

Nature's Way Of Saying Hi (High)

Sitting in on a warm, rainy Saturday afternoon. What a lazy day. Nothing beats sitting in on a rainy Saturday afternoon. Nothing really that much to do except sip some wine, fill up my prescription (for the wacky weed) and listen to Linda Ronstadt on the stereo. Oh, those warm breezy Saturdays. So many fine things to do but never enough time to get them done. Things to think about and times to remember. But always looking forward to the front and things to come and feeling glad that you're alive. For maybe nothing much was going to be accomplished on that day but them that would be O.K.I. because it was a nice day, a rainy day, and a beautiful day.



TAG CAME FOR 89 CENTS GRAB THEM THE MAKEUP BOY IS ONLY A FEW STEPS BEHIND

Letter to the Editor

Opinion

To All Students:

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the students who have loyally supported the basketball team

If You've Ever Gone Down With Your Pride

... Tequila Sunrises, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY, THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN, The 60's, the culmination of post-war decadence ... How we loved it, how we'll miss it. For the place had character and there was a time when all was well or at least it appeared well. But time goes by. And what was, will be no more. And so it was with the Whitehead Annex. Where easy living was easy and if not at least for a while it was fun. No one has lived in the Annex now for quite a while but there was a time when it was truly a cultural center for AC's own version of the new bohemian hippie subculture. A place of joy and frolic for a while with all sorts of interesting characters biding their time while occupying the building. A place where a person could go on a Friday night and drink some wine, listen to some decent music, (for in those days, the "top 40" and soul were still King). And yes there was a time before that when it was the home of the Sigm Pi's. And surely some truly worthwhile activities went on then also. But that seems so long ago.

In a few days the Whitehead Annex will be no more. So as it is with many things when their time has come to an end, their usefulness either buried or forgotten. Old wooden houses have such a character about them. It's really a shame they must go. The Whitehead Annex had character, maybe cold in the winter or an eyesore to it's neighbors, nevertheless, it's gone now. Once a fraternity house, once a freak house, now a ruin, soon to be an empty lot. I suppose they call it progress.

CWA

The Collegiate

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Within Bounds

In today's society one must express his beliefs and experience his "freedom" within the bounds of the social rule.

We say this is a free country. But is it? Our freedom of speech is censored, our freedom to own land is ruled by leasing and zoning laws, our freedom to vote is ruled by the governmental parties, our freedom of choice is ruled by limited choices, and our freedom to live is ruled by the importance of money in today's society.

Therefore, our freedoms and

our individuality are allowed only if they are in agreement with the majority. It seems individuality is becoming a unity — a system of conformity.

But the majority of people seem happy — they seem to believe that they are still individuals. These "individuals" have their own beliefs and they are pleased and content. Who wouldn't be content when their ideas conform and are accepted because they are held by the rest of the "Unity"?

These questions are disturbing, to myself anyway. How far can one extend his freedom? Surely, certain freedoms of choice, such as killing, are not what I am discussing. These far outstep any breach of humanity.

But why must a person's beliefs conform to the majority in order for that person to be accepted?

Mary Kay

Around Campus

When students gave willingly of their time, efforts, and finances to support the building of a place on campus where they could still their bodies and minds, it was hardly thought that such a place would be taken as the most comfortable passion pit on campus. Certainly "communicating with the divine" can be taken rather literally, especially by those who feel their parents didn't give them sufficient parlor room time when they were younger. But gee, Friends, must we tolerate such abuse in a building that was designed specifically for prayer and worship?

Yes, yes, I know the arguments. "What could be more inviting to two college lovers than warm, plush carpet, low lights, and a secure lock on

Glancing at Life

I've never had many good words for time. Time can be more fickle than a city-bred house cat, and I don't have many good words for them either. When I'm having fun, it's time to quit. When I'm ready to quit, there are still ten minutes to go.

For example, I love the mountains, but the five hour trip up there seems like a week or ten days. And sure enough, the weekend lasts about twenty minutes before it's time for that tiring trip back home. How about the five minutes of sleep before the eight o'clock class that lasts two eons and an ice age?

However, being the optimist that I am (the Elks or the Jaycees wouldn't have me), I see one redeeming value in time. Time travels forth in a steady motion giving equal say to all the events of life. Thank God and Greyhound that the darn mess won't run upstream. I can truthfully say that I do not want to go back in time to any prior time. The bad times are happily packed away in memory and newspaper. The good times are better left alone, after all I may mess things up the second trip through.

Lincoln told a familiar story about time. Once there was a wealthy desert Sultan. The ruler commanded his scholars to come up with something that will ease all pain while banishing tragic pride. As the learned ones returned to the Sultan, they related this simple message: "And this, too, shall pass." More than once this phrase has pulled me through the murk of time and trial.

In a moment of faith and reflection, I read the Biblical book of Ecclesiastes. Solomon strained and struggled to find how best to use his life. He tried education, drink, labor, lightheartedness, and intense contemplation. Yet, Solomon could only conclude that life at its best is what gives the greatest sense of satisfaction.

Time, as life, should be used doing that which gives one the greatest sense of satisfactions. And when I think about these statements, I'm convinced that they're absolutely valid and true and ethical.

Briggs Petway

the only door to heaven's penthouse?" Nothing I should think, if that is the level on which the mind functions. "And after all man, isn't 'Love' where it's at?" Yea, I can go along with that, too. "Well, then, man, what's the hang-up, it ain't hurtin' a soul, is it?" Well, it might be, you never know.

Mythically speaking, President I.C. Moore feels that the only solution to the problem would be to install a hidden camera inside the air-conditioning unit inside the chapel. Whenever th heat gets high our abusive intruders will attempt to make things more comfortable by turning on the a.c. Hey, SNAP, you've got'em. The DM board can handle it from there.

The only practical move in the

matter would seem to be the establishment of a committee for the sole purpose of raising money so that our "make-out" artists would have a place to meet for themselves. Would that come under student-life, Miss Parrish?

It has also been suggested that if our fellow-students would write a letter to the manager of the Heart of Wilson demanding lower rates, our problem wouldn't be near as severe. Only a few students feel that looser visitation policies in the dorms would curb the nightly flow of "abusers" into the center.

Well, the problem isn't a critical one. But it is one to think about. If anyone's interested 1015 Bynum St. has a cheap mattress for sale.

PHIL JONES

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