

THE COLLEGIATE

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To provide the student body and faculty of this institution with a means of communication and a free discussion of the interests of the day.

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February 14, 1964

The Sixth Member

Act I

Scene — Often repeated

Place — Bohunk: Time — Thursday, February 6, 10:20 AM.

Enter — Cheerleader

CHEERLEADER. Hey everybody, let's go to the pep-rally.

AC STUDENT. Are attendance slips required?

CHEERLEADER. No.

AC STUDENT. Deal me another hand.

The tragedy of the above scene is that it actually happened! School spirit at basketball games is more than just a way of letting off steam and raising noise. Basketball is a home-court game mainly because of the psychological advantage the home team has from the backing of the sixth player on the team — the home crowd. A very good example of this advantage and its importance would be the Campbell game played here last Monday. If a basketball team does not have the continuous home-crowd spirit behind them, and if it has lost some games, the players on the team can become dispondant and a defeatist attitude may set in. With this spirit behind them, however, a player finds it much easier to "get up" for each game. Every student at A.C. is a sixth member of our team and we all can make a significant contribution to its continued winning ways.

Let's have "standing room only" at the next pep-rally, and the next home game Saturday night. Regardless of what the score is, or how many games are lost, we should let the team know that they are not playing the game alone. The way we can do this is by working all the harder at our position. School spirit does make a difference!—JEL

Perspective: Good Citizenship

Perhaps at no time in the history of mankind, has it been more important for people who love and cherish the blessings of democracy and freedom, to instill in themselves . . . and in the younger generations . . . the high ideals of character than at this particular time. More than at any other time, we now need to re-examine the values, ideals, and virtues of our forefathers on which this great Republic is founded. Today, our form of government is facing its most deadly enemy . . . an enemy that challenges America, and free peoples everywhere, with a conquest for world domination. Although this challenge is international in scope, we, as American citizens, can . . . and must . . . prepare ourselves for the coming days when our generation will be responsible for the safeguarding of our basic freedoms.

You may ask: What can I do? There are many things we can do. The most important, and the most fundamental, of our tasks is to strive in every way to be the best possible citizen, and to do all in our power to keep America free and strong. The responsibilities of a good citizen in a representative government are many . . . but the rewards thereof are even greater. In recent years the individual American seems to be shifting many of his responsibilities to the state. It seems as though, when we grow tired of exercising some of our individual rights and freedoms, we just create another bureau to exercise them for us. We must remember that a rugged national individualism has been a great foundation of our democracy, and that the success of a democratic government is measured by the effective liberty which it makes available to the individual citizens.

Therefore, let us consider some basic concepts concerning the good citizen. The good citizen respects the dignity and worth of every individual. The good citizen takes part in all the affairs which concern him. He understands that by failing to use his liberties and privileges, he may lose them.

The good citizen takes part in the affairs of government—local, state, and national. He pays his taxes, votes with reason, and serves as a public servant when called upon. He treasures the right to vote, realizing that it was bought at a high price.

The good citizen is a master of conservation. He conserves both natural and human resources. He respects public property and constantly works for economy and conservation in all areas of life, realizing that waste can lead to the ruin of the nation.

The good citizen is a responsible person. He is responsible to his country, to his fellow men, to himself, and to God. The good citizen is always seeking ways to improve, understanding that improvement is the gateway to progress, and also the road to perfection and greatness. He is vigilant, and appreciates the fact that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

The good citizen appreciates the things that are worthwhile. He values highly his American heritage and the many liberties he enjoys under this great Republic. The good citizen believes in the rights of ownership and will not tolerate any unjust or unethical deprivation of anyone's property.

The good citizen has the courage to stand up for what he believes, for without courage to exercise freedom, how can he know that he actually possesses true freedom? Sometimes this courage places the individual in an unpopular position and his convictions are sorely tested.

When President Johnson took over on that tragic day in November he asked for our help. We can help—in a very definite way—by being better citizens and thus insuring the survival of our liberties and our freedom. We can—and must—always strive to be good citizens, for citizenship means living up to the best that is in us, and to lower the standard is to give up the fight. My fellow students, America needs you . . . NOW!!—AGG

JUST A DREAM

By T.O.D. JOHNSTON

Running, don't stop. Happened, why? It doesn't matter. . . Smoke-smell, misty shadows. Running, how long? Can't remember — does not matter. Nobody—nothing moving. Everything still. Maybe all dead — or maybe safe underground in cellar, basement. Tired. Feet burning — cut; head, eyes burning. Silent. No birds — nothing. Grass withered, dead. Trees-Skin icy—burning. House - there, basement? Maybe, someone. . . All broken-glass, everywhere — doesn't mat. . . Basement - someone. . . Cement. Door. Noises. Talking, Whipers. Help! Let me in, please. I'm tired and hungry. Yell—" Keep away; get out of here." Locked. Tommies dad. Me and Tommy used to play army a lot. They're scared. It doesn't. . . out. Run, but where—down toward. . . fall. Up. Nothing left—some people, in boxes, underground. So what! Won't come out! Die in boxes, already buried. Doesn't matter anymore. Hungry, Nothing to. Some dead animals—smell bad; all burned. A lot of things burned. Nothing alive here. More mist, yellowy-putred. Sound! Like water way off. What? Maybe the dam. . . flood Clumb. Tree leaning. Big, knotted, slippery. Knots-hold. Climbing slimy trunk. Water-wave coming crashing. Noisy-roaring, splashing. Won't reach me. Safe. Water thick yellow and gray, foamy—dead things floating. Hang on, tired, rest. Lungs hurt; throat dry burning. Funny smell, smoky. Getting dark. What happened to mom and dad. What happened to everybody. All gone. Where? Nowhere! All dead—wouldn't let me in; they will too; getting colder — wish I had coat—doesn't matter. . . wouldn't let me in their. . . doesn't. . . What a warm lovely sunny day. Everyone, mom and dad and kids, sitting in lawn chairs. Playing in the grass with their toes. Green. Sweaters—pastel shades — Girls. Blonde hair blowing in breeze. Happy, from up here—this old tree—bright shiny leaves. All in shade from warm sun. Sunday. All home. They're laughing—she giggling — so am I. . . Splash!

CAMPUS CORNER

By DAVID WEBB

This past week, I interviewed a delightful "character" that has been roaming the campus of Atlantic Christian College for thirty-nine years. Coming originally from the state of Virginia in 1925, with his ancestors dating back to the first recorded colonial property acquisition in 1638, Dr. C. H. Hamlin has contributed not only to the development of ACC in the classroom, but in 1931 during the midst of the Depression he was appointed director of the first summer school session after being inspired by a great friend R. S. Proctor and continued as its head for five yers. Dr. Hamlin commented that during these times, he never turned down a student because of finance. Being a modest man and not boasting his fine qualities, I must inform you that he often gave his own funds to help students pay their tuition.

This energetic old man in age, but not in ideas and thoughts said that he has taught grandmothers of some of the students he is presently teaching. He stated that "education is lighting the candle and not filling the bucket." He also said that "one's educational philosophy is based on one's philosophy of life." Education is to emancipate the mind and stimulate all people of all occupations from the cradle to the grave to think.

Giving his views of Atlantic Christian he referred to the college as an excellent school with a family atmosphere. He believes the teacher is more important than the subject matter taught, and is opposed to keeping the students from choosing their teachers.

Campus Musical

BY PAUL WILSON

We are living in an age which makes contact with the arts almost unavoidable. Even in an area as remote from major cultural enterprises as Wilson, we find an amazing number of opportunities to broaden our cultural horizons.

During the course of the current year, we have already been exposed to America's most famous young pianist, several major symphony orchestras, nationally known ballet groups, and many other concert and theatrical events either in Wilson or very close by.

Why should a person attend a concert? This question can be answered in a number of ways. For example, one may seek entertainment of highest caliber and receive genuine enjoyment while another may receive broadening in the educational field. Perhaps one may seek emotional involvement, which would lead to understanding and even to inspiration, while another seeks social contact to increase business aspects. If for no other reason, one may attend a concert merely to have some place to go.

The fact that Music Survey is required in many colleges and universities is apt proof of our strong need for the understanding of music and its elements.

I'm sure all of us would hate to live in a world with no music at all, but think of the many naturalistic sounds of music we have around us at all times which we never stop to hear or never even realize are there.

News And Views

BY DWIGHT WAGNER

Within the past few weeks the war in South Viet Nam has been going very much in the favor of the Communists. The government of South Viet Nam is disorganized, due to the recent coup, and on top of this it seems that officials in Washington are suffering from poor intelligence sources.

The confusion has encouraged the Viet Cong to step up its attacks. One of the main reasons for its success is the failure of the strategic hamlet system. In the all important Mekong Delta area these strategic hamlets were established without proper attention, and, as a result, they have been overrun by the Viet Cong with little resistance.

While all this has been happening it would appear the American public has been misinformed by its government. We have been given the impression that the war was being won by the South Viet Nam forces. However, the recent information that has been received points out that this has not been the case, and the value of the \$1.5 million a day expense is quite hard to see.

The position of the free world finds itself in today is that it must win the war in South Viet Nam. In order to do this some officials now think it may be necessary to attack North Viet Nam, which acts as the supply base for the Viet Cong. If this is done it is possible that Red China would enter the war, and the result would be another war like the Korean struggle.

As it stands today it is impossible to see a clear cut solution to this problem. However, one thing is certain, our margin for error is now very narrow.

from the eye of the fly

BY JOHN REYNOLDS

An A.C.C. Primer—abridged

Turn in your chair! Open your eye!
Watch the students as they cry.
See them all come filing by;
In this place of rest they die.

And so they to the Bohunk go
To learn what makes them move so slow.
To the place of acquisition
Of the game of their ambition.

Is this game a game of pleasure?
Does it give one that full measure,
Which from these hallowed floors so new,
Is promised as his knowledge due?

Oh, Knowledge, you are mine to see,
If I'd but lower this trump of three.
If to this tray and to the spade
I'd fold my hand, I'd have it made.

Ah! But to me pray do come soon,
For with my shiney silver spoon
I'll dip and dab and make my way.
You see, I'm paid right here to stay.

So, Knowledge, if it be my fate,
Seek me out as I seek my mate.
Seek me here on this foul floor
Where cups and butts are lore no more!

Where cups and butts have made a nest
In which we seem to rest—and rest—and rest—

★ ★ ★

There is a new art form which I would like to see brought to this campus. In fact it is so new I don't believe the Art Department has heard of it. Its name is Mobilux, and, believe me, an evening's exposure to it is not only thrilling but is even more rewarding (soul wise) than a bout of Bohunk Bridge. I won't tell you how Mobilux works, but I may tell you that it is a combination of the two art forms of music and visual imagery. Mobilux is quite creative and very transitory, and no two performances are the same. If you enjoy jazz or classical music when you enter a performance, you will "dig" these forms upon leaving the performance (there is a difference). The flowing, and at times startling images combined with music leave one with a strange sensation of beauty and awe. If it does come to us, let's take our eyes off the "tubes" for at least one night at college!