

THE COLLEGIATE

Published Weekly at Atlantic Christian College
Wilson, N. C.

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.

Alice Shepard Editor
Dwight Wagner Assistant Editor
Brent Hill Managing Editor
Jerry Elmore Sports Editor
Patsy Seburn Makeup Editor
David Webb Business Manager
Reporters: Ray Fisher, Kent Comer, John Reynolds, Jerrell Lopp, Laura Wolfe, Linda Griffin, Kathy Traylor, Floyd Brown, Les Godwin, Julian Foscoe, Glenn Griffin, Richard Surles, Maureen Ryan and T. O. D. Johnston.

April 17, 1964

Corrupt Elections

The winds of March have blown the spring elections past our institution of higher learning and many candidates have been elected to respective posts while many students suffered defeat in these competitive races.

Some of the leaders who were recently elected by the student body, faculty and administrators have already shown in their present roles that they are presumably capable of being leaders. However, to some posts, some students whose capabilities are doubtful were elected. Some of the students which you, the Co-operative Association, elected do not even have a "C" average and several are on academic probation.

You may ask, "How did this happen?" This took place because the spring elections at ACC have become a popularity race with the more qualified students suffering defeat. The blame lies on the Co-op Association. Because of the lack of interest in the nominations, the student's name that one has most often heard repeated or the student with his name in first position on the ballot received the most votes.

To the newly elected leaders, a challenge is presented to you to prove your ability. When you leave office, be able to name what you have accomplished, not what you have seen accomplished. You now have exactly one year to perform your feats. **MAYBE YOU CAN EVEN INTRODUCE SOME REFORMS INTO THE FUTURE ELECTIONS PROGRAM!—ALS**

Russian Leadership

Last Monday there was a news bulletin that Russian Premier Khrushchev was dead. Soon thereafter, however, there were other reports revealing that the report was false. During the hour between the first report and the clarifying report, many questions suddenly became quite relevant. Who would be Russia's new leader? Would he follow Khrushchev's policies or would he share the philosophies of the Red Chinese? Just what would result from such a sudden transition of power in the communist world?

Certainly, Khrushchev cannot be considered our friend, yet he is not necessarily our worst enemy. This is becoming more evident each day as the Chinese Reds grow more vitriolic toward the Russians. At the present time the Russians appear to be heading to unprecedented heights of understanding with the West.

There is a great ideological conflict in the communist world today, and the West stands as most likely to gain from this conflict. This is true, however, only if Khrushchev remains in power in the Soviet Union and continues to denounce the militant attitudes of the Chinese Reds.

Soon after he heard the false report of Khrushchev's being dead, the writer heard a man saying that it was the best thing that could have happened for the United States. Was this man right? Certainly the world would be a better place if there were no communists at all; but wouldn't Khrushchev be a little better than another Mao?—AGG

Machine Politics

Has the foundation of a political machine been established at Atlantic Christian College?

There seems to be a small, but influential group on campus who are determined to get all their "buddies" elected to office in order that certain pet policies, namely agreeable to this group, may be acted upon on campus. This little clique cares not whether they break regulations as long as they achieve their aims. These are the students who state that we do not have an effective Co-operative Association on campus, so they want it abolished. This overthrow of the Co-op is only one among the many radical plans proposed by this group.

One has to acknowledge that the governing body and the constitution at this institution lacks much; however, do you, the students, want to replace the Co-op with a campus political machine? If so, jump on the bandwagon, because all volunteers are welcome.

The remainder of the student body who wishes no machine needs to band together to fight this movement which is taking place in the Co-operative Association. Put up a struggle for the leading positions on campus.

The elections have passed for this year, but in one year, each of you will have the opportunity to decide whether you want a political machine on campus.—ALS

Remarks Helped

On Wednesday night, April 8, students residing in Hackney Hall were summoned to the lobby for the purpose of hearing some rather terse statements from Dean Robert Bennett concerning the immature behavior of several men in the dormitory.

Incidents which necessitated this meeting included numerous water fights, an alarming regularity of exploding firecrackers, the crashing of eight-ounce bottles through windows of neighboring houses, an oversupply of bottles in private yards, and a disgusting amount of vulgar utterances to passing coeds.

Some of these incidents would be extreme joy for a six-year-old child playing cops and robbers, but are juvenile vandalisms for persons responsible enough to be in college.

Following Dean Bennett's remarks the Dormitory Council met and eight Hackney men were placed on disciplinary probation for excessive noise. Six of these were also charged with a lack of consideration for fellow residents.—BH

JUST A DREAM

By T.O.D. JOHNSTON

This way. Watch mud. Step. Been raining almost all. Foggy haze. Sun down. That path. Smush—mud. On hill. Field there—weeds, long, slender. Ploughed near house. Crunches. Large puddle — on, up-hill. Curmsh. Battered old green truck by door. No answer. Lights not on. TV inside. Open door, porch. Enclosed shack. Wood. Old stove. Coming — padding softly — steps within. Opened — shadows. Partly bald gray-haired black man in flannel shirt. Mumbled. My mouth and tongue form words — explanation in descriptions. Head nods — wrinkled skin. Gravely deep voice — talks. Can't come back tomorrow. Talks with his words — mumbled sound. Come back some other time. Nods. Weathered hands close door behind. Shadowed darkness, smush; walking heavily, crunches, down mud - slippery path, curmsh; haze of twilight. Rain-sopped soil, dripping and seeping. Maybe won't tomorrow — maybe tomorrow.

TEN TOUCHY TOPICS

1. Al Lowenstein
2. Grass mowing during classes
3. Ladder against Chapel (2 months).
4. Executive Board Meetings
5. Men's Dorm Council and Social Pro.
6. Telephones in Girl's Dorm
7. Class bells
8. 75 per cent, weather and heat in the library stacks.
9. "The Collegiate"
10. Too many "Touchy Topics"

LONELY LITTLE LOSERS

1. Ad. Bldg. coffee breaks
2. Cactus plant
3. Professors holding class past time allotted
4. Albert Finney
5. All A. C. C. spring sports and the weather

Readers' Forum

To: The Collegiate

From: The Library

Beginning Monday, April 6, 1964 the library is now open until 10:00 p.m. Monday through Thursday and until 4:00 p.m. on Saturday for the remaining class and examination days of the spring semester.

To the Editor, the Students, and the Faculty:

Some of them are dead. Bishop Edwin A. Penick is dead. Eleanor Roosevelt is dead, Senator Robert A. Taft is dead. Robert Frost is dead. Dr. Archibald Henderson is dead. Senator Estes Kefauver is dead.

Some of them will live. Adlai E. Stevenson is Ambassador to the United Nations. Clifton L. Moore is a Justice of the State Supreme Court. Carl Sandburg is a prolific author and poet at Flat Rock. Dr. George A. Buttrick is Professor of Preaching at Garrett. Bennett Cerf is President of Random House. Robert F. Kennedy is Attorney General of the United States.

Each of them spoke at Chapel Hill when I was a student there. I heard them. Those memories are priceless. I covet similar memories for you. Why?

Maybe we should await history's judgment of these people. But I believe that the life of at least one of them will have such impact that, as Holmes said, "a hundred years after he is dead and forgotten, men who never heard of him will be moving to the measure of his thought."

To be educated, you must do more than merely read about them. You must see and hear some of them.

Justice Moore will speak here April 23.

You should hear him.

Art In The Air

BY T. O. D. JOHNSTON

Artisa diffi-ultural defi-nation, sticky-stones tonow. Plast-grafs bayst fyv-spaic-type textu form-a-line colour. Spontaneous genesis pushes of emotio-expris ides autor-yet subby-mat-raw build: owal, wetter, ferro-concrete, cley, stane, trez; purpo-abil-skil inbetwn; continuous whole think-thumped hair-stik, pale-nive, vasclot. Wurk-standin 2-feated; iz contempt impotent? nup—stare archi nun emmytution; startlingly purrseve relm pure-form by-yond outy manyfestion.

Stiles in flux, Antig, Mid, Renass, Murdurn—Prehis Stanes, Bronz, irn; Bablon, Assern, Perzn, Egift, Griik istic, ieral-Christly, Derk, Carulingin, Romin, Goetik, Renass-Mammerisem, Barococo, Neau-Ssicism, Imy-pression, Dada, Mom Surreal, Ey-pression, Cube-a-straction, Neau-futurums, un Abstract-chums. Notso propinq to wurk — un standing infrunt of stairn, gratr fearl.

Furms. Conceptual in relm of Imagi-soulminder-sinsually wuhk-en-aht. Skult an archi — 3 dimens; Panting and drewin — 2 dimens; Newsick an potce dimes in time. Awlubum-monatter-creightif wurk indefenabl, Juy ce. Artisensitivist-pensun-dremes nia univars-written — univirsalty undure oil-ta-airtz ases manyfestions ofe meverage hewmram eggisistens, Yrss.

News And Views

BY DWIGHT WAGNER

Last week in Mississippi, the State Senate passed a bill with the bare-faced intention of keeping itself, and any other elected officials, all Democratic. It seems that the Republicans brought on this action when they scored the largest vote since Reconstruction, nearly 40 per cent, against Gov. Paul Johnson last November.

The total effect will make it necessary to have a well-financed statewide apparatus even to qualify as a legal party, a current impossibility for Republicans, whose means are limited and whose voters are concentrated in a few urban areas.

It is hard to believe that the men who compose the state legislature of Mississippi could be so naive and foolish as to pass a bill such as this one. Undoubtedly, everyone of these men would claim to support the principals of democracy to the utmost ability. However, by passing this bill, they are in effect hitting democracy with a mailed fist. The most serious injustice would be the impossibility of the citizens of Mississippi to have a clear choice in the democratic principals they wish to have the state government follow.

The implications of this bill also extend into other facets of state government and livelihood. It does not take much to realize that the growth of the two-party system in the South is very important for continued development. It offers a healthy and invigorating atmosphere to many commercial and industrial businesses. For the most part, the two-party system is developing in the South, but a bill such as this one is hardly encouraging.

The outlook for this bill is almost certain to be death in the Supreme Court, but even so, many people are going to continue to wonder about the sort of men who control the state of Mississippi and the Deep South.

from the eye of the fly

BY JOHN REYNOLDS

Yes, Dr. L. Stacy Weaver, we all understand:

—that the college freshman has a choice of either motivating himself to "make his maximum contribution to his day and generation" or following the "great horde of beer-bloated sex-seekers who swarm over the Florida beaches during Spring Vacation masquerading as college men and women." So states the recently inaugurated president of Methodist College in Fayetteville.

—and that from a uniformly magnificent high school preparatory program we will all be of the maturational level you suggest and shall avow ourselves to turn to the work ahead and devote our full energies to the ideals promoted by the "News and Observer" which seems to be the primary source of your information concerning these Spring orgies.

—that due to your ten years of "police" experience as superintendent of Durham City Schools, your unprejudiced appraisal of collegiate morality is quite justified — and I mean that seriously! But, sir, it seems to me that you are superfluously idealistic in your regard of what to expect of the incoming freshman. No "testing program" will tell a dean of admissions whether or not an applicant is part of the "froth and foam and effervescence of a too-affluent society."

—and, finally, that if you disregarded the newspapers and once again took to the field (ie-beach), you might renew your faith in the individuality involved in the "higher" or "lower" process of general education. These men and women create no pretense in a "masquerade." They are college students who deserve, I think, more respect and consideration than a bad story in the papers or blatant condemnation from the "man who turned a cotton field into a college." Immorality on the Florida strand or at the Grand Bahama Hotel is vastly exaggerated. The annual "rites of Spring" are a welcome and deserved interim in the mad world of college.

The fly recently flitted toward an exhibition of the most recent fad among your winged friends, the robins. 'Twas noticed among the craggy branches of a campus Chinaberry tree that a flock of red-breasted ladies and gents were seemingly overexuberant at the prospect of a Chinaberry Tea Party. A closer inspection revealed not a walleyed pike but approximately forty-three highly crooked robins. Further inquiries showed that at this time of the year the Chinaberry has fermented to a very nice vintage of "Chinaberry Tea." The robins, I fear, are unaware, however, that within the skin of this fruit may be found a narcotic which affects their central nervous system. Now to a human, a few good belts followed by a dose of "tea" might make the most bitter enemy seem one's closest friend. Imagine, then, how the spirited robin might envision the campus pussy cat. My word! Pity the bird! The solution seems to depend, however, upon the formation of a Campus Flop House for Feathered Fops. This would enable those in need to safely sober up and regain their footage or wingage as the case might be. But if you'll pardon me, I've spotted a most amusing toad I'd like to visit. I do hope that Dean Hensley doesn't take our tree and try to make Chinaberry Cola. "Hello, Mr. Toa . . ."