task of raising money
 for tuberculosis research - one of
 the most worthwhile and mean-
 ingful project I know of. E. M.

Letter To Editor

In a recent DAILY TAR HEEL,
 the student newspaper of the Uni-
 versity of North Carolina, there
 appeared an editorial praising the
 campus for the amount of "Cult-
 cha" found in the community. It
 seems that students had been turn-
 ing out in huge numbers to the va-
 rious cultural programs in Chapel
 Hill - including some pianists,
 probably.

It is very, sad indeed that the
 COLLEGIATE cannot do the same.
 Instead we feel it our duty to crit-
 icize vigorously the actions of the
 students at a recent chapel pro-
 gram in which one of the (unfortu-
 nately) rare indications of "cult-
 cha" came to AC. It seems to us
 that students of college age should
 be able to act at least as half-
 adults on such occasions. Maybe
 some of you don't dig classical
 music; maybe you do prefer Eddie
 Arnold or Hank Snow. But we think
 it would be a good idea to take a
 course in Music Appreciation. Then
 if you still don't like good music,
 at least stay away when we have
 a chance to instill a little "cult-
 cha" in ourselves and our starved
 souls. Don't go to the performance
 and rattle papers, talk and giggle
 about the way the performer's
 hands are going, or cough like
 your lungs are jumping out. In-
 stead, if you can't afford a chapel
 cut, sit quietly, muffle your coughs,
 and wait until after the program
 to make your comments. This will
 at least make you seem a little
 more grown-up, whether you are
 or not. And you owe a little cour-
 tesy to a guest of the college.
 So, please, let's improve the atti-
 tude around here - Even if we
 never have "cultcha." E. M.



Everywhere Christmas Tonight

By LARRY KLUGE

Again on December 25 Christmas is celebrated by
 Christian people all over the world. It may not be cele-
 brated in other countries as it is in America, but we all
 celebrate Christmas with one thought in mind, despite the
 floods of materialism which tend to cover over the deeper
 meaning.

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
 Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,
 Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,
 Christmas where snow-peaks stand solemn and white,
 Christmas where cornfield lie sunny and bright.

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
 Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
 Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
 Christmas where peace, like a dove in its flight,
 Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight,

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
 Then let every heart key its Christmas within,
 Christ's pity for sorry, Christ's hatred for sin,
 Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for
 right,
 Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ love of the
 light,

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
 So the stars of the midnight which compass us round
 Shall see a strange glory, and here a sweet sound,
 And cry, "Look,"! the earth is aflame with delight,
 O sons of the morning rejoice at the sight."
 Everywhere everywhere, Christmas to-night!

Rupert Brook, "A Christmas Carol"

Two thousand years ago in Bethlehem of Judea
 a child was born in a stable. Above the stable a star shown
 brightly, giving light to all the earth. The kings, shep-
 herds, wise men, and many from afar came in the evening
 guided by the star to rejoice at the sight.

Yes, today just as the kings, shepherds and wise men
 of old came from afar, we also come rejoicing at the sight,
 of proclaiming December 25 as a holy day to give praise
 to the one who has set a new way of life for Christmas
 the world over.

The Fox

Jewel-eyed,
 The fox slips down the furrows of
 the August field,
 Dusk touching the bones of his
 shoulders,
 Brushing his silken sides the color
 of copper.
 The dark sun has singed the ribbon
 of his back
 And burned the cornstalks black
 Against the reaches of the sky.
 The white moon comes soon above the
 breast of hills,
 Throwing a searchlight on the land,
 Breaking the ground into shadows of
 stalks
 Long after the corn is picked.
 Then, on the south wind can I hear
 The fox's cry of days and nights
 in the wilderness
 When under the stone
 He dug the loam
 And caught the snake between his
 golden paws.
 But twice he stops in the rows
 With the sudden quiet of leaves,
 Till the dull wind comes from
 the west
 With the drowning smell of the trees,
 Telling him there is yet time for
 sleep before the Sleep comes,
 Time for dreams before the Dream comes
 When all alone
 He might reach the dome
 And brace his paws upon the silent stars.

William Alton Weathersby, Jr.

(This poem was selected for the first prize in the National
 Collegiate Contest sponsored by THE LYRIC.)

Campus Critic:

Where Is Our Pride?

It's a bad practice for any one person or any group
 of persons to have too much pride. However, it's equally
 as bad not to have enough pride!

Students, each one of us is representative of our
 campus. So often the public has a tendency to judge an
 entire group by the actions of one individual. Think, stu-
 dents! Would we like to have people say that all the stu-
 dents at Atlantic Christian College are irreverent?

All of us like to socialize and be friendly. But there
 is a time and place for all things. And the time to carry
 on a conversation, tell jokes, or act smart is NOT during
 church, chapel, or the blessing. Perhaps a few are not
 interested in what's being said, but I believe most of us
 are.

Another thing — What about the looks of our cam-
 pus? Who among us throw debris all over the grounds
 and in the class rooms? While I'm on this subject, I have
 a message for some of the boys. In case you haven't
 heard, Christmas decorations can be purchased down town
 at reasonable prices. What's more, they're quite attrac-
 tive and add to the Christmas spirit. So, the next time
 you feel the urge to decorate the trees, use more appro-
 priate decorations rather than the unimaginative stream-
 ers recently used.

In the future let's think before we act. Someone may
 be judging Atlantic Christian College by us! This is OUR
 campus, students. Will the judgment be good or bad? It's
 up to us!

Hopefully yours,
 Miss Spector

Is There A Santa Claus?

The following, reprinted from the editorial page
 of the New York Sun, was written by the late Mr.
 Frank P. Church:

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus
 prominently the communication below, expressing at the
 same time our great gratification that its faithful author
 is numbered among the friends of THE SUN:

Dear Editor:

I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends
 say there is no Santa Claus.

Papa says, "If you see it in THE SUN it's so."

Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?
 Virginia O'Hanlon

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have
 been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They
 do not believe except they see. They think that nothing
 can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds.
 All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's,
 are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere
 insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the
 boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence
 capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as
 certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and
 you know that they abound and give to your life its
 highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the
 world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary
 as if there were no Virginias. There would be no child-
 like faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable
 this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in
 sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood
 fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not
 believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men
 to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch
 Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus
 coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees
 Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa

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