



by Rick Mitz

I think I went through the chance of life one night last week. It seems I had barely out-reached puberty when I went to bed a swinging single and awakened the next morning a confirmed bachelor.

I noticed the first symptom when I went back to my home town for a visit. My mother and I were out shopping for a bun warmer when we ran into a neighbor lady friend who's known me all my life.

"Ciel," the blonde lady hollered to my mother across appliances. "Is this little Rickie?"

"Rick, you know Mrs. Plumb, don't you?"

"Of course, I'd known him anywhere," she cackled and

continued as if I weren't there. "tell me, how is the boy?"

"As well as can be expected."

"Is he healthy and productive?"

"Considering," my mother said.

"How proud you and Morrie must be. Tell me, is the boy still single?"

"Yes, Edith."

I was at the supermarket recently when I bumped carts in produce with Mrs. Stacker, the mother of Marjorie, a girl I went to high school with.

"Well, well, well," Mrs. Stacker said. "I read in the paper that you're still single."

"I didn't see your name in either the married or divorced lists, so if you're none of those —

you're still single." She beamed.

"Yes, I am."

"A regular Sherlock Holmes, aren't I? You know—what did you say your name was? — my single daughter Marjorie is also single. Still."

"Yes, I know. I read it in the paper."

She grabbed my celery and continued. "Well, don't think she couldn't have been a married lady a hundred times over and then some. And I know what you're thinking — that it's because of Grandma Stacker's antique and heavily insured brooch." She took a bite. "Not true. So consider yourself lucky."

"Lucky?"

"That she's saving herself for you."

"I didn't know she was."

The next incident occurred when I was buying a silver tray for my parents' golden anniversary.

"You registred, kid?" the salesman asked.

"No, I already graduated."

"Are you married, kid?"

"Not yet."

What're you waiting for — the right girl or something?"

"It just never occurred to me to get married."



Eagles Retires After 25 Years

Mrs. Dorothy Eagles, associate professor of English at Atlantic Christian College, was honored at a dinner given by the local chapter of the American Association of University Professors (AAUP), Friday, April 28. She has served as a member of the college faculty for 25 years.

The ACC Alumni Council, represented by Donald Williamson of Kinston, presented a special plaque to Mrs. Eagles. Following remarks by Dr. Arthur D. Wenger,

president of the college, Gene Purvis and Paul Crouch, of the college faculty, Dr. Walter Anderson, president of the local AAUP chapter, presented her with a silver monogrammed pin.

Speaker for the dinner was Dr. Douglas Young, Paddison Professor of Classics at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. A native of Scotland who maintains his home in Tayport, Scotland, Dr. Young directed his address toward the development of Scotland and the Scottish connection with America.

Scenes From The One-Acts



An evening of comedy is in store for theatre-goers, Thursday and Friday, May 4-5, when Stage and Script of Atlantic Christian College presents two student-directed one-act plays.

In the traditional "Two Fools Who Gained A Measure of Wisdom," to the absurdist "Memorial Day," the two directors have chosen scripts that will keep audiences laughing over the foibles of mankind.

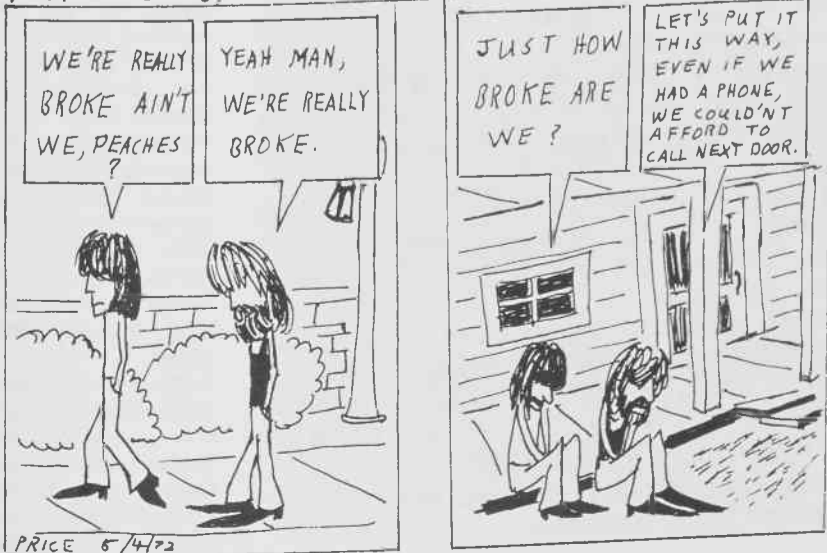
Rick Comer of Cameron, is directing "Two Fools Who Gained Measure of Wisdom," a play by Tim Kelly based on a short story by Anton Chekhov. Appearing in the production will be Marvin Winstead of Nashville, Alice Wyndham of Jacksonville, Fla., Patty Daly of Goldsboro, and Ernestine Cobb of Wilson. The story deals with newlyweds adjusting to new and strange in-laws.

Gwynn Doughty of Franklin, Va., is directing "Memorial Day," by Murray Schisgal, the author of "LUV." Mike Raper of Wendell, and Terry Rogerson of Wilson, appear as a middle-aged couple who are suddenly faced with major decisions in a dispute over their son.

Curtain time is 8 p.m., in Howard Chapel, on the Atlantic Christian College campus. There will be no admission charge.



PEACHES by IVAN PRICE JR.



Poet's Corner

HEY

Hey man, take my Jesus off that copper-plated cross!
You're putting him where my arms can't go.
Hey there, get my Jesus out of your golden edifice!
You're taking him away from the street's sisters and brothers.
Yey you, free my Jesus from bindings of your white leather Holy Bible!
You're keeping him from giving the lost heart-soul God-loving-joy.
Hey preacher, let my Jesus loose from your lefty pulpit!
You're holding him from healing the stinking gutter folk.
Look now church in your polished pews,
In your meetings of important conference,
Look now friends of groups of men's, youth's, and women's;
Whereinto are we chaining, trapping Nazareth?
This lad knows for sure, for real
If we don't let my Jesus, our Jesus
Be the Jesus of the parks,
Be the Jesus of the streets,
Be the Jesus of the cities,
Be the Jesus of the houses,
Be the Jesus of the factories,
Be the Jesus of the tall buildings,
If we don't let my Jesus, our Jesus
Be the Jesus of movement,
Be the Jesus of this hour,
Be the Jesus of all places and people,
Then he won't be.
How can he not be?

Bob Johnson

IN-RAIN

I saw you
Standing in rain,
And glimpsed that
You were crying
I smiled
And as if the sun
Came out.
Rainbows sparkled
The new joy in your eyes,
And things went well.
I came from hiding
And made you unalone
Then we walked outside.

Robert Dawson

BLACK ANGEL

Painter of beautiful paintings
Paint the sky and paint the earth
Painter of heavenly angels
Painter of humanized gods
Paint the sky and paint the earth
Paint for me also a black angel.
Our heavens are not white
Yellow, green, dark or light
Heavens are the star that bright
With the white-black, black and white.
Painter of saints of churches
You do paint beautiful paintings
But you never can remember
To paint for me a black angel.
There where God is said to live,
Live also the good black angels
Because God is white and black,
Yellow, green, and also red.
Though He's neither white nor black,
Neither yellow, green, nor red.
Painter of beautiful paintings,
Painter of saints of churches
You do paint beautiful angels
But you never can remember;
Please, paint for me a black angel.

Francisco Matamoros

ELEGY TO MY NEW LOVE

The everlasting sun
will shine,
as we run, loving
Every moment of life.
For we are young,
and of the sun,
as the sun is,
so are we.

And when we part,
To go our separate ways
We'll go through life,
Remembering...

Carol Teems

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