

The Collegiate

Editor-in-Chief Briggs Petway
Associate Editor..... John Paca
Business Manager Jim Farthing

Sports Staff..... Guy Hyatt, Russell Rawlings
Photographers..... Peter Chamness and Doug Hackney
Copy Editors..... Bob Sills, Spencer Smith
Staff Writers

LaVee Hamer, Tricia Lough, Jamie Brame,
Jackie Parker, Brad Tucker

The Collegiate is published weekly by the students of Atlantic Christian College, Wilson, North Carolina 27893. The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the faculty or administration.

Idealism: Life is Good

In writing this editorial, I am attempting to end a short-lived career as an editorial writer for *The Collegiate*. It has been wonderful. Enough of the pleasantries; let's get down to business.

First of all, I claim to be an idealist, which may explain my attitude of seeming to "know it all" at times. Do not forgive me, because I do not mention it to ask you for forgiveness, but to express to you the hope that there may be more of you around who will be comforted by

the fact that some of us are beginning to come back out of hiding following our defeat in the 1972 presidential election. If you are an idealist, then get out and start letting people know that you are not going to stand for any more of this garbage called living by those who claim to do it. Demand that if people are going to say that they are alive, they must act that way!

You see, folks, the need for all of us right now is to develop a kind of lifestyle aimed at survival. For too long, we have taken things for granted. For many of us, we have moved away from home, but everything we do still has to be explained to our parents. Some of us lie. Others of us try to fit into lifestyles that don't demand us to really do anything that we haven't done before. (For you

grammar people, rebel against those who tell you to never use split infinitives.) Take some initiative. You may find that life has meaning after all.

We have no right to a world that we are not willing to live in — to really live in. There is a lot of stuff going on in the world that is exciting. It is happening every day all around you, and yet you have to have someone hit you in the head to see anything at all.

A few months ago, I wrote an editorial entitled "How To Study And Survive". I was told that some people really enjoyed it. The main point was not to study; it was the bit about surviving that was important to me. If you are interested in survival, you will learn. No one needs pressure to learn to survive. But from time to time, someone has

See JAMIE Page 3

The Editor's Letters

Editor:

It is my duty as a concerned student as well as future alumnus of Atlantic Christian College to express myself on what I feel is a great handicap to us as students. I would like to see it corrected now.

The lack of lighted tennis courts on Raleigh Road provides an injustice to a large number of students who seek leisure time in the evenings. The three courts that are lighted, adjacent to Wilson Gym, are not enough to meet the needs of our students in the evening hours. I am finding that it is becoming increasingly more difficult to find an open court at night. Many students do not even bother to come down to the courts because they know they will probably wait in vain.

A number of students like myself find that the evening hours are the only possible times to play much of the time. I work during the afternoons and find it difficult to make arrangements to play during the daylight hours. If I do find this possible, I will almost certainly be turned away by the Physical Education classes or the tennis team which seems to hold a monopoly on the courts on Raleigh Road during the daytime.

The three lighted courts do not provide all the students at this school the facilities they should have and need to have. Proof can be found by observation of the three lighted courts on any warm evening. No one can say that these courts are not put to good use. There are almost always groups of people sitting behind the courts waiting to play.

Something should be done now to correct the present situation of the unlighted courts on Raleigh Road. I can think of no better way to help meet the needs of our student body. I am not speaking to you as a great tennis pro, for that I am not, but as an average tennis player and a great fan as so many members of our student population are becoming. Please do something about this problem, students and administration.

Randy Holoman

Africa is fantastic! I am growing more and more fond of the people everyday. Of course, it is also a challenge. I am even more excited about my job. I am teaching four classes of Typewriting and one class of Office Machines at the Nairobi Baptist Centre in Nairobi. Teaching was a little discouraging at first because I could not understand the students' English and vice versa. However, things are much better now.

My advisors, Joe and Hazel Snyder of Grapevine, Texas, have also been a tremendous help to me. They are always eager to welcome me into their home. There have been times when I did not think I was going to make it, and they saw me through.

The people are always trying to make me feel at home. Many of the nationals are always

coming to me and saying, "Jambo, Soul Sister. Welcome home." One man told me I was his long lost daughter who went away years ago. However, I have just one slight problem. I do not know what tribe I came from. I have tried Ki-American, Carolinian, Chowanoc, Tar Heel tribe and heaven knows what else. If any of you out there have any good tribal names, please forward them to my address. I look forward to hearing from you.

Perhaps my pride and joy is my Sunday school class. I teach at a children's church with over 100 children coming just about every Sunday. I bet I am the only one in the world who has a Sunday school class that sings in the key of Y-E-L-L. My guitar won't play in that key. They are just fantastic. They can sing "God is So Good" in ten or more different languages.

Great Expectations

This thing that I've been speaking of in the last year in this column requires, to borrow an expression from Thoreau, "extravagance," a readiness to expand the words to fit the broad thoughts. The thoughts are, mainly, individual growth, expansion, and self-actualization (as Maslow would call it), and I fear that my language may not have come to terms with these thoughts.

Reader, realize yourself and know that whatever fences bound you today will bound you tomorrow unless you remove them yourself — nay, sail over them! Follow those childhood dreams. Become a musician, or an artist, or an astronaut.

But I fear that some of you have settled on the small dream too easily, not allowing yourself enough merit for the big one, settling to live a life of "quiet desperation." I fear that some of you have forgotten the other side of the fence altogether, forgotten that greener grass lies beyond.

Expectations! For most of us they are rather dim. We learn to expect so little from ourselves, thinking that our fortunes rest on some great capricious wheel. We become the responsibility of our parents, our teachers, and our friends. Get out of the Middle Ages. Once again you must become the indomitable spirit. Johnathan, Johnathan the American!

If, for instance, you make a crack at an education expecting nothing of yourself, how surely you will fail. You will be as a young bird who, coming for the first time from the nest, fails to use its wings. Inevitably, you will fall. Use your wings, reader, and soar.

(I make the extreme statement because there are enough champions of our limitations. Society is a great champion of what you cannot do. You must be the champion of your own boundlessness. This is what Thoreau meant when he said "Follow your genius." You may strike a balance if you wish, but I lean toward my own boundlessness. I run along the beach, holding shells up to my ears. Here I am, that great egotistical rascal that all the world raves against.)

Why else do the majority of us exalt the underdog? We feel an odd kind of identification with him. In the underdog we see someone like ourselves, a thing to be pitied. Reader, I defy your crazy associations and celebrate the overdog!

Some spirits are naturally more far-ranging than others. Some hearts are bolder. Some souls will travel all over the seven seas. But you who stay at home, you who live the little, everyday adventures in your own back yard, recognize, if nothing else, the indomitable in yourself, the boundlessness of the human spirit.

John Paca

The greatest experience that I have had is the opportunity to share the love of Jesus through songs and testimonies. I have had the privileges of singing in coffeehouses, Bible studies and a few of the local churches. Besides teaching, I have a Girl's Club which I love very much. Together we study God's Word and do all sorts of other things. Another great experience was climbing Mount Kilimanjaro and making it to the top. Hurrah!

A special thanks goes out to all those people who made it possible for me to be here. I would like to encourage everyone to become mission minded and give to support it. For there is a great need not only here, but all over the world.

Mary Ballance
P. O. Box 44628
Nairobi, Kenya
Class of '75

The Last Editorial

This is it. This is the editorial that shows all and does all. This is the one with all of the answers and all the opinions. This is the one to stuff under the cuff at the Last Judgment. This one helps in passing the final final.

This is the culmination of all of my efforts at newspaper work. This is my *Summa Journalistica*. This is my theory of life and the after-life. But, it all boils down to "Thank You." I can only thank my friends and supporters for my successes. And I can only thank myself for the failures.

I may not be the best editor ever to run this paper, but I have assembled the most talented, most dedicated newspaper staff in *Collegiate* history. Never have I seen such determination and conviction to principle. I thank Jim Farthing for being the most successful business manager ever to appear at ACC. I am equally proud to be able to run this column on the same page with the likes of Jamie Brame and John Paca (who always seems to upstage me). I do not have space to name everyone, so I'd like for the readers to glance at the masthead right now and see the people to whom I am indebted.

The faculty and administration deserve a great deal of thanks. On the faculty are people like Dr. Marshall, Dr. Paulsell, and Dr. Schneider who continually support my work and-or contribute tons of material. But, my greatest thanks go to Mr. Milton Rogerson, The *Collegiate* advisor. He is always around to answer questions and pose solutions to problems. ACC is lucky to have the likes of this man. He is dedication personified. And I cannot forget Bruce, Royce, and Ruth who work with the *Daily Times* — all of whom make my job simpler and down-right fun.

I do have a few surprises for the readers. I really like David Arnold, even though he cannot see for flying cow chips. I really like the entertainment committee even though I was disappointed at their not reorganizing the Beatles for a one-shot performance at ACC. And actually, I've never been in the library. But, I guess nobody noticed that my business manager laid out Jaimie's editorials in reverse order. And the people in the English Department might like to know that the way to keep John Paca from transferring to Cambridge or Oxford is to encourage his girlfriend to do a little sweet-talking on one of these dark southern nights.

At the risk of seeming more egotistical than usual, I think we've put out the best editions of *The Collegiate* ever. But, I couldn't fail with the staff I had.

As a final, mini-editorial, I would like to see the older students at ACC open up to the new ideas and new faces of each incoming class of freshmen. These people are the leaders of two and three years from now. The next freshman that walks by might be the Ellen Bowen, the Jimmy Cobb, the Pat Taylor, the Richard Battle, or the Larry Williams of 1979. Some of us are leaving, and we all know we can't come home again. If the school is to improve, we need to cultivate a new crop of student leaders. Who knows, some of the Class of '76 might be the Art Wenger, the Roger Bullard, the Sarah Bain Ward, the Zeb Whitehurst, or the Jim Hemby of 1990.

The future is now, to mutilate a crippled saying. I fully expect to hear a "Glory Hallelujah," a dozen "Hail Mary's," three "Amen's," and an "It's about time," or two as I write these holy words: This is my last editorial.

Funny, but one "Hail Mary" and a couple of deleted expletives were mine. Thanks for making the newspaper, and my career as a student at ACC, an enjoyable experience.

Briggs Petway