

# The Collegiate

Published Weekly

Atlantic Christian College

June 16, 1980

LIBRARY  
JUN 17  
ATLANTIC  
CHRISTIAN COLLEGE  
SPECIAL EDITION

## WELCOME! WE'RE GLAD YOU'RE HERE

by Tom K. Stephenson

First of all I want to welcome you here. You're probably going to hear that about one-hundred times today and tomorrow, but we all really mean it. One of the best things about being in Summer School, is that you get to meet all of the freshmen at orientation. By the way "Freshman" is not a derogatory term. We love to see

new faces here, and with those new faces comes new friends that we, who are already here, will come to know and love. It sounds a little thick with syrup, I know, but there will be people that you meet here, who will bring tears to your eyes when it's time to leave next summer.

Well let's get on with it. You're probably saying to yourself right now, **Wow!** Look Ma,

College. I made it. Surprised? So was I. Well, at the risk of sounding experienced (which I am not nor ever will be) I too once attended Freshmen Orientation, and I might add, that in spite of the fact that I had no idea of what I was getting myself into, I **have** overcome those unknowns and I am still filling space here at ACC.

I have just a few of those non-experienced experienced tips to help you get through the trauma of orientation.

One: Don't go out tonight and explore Wilson's entertainment facilities. It's not that we don't want you to have a good time, **Nay**, we want you to thoroughly enjoy your two day vacation. It's just that there will be a lot of information that you will be expected to retain, and this will be impossible if you are sleeping through the presentations tomorrow.

Point two: Although you may become bored at times, take heart, this experience will help you prepare for those 8am classes (just kidding proffers).

Point three: It would be

helpful, if in your spare time (you know, that ten minutes they allow you allow you before you're chained to your bed), if you familiarized yourself with the Student Center and especially the College Bookstore. You will be amazed at how much trouble this will save you when the stampede begins to purchase those precious books.

Point four: Read the Student Handbook. It's the little book you were given this morning which has printed on it, Student Handbook. We're not trying to imply that you can't read, but in the event that a misunderstanding arises between you and a college employee, you should know the rules, because "I didn't know" only works up through High School.

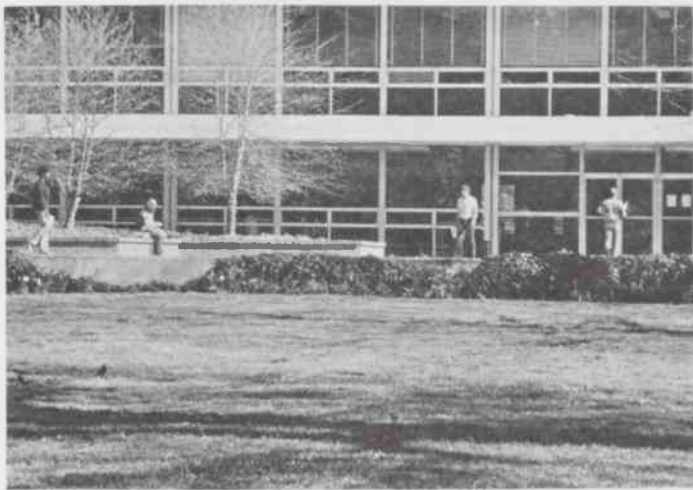
Point five: Don't try to buy a ticket to the swimming pool on top of the Student Center. Only members of the Student Government are allowed to use it.

Point six: Elevator tickets are

available only through the office of **The Collegiate**. All others are fakes. Don't be taken in.

And last but not least, Point seven: Retain, I repeat, Retain this copy of **The Collegiate**. Not because we are ego-maniacs, but it may help you as a reference, when you forget what day school starts and other trivial information of this nature.

Well, I've got to get back to work, and my assistant has some dumb reason for having to go home (sleep, of all things), so I want to leave you with one thought. When someone here says, "Welcome, we're glad you're here," believe it. Otherwise, you may be forced to read another article like this to prove it. Bye now.



Entrance to Hines Hall. Hines contains majority of the classrooms and departments at ACC. Photo by ACC Publications

## Robert's Rules of Disorder

by John Roberts

After a brief absence, I descend once again to the typewriter and hear the cadence and feel the rhythm of the keys. Oh, what's the use; poetry is not my bag of peas. Rather, let me seriously breech the hallowed traditions of Orientation. Traditions, because they are time-worn practices; hallowed, because they are treated by the administration as given by God, and we all know that those blessings given by God are not to be changed by mere thinking mortals. Oh well, here is the Orientation practices that are fondly held in the recesses of my memory.

As I remember, the first terror encountered is the brief unknown: What do I do now that I'm here? Don't worry; years ago, in the limitless aeons ago when God in His Infinite Wisdom designed the American system of Higher Education, the Administration (mere specks of neural impulses in the Mind of the Almighty) met and decided how to occupy the bodies of new students during the period of time called "Orientation." The design was simple: Keep 'em in lines! Not short lines of forty or fifty, mind you; no dear friends, these animals stretch the length of several football fields, and you, dear reader, will always seem to be at the end farthest from your destination.

Now, you may ponder this question as you stand there, conversing with your fellow

misfortunetes, why the Creator made mosquitoes, flies, and, worst of all, long lines on sweltering days. It should be as obvious as the noses on your linemates' faces: so that you'll

realize your place in the academic world! My friend, this is college, where you have to scratch and slave and rend, like the lions, who are our descendants on the evolutionary scale (why do you think they need claws?). You will not be "given" anything. You will stand in line and pay. You will go to class and pay. You will stay up late doing papers... and pay with your health.

But I digress. In the beginning, in the Neural Impulses of the Wisdom of the Universe, a far distant, future need for line companionship was foreseen; and God decided to throw in Moral and Science lessons as well. Thus, Administrators dreamed up lines, where new students, who had never had to wait so long in their short lives, would sweat, curse, theologize, blaspheme, and, in the "own sweet time" of the registerers, become official parts of the academic community.

Parts; not members. Members contribute, parts are added on. You will quickly learn (that's what you're here for) that you are a number, one of many. They give you a student number, which stays with you all the days of your sojourn in this modern Sinai wilderness. You are to remember that blessed number, memorize it, write it on a piece of paper and put it under your pillow. It is important, nay, necessary, vital. It's purpose? You will never discover it, even if you're in school for twenty years. It's sole reason for existing is this: to teach you to memorize. You remember those digits, get them thoroughly ingrained in your mind. For what? To fill in the blanks on the registration

that say "Student Number".

Yes, these two came from the same Bountiful Source that created, in wisdom, lines.

Perhaps you are now completely finished with your first day. If you are of the lower quality of newcomers, you have the odor of the demon on your breath, or perhaps some other medicine is coursing through your body. My friend, the sickness is external and needs salve rubbed on it, not serum injected into it. You are not the problem; don't be so hard on yourself. Bear with it; this is just the first day!

Upon awakening, you may discover that you don't know where you are. This is usual. While in college, there will be mornings when you not only don't know where you are, but you will also have to check your ID. card to discover who you are. don't loose it.

After breakfast, whether it be eggs or simply toothpaste, you have to stumble out to the lines again. Nobody ever gets up early enough. The first person, awake at five AM, finds three-hundred other persons already ahead of him. Or her. So, you had just as well sleep until the indescend hour of seven. And don't get an ulcer wondering; the lines will wait for you to join them.

There will be people around called upperclassmen. Remember this name. Recognize the faces that go with it. There is no truth that they know anything about which professors to take, or which not to. Anyone who volunteers this information should be ignored. Or shot on sight, if you are carrying a pistol. Ballpoint pen injuries will not silence them, so don't waste the ink.



The Hamlin Student Center [foreground], and Waters Resident Hall for women.

Photo by ACC Publication

## The Student Center A Vital Part of ACC

by Karen Yerby

The Hamlin Student Center of Atlantic Christian College was opened in January, 1968. The building houses the cafeteria, student services offices, bookstore, post office, snack bar and recreation room.

The Student Center is the focal point of the students' leisure time. It is essentially a place for students to relax and meet other people. Student Center activities include recreational games, pinball, foosball, ping pong, pool and color television. Informal social hours, tournaments and special interest groups are a part of the total program. As an annex to the

As with other points in this lesson there is a moral here. Surely you remember your first day in High School, when you couldn't tell the gym from the library. Remember how **eager** the seniors were to direct you to the english classes? Remember

Student Center, Hardy Alumni Hall provides space for dances, workshops, special programs, functions and movies.

In looking forward to the fall and a new school year, the Student Center hopes to offer a wide variety of activities including trips, workshops and equipment rentals. Hopefully all students will take advantage of the entertainment and activities offered by or in connection with the Student Center.

Please drop by the Student Center office and offer any ideas, suggestions or to volunteer time and help. **WE'RE ALWAYS LOOKING FOR NEW AND INTERESTING ACTIVITIES**

finding yourself in advanced home-ec. instead. Search for it, uncover the sheets from the furniture of your memory; there it is! Things haven't changed; upperclassmen still exist to lead you astray. They'll "suggest"

cont. on Page 8