

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The Collegiate welcomes letters from students who disagree with opinions stated on the editorial page. Letters should be addressed to the editor and placed in the Collegiate box by 9 p.m. Monday preceding the date of publication.)

## Soggy Endurance

It has been said by many of our fellow students that Homecoming, '68 lacked the energetic, fun-filled atmosphere that generally pervades most such festivals. Chiefly because, other than the Paul Anka concert, and the basketball game there was no great event in which the students could participate and take pride in their school. Most of these students cite the absence of a parade as a grotesque reminder that homecoming was doomed to be a flop.

Homecoming, as its title implies, was designed to be a time when alumni could again walk the grounds of their alma mater. But it was also designed to give the students a most welcome break in the doldrum of attending classes, writing term papers and studying for tests.

It is our hope that next year a more successful homecoming will be observed.

Even if the weather had been clear, we doubt that the booths erected in center campus would have instilled within many of us a great pride in our college—it just isn't the same as seeing your organization's float drifting down Nash St. or heading the bands as they march and play their proud music. Maybe next year homecoming will be more than alumni discussions and painted signs that drip their seemingly false addages of a "Big, Wide Wonderful World."

## The "Glib Tongue"

By ROBBY KOELLING

William Glenesk certainly provided one of the most interesting chapel programs of the year. His glib tongue slid smoothly over the difficult problem of new morality (perhaps because, from the worn condition of the manuscript the speech was on, this was not the first time it had been given). His polished delivery, punctuated with a sarcastic humor, made for an impressive and enjoyable talk. The first impression was that he carried a real penetrating insight into one of the major problems of our time. But gradually the feeling grew that

his talk was mainly a string of quotes from well and not so well-known people that he was elaborating on. The talk seemed to be strongly tinged with Glenesk reinforcing the high praise given him by David Jarman's introduction. Name dropping became very prevalent with the use of such phrases as "When I was at Columbia. . .," "Marshall McLeaun, my teacher. . ." and "Norman Mailer, my neighbor. . ." After the convocation there was a rather vague feeling that somehow the real issues had hardly been touched, let alone delved in to.

Further exposure to Mr. Glenesk — after convocation, during lunch and at the reception — greatly reinforced this feeling. His extreme self-confidence bordered on arrogance. During the reception his personal experiences were repeatedly mentioned. One of his more memorable quotes began with "When I was on T.V. with Bishop Pike. . ." His condescending attitude was particularly grating when in combination with the sarcastic answers he gave to many questions. In addition to this he seemed to talk a great deal without answering questions posed to him. I have only one final comment — Mr. Glenesk did manage to provoke some thought and discussion. This may be a first for a convocation.

### Reader's Perspective



Mr. Bussell:

I thoroughly enjoyed the convocation address by Mr. William Glenesk — so much that I made a special effort to attend the question and answer session later in the day. But after this double exposure I find myself more than vaguely dissatisfied. Mr. Glenesk expelled a lot of hot air in his two speeches, but HE DIDN'T SAY A THING!

One gets the impression that Mr. Glenesk's speech was designed primarily to garner lecture invitations. If he knows anything about the "new morality," he certainly isn't telling — at least not at ACC. During the entire convocation period, he expounded on the old morality and its history.

I was impressed by his answers to the questions fired at him in the open session later. Never have they been fielded so cleanly and evaded so completely. His answers sounded good, but the content was negligible — if it applied to the expressed question at all.

Finally, I was irked by Mr. Glenesk's assumption that we were all ignorant. I dare say that most, if not all, of the students attending have at least a nodding acquaintance with Kafka, and even one totally unfamiliar with our campus could deduce that Drs. Hartsock and Capps are hardly perennial freshmen. I trust that in the future convocation speakers will be selected in view of their achievements rather than their press notices.

Lynn Johnson



Tell It To Santa???

# Bookworm Crawlings

By WIGGLER

Hark! All ye coeds rejoice! Santa Claus has arrived at the ACC bookstore. He didn't slide down a chimney and he didn't dash in behind eight reindeer (nine counting Rudolph). But don't let his subtle appearance discourage you. Gary Jones is winning the hearts of thousands of small children (college coeds) as he allows them to burden his lap with their tales of need for the Christmas holidays.

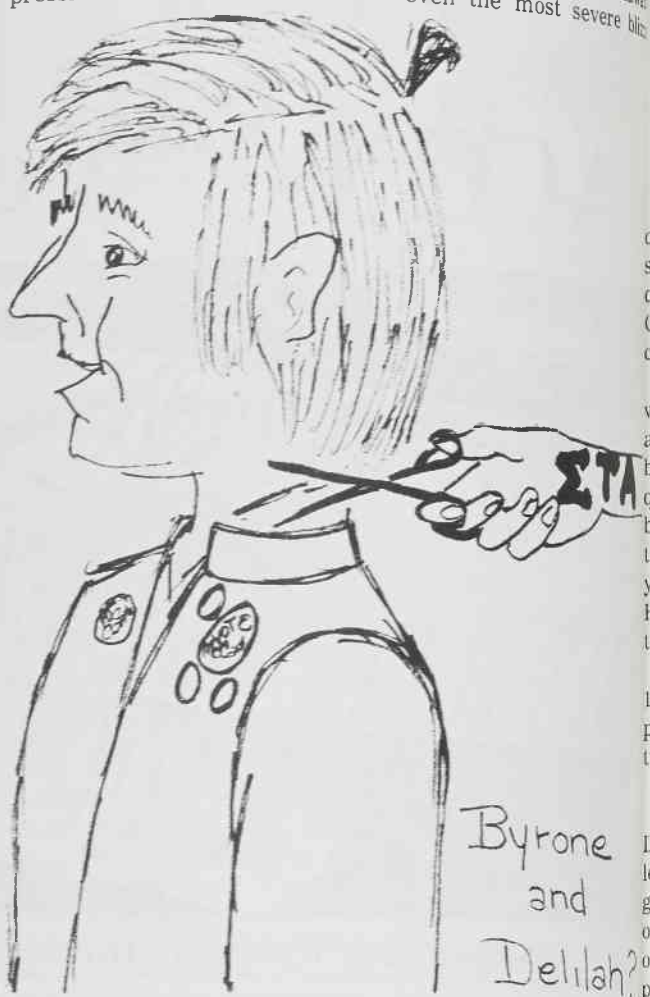
Gary is employed by the bookstore as a stock clerk but over the Thanksgiving holidays, Vivacious Bookworm is sending him to Macy's Department Store on Fifth Avenue in New York to learn the techniques of being an economically seductive Santa Claus. Therefore, it is indeed possible that many of his clientele will find themselves doing their Christmas shopping in the bookstore.

For those of us tired of the humdrum of ordinary existence, it is quite rewarding to learn that Gary is more humanistic in that he hopes to be able to provide a more beneficial service to his lap-sitters. Gary will be available at all times during his hours in the bookstore to answer any questions that might arise as to what gift to buy for that special someone.

In this field Gary has a record equaled by none. In his first week of service, Gary received 14 presents from secret admirers who had previously visited his lap. This leads one to believe that Gary is providing some fringe benefits that Vivacious Bookworm and Wiggler are not aware of, or else there is an impending snowstorm of gigantic proportions moving into the bookstore. Whatever the case Wiggler has not yet built up enough courage himself to crawl up onto those Charles Atlas type knees and start pleading for presents. One thing for certain, the bookstore has never before had so many girls leave the premises with such satisfied expressions enlightening their departure.

Wiggler suggests that any coed who might be from Conservative Eastern North Carolina should not plan to visit the bookstore's Santa without taking a friend along for extra added security. Then decide for yourself. The picture accompanying this week's column is one of a coed who first visited "Santa" with a friend and who was later so eager to revisit him that she didn't take time to remove her wraps, or could it be that these wraps were protecting her from what might be the first flurries of that snow storm.

Whatever the case, her expression seemed to indicate that she would have been unnerve even the most severe blizzards.



## Miss Barefoot

All night study binges are common in college and before the student will find himself involved in rather personal relations with the coke and cookie machines that keep him energized the night. On looking through my files I found this amazing incident recorded by Lewis Hyde touched up to fit our A. C. life.

We sensed winter in the air late one night last month with collar high and all that, we rushed to the nearest dorm and hid in its shadow. There we happened to notice that through a flaw in the chain of command, the night watchman had left the doors unlocked. Although we aren't the type who munch plastic lunches on stairways and such, tonight we decided a bag peanuts would comfortably forestall the walk home.

We descended to the basement and walked through the hall lined with tables and circled by the vendo-magic machines. All was quiet but the green mold creeping through 1090 coffee and the univac 80 growling quietly in its glass cage; the vando machines glowed and blinked. We approached the Tom's machine and scanned its contents. Denver delights and push button We took a dollar and offered it to the change-o-matic dollar sector which gurgled happily and gave us 95c in change. A potato chip machine glewed a little brighter and the coke machine chuckled. We inserted our coin respectfully into the waiting regurgitator, and then it happened. As we reached into the aw-orifice the brute grabbed us. All the machines began to sway from side to side and move toward us. We yelled, and the machine squirted us with a mixture of pepsi, powdered cream chicken soup. We kicked at the tightening circle of swaying chimes, glowing and blinking and humming to each other. begin to chant:

Give us a quarter, dime or nickle  
you get ham, cold pumpernickle  
For the pros and his assistants  
Fine artsmen with low resistance  
Scholars high of all departments  
Whose tastes can fit in our compartments  
No need to halt a high hung meeting  
of push button machine need  
of eating  
Oh marzipan and butter brickle  
quarter, dime and silver nickle  
God of mass metallic steel  
Give us this day our daily meal

With that we knew this way no time for pussyfooting around. The moment of truth was upon us. All our lives we had been suffering up our nickle and dime hopes to these beasts, but their was only whetted. As we tried to push past we decided on diplomacy, that being the better part of discretion. We turned the coffee machine and whispered, "Friendship is like good coffee, warm and rich and strong." It put him off guard, and we jammed seven pennies and a Canadian nickle down his throat. As he groaned and swayed backward, we leapt out of the ring and made the door yelling "A.C.C. or die!"

## THE COLLEGIATE

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