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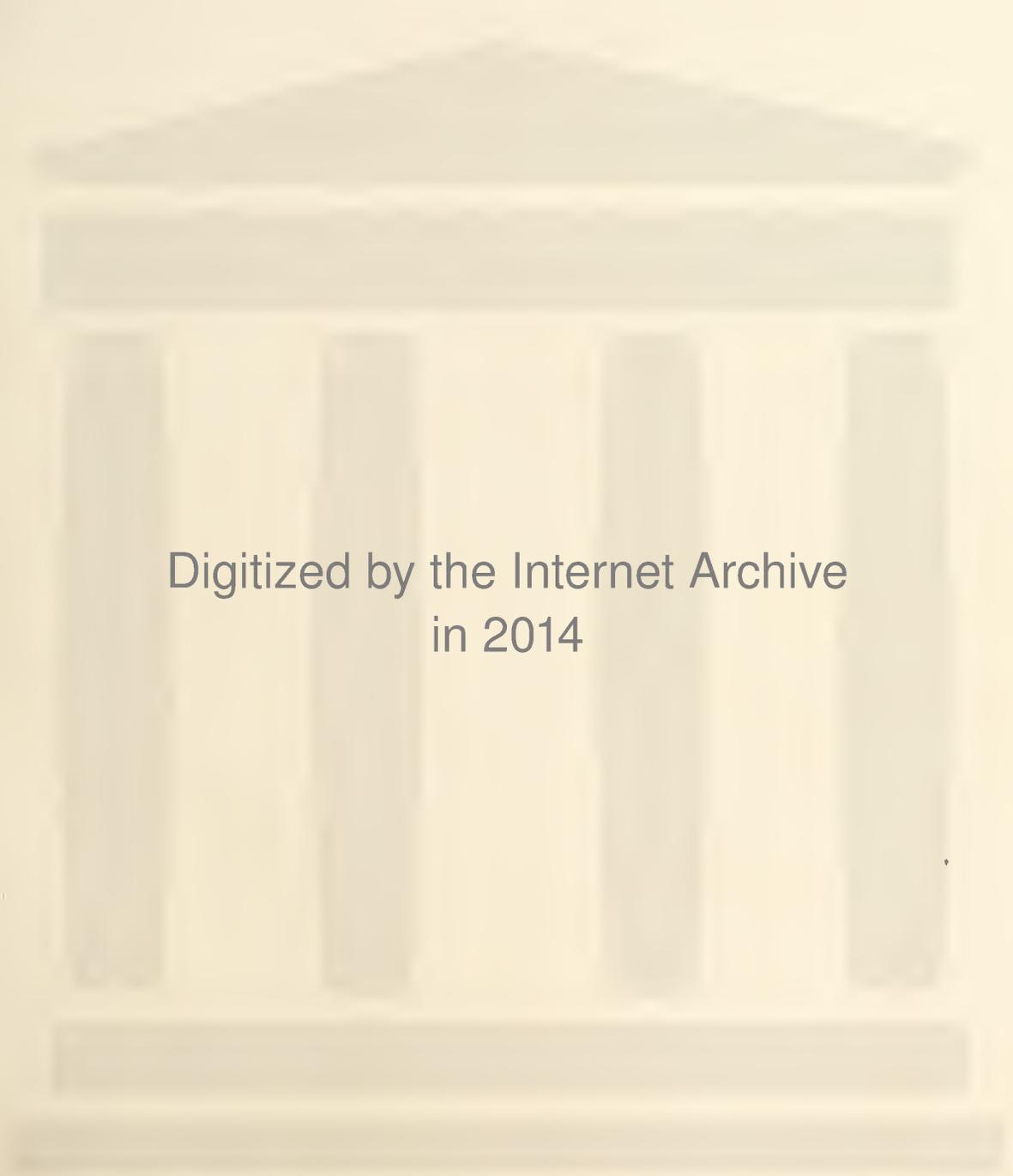
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Volume **CL**, No. 1

SEPTEMBER ISSUE

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# CAROLINA

## Magazine



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## shifting sands . . .

THIS IS being written at 8:30 on the morning of Thursday, September 9, 1943. I just left the First Sergeant's office a few minutes ago. He told me that I would be leaving for Parris Island at 5 o'clock this afternoon. There were four of us waiting this morning when Sergeant Schroeder came to work a little past 8 o'clock, Dick Rogers, Wiley Johnson, Bud Persky and myself. Leo LeBlanc, the fifth man, was not there. Persky called Smith Dorm to get him, but no one would answer the telephone. No one ever answers the telephone in Smith.

We have known all this week that we would be leaving today. At least we have known that we would be leaving, but not which day. The news came in Monday morning by mail from the Commandant in Washington.

I found out about it when I got back to my room at 10 o'clock from phys ed. Rogers was shaving when I walked in and I said "Any telephone calls for me, lad?" This was the way we had greeted each other for two weeks. We had joked about it so long that we had almost forgot how we would react if someday we should come in and find that it had happened.

Rogers quickly turned away from the mirror to face me and said "Yeah. You did have a call. So did Leo LeBlanc, and Persky and Johnson, and Richard Madison Rogers."

I could tell that he wasn't kidding and I asked him when we would be leaving. He said LeBlanc had the dope and that he was out on the wall. I went out to see LeBlanc and he said that the First Sergeant wanted to see us all at 10 o'clock.

At 10 o'clock we all lined up in front of Sergeant Schroeder's desk and he got out the letter from General Holcomb and read it out loud. He said that he was sorry, but that we still had a damn good chance at OCS if we worked hard. Then he took us in to see the captain.

Captain Popham looked solemn as we walked in. He gave us "at ease" and said that he had just got the news in the morning mail and that he hated we had to go, but not to feel bad about it because it was no disgrace and we still had a good chance at OCS down at PI.

Then he looked up and asked if anyone had any questions. No one did have, so he said "Men, I've got this little piece of advice for you. When you get to Parris Island, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut. Do what you're told to when you're told to and you'll get along fine. That's all."

We filed out and went back into the First Sergeant's office and listened to the noncoms, Taylor and Brown and Edmonds. They gave us some good dope on PI and choed what the captain and the first sergeant had said about chances being good. Then we left.

The tough part came the next day when I got off to go to Durham to see mama. She was sitting on the front porch reading the paper when I walked up. She looked up and smiled in a surprised sort of a way and asked what I was doing home. I mumbled something about "special privileges for special men" and went in the house. She came on in behind me.

"Got some news for you," I said as she walked in and bent to flick on the light.

She stopped suddenly and looked in my eyes. "What is it?" she asked softly.

"Parris Island."

She didn't say anything. I didn't say anything. We looked at each other. "Don't let it worry you," she said finally. "I'm sorry, darling." Then she turned and walked into the kitchen and I could tell that she was fighting against emotion.

So I told her the whole story, about busting a couple courses last Spring quarter as a civilian student, and how, when they called me back to Chapel Hill July 1 and put me in uniform, they told me that my past record would not be a detriment to me, but to work hard and everything would be okay.

And I did work, I told mom, and was making good marks the first few weeks as a Marine student. And then one day Sergeant Edmonds came into the room and gave me a little slip of paper saying I was to come to a meeting of the Readmissions Board in South Building at 4:30 o'clock that afternoon.

"You didn't tell me about that," mom said.

"No," I said, "I didn't tell you about it because I didn't want to worry you. But I'll tell you now. It's very easy to remember."

Then I told her about the meeting, how the members, Johnson, Wells, Winslow, Godfrey, and the others sat about the room in a half-circle and looked out the window and yawned while I told them why I didn't pass all my work, because I was editing the mag and writing stories for the State papers to make enough money to pay my tuition.

How it was that I had to do one of two things, neglect my studies and write to make the money to pay my bill, or study instead of write and owe the University.

"Yes," she said, "but the Board didn't seem to look at things that way."

"No, mam," I said, "the Board didn't feel that way about it."

I looked at my watch and got up. "I've got to be leaving," I said. I kissed mom and walked out of the house into the rain.

"Goodbye, darling," she said. "Be good and write to me."

I looked back over my shoulder. She was standing on the edge of the porch looking through the rain. "I will," I yelled back, and I turned the corner and walked down the street to catch the bus.

—HCC

# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

The University of North Carolina  
Periodical of Campus Life

SEPTEMBER, 1943

PVT. H. C. CRANFORD, USMCR, Editor  
OLIVE PRICE CHARTERS, Business Manager

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## THE STAFF

*Editorial:* LOIS RIBELIN, JUD KINBERG, PVT. SIMMONS ANDREWS, USMCR, KAT HILL, A/S RALPH JACKSON, USNR, A/S JOHN KERR, USNR, JOANNE EDSON, A/S LAWRENCE MANSFIELD, USNR, A/S ARTIE SOYBEL, USNR, ELIZABETH STONEY, A/S BILLY WEBB, USNR.

*Photography:* A/S KARL BISHOPRIC, USNR.

*Art:* PVT. W. W. CHRISTIAN, USMCR, GEORGE McLEMORE.  
*Circulation:* PVT. EUGENE B. HARRIS, USMCR, PVT. HOWARD MATHENEY, USMCR.

*Business:* LOUISE PLATT, LOIS RIBELIN, BILL HARDY, ED GOLDMAN.

## SPECIAL CREDIT

PVT. ERNIE FRANKEL, USMCR, WALTER JOHNSON, A/S TOM B. CRANFORD, USNR, JEFF HILL, PVT. RICHARD M. ROGERS, USMCR, MIDSHIPMAN BENNETT MCKINNON, USNR, MARION ALEXANDER, DICK FORD, CPL. MAX GREENBERG, US ARMY, ARDIS KIPP, DAVID SESSOMS, ALLAN KAUFMAN, MRS. EARL WRENN, W. M. PUGH, DEACON CALLAHAN, JULIAN WEINKLE.

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### *Full Credit*

If you like this issue, most of the credit goes to Miss Lois Ribelin, of Greenwood, S. C., the young lady shown in the above photo. Lois, who is a rising senior, actually spent more work hours on this month's mag than all the other members of the staff combined. In addition to doing all of the typing, correspondence and general office work, she also solicited advertising as a favor to Business Manager O. P. Charters, who was unable to return to Chapel Hill in time to handle the ads. This issue, incidentally, contains more local advertising than any previous edition of the mag in years. Lois, who hopes to be a journalist, was employed during the Summer at the University News Bureau. She is a member of ADPI Sorority.

\* \* \*

Special credit also to Pvt. Ernie Frankel, USMCR, who will become editor of the mag effective with the next issue.

Ernie, one of the few old time campus publications men left, was the only man we knew of we could depend on when it became evident that we would have to leave with this issue still at the printshop.

Although loaded with classwork (he recently resigned positions as m.e. of the Tar Heel and president of the P. U. Board to devote more time to his studies), we drafted him to take over.

All the copy for this issue was in when our orders arrived, but the dummy was still to be made up. With only a hastily-outlined plan which we laid out, Ernie assumed the obligation to see that the issue got out Sept. 20 on schedule.

Since he graduates in October, Ernie will have only one issue. But you can bet it will be a honey.

# Carolina Theatre

*Sunday and Monday*

September 26 and 27

**BOB  
HOPE**

AND

**BETTY  
HUTTON**

in

**“Let's  
Face  
It”**

## Betty Smith's Book . . .

THE penny prize candy at "Cheap Charlie's," the hot water tank Francie hugged when she came in out of the cold, the breathless balancing of the tea man's scales—it is these things in Betty Smith's novel that capture the reader's attention and make his senses and his memory as awake as his mind. These little flashes of remembrance—an odor that makes one twelve again, an embarrassment of the eighth grade—they are the appeal; they are what make one understand the rest.

Gay, singing-waiter Papa, always wearing his only suit, a tuxedo, sat and talked, now gayly, now morosely, while Francie ironed out the union label on his waiter's apron. Papa Johnny Nolan is a familiar figure, lovable, dreamy—whipped cream sort of worthlessness. He gave his children air castles and songs, sensitivity and laughter. Mama Kate Rommely Nolan gave them something more substantial. She ruined her beautiful hands doing janitress work, and used kerosene oil on Francie's hair to keep out the neighbors' lice at school. She made her children read a chapter of the Bible and a chapter of Shakespeare each night and followed up her determination that they could each get three diplomas. She loved the dreamy Johnny Nolan, yet she often tried to stamp out the very things she loved in him. She was so right it hurt sometimes.

It was these people and more of them in her background and her life that made Francie what she was to become and the book what it is. The place played its part too, but it was an intensifying part. It made the fight in Francie that she got from her mother stronger. It made the sensitivity and dreams she got from her father deeper and more brilliant. It brought out the truth in the philosophy her grandmother handed down.

Social issues came in as naturally as they do in everyone's life. The little Catholic boys bullied and taunted the smaller Jewish boys. There was a Tammany excursion with free rides and hot dogs and buttons. The women gathered and hissed at the sixteen-year-old girl airing her illegitimate child. These things influenced Francie as they did the other children, altered only by the attitudes of her parents and her own individuality. None of the characters are pushed around to teach a moral or emphasize a point of view.

Yet out of it all comes something very much akin to a moral and a point of view. There is a knowledge that people in the "slum areas" do live more vividly than most. More than a knowledge, it is an understanding—an understanding that makes us wish for more vitality and spice in our lives. It makes us pray Francie's prayer the day War was declared:

"Dear God," she prayed, "let me be *something* every minute of every hour of

# BERMAN'S

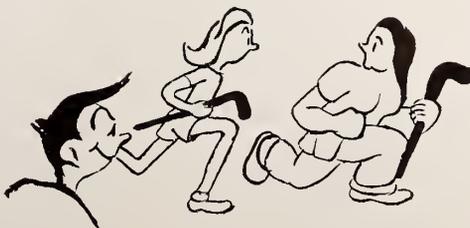
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*"Outfitters for the  
Entire Family"*

my life. Let me be gay; let me be sad. Let me be cold; let me be warm. Let me be hungry . . . have too much to eat. Let me be honorable and let me sin. Only let me be something every blessed minute. And when I sleep, let me dream all the time so that not one little piece of living is ever lost."

That is the spirit of the tree for which Betty Smith names her novel, the tree that "grows in boarded-up lots and out of neglected rubbish heaps. . . . It grows lushly . . . survives without sun, water, and seemingly without earth. . . . No matter where its seed falls, it makes a tree which struggles to reach the sky." "Whether I am ugly or beautiful, I will live," it says, and Francie echoes it from her fire escape in its branches. Betty Smith writes it into her book. There are some, like Francie's composition teacher, who may not want it to live because it isn't beautiful enough when compared with their refined pieces of art, but it must live because it is sturdy, meaningful life itself.

—LIB STONEY



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1st Jap: "Why don't Dong Foo commit hara-kiri?"

2nd sob: "He ain't got the guts."

**Then there was the one about the fellow who winked at the elevator girl, and she took him up on the 9th floor.**

Two very cute nurses slipping in late, met two internes:

"Shhhh," they said, "we're coming in after hours."

Internes: "Think nothing of it. We're going out after ours."

"What kind of fellow was that you were out with last night?"

"Well, the lights went out and he spent the rest of the night repairing the fuse."

Murgatroyd

Was a cow more athletic than Mudderly, She hopped a picket fence and was destroyed—

Udderly.

The teacher was testing the knowledge of the kindergarten class.

Placing a half dollar on the desk, she said sharply: "What is this?" A small voice from the back row, "Tails."

Don't look now, my son,  
But you're not at your best.  
There's a button quite undone  
Not far below your vest.

# Looking to the Future

by Captain James W. Marshall, USMCR

**A**T TIMES I have an idea that there are men in the V-12 program who fail to realize what a wonderful opportunity the Navy is affording them. For those who do realize and take full advantage of the opportunities, much can be gained.

This program is certainly one of the most democratic experiments in the field of education during either war or peacetime. When accepted in this training plan and assigned to active duty, all men start off on the same footing and it's then up to the individual to prove that he is worthy in every respect if he is to remain in the program. The social, economic and educational background of a man is no cri-

terion of his ability and is not regarded as such.

Some men came into this college program expecting it to be a "boot camp," that is, a strictly disciplined and regimented naval and Marine unit. However, I don't believe the facts of the program were misrepresented to these men prior to their admission into V-12. It seems that they took it upon themselves to assume that upon being put into the uniforms of the Navy and the Marines, that the close supervision and regimentation of the regular service would automatically apply.

Due to the fact that V-12 students are picked for the program as potential officer candidates with a definite goal in

mind, it was assumed by the directors of this program at the Navy Department and Headquarters Marine Corps that the men would conduct themselves properly and utilize the advantages given them. In this case providing a large staff to strictly enforce all regulations would be unnecessary. It must be remembered that in this program the spotlight is on academic work, knowledge is paramount, and all else must be subordinated. Naturally those men who can not or will not discipline themselves enough to live according to the simple regulations established, and make good in their studies are not officer material and therefore do not belong in this program.

Even though V-12 men are blue jackets and Marines who are expected to live up to the ancient customs and glorious traditions of the naval service, they are also university undergraduates. And in order to get the most out of life as a university student and to contribute to the life of the university and its activities, much freedom which would not otherwise be given a member of the naval service has been allowed.

The practical naval and Marine Corps training that you will need for the active part that you will take in helping to win this war either as reserve officers or enlisted men will follow this college training.

I am not familiar with the training of midshipmen, but I can give the Marines a rough idea of what they may expect in the way of training in advance of appointment as Second Lieutenants in the U. S. Marine Corps Reserve. This is not official, however, as it is based on the type training given in the past and is subject to change at any time.

Those who successfully complete this program will be sent to Parris Island, S. C., for recruit training. This phase of the program lasts about seven weeks, part of which may be spent at New River, N. C.

Men next go to Quantico, Va., to Officer Candidates' School which lasts eight weeks. Here candidates are under the instruction and supervision of the competent staff of Marine Corps Schools. This training is thorough and intensive. Following this training men who do well move immediately to the Reserve Officers' Class which is on the same station and have an opportunity to apply tactically what they learned in their basic work during OCS. This last phase of the training of a Marine Corps officer is a ten weeks stretch of 540 scheduled hours, plus quite a bit that isn't scheduled. After successfully completing ROC the second lieutenants are ready to be assigned active duty as platoon leaders with various units.

It's a lot of work, this business of becoming an officer. But it's also a lot of fun, and, most of all, it's a whale of a good experience that is an education in itself.



Captain James W. Marshall, USMCR, commanding officer of the Marine unit of the local V-12 program, reviews a regular Wednesday afternoon drill session from the Fetzer Field stands. The captain, who has considerable foreign duty to his service, offers some "good dope" to commission-seeking Marine students in the accompanying article.

# Looking Back on Progress

by Captain W. S. Popham, USN

IT IS by no means enough that an Officer of the Navy should be a capable Mariner. He must be that, of course, but also a great deal more. He should be as well a gentleman of liberal education, refined manner, punctilious courtesy, and the nicest sense of personal honor."

These words of John Paul Jones, Captain, USN, spoken one hundred and sixty-eight years ago, still constitute the guiding basic principle of the United States Navy.

The V-12 Program has been instituted to provide a continual supply of officer candidates in the various special fields required by the Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard. The Education Training will be carried on while the men are on active duty, in uniform receiving pay, and under General Military Discipline. Students will be required, in general, to maintain the Navy's Standard of discipline, but military activities will be subordinated to academic training.

On 10 June, the staff of V-12 Headquarters began to arrive and camped out temporarily in the NROTC Armory. By 15 June, V-12 Headquarters (St. Anthony's Hall) was readied by the University and occupied by the still-growing staff which now consists of five Officers, including a physical training officer and a Captain of Marines, twelve chief physical training specialists, six Marines including a first Sergeant, four yeomen and three store-keepers.

Thus there are on the campus two district Naval Headquarters. The first is the NROTC Armory with the Executive Officer Commander George L. Harris, USN, a veteran of 28 years service, and four Officers, four Chief Petty Officers of the regular Navy. All with more than 20 years of service and one yeoman second class. All administration of the NROTC, including the special curriculum and the varied and special drills, the issue of uniforms and of special books is handled there. At V-12 Headquarters is handled all matters connected with the Naval Administration of the approximately 800 V-12 Navy, 300 V-12 Marines, and 27 medical students.

The Commanding Officer's orders from the Navy Department are as follows:

1. Professor of Naval Science and Tactics, University of North Carolina and Commandant of the NROTC.
2. Additional duty as Commanding Officer Navy V-12 Unit, University of North Carolina.
3. Additional duty as Commanding Officer US Naval Basic School of Medicine, University of North Carolina.

On 29 June, the vanguard of 192 NROTC students arrived, and promptly settled down in assigned quarters in historic Old East and Old West. On 1 July, 780 V-12 Navy, 315 V-12 Marines and 19 V-12 Coast Guard were received and assigned to quarters. Uniforms were issued until the supply was exhausted. A fresh uniform supply was received on 5 July, except for a very necessary 2000 pairs of white trousers and a like number of blue trousers. Hence the famous situation of the "Lost Pants," but by 10 July V-12 Navy and the Coast Guard were fully outfitted. Marines on arrival were measured and uniforms were received and issued about 15 July.

"The Eagle Screamed" on 3 August

when we held our first payday in the Armory where paymaster Busby of the Pre-Flight School issued in two hours the approximate sum of \$50,000.

By that time also, the men had been able to draw additional clothing (checked against their pay accounts) as they desired, extra trousers, white jumpers, underclothes, etc.

During our first two months in Commission, the trainees have come through with flying colors. Their cooperation, general bearing, and conduct, have been a source of keen satisfaction and pride to all hands—both the University and the Navy.

Many were the vicissitudes, some extremely inconvenient, but all perfectly natural in the commissioning of any large establishment whether civilian or Naval. We will still have rocks and shoals to navigate as time goes on, but a bright dawn is coming up over the horizon dead ahead, and, on the smooth blue water in between, the fresh light is glistening.



Captain W. S. Popham, USN, commandant of Carolina's V-12 school and head of the local unit of NROTC, is shown at his desk in the Armory. The activity of the first two months of V-12 activity is here summarized by the commandant in an especially written article for The Carolina Magazine. (A feature story on Captain Popham appears on page 10.)





## Eyes Left, Men

The cutie with the boid cage is Miss Kay Aldrich, of Hollywood, Calif., who has set masculine hearts aflutter from coast to coast in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's production of the New York stage kit "Dubarry Was a Lady."

Miss Aldrich, in case you missed the picture (which was a lulu) was one of the 12 beauties picked by sex artist Varga to portray his luscious calendar-girls-come-to-life in the Esquire number which featured Red Skelton.

MGM Publicist Howard Strickling, who supplied the adjoining art, has let it be known that three months (count 'em) were spent in a search to pick the dozen damsels who would represent the months of the year in the number. Varga himself visited the set to make the final choice of beauties.

Kutie Kay was named as April.

But we still haven't said how the mag happened to obtain the opposite photo of Miss Aldrich.

Well, kids, it was like this:

One night we decided not to study and to go to the movies instead (a most unusual decision). So we borrowed 33 cents and went down to Mr. Smith's house of hits.

The feature was the aforementioned "Bubarry, Etc.," which we had seen as a flesh and blood stage smash in N'Yawk with a cast that included such legs as those of Betty James, nee Betty Grable, and Ethel Merman. Because of this, we had been quite anxious to see the Hollywoodized version.

So we stumbled down the aisle, found a seat, opened a box of popcorn, and focused on the activity of Comic Skelton, who, at the time, was making fish faces at a screen full of dazzling dames.

It soon dawned that the scene was the much-publicized Esquire number and that all the tempting torsos so fetchingly displayed belonged to Varga gals.

Then it happened. Skelton said something about "April" and we suddenly beheld exactly what you see on the opposite page—only more so and in technicolor and moving.

We watched in stupid silence as the film unwound and Miss April lifted her eyes slowly off the deck and smiled. And as a mass sigh arose from the audience, we shouted aloud in best Indian fashion.

Well, to boil things down, we sat through Mr. Skelton's antics and Miss Lucille Ball's dizzy doings almost six hours to see Miss April and her boid cage for fifty seconds.

See PIN-UP, page 18

## Packing

by A-S Ralph Jackson, USNR

**How did you feel that day you packed away your civilian clothes and left home to go into uniform? Ralph Jackson, mag veteran, takes you back to that day in this simple, moving story about one of life's unhappiest moments.**

HOWARD made a special trip to the grocery store to get an empty box, but he used the trunk after all. The clerk looked in the back for the largest box, one that corn flakes came in. He rummaged among the excelsior and cardboard for a few minutes, then came out with one the right size. Howard thanked him and carried it home, but when he sat it down in his room, he knew it would not be large enough. And, besides, although the sides and bottom were sturdy, one of the top flaps was ripped off. Sealing the box tight would not be easy. So there was nothing else to do but use the trunk.

He climbed the attic stairs to get it. The trunk was large and difficult to handle. It was an old-fashioned family-size, built more as a storage wardrobe than a piece of luggage. Howard pushed it across the attic floor to the steps. He could have lifted it, but it was too wide to get a grip on and the handles had long been gone. He started to back down the steps, dragging it after him, but that was awkward; so he decided to give it a push and let it coast down to the landing. He gave it a shove and stood back as it banged down the steps to the landing.

At the bottom, by standing the trunk on end, Howard managed to stretch his long arms around it so he could hold it tightly enough to lift. Then he carried it into his room. He set it on the floor beside the closet and opened the top. It was lined with old brown paper and a fine layer of dust lay over the bottom and along the crinkles of the side. He thought a moment and then decided to put in a fresh paper.

He opened a new box of moth balls and dropped a handful in the freshly lined trunk. Then he put in the first layer of clothes—three old sweaters, two pairs of pants, and a lumber jacket, all folded clumsily. Then he sprinkled in more moth balls. Next his heavy winter overcoat and light spring coat, both with mothballs in the pockets.

He hesitated a moment about a blue sweater and a white summer suit. They were not clean and he didn't know whether they should be packed away dirty. His

mother had said something about moths being attracted by dust. But after a moment's thought he decided it didn't matter. After two or three years in the Navy he'd be too large for his civilian clothes anyway. When he returned the styles would be changed. And then he might not be needing—a few years from now—any clothes at all.

He laid the sweater and suit in. No use wasting money on cleaning.

Suddenly he felt he could remember each time he put the clothes on. But when he tried, the years of wearing became confused, and only a few instances stood out. The many other times of wearing blurred into a background, shadowy but real and intense, solid as the accomplished past, obscured but powerful.

This pair of pants he had worn to the beach, the brown slacks to fishing, the shorts to tennis, the dark blues to dances. But the many times he had put them on became confused with the strong naphthalene odor of the moth balls. The white ducks he did remember—for they were his first pair of long pants. Dad had bought them—was it six or seven years ago? He could not even be sure of that. But he remembered the day. Hot, windless. And he walked up and down the streets, acutely conscious of the strange swaggering and swishing below his knees, so long accustomed to knickers and shorts, the peculiar swing of the cuffs about his ankles. And the laughing remarks of the family and neighbors—"Well, you're a man now." "Boy, you're all legs. You need stove pipes." "Why, baby boy, you're growing up!" "Say, fellas, look at Howard with the fancy pants on. He looks about right for a bust in the nose." "Son, you can start working around the house more now."

Yes, it was easy to remember that.

There was also the day the sailboat overturned and he realized how uncomfortable wet pants could be clinging to cold skin.

The corduroys had been for hunting and hiking. He had taken Anna out walking in them and she had worn corduroys to match.

And the tuxedo—but the dances became a blur. Except the one where he had to fight with Ted because of Anna. He had won but the sleeves had been ripped and the two buttons pulled off the sleeve. He must have worn these clothes many, many other times, but as he looked at them he could not remember any distinct moment. He had never really thought much about what he had on. They must have passed through a lengthy chain of cleanings and

See PACKING, page 23



"Nice game, Jim."

## Navy Etiquette

by A-S Lawrence Mansfield, USNR

IT MAY be said with some justification that too much has been written about etiquette and how to do things in late years. However, in avoiding one extreme, one should not go to the other; and it must be kept in mind that in the Navy nothing sets one apart so much as not observing its conventions and traditions such as the ones about never kicking a lieutenant's teeth in or bashing an ensign's haid.

We have given naval traditions and etiquette considerable study since July 1 and that which is to follow is by way of being our findings on the subject. To begin with, one should be neat and smart in appearance. This is stressed by all authorities on the subject (see Strausheimer, p. 867), and is regarded as essential. In Chapel Hill, this may at times present difficulties, but everything should be done to overcome them—everything, that is, except washing your own clothes. That's beyond the pale.

One must be prompt and attentive. When gently awakened at six a. m. by some

It should be noted that any opinions expressed by Seaman Mansfield in the adjoining article are his own and not necessarily those of the Carolina Magazine. But, confidentially, we think he's got some good ideas. Don't you?

shouting "hit the deck," you should leap joyfully out of bed and dash to the wash-basin, knocking down all rivals on the way. A good method of being sure to be first is to buy a sharp straight razor and swing it about your head in windmill fashion as you advance on the bowl. When you have washed and shaved, you should next dash out to the drill field (taking care to first put on your clothes), and come to attention with a beaming face. Then you collapse.

Now, one should always be alert and intelligent. And on the drill field, if given a right flank, by all means do just the opposite. This will put you in a class alone, and, while the platoon is going the other way, you can easily slip over the fence and run downtown for a short beer. And then, at inspection, when the petty officer comes by and makes little helpful suggestions, the proper procedure is to kick him in the teeth as he passes down the line. But be subtle about it.

When passing an officer on the street, one should salute respectfully. Authorities differ on the proper procedure (see Von Mirlow, "Principles and Problems in Saluting," p. 721, and Rantziloff, "Sur Les Pommes de Terre au Gratin," p. 1049). To be safe, you should prostrate yourself, kiss the ground, and salaam in the accepted Moslem fashion.

Men should be quiet and studious. It is

See ETIQUETTE, page 18

## ENTERTAINMENT

THE STORY used to go the rounds of southern universities that students at Carolina paid a cover charge instead of tuition. Dances, house-parties, athletics, concerts, plays, tournaments, forums, lectures—all were a part of the entertainment system, a system so well integrated with collegiate life that it was actually a supplement to education.

With the coming of khaki and the passing of tweeds and saddles, recreation became a problem. Lack of adequate facilities for 1875 naval cadets, 200 meteorology men, 250 Language and Area students, 1300 V-12 men and a large civilian enrollment filled the street corners on weekends, packed the soda fountains, lined the campus walls, and formed long lines to catch outgoing busses. Decreasing staff and finances and increasing costs and visitors didn't work into the right ratio, and Chapel Hill's limited facilities could do little to ease the situation.

The City burghers have acted, however, and, with the aid of a large federal grant, will build a new community center, construction to begin immediately. The new building will be located on Henderson street, across from the postoffice, and will be designed primarily to care for military personnel, thus the large federal grant.

Meanwhile, Chapel Hill's service center, Graham Memorial, the YMCA, Churches, the theatres, and the Arboretum will attempt to handle the load.

The service center, operating for 16 months, has already accommodated over 70,000 men. With ping-pong tables, badminton equipment, game tables, croquet, chess and other games, the center attracts daily large numbers of military men with idle hours.

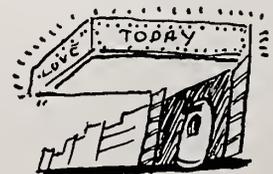
Graham Memorial will continue to sponsor frolics, dances, and special programs for the campus, but handicapped by low finances, the building may have to cater only to block fee subscribers.

The YMCA and the local churches sponsor breakfasts, recitals and picnics as well as religious services. Announcements will be made by the various organizations concerning these weekly events.

The Arboretum, of course, will continue to care for its share of recreation seekers.

The Carolina and Pick Theatres remain Chapel Hill's best low-priced entertainment. Bringing many films here as

See ENTERTAINMENT, page 22





Is Moll in?

# Americana

WHAT'S IN a name?" "What's he got over me?" "How come that man?" "What's in it for me?" There is not only sound to these queries there is meaning. We take four typical American questions. We ask them with a familiar inflection and we ask you to answer them with us. "What's in a name?" Depends. Depends on whose name you're thinking of. We take the first name that comes easily to our collective minds. Walt Whitman.

What's he got over me? Nothing. Well, nothing isn't saying much. Never does, unless you're in a jam and by saying nothing, you're in a pickle. Walt Whitman means nothing if you haven't read his "Leaves of Grass." But once you've read "Leaves of Grass," Walt Whitman is a name to contend with.

"How come that man?" We honestly don't know, unless we want to ask, "How come America?"

America is gradually fulfilling a promise she made to each American. She promises the essentials of life. All of us know essentials when once they come dogging our wants. Say Liberty, Fraternity and Equality and you've struck gold. Touch Whitman, America's foremost, world renown poet and you find the life each of us want to sing of, enjoy to the utmost and provide; for us, our children and theirs:

"What's in it for me?" America's music. A music where a man's heart is his best accompanist. A music that quiets us down to realities. A music which makes us all citizens of the ideals we fight for.

Yes and was it not Christopher Morley, author of "Kitty Foyle" who so justly said, "the young British Poets who are now-a-days applying for American citizenship are doing it at least partly on account of Walt Whitman."

—Cpl. Max Greenberg, U. S. Army

## boogie beat . . .



NEWEST war casualty on the Carolina campus is the disbanding of Johnny Satterfield's orchestra, one of the top outfits in these parts for a number of years. When Satterfield donned khaki in 1942, the baton was given to Bub Montgomery. This tall trombonist added much to the band which, because of the dance ceiling, found plenty of campus dates to fill. All who have been at Carolina for any length of time have danced to the Montgomery music and, we think, owe a vote of thanks to Big Bub, Johnny and all the boys in the band. We look forward to the day after the war when once again Satterfield and Montgomery will be able to pick up the loose threads of their promising careers.

"Pistol Packin' Mama" is the latest juke hit, and Variety reports that it is also a smash in the best cafe society circles. The knocked-out ballad was written and recorded by Al Dexter and his Troopers, a corn crew of long standing. Snap line of the piece is "Lay that pistol down, babe" and the locale is Texas. You've heard it chanted by your bunk mates and you may yet see it "done to death" on the screen.

Hollywood, incidentally, is back in the groove again. One of the major studios is readying "Jam Session," which will feature Louis Armstrong, the all-time "tarzan of the trumpet." We hope that this time Movietown gets out of its "square" groove and turns out a film worthy of old Satchamo. Up until now the movie makers have fouled out on all jazz shows. The supreme boner of all was "Syncopation," in which we heard Bunny Berrigan's golden music while watching Rex Stewart, a fine musician in his own right, go through the motions of playing the trumpet.

Hollywood, let us hope, will soon learn to do the job right or not at all.

—ARTHUR SOYBEL

## Nocturne

At Night

When my quiet strength  
Can no longer contain itself in death-  
watch;  
When the alchemy of music and  
Golden speech betrays me;  
When the soft-whispered prayer  
Has dissipated itself to a dry cough;  
When of a sudden all—all that  
Moves and is as saloon laughter,  
Or an Old Spanish wail

That finds no wall sure for shelter;  
When Lidice is no more than  
Bataan, and Sevastopol no more;  
When all there is, all I know,  
Everything that flags is at concert pitch.

I strive for the word to cover  
The first man's death-in-innocence,  
The first woman's tear,  
The first child's fists clenched  
In unquieted anguish on a deathroad.

—Cpl. Max Greenberg, U. S. Army



"Seams straight?"

# Meet the Skipper

by A-S John Kerr, USNR

**F**ORTY-EIGHT hours before the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, Captain William Sherbrooke Popham, United States Navy, sailed from Honolulu on the steamer Lurline for America and his new assignment as commandant of the NROTC at the University of North Carolina.

The new assignment was not a welcomed one to this veteran of sea duty and commander of a division of four new destroyers in the war-cloudy Pacific, but the orders, placing him behind a desk far from battle in quiet Chapel Hill, were to be obeyed and any reluctance in leaving the fleet was hidden by a typical Navy sense of duty.

Captain Popham reached Chapel Hill in January of 1942 and immediately took up his duties as NROTC head, filling the position which had been left vacant when Captain R. S. Haggart, USN, was called to duty with the fleet.

Establishment of headquarters became the first headache to annoy the new commandant. The NROTC was shifted from Woollen gym to Swain Hall and later out of that, and the cadets were badly in need of a headquarters and armory. Realizing the need for this permanent anchorage, Captain Popham and the University began to pull some strings in Washington and the results were successful in spite of priority difficulties.

The NROTC armory, as it stands today, consists of a main deck for drilling purposes, class rooms, a rifle range, store-

rooms, and offices for the officers and staff. Decorated with official naval pictures and filled with small bore guns, ship models, a gun director and torpedo, and a deep-sea sounding machine, the armory provides a complete orientation course for the cadets.

Tall and with a military bearing, Captain Popham's general appearance brings him as many snappy salutes as do the four gold stripes on his shoulders. Neat, clean cut, and upright in posture, he is a testimonial to the Congressional law which says that Navy officers are distinctly "officers and gentlemen." On his left breast he wears the dolphin insignia, evidence of submarine duty and command. Also three service ribbons awarded for service in Mexican waters, during the World War, and during pre-Pearl Harbor days.

Typical of Annapolis graduates, Captain Popham has lived a life punctuated by orders to report to new assignments at new places in the world of the Navy Department. Born in Perth Amboy, N. J., he decided early on a nautical career. He was appointed to the Naval Academy at the age of 18.

Graduating with honors at Annapolis, he was assigned as an ensign to the Battleship Texas which was cruising in Mexican waters when Pancho Villa was in his heyday. Three years later, he was promoted to lieutenant (jg) and moved to Charleston, S. C., to serve as executive officer of a wartime training camp. His next assignment sent him back to sea as executive officer of the gunboat Nashville.

**The cap'n has had a long and exciting career in the Navy. And most of his time has been spent on the high seas. A staff writer gets the lowdown on the CO and offers to you an interesting account of his life, campaign to campus, ensign to captain.**



*"Awright. Which one of you guys got the liver?"*

Following the World War he saw duty aboard the Battleship Connecticut which brought American doughboys home from France. Next he was called to the Navy Submarine School at New London, Conn. Completing his course, he was placed in command of the submarine 06. In 1921 a shift in command made him captain of the submarine S2, one of the largest U. S. "pig boats" at that time. He commanded the S2 for two years, making a voyage to the South Pacific, into the Philippines and along the China coast.

Placed aboard the destroyer Billingsley as executive officer, following this long tour of submarine duty, Captain Popham rose to skipper and captained the ship. Later he commanded the Worden. In 1928 he served as a member of the staff of the U. S. Naval Post Graduate School at Annapolis. Another assignment placed him on the aircraft carrier Lexington as communications officer and he was later raised to first lieutenant on this ship.

In the summer of 1933 he entered the Naval War College at Newport. On completion of this training he became a member of the school faculty, teaching naval tactics and strategy. New orders sent him back to fleet duty in 1936, as first lieutenant of the heavy cruiser Chicago, on which he later served as executive officer.

The captain's next stop was Washington where he took over the British desk in the office of Naval Intelligence of the Navy Department. He remained at this duty until given command of four new destroyers. On December 1, 1941, he received orders to command the Naval NROTC at Carolina, the job that he holds today.

With the activation of all reservists on July 1, Captain Popham assumed additional duties as commandant of the 1300 sailors, Marines, and Coast Guardsmen in the Navy V-12 College Training Unit located on the campus, and in addition, was named commanding officer of the UNC school of Basic Medicine.

Although Captain Popham's present desk job does not have the glamour or the possibility of quick promotion that is attached to active sea duty, it does give him the satisfaction that he is producing officer material that will help to fill the personnel of the United States Navy now out to sink the Rising Sun in the Pacific.



# FOOTBALL

by Pvt. Simmons Andrews, USMCR

**Foes of the North Carolina Tar Heels can expect plenty of opposition this Fall. This is the opinion, at least, of Simmons Andrews. And Pvt. Andrews knows his football. Maybe you won't agree with all he has to say, but you'll have to admit that the evidence looks good.**

**B**ACK in the early days of June 1942 we were elbowing about the bus station at Raleigh in a vain attempt to secure transportation to Chapel Hill when we met an old friend, who, obviously, was in the same state of confusion.

He was somewhat anxious to get back to the Hill, being employed at the time by the University News Bureau as director of sports publicity, which was certainly a "never-a-dull-moment" job. But when we finally found standing room on the bus, he overlooked his haste and began talking football. We had discussed the coming campaign at length when the popular question of the day bobbed up.

"By the way, Tom," we asked, "how do you stand with the draft board?"

"Not so good," he said. And then in a gloomy voice he added, "I'm in pretty bad shape."

"When do you think they'll call you?" we continued.

"In about six months," he said.

That was too much. We tried to explain that six months was a long time and that darn near everybody would be in the service by then. But Tom was not to be consoled, and finally he explained his melancholy state of mind.

"It means that I'll miss the Duke-Carolina game," he moaned.

The statement was typical of a person in this section of the state, an area where everything is in terms of football from July to New Year's day and where the sports pages of the daily newspapers get almost as much attention as the front page.

Tom Bost Jr. had witnessed the first game played in Kenan Stadium (against Virginia in 1927), he had enthusiastically followed Chuck Collins' great 1929 Carolina eleven, he darn near had his bag packed to follow Carl Snavely's Tar Heels to California in 1935, and he was most certainly in the stands when Sweet Jim Lalanne piloted the Blue and White to a thrilling 6 to 3 win over Duke in 1940.

Tom, in other words, knew his football and was, most of all, a dyed-in-the-wool Carolina fan. He reasoned, along with everyone else, that football wouldn't be the same on the Hill for a long while after 1942 and he didn't want to miss anything that year.

Carolina has had some great football machines but never before has it possessed

such an array of talent as greeted Coach Tom Young when drills opened Sept. 1. No less than 23 colleges are represented by football hopefuls who have been sent here by the Marines and the Navy. The present squad roster numbers 95 men, only nine of which are civilian students. This is easily the largest squad the University has ever had.

Almost any publicity director would go nuts trying to dope out ways to tell the public about such a "dream team," without making it sound too good and, at the same time, being careful not to miss the boat—or perhaps we should say the luxury liner. It's too bad that Tom isn't here to make dead-sure no one is overlooked.

Tom Young, last year's backfield coach who starred at Carolina as a halfback in 1925, '26, and '27, has stepped into the head man's job, succeeding Lt. Jim Tatum, who went into the Navy in December, and Coach Young does not deny that he is pleased with the complexion of things.

The most impressive single thing, he says, is the spirit of the men out to make the squad. The athletic department had

## SCHEDULE

Official UNC football schedule is as follows:

- Sept. 25—Georgia Tech at Atlanta Georgia.
- Oct. 2—Penn State here.
- Oct. 9—Jacksonville Naval Air Base here.
- Oct. 16—Duke at Durham.
- Oct. 23—Open (examinations).
- Oct. 30—State College here.
- Nov. 6—Univ. of South Carolina at Columbia.
- Nov. 13—Pennsylvania University at Philadelphia.
- Nov. 20—Duke here.
- Nov. 27—Virginia here.

been skeptical about interest in football this year because of heavy study loads of men and because of the mixed college loyalty of the possible candidates. But such worries were eased by the initial turnout and now, as the season is about to swing open, have been erased completely.

With such unexpected numbers out, plus the strong enthusiasm, Coach Young has made up a second team which he calls the "Blue and White" team, to play a separate schedule from the Varsity until November 1. In this way all men get more game experience. Also the men on the "Blue and White" team will be available to plug varsity gaps to be created by seniors who will be leaving in November for boot camp. Coach Young also hopes

See FOOTBALL, page 22



**GANGWAY!** Two of the big reasons Coach Tom Young goes about these days with a smile on his face are the two cuties in the photo, Jack Aland, left, and Don Whitmire. The two big Alabama boys will probably hold down first string tackle slots for the Tar Heels this year.



**T**O A WAITING Carolina on July 1st came 1300 enlisted men in the Navy and Marine Corps, all potential officers of the two-ocean navy building in the shipyards of the nation. The University of North Carolina, one of the 140 schools picked to teach, house and feed a contingent of the some 80,000 students in the V-12 program, had a crew aboard. But the emphasis was on scholastics instead of usual Navy and Marine training. For at least six months, the only body of water these men would see would be Hogan's lake, and all battles would be fought in classes and night-time study halls.

V-12 came about because the Navy had found that a college education is almost essential to an officer, and so it was that the Navy decided on the business of mass production of college men in this emergency.

Outlined in last December's "Joint Statement of the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy on the Utilization of College Facilities in Special Training for the Army and Navy," the V-12 program supersedes the V-1 and V-7, includes all the men in these reserves and also the NROTC units of the nation, the special college division of the Marine Corps Reserve and, finally, high school graduates who manage to qualify for a chance at a

"wartime college education."

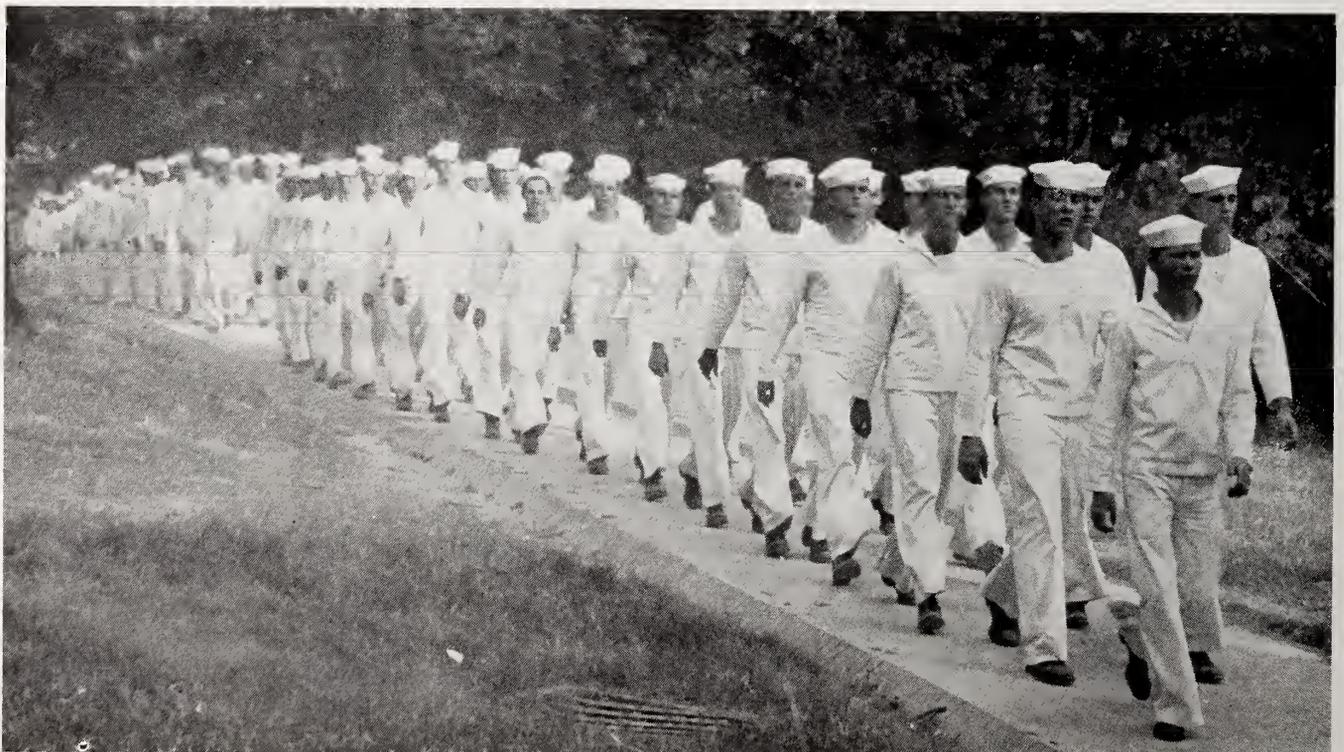
Initial step in the plan was the calling to active duty of all units. Men next were assigned to colleges, soon outfitted in bell bottoms and khaki, assigned living quarters, and given class programs. The V-12 was officially underway by July 2 throughout the nation and by July 1 at Carolina the 1300 were bedded down and ready for the start of months that would lead to commissions for 80 per cent of them, Bain-

# A "V"

by Ju

bridge and Parris Island for the 20 per cent expected to bust out. Men were told there would be no equivocation, "in war you've got to produce to rate a salute," was the advice.

Even before the first arrivals, a well-balanced staff was in Chapel Hill. Captain W. S. Popham, veteran submarine man and head of the NROTC was in charge. With him came Lieutenant Hill as executive officer; Lieutenant McCormack, physical education head; Commander Harris who was retained as NROTC executive; and Captain James Marshall, just off ac-



Navy V-12 men swing along in perfect order on the way to chow following a Wednesday afternoon drill period.



# For Victory

berg

...tive foreign service, was detailed to Chapel Hill to act as commandant of the Marine unit. These men worked long hours to develop the local portion of the set-up and had it under remarkable control by July.

All that was three months ago—all, hesitant first steps, the shakedown cruise of the first weeks. Early morning calisthenics seemed strange to Carolina men used to coming to 8:00 o'clock classes at 8:45, and the concentrated study so essential was something else. In the place of the former free and easy life of the 600 returning Carolina men there was the V-12 discip-

line—rules at a minimum, but rules, nevertheless, that had to be obeyed. Class cuts, a cherished right, were out for the duration; either you were in sick bay or in class—or out.

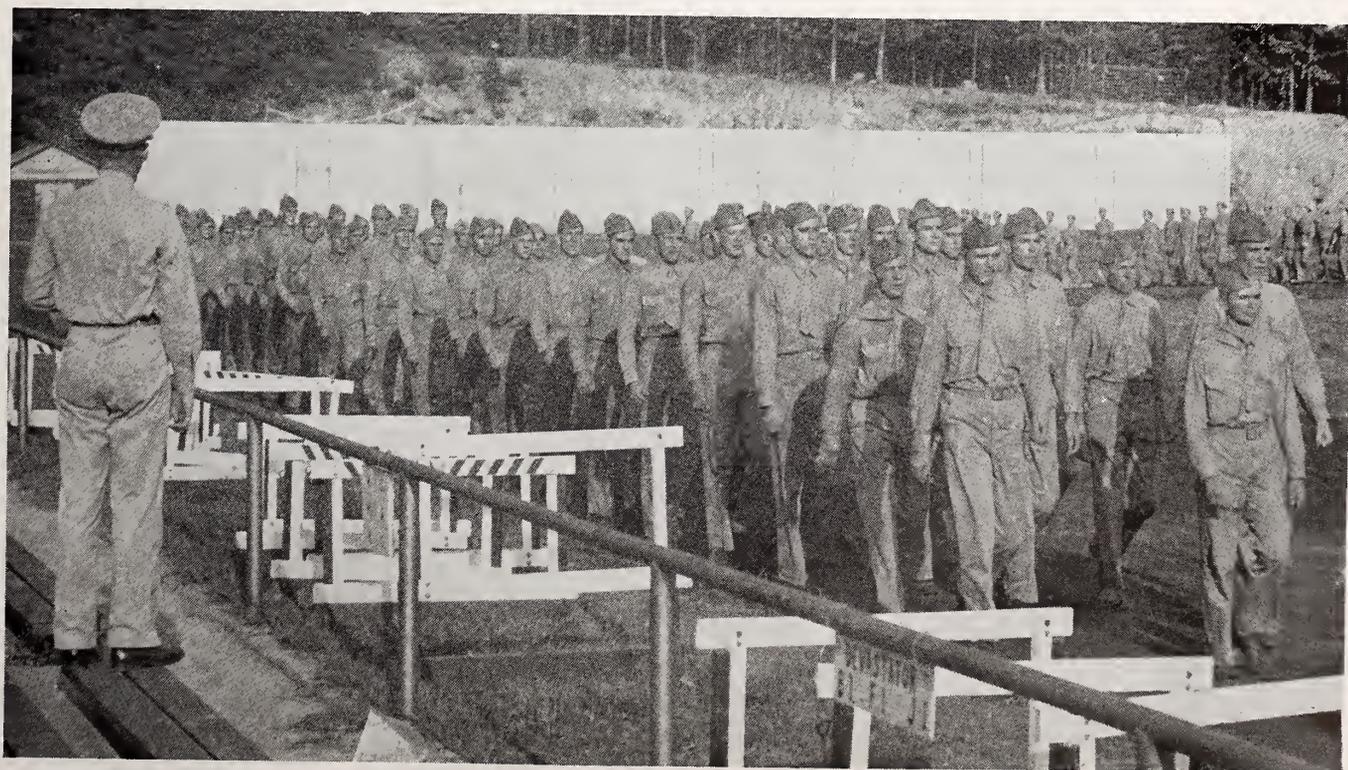
A system of demerits was announced soon after the start of the program and men guilty of acts of misconduct, keeping untidy quarters, absence from class and tardiness found their names on the "pap" sheet posted each morning after breakfast in the ancient custom of the U. S. Naval Academy. Men soon learned that demerits were not to be taken too lightly. It was announced that freshmen getting 150 demerits would be given one-way

tickets to Bainbridge, and first-year Marines were given the same "sea bag" instructions. Sophomores were allowed 100 demerits, juniors 75 and seniors only 50. As the program opened its third month September 1, no man had been shipped out because of demerits, although many had received high numbers. The idea of demerits, as explained by Captain Popham, is "not to put pressure on the men but to teach them the value of good conduct."

But to the men who came from ships and training stations to take up the threads of education snapped by the war, all this was a new and easy existence. The discip-

See ANOTHER "V," page 20

**What's happened on the campus since July 1? What's going to happen? You'll find the answers to these questions in this story by Jud Kinberg, new Tar Heel managing editor. "Must" reading for all V-12 men and others who are interested in the University.**



The Marines round the bend of the Fetzer Field track as Captain James Marshall reviews from the stands.

# Navy Blues

by Midshipman Ben McKinnon

**B**EING IN the Navy has its many advantages (the book says), but, off hand, I can't think of any of them. I guess I could mention the free mailing privilege but to offset this, we don't have any time to write.

I should gripe, though. I used to get up in the morning and have a hell of a time deciding whether or not to shave, what clothes to wear (editor's note: This is funny as hell when you consider that Benjamin graduated in the same pair of tweed slacks he wore to the freshman smoker), and whether to buy a pineapple or butterscotch sundae. The sundae problem has been settled since I don't make enough money to buy even one a month.

We got paid today, incidentally. The fabulous sum of \$10 every single month comes to us. Evidently the Navy is not familiar with the wages and hours laws. We lined up with our pay slips this morning and were given \$20 as we arrived at the table. As I happily looked down at my money, a stealthy hand reached out and grabbed \$10 and \$5. I looked up bewildered. "Okay, Bud," I was told, "you've got your \$5. Now move along and stop holding up the line." I used to think that I spent money rather freely but it never flew through my fingers like that before. I didn't even have time to see whose picture was on it.

After three weeks here at Columbia, I have learned that there are three ways to do things: the right way, the wrong way, and the Navy way. I prefer to do it the Navy way and save myself extra marching during our few recreation periods.

I suppose I could take you through a typical day here but to tell the truth none of them are typical. Something worse happens every day.

Yesterday, for instance, I was on Shore Patrol. My duties included pounding four blocks of hard city pavements for three hours and keeping the mates from looking sloppy, chewing gum, walking out of step or holding paws with a female. SP is not my first watch, though. Not by a long shot. Last week I was stationed on the

Prairie State. Now, in case you didn't know, the Prairie State is actually Noah's Ark in disguise and is used by a group of Midshipmen studying to be Engineers. V-7 men studying to be Deck Officers have to stand watch there. While there I served as Executive Officers' orderly, yard gate sentry, color detail and junior officer of the deck. Which is about all there is, mate.

I've worked hard here but I've also laughed a lot. There have been numerous amusing experiences, especially during our early drills. Once I was called a "rugged individualist" for going one way while the rest of my company disappeared in another direction. (Editor's note: Tsk, tsk.) The day we arrived, a nice little present of six hours drilling was handed to us. My poor feet were coated with blisters and these blisters had little blisters on them. I suppose if I had been patriotic I would have plowed a third of them under. Let me tell you that taps was certainly sweet music that night and has been every night since then. The bugler who blew taps the first night got six encores.

Since you insist on wanting to go through a full day with me, here we go. (Editor's note: Oh, goody!)

This morning we hit the deck at six o'clock and fell in for mess. Next we donned gym clothes and fell in for strength tests. The 15th Company (that's my outfit) lined up in a field and did push-ups, sit-ups, squat-ups, shin-ups, back-ups, and bottom-ups until we were as weak as a cup of Nick's coffee. Honestly, when we marched out of the field, Lana Turner passed and I simply nodded. Back to our billets we marched but before we had time to take a shower we were called below for pay. You already know about that little incident. Immediately following that we sailed off to collect a new set of books. My room is full of Nautical almanacs, plotting equipment, etc. I may start a lending library to make a little money on the side. It's a cinch that I've got enough books to do the trick.

After mess I retired to my billet and



CORNSTORM

had thoughts of a few minutes leisure. But thoughts were all. A call came over the Public Address system: "Fifteenth Company strip to the waist and form in alphabetical order." (When our commanding officers can't think of anything else for us to do, we get a new dose of shots.) My arm looks like a sieve. This announcement made us kind of glum until we heard the rumor that the WAVES on board had received the same orders. This turned out to be merely an idle rumor, though, and we got our third typhoid shot but no WAVES—not even a ripple. About the time I got dressed again, many of us were ordered to form on 116th St. We did so with knees trembling. The "bilge" list of guys who were going to be kicked out was scheduled to be sounded and I was afraid that was it. The guys who were still on board were just as worried because they thought they were bilged by not being ordered out. It was a false alarm, though. No bilge list but our white uniforms were ready and, by God, but I sure do look classy in mine. (Editor's note: Any opinions expressed in these columns are those of the writers and not necessarily those of the editor.)

At 1400 came a call for executive drill and we formed with rifles. I think it only fair to tell you about our drillmaster. Talk about tough Army sergeants. I'll put Ensign Pounds up against any of them. He

See NAVY BLUES, page 22

**Ben McKinnon, who graduated in June, is perhaps the greatest living exponent of common corn, i.e., feeble humor. It's so dismal, in fact, that it's funny. He made quite a hit with the stuff during his student days here, being a constant contributor to the mag and its ill-fated forerunner, Tar and Feathers. He was even elected editor of T and F, but the publication passed away before he had a chance to put out a single issue. We wrote Ben and asked him about life in the Navy. That which you will find elsewhere on the page constitutes his reply.**



# Kampus Kaleidoscope

BY THE STAFF

**W**ILLIAM SISKIND, A/S, USNR, has the weakest stomach in the world. No doubt about it.

Seaman Siskind, neatly togged in new whites, was dining with a number of his naval associates at pleasant Swine Plaza a few nights ago, and at a point midway the meal someone made mention of "Missing Monroe."

This immediately prompted Siskind, who was in the act of swallowing a quantity of salad, to ask about Monroe.

Someone explained that Monroe had been an aged Negro in the employ of Swine whose duties consisted of operating an electric food grinding machine. And that he had been missing six days, having last been seen as he stood pushing carrots into the machine. Fellow workers in the kitchen when questioned by the Chapel Hill Gestapo, told of hearing a scream and rushing to the grinding machine to find that old Monroe was among the missing.

Siskind listened, shook his head to indicate that he was baffled. He lifted a heaping forkful of carrots to his mouth and paused. "Have they ever found him?" he asked cautiously.

"Not all of him," said the teller of the tale. And he leaned forward and picked a black speck off the tip of Siskind's poised fork.

"Oh," he said, "it's only a raisin."

Siskind is doing nicely, sick bay attaches say.

\* \* \*

One of the hottest shots in the fast-diminishing supply of local BMOC's recently took a trip to New York to celebrate his second year of successful draft evasion. On his return from the big town he was telling the boys about an experience at the Hurricane Club, one of the leading joy joints. Our hero, it seems, was seated at the bar with a cuba libra when he felt someone breathing down his neck. He wheeled about to find a rotund individual in evening attire. "Would you," questioned the stranger, "be interested in getting a 'lei' for \$1.25?" And he cast a furtive glance about among the tables.

Being a man who knows a bargain when he sees one, the local lad speedily produced the dollar and a quarter and rose expectantly, still unable to believe his ears. Whereupon the stranger looped a garland of flowers about his neck, smiled, and departed.

\* \* \*

We were doing away with some eggs and coffee at Nick's one late August evening when one of the characters in the meteorology unit strolled in out of the

rain. He brushed his way down the aisle that wends past the booths, selected a counter stool, and seated himself and his voluminous book satchel. Two hours later a waitress, who had been drinking home brew with the cook, wobbled out of the kitchen with a menu.

Pushing the chow chart aside, the khaki kharacter announced that he wanted only a cup of coffee.

"The same way I like my women," was the ready reply, "hot!"

The waitress stood silently for a minute, eyes fixed on the dogfaced wit, who sat chuckling at his little quip. Then she bent low and smiled. "I suppose," she burped, "that you want it black, too."

\* \* \*

Most sororities and fraternities, lacking in originality and talent, take over their songs from other popular melodies. Examples range all the way from "Beer Barrel Polka" to "Finlandia." The Pi Phi, not to be outdone, recently converted "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas," the Irving Berlin inanity, into "I'm Dreaming of a Golden Arrow." At a rush party a few days later, the house president, with that air of responsibility and authority that only a sorority prexy can display, asked what they would all sing.

"Oh," screamed one of the members, "let's all sing I'm Dreaming of a White Pi Phi."

\* \* \*

This business of saluting, while simple enough as a usual thing, is not without an occasional test of ingenuity. Take the case of a young marine on Franklin Street a few Saturday afternoons ago. This beaming buck was making his way down the

sidewalk with a watermelon of no small dimensions when out of the multitude of shoppers stepped a Naval lieutenant, his twin bars gleaming in the late afternoon sunlight. The marine stopped cold, dropped the watermelon to the sidewalk, saluted smartly, caught the melon on the bounce, and continued on his way, leaving the puzzled lieutenant agape.

\* \* \*

We have met some mean people in our time—a man who made it his business to toss banana peels on the sidewalks, a woman who punched small babies in the eye with a parasol, and a cousin who set grandma's hair on fire one night when she came in stinking. But we met a little man the other night who makes all these people look like saints. We had gone (the "we" includes the girl friend) down to that popular botanical setting known as the arboretum with intentions of observing the highly diversified plant life there as it exists under nighttime conditions. Having completed this study, we decided to spend the remainder of the evening in astral contemplation. The girl (her name's Maggie) then produced a double blanket from the depths of her handbag. This we proceeded to spread along the dew-fringed surface of the grass, and eventually fell into the arms of Morpheus. When we awoke some time later, it was to see the vague outline of a man squatting at the foot of the blanket. This sent the girl friend into polite hysteria while I made a determined effort to maintain my nerve, chewing off two fingers in the act. The little man was holding a flashlight which cast a heavy flood of light squarely in our ashen, owl-eyed faces. "Just checking up a little," he mumbled as we sat up with obvious hesitancy. Displaying evidence that he was a campus watchman, he added that he "aimed to do away with all this monkey business down here." Then he moved the flashlight forward and to the left and right. "You ain't up to nothing, are ye?" he asked. "Huh-uh," we gulped in unison. "Well," he said, "it's about time you should be in bed, young lady." Then he looked at me. "Without you," he added. And so saying he switched off the flashlight and stalked off into the night. I looked at the girl friend and she looked at me. We dressed and went home.

\* \* \*

One of the Old Salts, from a seaplane tender to Old East, gives lectures on women, their virtues and their faults, to his bunkmates. During his last session he defined a "fast girl" as one who can trip a man and then beat him to the deck.—For further information visit the source!



# We Hope You Like 'em

A new cough medicine is now on the market—called Laxalax—“six tablets and you don't dare cough.”

A woman got on the train with nine children, and when the conductor came for her tickets, she said: “Now these three are thirteen years old and pay full fare, but those three over there are only six, and these three here four and a half.”

The conductor looked at her in astonishment. “Do you mean to say you get three every time?” he asked.

“Oh, no,” she said. “Sometimes we don't get any at all.”

And then there was the colored woman who was asked if she had ever been X-rayed. “I'm not sure,” she replied, “is that the same as ultra-violated?”

Landlady: “It's pretty cold tonight, freshman, you had better put an iron in your bed to warm it up.”

Landlady (next morning): “How did you sleep last night, freshman?”

Freshman: “Pretty good, ma'am, I had the iron almost warm by morning.”

A girl attending Bryn Mawr  
Committed a dreadful faux pas.

She loosened a stay  
In her décolleté

Exposing her je-ne-sais-quois.

She was a good little girl as far as good little girls go, and as far as good little girls go, she went.

“Oh, don't get up, Mrs. Astor. I just came in to wash my hands.”

English Prof: “Those dangling principles aren't helping your grade any.”

Coed: “They did in physics.”

Drunk (looking down at moon's reflection in water): “Shay, is that the moon?”

Cop: “That's right.”

Drunk: “Well, how in hell did I get way up here?”

He: “Hello.”

She: \_\_\_\_\_

He: “Oh, well.”

“I'm sorry,” said the girl in the ticket booth, “but that \$2 bill is counterfeit.”

“My Gawd,” the woman screamed, “I've been seduced!”

*Girls who wear long woolen bloomers  
Need have no fear of evil rumors.*

Is that Carmen Lombardo or do we need a new needle?

*The thoughts of a rabbit on sex  
Are practically never complex  
A rabbit in need  
Is a rabbit indeed  
And his actions are what one expects.*

*A moron named John Henry Blinker  
Was spending his life in the clinker.  
He'd murdered his brother  
His father and mother,  
Said he, “I'm a regular stinker.”*

“You're the first girl I ever loved,” he said, as he shifted gears with his feet.

Two roosters were in a barnyard when it started to rain. One ran in the barn. The other made a duck under the porch.

“Are you in the Pre-Meteorology unit?”  
“No, a horse stepped on my head when I was young.”

“So, you've been to college?”

“Yeah.”

“How high can you count?”

“One, two, three, four, five, six—”

“Go on.”

“Seven, eight, nine, ten, jack, queen, king.”

There was a young lady named Reba  
Who was amorously wooed by an amoeba.

This wee bit of jelly  
Would crawl in her belly  
And tenderly murmur, “Ich lieber.”

**Once a king always a king, but once a knight is enough.**

He: An apple a day will keep the doctor away.

She: It's too late for apples.

*Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it  
In a cabin quite old and medieval.  
A rounder espied her and plied her with  
cider  
And now she's the forest's prime evil.*

**A bachelor is a man who has no children to speak of.**

She: “I'm entered in two contests, one for the most beautiful back and one for the most beautiful bust.”

He: “My, aren't you excited.”

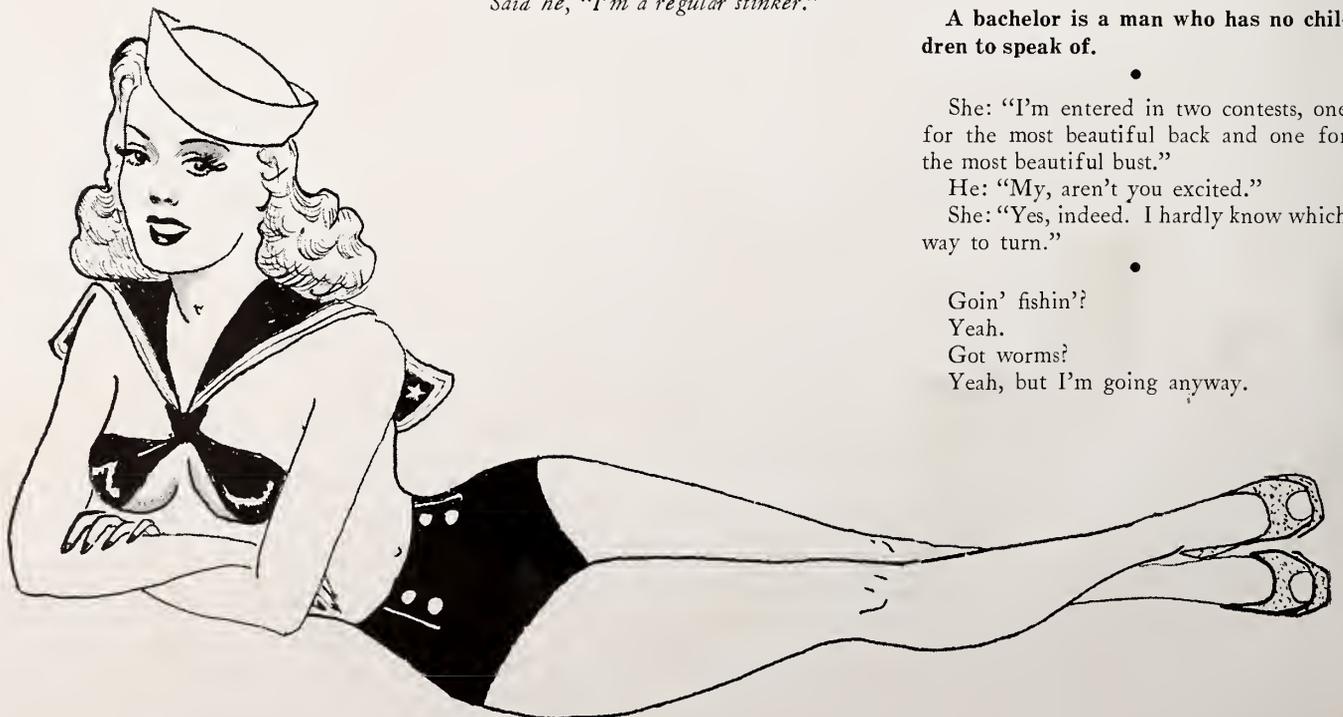
She: “Yes, indeed. I hardly know which way to turn.”

Goin' fishin'?

Yeah.

Got worms?

Yeah, but I'm going anyway.



“Who is this guy, Mathenev, anyway?”

# HANDBAG

by Joanne Edson

**T**HIRD flooooooor, ladies' ready-to-wear, millinery department and lingerieeeeeee," the uniformed negro droned. "Yes, mam, bridal shop to your right; watch your step, mam."

The girl stepped out of the pink and chromium box onto the plush carpet and stood poised a moment. She was in the midst of a setting of soft footsteps, low voices, perfume, a blur of sleek black dresses gliding to glassed-in closets, white hands running through soft white silk, smiles, "Charming," "how lovely," soft purring drone, pierced by a bright sparkle, swishing taffeta. . . .

She stood only a moment, then, glancing around hurriedly, let her bag slip from under her arm to her hand as she walked toward two chairs by the window. She slipped into one of the chairs and pushed her bag between her leg and the coral cushion, almost as though she were hiding it. It too was shabby, like the coat, and the leather was cracked and frayed at the corners. The girl sat silent for a moment; her eyes wandered eagerly around the huge room. She watched the motion of a gray-haired, black-clad figure as it swayed from clothes rack to chair, the young man seated on the edge of a chair in a far corner of the room, the soft lights of the jewelry case in front of the tiny flowered hats cocked on plastic aquiline faces, the old lady tilting her head at a sailor hat reflected in the mirror, the suave mustached man with a carnation in his lapel who smiled and chatted with the gray-haired woman showing the young man a fox jacket. The girl jumped, startled, as a large woman plopped down into the next chair with a sigh. She was shaped like a pigeon, soft white wrinkled skin and high bosom. A heavy fur hung off one rounded shoulder and as she opened a silver cigarette case the fur slipped off onto the floor and covered her handbag, a large sleek patent leather bag, half opened with the silver cigarette case beside it. The woman was breathing heavily, oblivious of anything about her—the girl, the soft yellow light, the elevator which moved to a silent stop. The girl glanced at the woman, her sculptured hair, smartly manicured nails, the sheer stockings stretched over her fat legs, the purse.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh, Julieeeeeee, Imagine!"

The woman excitedly pulled herself out of the low chair.

"Julieeeeeee, just imagine. When did you leave New York?"

She had reached a young woman who was crossing the room.

The small black figure remained motionless in chair, watching the vigorous

A little nobody in a setting of grandeur. A handbag. Clicking heels in the night. And then suddenly it happens. Joanne Edson's newest piece of fiction, with all the simple charm that made her "Bus at Dawn" a hit in the May issue.

motions of the woman, as her shrill phrases broke into the purring voices, swishing silk, and soft footsteps, and watching the yellow glow of the sun melting into the room through the bay-window which opened onto the street.

The street lights blinked on in the dusk and twinkled through the damp mist drifting in from the beach. The girl was walking swiftly, unsteadily, down the boardwalk, a clicking black shadow. She passed the shop windows, the bright lights of the movie houses with the smell of hot popcorn trailing down the street, the noisy cafes and the bars filled with soldiers. She reached the main intersection and for the second time she glanced back, and as she stood balanced on the curbing, there was a fleeting moment when the street lights didn't twinkle, the mist was heavy in the air, before the small bootblack on the corner grabbed his little box and ran screaming into the shadows of an alley, a moment before the truck jerked to a stop, brakes grinding. A hysterical voice was screaming, a man jumped out of the truck, a whistle blew, people running, flashing lights, screams and low murmurs.

The policeman said gruffly, "You say

you saw this happen?" A suave, mustached man with a gardenia in the lapel of his tweed business suit stepped into the light, smiled slightly, "Know the dame? She stepped in front of the truck. I never saw her before."



A large furred woman was pawing her way through the crowd. She reached the edge as the small black figure was being shoved into an ambulance. A shrill voice cut through the noise.

"Julieeeeeee, it looks like my purse. Oh, how weiiiiird. It *is* my purse, Julieee. Thank God, there was nothing in it."

A black patent leather purse lay shining on the brick street, reflecting the headlights of the truck.



WRIGHT CHRISTIAN  
43  
USMC

## PIN-UP

From page 7

Next day we were discussing the picture in general and Miss April in particular with both of our friends when one of them made a suggestion. "Why not," Dan asked, "ask some of the fellows if they would approve of Miss April as their pin-up girl."

Which is exactly what we did. And as all questioned had seen the show, it was simple enough to collect votes.

Finally we sent a letter to MGM saying that Miss April had been picked by V-12 men at the University of North Carolina as "The Girl We'd Like to Take to the Armistice Ball."

MGM sent some pix by way of reply and also disclosed that Miss April was actually Kay Aldrich.



Miss Aldrich, the dope says, is not under contract to MGM but was signed for just the Esquire number and that she is now working at some other studio. Which, we do not hesitate to say, is the Lion's loss and someone else's gain.

In addition to making movies, Miss Aldrich also finds time to follow a vocation of a decidedly different nature as a secretary of Dr. Lewis Browne, noted author of philosophical volumes (which puts the doc in demand, no doubt).

That's about all except that Miss A. was pleased to learn that she is the V-12 choice and hopes she will be able to attend the ball.

So do we, honey. So do we.



## add corn . . .

*Because I have a lovely form,  
No reason men should think me  
Warm.*

*No reason men should have the  
Crust  
To say to me, "Pike's Peak  
Or bust."*

Dan the dog reports that his favorite movie star is still Helen Twelvetrees.

Advance Warning: Don't go out on the beach this Christmas. The Yuletide is sure to be coming in.

"I'm a man of few words, will you or won't you?"

"Ordinarily I wouldn't, but you talked me into it."

The dean says he once knew a girl whose name was Virginia. They called her Virgin for short but not for long.

Lovers, like all people who are blind, develop a marvelous sense of touch.

Definition of a gigolo: the egg that laid the golden goose.

Then there was the coed who wore black garters in memory of those who had gone beyond.

*I crept upstairs my shoes in hand,  
Just as the night took wing.  
And saw my wife, four steps ahead,  
Doing the same damned thing.*

We smiled at exam time, but when the grades came in, we simply busted out laughing.

There was an old lady  
Who lived in a shoe.  
She had so many children,  
She didn't know what to do.  
Evidently.

A pessimist is one who thinks all women are immoral. An optimist is one who doesn't know but hopes so.

State tackle: "This match won't light."  
State end: "Washa madda with it?"  
State tackle: "I dunno—it lit all right a minute ago."

A young bride had a beautiful trousseau,  
And also a beautiful torso,  
But her groom liked her torso  
Much more than her trousseau,  
That's why her trousseau got tore so.



## ETIQUETTE

From page 8

bad form to throw beds around the room during the quiet hour. Just lower them gently out the window and hide the bed-clothes. This gives an excuse for not going to bed, which, naturally, no one in the V-12 unit wants to do. The Navy considers it ill-bred to sleep. Studying is not much of a problem. An hour and a half of good studying a night should give you A's in every course. (That's what the man said.)

As to liberty and leave: one should be circumspect in visits to surrounding cities, towns, hamlets, et al. Divide your attentions among them all. Date only white girls, and maintain some physical state of being. The Navy is very solicitous about the health of its personnel. If you go to sick bay with an upset stomach, they will keep you a week. One lad is said to have sneezed in front of the DKE house on July 1st and two men with nets bounded out of the infirmary and took him in custody. He's till in bed.

About one's salary. Admittedly, this is a painful subject, but it is not going too far to advise you to be careful with your money. On payday you should not go out and spend your money prodigally. You should put away the \$3.97 that you have left out of your salary and save it for a rainy day, at which time you should get stinking. You would have saved a lot of money in August.

Finally, one should not cut classes. It just ain't nice. If you do, you will be shot at dawn as a preliminary warning. Needless to say, you will be dealt with more severely on the second offense.

If you follow these rules and are still not a success, do not feel bad. Join me in the brig at Bainbridge. We can play solitaire with each other.

And then there was the man on relief who was so accustomed after years of unemployment to having everything done for him that he went out and married a widow with three children.



# Archibald Lavender Van Smith III

by Kat Hill

**Kat Hill, Big Woman of publications, submits her first piece of fiction. A trip to the library brings back memories of the unglamorous Archie . . . and an "affair" that never-was, but nearly. . . .**

WITH A couple dozen incompletes from previous sieges of Carolina life breathing their heated and expiring breaths down our collective necks, my heretofore hedonic roommate resolved that we should begin the new quarter in a genuine but most unfamiliar scholarly fashion.

Forthwith, I was ousted from the madhouse I have come to call home, and began my weary way toward the general direction of the other side of the campus, and by stalking the intricate bypaths and tramping across several patches where last Spring's keep-off-the-innocent-little-sprouts-of-chlorophyll campaign had been a bit too successful, I eventually—and when you think of how the footpaths around this place wind, you realize just how eventual that can be—happened upon the steps of that magnanimous center of collegiate learning, the University Library.

Gliding gracefully through the portals of the impressive Inner Room—via an overly polished shellac spot—I came at length mug to mug with a couple thousand flies, an infinitesimal number of V-Twelfth Knights, and a singular plaid garment swaddled about something that looked like it might have escaped from the House of Usher.

My roommate, lovely child, spending the next seven nights IN as the result of a fulfilled desire to lean out of our second deck window during a blackout and douse a couple necking on the side steps, had entrusted me with the sacred duty of fetching with me on my return several voluminous tomes on the beginnings of printing. Also I was to annex a few classics to my own browsing collection.

I had just resigned myself to this eternally futile quest when through a peephole in the misty protection of my honorable hornrims, I suddenly espied none other than Master Archibald Lavender Van Smith, III.

Now from early childhood scalpelmates, Archie and I had matured into good and inseparable friends, until that day about a month past when one Cynthia "Honey" Pinker had crawled out of the woodwork and into the happy picture. But never once thinking of holding a peeve, I fairly

swooned up to A. L. van S., III, and in my own shy, retiring way, beamed:

"Hell-o, Archie."

Making with an unmistakable guttural utterance, my cornered deer said something about being on his way out to take a smoke and was gone.

Grasping desperately at the tail end of his fast-vanishing yellow Etonish cravat, I followed.

Having trampled over the shoulders, heads, noses, chins, and teeth of a number of other starved nicotine fiends, I settled my mass of undiluted protoplasm next to a shadowy outline with a slightly protruding upper lip.

"Is that you, Archie?" I ventured. "Oh, yes, it is. You can't fool me. I'd know that knee anywhere."

I then gave my claws one final scrape, dismissed the usual preliminaries, and commenced.

"How are you, Archie?"

"Huh? . . . Oh, fine."

"Well, how's your folks?"

"Huh. . . . Oh, fine."

(Still a good conversationalist, that guy.)

Then I attacked with a new stream of verbal consciousness (courtesy English 97).

"Been down to Jeff's lately?"

"Yep."

"Like it?"

"Yeah. Sho did."

Things were picking up. It looked as if my triple threat was really going to get started. "Yeah, I like it fine," he added. "It's nice and dark. We go there a lot. Cynthia likes it."

She would, I thought.

"Oh, really," I cooed in my best imitation Dixie manner. "She should. Next to the bottomest pit of a coal mine I can't think of anything that would be quite so flattering to her than the dark."

Archibald Lavender van Smith III stiffened from the second vertebra on up.

"Now, see here, Stricky," he protested, addressing me in the childhood version of my first and only nickname, the abbreviated form of Strychnine. "I know you don't like Cynthia very well, but, but . . . at least you must admit she dresses well."

"Oh, good granny, Archibald," I gasped in horror. "Don't tell me those clothes of hers are intentional? I always thought she was on her way to an air-raid shelter."

"Stricky, I am sorry. But in spite of our previous . . . in spite of what we may have been to each other once, I will not sit here and listen to you defame the name of the woman I love."

"Oh, do sit down, Archie. I'm very sorry,

really. I imagine Cynthia is a very nice girl once you get to know her. Oh, do let me see that picture of her, the one like that one Jimmy has."

Somewhat reluctantly, Archie fished about in his pockets and brought forth the shiny snapshot, struck a match in order that I might get the full impact of gazing, even momentarily, on such ravishing beauty.

"Well, well," I said looking up, "now isn't that just too sweet for words? Why, she's absolutely sugar-coated. Now some people might think she's pretty enough, but I never did care for sticky babies.

"And those big flowers in her hair. You know I'll be awfully glad when my hair gets dirty enough to grow things in it."

Archibald Lavender van Smith III jumped to his feet, whipped the butt of his cigarette over the wall, snatched the snapshot from my hands, and stomped back into the building.

I then proceeded to replace my feline instincts in their bag, and gathering my skirts about me so as not to ensnare them with my sharpened finger tips, beat my way back into the I. R.

About eleven minutes was all I could stand in the room, so gently tucking the Chinese printing press under my arm, and collecting several oversized pamphlets by Tom Wolfe on "What Every Young Girl Should Know About Cookin' Collards," I departed.

On the way out, I stopped for a second by the outside desk to observe an attendant who seemed to be undergoing a series of agonizing gesticulations not unlike the movements caused by the late stages of beri beri. But the lights were beginning to wink by this time, so I passed on without pausing to study the case.

What happened to Archibald?  
Who the hell cares.



*Man Wanted.*

## ANOTHER "V"

From page 13

line was not as strict, the weekends were longer, and drill was at a minimum, no KP and no guard duty. Only the headwork was tougher.

Washington big shots, both Naval and civilian, visited the Hill to inspect the new V-12 program. And all heaped praise on the shoulders of Captain Popham and his associates for the excellent progress made. All advice from experts has been closely followed and with highly beneficial results. Hundreds of dollars worth of food was being left on trays at Swain until a representative of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts visited the dining hall, saw the waste, and quickly remedied the situation by allowing men to select the foods they would eat, instead of accepting a prepared tray which might contain a vegetable not to a particular taste. Controller Carmichael and the University, under contract to the Navy to feed V-12 men, saw early in the game that skimping was out. Good solid food replaced grits, stewed apples and unrecognizable meats. With the menu alterations came a corresponding drop in sick bay attendance. The food problem had been solved.

One of the knottiest problems to confront officials was physics, the old "hell subject" that had been listed by the Navy as a V-12 "must." Students were sardined together in Phillips' classrooms and many were found to be without the proper mathematical background. Not given sufficient advance warning, the physics department tried hard to meet the challenge with a capable but inadequate staff. But it was no use. At the end of July it became evident that changes would have to be made. Men who had previously pleaded in vain to be allowed to drop physics suddenly found themselves out of the course without an "F" on their records and with an extra hour a day to devote to other studies. The Navy then announced that men would have to maintain a minimum load of 18 hours and the War College Office found itself again in the predicament of launching a new substitute course in mid-semester. Public speaking was found to be the solution.

Men allowed to drop physics this semester will not be allowed to complete the program without the subject. The Navy and the Marines have definitely decided that all men must have physics, with the possible exception of seniors not taking it this semester who will finish in October. These few men, thanks to fate, may gain commissions without having had the course.

Activities heads that had looked to the new V-12 as a last hope for continuation during the war were disappointed. When the first real test of V-12 interest in campus activities—the block fee—came it was an utter failure. The plan, which would provide support for four major activities and services—Graham Memorial, the Tar

## NEWS

**Captain Popham, in an exclusive statement to the Carolina Magazine, revealed that all V-12 men will have a vacation of seven days at the conclusion of the current semester. This will be the last week in October with the new semester beginning on November 1. A similar vacation may be expected by men the last week in February when the Winter semester closes. Spring semester classes will start March 1.**

**V-12 men will also get Christmas leave, the commandant disclosed. However, the exact number of days to be given has not been decided pending an investigation of travel facilities and a directive by the University War College authorities to the Navy Department.**

**"Men may expect as much as three days," Captain Popham said, "possibly more. A definite announcement will be made at the earliest date possible in order that men may make plans accordingly." The captain's statement was interpreted to mean that men will be back on classes by New Year's Day.**

**No "long vacations" will be given at any time to V-12 men. "The Navy has definitely decided against this," the Commandant said.**

**There will be no Thanksgiving holidays.**

Heel, Athletic Association, and student government—was subscribed to by only 403 of the 1300. New men took the attitude that they hadn't been invited in and would not pay for the dubious privileges. Student body president Robinson,

still behind the plan, may yet find a solution.

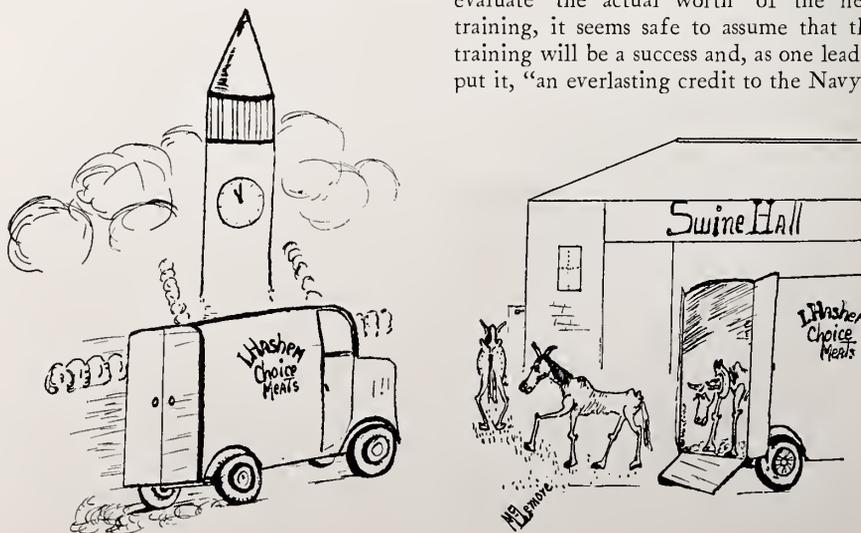
Student government, consisting of the legislature and the honor council, have been justly criticized because of a tendency to treat the Navy men as regular students. Leaders have found it hard to realize that the V-12 man is under much more pressure than the civilian, that his life is run at a faster pace and since it is highly improbable that the civilian will want to catch up, a compromise is necessary.

The honor code, backbone of the University, must be sold to the boys from PI, Durham High, Alabama. It is still too early to estimate the results of Robinson's honor system orientation meetings, but unless there has been a reversal of opinion, there are many who will refuse to live by it.

The legislature is an unknown quantity to most V-12 men. That healthy interest in campus legislation was on the downgrade even before July 1, but has now plummeted almost to the bottom. Blame cannot be placed altogether on the Navy and Marines, who have come to Carolina from four different backgrounds and have been dumped into a full-grown setup that they don't know beans about. Vitalization and explanation may change the picture.

The University and the Navy now have ironed out most of the early defects and stand ready to solve future problems certain to arise. When the rush at the Book Ex became too great, work was started on the supplementary, University operated, which opened earlier this month.

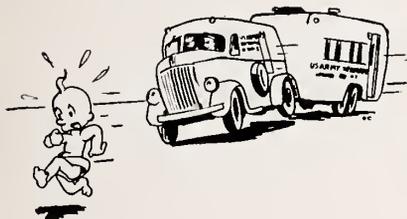
V-12, unlike the Student Army Training Corps of the last war, is a good investment in the opinion of military and civilian experts throughout the nation. Chief advantage the V-12 has over the SATC is thought to be the fact that the Navy, in opening its new plan of training, has not attempted to "take over" colleges altogether as did the SATC, but rather to integrate Naval students into the collegiate scheme of things. This allows the University almost complete say-so as to instruction, faculty, etc. While still too early to evaluate the actual worth of the new training, it seems safe to assume that the training will be a success and, as one leader put it, "an everlasting credit to the Navy."



# Haw

We know a woman who has a job driving a taxi in Washington. She says it is lots of fun and the pay is good. She knocks down about forty a week.

To men, damn 'em.  
If you loaf with 'em, you love 'em.  
If you love 'em,  
You let 'em.  
If you let 'em you lose 'em.  
Damn 'em.



"How do you keep eating in Swine Hall?"

"I take a dose of Drano three times a day."

Mark Anthony: "I want to see Cleopatra."

Slave: "She's in bed with laryngitis."

Mark: "Damn those Greeks."



A gay fop from old Monticello  
Was really a terrible fellow.  
In the midst of caresses  
He filled ladies' dresses  
With garter snakes, ice cubes, and jello.

O, the futility,  
of sterility.

Four and twenty test tubes  
A beaker full of lime  
Men and women yawning  
Asleep for half the time  
When the tubes are opened  
Fumes begin to reek  
Isn't that an awful mess  
To have three times a week?

# INVESTIGATED

**B**ULL-CHESTED, bow-legged Bainbridge Joe, the dog mascot adopted by V-12 sailors, goes on trial next week on charges of (gulp) high treason without reason.

The fate of the defendant will be decided by a tribunal of the backstreet barkers, local canine civic club.

Young "Bainbridge" is charged specifically with wanton neglect of his duties as custodian of village fire hydrants. Spot Brown, club president, announced this week that circumstantial evidence caused the investigating committee to place charges against "Bainbridge." It was pointed out that many of the local hydrants now stand almost hidden by a strategic growth of grass.

"Out of town dogs," declared Brown with an arrogant upturn of his whiskers, "might easily get the wrong impression of hospitable Chapel Hill. This must be guarded against. Brother Bainbridge must pay the penalty of his neglect."

B.J., meanwhile, has pooh-poohed all charges and still goes about his daily duties with usual nonchalance. He still shows up every morning for muster and marches to breakfast with the other Swine Hall unfortunates, and in the afternoons he meets his friends under the shade tree at the SAE House and tells shaggy dog stories.

"No one can pin anything on me," he boasts. "The fellows at the SAE House will defend me, and, besides, the Backstreet Barkers haven't got anything but circumstantial evidence."

"But you did neglect your duties, didn't you?" someone asked.

"Bainbridge" chuckled to himself and stood on two legs. "One never know, do one?" he said, and skipped away sniffing the air for one of his canine companions.

—J.T.K.

Once there was a Cheshire cat who used to smile just like a Cheshire cat. One day this cat chased a canary. He came back looking just like a cat that had swallowed a canary. He had.

George: "I'm forgetting women."  
Jerry: "So am I. I'm for getting a couple as soon as possible."



# Haw

Wabbits have a funny face  
Their private life is a disgrace  
Oo'd be surprised if oo but knew  
The awful fings that wabbits do.  
—An' often, too.

I can't bear children  
Who are scrawny and pale;  
I can't bear children  
Because I'm a male.

Bette: "I'll never marry a man who snores."

Mother: "Yes, but be careful how you find out."



Salesman: "Sir, I have something here which will make you popular, make your life happier, and bring you a host of friends."

Joe: "I'll take a quart."

Mosquitoes were making life miserable for McGuire and Dugan as they sat in their room at the summer boardinghouse.

"I'll tell you," said McGuire. "Let's put out the light so they can't find us."

But after the light was out they saw fireflies flitting into the room.

"No use," sighed Dugan. "They're out with lanterns."



And lawd, please bring me Lena Horne . . .

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## FOOTBALL

From page 11

to arrange the schedule to offer more football in this area by having a home game for the second team while the varsity is on the road, and vice versa.

Assisting Coach Young with the squad are three other members of the Carolina Athletic staff and four Navy Chief Specialists who volunteered their services. The holdover members of the Carolina staff are Line Coach Grady Pritchard, who captained Carolina's All-South Atlantic championship team of 1922; Henry House, who was a star UNC fullback in 1928, '29, and '30; and Bill Lange, last year's freshman mentor and head coach of basketball.

The Chief Specialists, all of whom have had several years of playing and coaching experience, include J. P. Gill (Missouri), Bernie Kaplan (Western Maryland), Loren Buising (Peru State) and Bernard Hawkins (Saint Bonaventure).

Coach Young openly admits that he has a wealth of talent, and does not hesitate to say that he will field a good ball club this Fall. But, as is natural with coaches, he hastens to add that all of the schools Carolina meets except one (N. C. State) have V-12 units, too. "Which means," he says, "that they probably have just as many good players as we have, if not more."

That, then, is the story. Carolina is loaded—a highly capable coaching staff handling a bunch of seasoned men itching for action. Sounds good, and it is good. But don't forget that it's the same happy story at all other V-12 schools.

The logical deduction, it would seem, is that this section along with the rest of the country will see this Fall some of the best football in years and that the competition will be just as keen as ever.

Next Saturday the Tar Heels open a tough schedule against Georgia Tech in Atlanta. There are several men who will be wearing the light blue and white who have an old score to settle down in the Cracker State, just as there are some men who will be looking forward to that little jaunt to Durham in October. And you can bet your ration book that the sparks will fly at both places.

It's a strange thing, when you think about it, how strangers can be thrown together and molded almost overnight into a spirited, close-knit organization.

But, then, isn't that the same thing that welds bigger units to handle much bigger and tougher schedules?

## NAVY BLUES

From page 14

is a big chap with a barrel chest and a hook nose. He was for eight years an enlisted man in the Navy and has a healthy disrespect for all officers. He divides his time between drilling and cussing. I remember once he bellowed at us, "You men



are supposed to be the cream of the crop, but if you ask me, you are the slop of the crop."

We have seen many training films. I always enjoy training films because it means a rest for my feet and a little extra sleep. But Pounds thought we were lazy. He was especially angry at us because we had come out second in the weekly review of nine companies of Apprentice Seamen. So we drilled for three hours. Then he made us sing the Marine Hymn. (Sometimes I think I hate the guy.)

The bilge list was read out last night and I am glad to report that no Carolina men were on it. In Johnson Hall, I have seen Butch Neaver, Taylor Vernon, Manny Rivkin, Bill Neel and I. L. Spiegel, and, of course, myself. In Turnald Hall are Bob Spence, Ralph Burnette, Bucky Harward, Dick Railey, Craig Phillips and probably some more that I have not seen. This means that we have successfully completed our period as Apprentice Seamen. We are now midshipmen and everything is much harder, especially the classes in navigation, seamanship, and damage control.

Last night we had a real thrill—went to see a training film. During the picture I began thinking of how Pounds had walked the hell out of us immediately after we had been given those shots. "He's tough," I said to myself, "but I'm tougher. Anything he gives us, I can take." I actually convinced myself of this. Now all I've got to do is to convince Pounds.



## PACKING

From page 7

dirtings, wrinklins and pressings. He would start out with them immaculate and return—well, sometimes he managed to survive without accidents. But stains and grease and sharp nails always seemed to be in his way.

He suddenly felt as though the clothes were parts of his body, separated and stored from his sight and touch. And the loss of this familiarity left an emptiness.

He laid the last of them in and placed above them the rest of the moth balls. The clothes, because of the many contacts with the human body and being packed tightly together, were already exuding a faint musty odor. No use thinking about clothes now. He might never see them again, he felt.

It would seem a little odd wearing the same suit, the same uniform, all the time, not having to decide, even vaguely, what combinations of ties and socks to pick; but he wouldn't mind the thought, so long as inspection wasn't too rigid.

He shut the lid down and sat down to anchor it in place. He picked up and rolled between his fingers a moth ball that had dropped on the floor.

He wondered suddenly what the different places where he would live would be like. A week from now, a year, two years, a decade? What sort of people? What sort of houses? What sort of men would control his life? Or would there be any houses or any people? Would there be anything?

He stood up. The strong naphthalene preserving odor of moth balls filled the trunk and spread out into the air around him. He noticed a white wool scarf hanging alone on a hanger. The closet was empty except for the white scarf dangling on its hanger. He lifted the scarf off and held it in his hand. Anna had knitted it. Well, he wouldn't open the trunk to put it in. Perhaps he could use it in Alaska or Iceland or even maybe in the tropics. They said the nights were cool near the equator.

"Howard," his mother called up. "Have you finished packing?"

"Yes, I've finished."

"Got everything in?"

"I think so."

"Well, be sure. You've only got a few hours before you leave and then it'll be too late. I don't like this last minute packing anyway—even if the stuff is to stay here."

"Everything's in. I'm only going to wear what I have on me."

"Did you put enough moth balls in?"

"Yes. Quite a few. The wool should keep a hundred years."

"Oh, you'll be wearing them again before you know it. This war can't last forever." There was silence for a moment. He heard his mother's voice catch as if for



He: "Do you think I'm conceited?"

She: "No, why?"

He: "People as good looking as I am usually are."

Then there was a girl named "Checkers" because she jumped whenever you made a wrong move.

"Look here, Jeffrey, were you peeking through the keyhole at your sister and me last night?"

"No, dammit, couldn't. Mother was there praying."

A lad looking through the telescope muttered, "Gawd!"

"G'wan, said his friend, "it ain't that powerful."

a moment she could not breathe well. Then she said, "I'll send daddy up after supper and he can help you carry the trunk up to the attic. Store it in a dark place. Maybe the moths won't see it." She laughed a little.

"I can take it up by myself."

"Don't be silly. Save your strength for the Navy. I—I want you to be a hero, you know. Well, if everything is finished come on down to supper. It's getting cold."

"I'm coming. Everything is finished."

## ENTERTAINMENT

From page 8

unadvertised premiers, E. Carrington Smith has, unlike other businesses in town, kept his prices at pre-war levels, and continued a policy of at least three top rate productions a week, as well as providing the new air-conditioned Carolina.

Manager Smith has gone to much trouble and expense to fulfill his obligation to the people of Chapel Hill, that of always having a good balanced show. Occasionally, he admits, the Carolina does have a bad show. But this is the exception rather than the rule and is unavoidable in the face of present conditions.

Until the new center is completed, those agencies will have to carry the full toll; meanwhile military eyes are glancing toward Greensboro, Durham, Raleigh—even Burlington.

First pig: "Heard from your boar friend lately?"

Second pig: "Yes, I just got a litter from him."

Herb: "You should have seen Anita run the half mile last night."

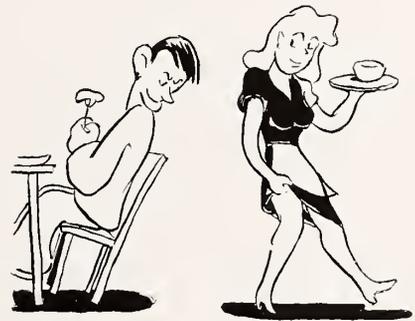
Dave: "What did she run it in?"

Herb: "I don't know what you call the damn things."

Prof: "You missed my class yesterday."

Lemo: "No sir, not a bit."

When the Amazon gets that twinkle in her eye, it's every man for himself and God help the laggard.



In the navy it was my height,  
In the air corps . . . bad sight;  
In the marines, I was too slight,  
But in the draft, I'm sure all right.

Office Boy: "Sorry, madam, but Mr. Brown has gone to lunch with his wife."

The Wife: "Oh! Well . . . tell Mr. Brown that his secretary called."

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Violets are blue  
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WALTER JOHNSON

## THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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### THE RULES:

1. All students, civilian male and female and V-12, may enter the contest simply by writing out an appropriate gag or catch line for the cartoon which appears on this page and mailing it in to the Editor, The Carolina Magazine, Box 717, Chapel Hill, N. C.
2. Members of the staff of the Carolina Magazine, as of Sept. 7, will not be allowed to submit entries.
3. Gag lines should not be longer than twenty words, and must be kept reasonably clean.
4. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, October 1.
5. Only one prize of 25 tickets to the Carolina Theatre will be made. Tickets will be given through the courtesy and cooperation of Mr. E. Carrington Smith, manager of the Carolina. Tickets may be used at any time.
6. Judges will be the Editor of the Carolina Magazine and Mr. Smith.
7. The winner will be announced in the October issue of the mag and the winning gag line published. Second and third choices will also be published, but authors will not receive prizes.

So get busy, all you wits. This ought to be duck soup for you. Twenty-five theatre tickets equals a lot of good times. You can see every show for a month, and all it will cost you will be three cents tax on each admission.

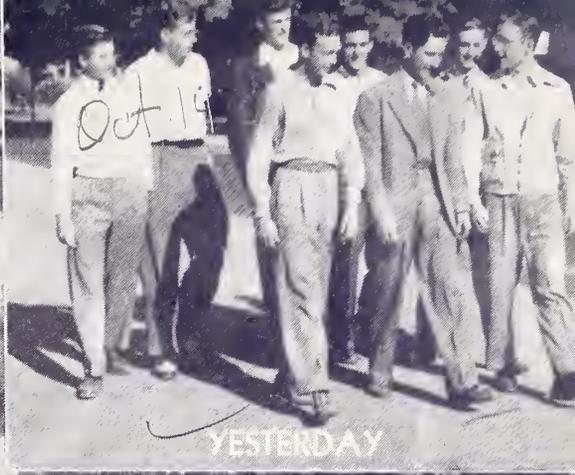
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Carolina Mag

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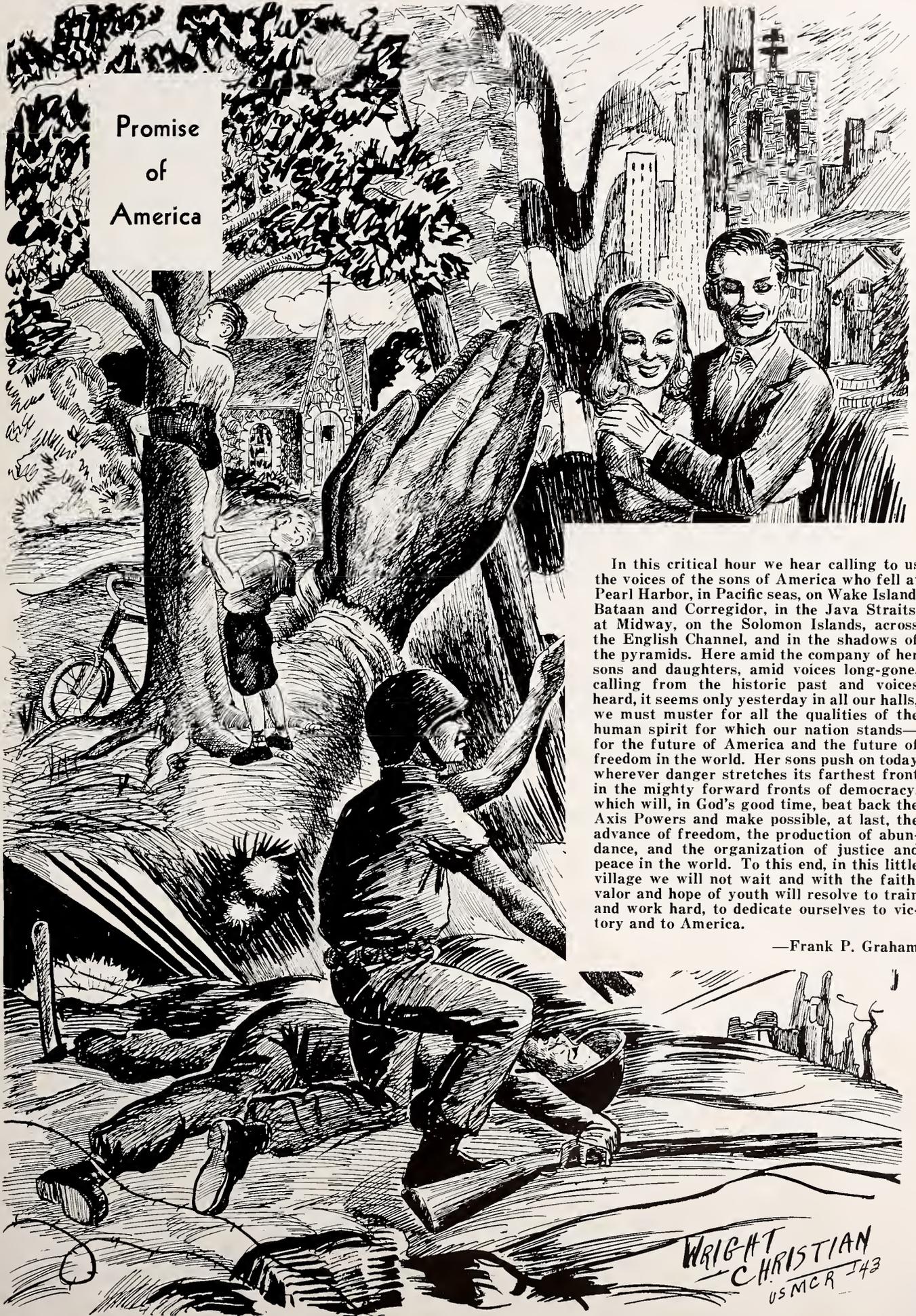
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In this critical hour we hear calling to us the voices of the sons of America who fell at Pearl Harbor, in Pacific seas, on Wake Island, Bataan and Corregidor, in the Java Straits, at Midway, on the Solomon Islands, across the English Channel, and in the shadows of the pyramids. Here amid the company of her sons and daughters, amid voices long-gone, calling from the historic past and voices heard, it seems only yesterday in all our halls, we must muster for all the qualities of the human spirit for which our nation stands—for the future of America and the future of freedom in the world. Her sons push on today wherever danger stretches its farthest front in the mighty forward fronts of democracy, which will, in God's good time, beat back the Axis Powers and make possible, at last, the advance of freedom, the production of abundance, and the organization of justice and peace in the world. To this end, in this little village we will not wait and with the faith, valor and hope of youth will resolve to train and work hard, to dedicate ourselves to victory and to America.

—Frank P. Graham

WRIGHT  
CHRISTIAN  
USMCR 143

## Plugs and Slugs

**PLUG:** Victorious TH Editor Hazel Katherine Hill now drives the wagon she pushed so long. Since Di and Phi journalists put together the University's initial publication, the school has not seen a more energetic newspaperwoman. Miss Hill is not a polished writer, nor is she a Dorothy Killgallen. But she has done everything in Graham Memorial except scrub floors.

**SLUG:** E. O. Brogden, woolly-haired Junior whose ambition and drive have often been shrewdness and gall, went too far during the past elections. Of all years, Carolina this time needed a solid, honest front. It wasn't in style during the politicking; and E. O. was one to stick to fashion.

He was introduced through V-12 barracks by a friend, and then he proceeded to campaign in a manner unlike a sportsman, unlike a Carolina Gentleman. His tactic was to embitter one faction against the next, launching NROTC against apprentice seamen and Marines against Old Guard and former UNC students against transfers. It was a poor display. It was disgusting and cheap and pitiful.

**PLUG:** Surprise of summer session was brunette Nell Barefoot who planned and presented a dozen activities to make the sultry months more palatable to V-12ers and hot-weather academicians. What other directors had called "impossible," the Barefoot worked-out, passed the time of discouragement with success. Her work is an example to Carolina's sorely-ailing activity setup.

**SLUG:** The Navyators from the Upper and Lower quads, whose actions at Carolina home games have been much like those of the dinner guest who criticizes the food. Admitted to Tar Heel contests free, the Kaydets have stirred up a lot of resentment in a few short Saturdays.

Climax came two weeks ago, when UNC was host to the team from Jax navy. A large section of the Pre-Flight audience threw in their cheering lot with the Florida team, and although some of their loudest yells came at the inappropriate moment when a Tar Heel had been stretched out, Carolina understood why the Kaydets were taking sides with the Raiders.

What Carolina couldn't understand was the outcry that arose from the birdmen-to-be when the V-12 sang "Anchors Away." Certainly here, where 1800 Pre-Flight must share the campus and town with 1300 V-12, any superiority complex is a luxury that can be ill-afforded.



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Contest winner awarded 25 tickets to the Carolina Theatre for best gag line for cartoon in September issue.

**EVA MAE GRICE**

Chapel Hill, N. C.

"Hell's Bells"

## Books of the Month

### FICTION

"Sheehan's Mill," by John Reese—Here is an invigorating book that embodies the warm heart, the quick temper and the simple spirit. Lou Foy, Irish, generous, and honest, lives on the bank of the muddy Missouri. He fights prejudice and persecution and walks with his son through the robust frontier life. Effectively and skillfully, Reese tells "you about him, a little at a time," and a rich novel reeking with the honest smells of saloons, tanneries, stables emerges. (272 pages. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company)

### NON-FICTION

"Undercover," by John Roy Carlson—The greatest "beat" in recent journalistic history. Carlson risked his life to get the facts on the "enemy within" and in 700 pages of print shows the ties that bind the Kuhn's, McWilliam's, Nye's. Posing as a Nazi sympathizer, the author gained the confidence of bigwigs in "Hitler's advance army," actually published a Fascist hate sheet to reach inner circles of America's powerful anti-American cliques. Number one best seller in the nation, every page of the book is important, every chapter reveals another plan for disunity. It is the story of "How we can lose the war at home while winning overseas."

### RE-READING

"Vanity Fair," by William Makepeace Thackeray—For those who enjoy an occasional visit to the dusty shelves, this comedy of manners is good reading. One is startled by the similarity in many respects to this century's "Gone With The Wind." The tale of the roguish woman never grows old and the touch of the old master never ceases to be refreshing. Surrounded by romantic claptrap, the tiring reader can find relief in the 1800's best seller.

### DIRECTION

Any student who has had a "first day" in a freshman English class has been introduced to Thomas Wolfe. The University's greatest literary son, this "lost modern who found himself" has, in his powerful, autobiographical novels, written some of this century's most passionate novels. His mastery, his genius is probably most clearly demonstrated in *You Can't Go Home Again*. The modern reader who has missed Wolfe has missed a rare experience.

Although death stilled Wolfe before he could fully develop his ideas and moor his lost youth to firm precepts, the author's genius has created novels that must stand among the greatest of this century. Starting with his first work, *Look Homeward Angel*, Wolfe's books include *The Web and the Rock*, *Of Time and the River*, *You Can't Go Home Again*, *The Hills Beyond*.



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## In This Issue

wright christian, one of the Mag's "finds," was an undergraduate art instructor at the University of Alabama; and illustrated the greater part of this magazine. His is the frontispiece, several cartoons and drawings.

paul ramsey, V-12er from tiny Chattanooga College, has a little of Wolfe, MacLeisch, and Stein in his style. He dropped "This Is A Moment" in the mailbox a few days ago, with a notation: ". . . probably can't use this." But we could and did.

sue brubaker helped round-up talent for this issue, then presented her own offering, "Beeswax." She insists her story is not autobiographical. But it is from life.

joe dinker, Pre-Flight photographer who posed starlets for "cheesecake and chiffon," did the Mag's Pin-Up girl for this issue. His snappyshot of coedarling Millicent Hosh has professional quality.

dave hanig, who won bandsman Kay Kyser's dramatic scholarship, shows how he did it in "No More Islands." His stories "move" and that motion, writers here believe, may carry him beyond these gravel paths.

wayne kernodle is doubling in studies here and at Duke, but his loyalties remain in Chapel Hill. Publications circulation manager last year, he turns in this issue to humor.

sara yokley posed in dogwood blossoms last year, and The State was calling her "a natural beauty." A leader in women's government, active in publications, Miss Yokley writes an article calling for coed participation in campus life.

karl bishopric, tyler nourse and bob baker, local cameraddicts, are responsible for the cover of this issue. Bishopric and Nourse collaborated for the "Mag Goes To The Carnival," and took other shots.

jud kinberg, TH managing editor, finished his own heavy duties to aid in preparation of the current mag. "Carolina Parade" is a product of his typewriter.

simmons andrews, the Mag's sportsman, follows up his football analysis of last issue with an intimate story of the McCachrens and the UNC White Phantoms.

m. c. anderson did the centerspread art work. A freshman, his cartoon ability has already brought him dividends.

ann osterhaut is one of those silent aides who do yeoman duty on publications.



# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

A Publication of Campus Life

Editor: Pvt. Ernie Frankel, USMCR  
 Bus Mngr.: O. P. Charters

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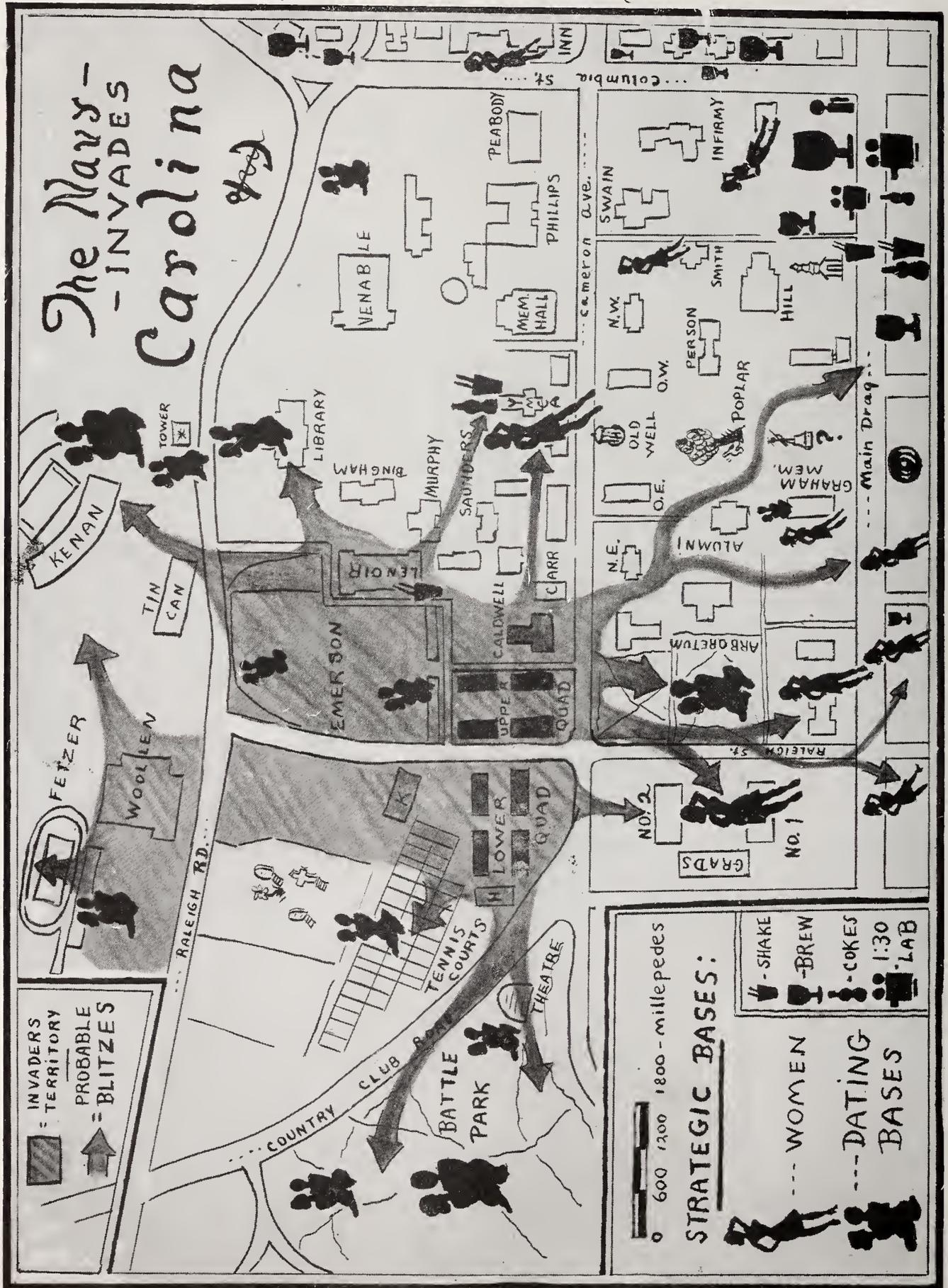


Henry Agard Wallace, Vice-President of the United States, writes a message to the Carolina student body and the rising youth of the nation. In the plain jargon of the Capital's most active spokesman for the post-war world, "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow," has a meaning to military man and civilian alike. (Pages 12 and 13.)



Frank Porter Graham, University President and War Labor Board member to the nation's press, "Dr. Frank," to the UNC student body, writes the frontispiece of this issue. Those who fear the and civilian alike. (Pages 12 new hope from this invocation for the future. (Page 1.)

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# A Mag SHORT STORY



## This is a Moment By Paul Ramsey

CORPORAL Hensley sat at the bench in the station waiting for the train to God-knows-where and reasoning that this was probably the last ride before the jump to unknown land. The submarines, secret and treacherous bearers of unexpected death, how would they be? How would be the knowledge of waiting in the dark ship, what the expectation? Would one feel only another longer trip till the cry of "Torpedo!" and the patient waiting where one bit his lip and was still lest the hysteria break and there was trampling? How afraid would one be? Or would there be occasion for fear there on the lower lightless deck, would there be such unreality that one felt no emotion at all? Or, if on top deck, how would the stars seem? Would the night wind carry an ancient young smell of perfume or the swish of a remembered white dress? And beyond the sea, if beyond, what? And what, if, if, the fighting, what? And how would he be in battle or before the fight? How different? They say there is no time for fear in battle, but the instant between sightings, the in-between? Reflected he might feel no more fear than against the great bright swordsmen in his familiar

dream. (Swordsmen seven feet high in sparkling dress of red and silver with furious scowls and swords broad and heavy raised violently and he would laugh and wonder when the dream would end. But what if the swords could strike?) But why should it be so different after all? This not so different from the desk at home, a change of clothes and different tasks.

Home, he thought. He toyed with a smile contemptuously. Home, hell! The sprawling boarding house and the big porch where one sat and looked at the green bushes that could not obscure the clattering of street cars, the black hot street and the smoke and the women who knitted and talked the mysterious Past, the Southern Past deftly weaving their words till there was a monotonous unity in those stray chatterings like the clicking of their incessant knitting needles and their lives caught in the intolerable weaving of memory and time and the strange cords of destiny, till they rocked and knitted and talked lest they should hear the street cars, lest more than the black tracteries under their eyes give up their deadly secret and they should awake with pain past recall to the ugly buzzing of the human street.

They were not guilty, but flies in the web, but why must they shake their heads over Cousin Betty's marriage to a Jew and his best friend named Bernstein? And the million Cousins and Aunts and family branches and the stock gone pale save for a few that would be spoken of in whispers, the rebels against the Rebels. Weave, weave, the wind!

But there was home in a way. Home on the porch in sunset while the words faded and dropped away, for a second, in the red bowl of passionate nothingness where there was no remembrance but delicious pain and home under the white sheet when one awoke (one morning he had seen, on waking first-thing, a flower on the bush against his window, against the greenness white as his own awaking, so delicate that it was almost Death. There was Peace that moment) and home in the friendly smiles of the counterman as he drank good coffee and the loud voices laughing (especially when there was a taste of autumn, crisp like a broken leaf, in the air). Or in the unreal fall of the street lights when there was something of God in his night thought.

But was this all home, since one was

(Continued on page 22)

Sara,  
Please write  
an article for Mag  
on need for more  
coed workers now  
on publications and  
other activities.  
There's surely a  
place for them.

-30-

*Connie*

# ... And Now Is the Time

by Sara Yokley

THEY'VE yelled equality for years. They've written, they've bulled and they've preached of their virtues. Since the first coeds came to this campus long ago the argument has been, "Give us the chance to show the world we're just as capable as those Carolina gentlemen."

And now is the time. Civilian Carolina is tottering on its 150 foundations, amid a gale of uniformed students. The entire set-up of extra-curriculars is held together by the slender thread of a few, who are determined to retain for Carolina at least the skeleton of its former student life.

In a few days the senior V-12 men, NROTC students and Marines will graduate. They're the last of the tribe, the last of the old timers who knew three years of Civilian Carolina. They grew up slowly, and stepped naturally into the responsible positions left vacant by those who went away to fight. Their departure leaves a wide gap in the three publications, in the legislature, in almost all campus organizations.

The crisis is acute. There is no time for preparation, no time for acclimation to this at first confusing University. To keep in existence the part of Carolina that really belongs to students the gals in skirts have got to push up the sleeves of their sweaters and pitch in.

The bars have been let down. All women have to do is walk in. The stairs to the right in Graham Memorial lead towards the Tar Heel and Mag offices; those to the left take you to the office of the Yackety-Yack. The password is interest.

For years there has been a mythical prejudice against coeds in student activities. Rumor has been that you have to be Phi Beta or Lana Turner material to maneuver your way into an organization. Those theories are false.

The places of the Tar Heel, the Mag and the Yackety-Yack have become unstable, as each faces its most serious manpower shortage. The same persons are seen in each office. They won't last long if they continue their attempts to hold down three jobs at the same time.

With the publication frequency of the Tar Heel slashed from six times to once a week the campus news sheet is now pri-

marily concerned with summaries, columns and feature stories. This calls for a lot of interviewing, the most fascinating part of the business. Ask the guy who talked to Helen O'Connell.

Here's the recipe: Like the Mounted Police you're out to get your man, for an interview of course. This involves a series of phone calls. Since the victims are never home you leave a message. "Uh, huh," you drawl. Tell him to call Blue Eyes at F-3141 (Tar Heel office) just as soon as he comes in." The unsuspecting one falls into your trap and when he calls you purr, "Would you like to meet me in the Arboretum, the main lounge of Graham Memorial, under the Bell Tower, by the Old Well, or at the Y? I'll be wearing a pink hair ribbon." Naturally, to match the blue eyes. From then on, it's your story, your story to have in to the Managing Editor by Monday afternoon at 5 o'clock.

If your abilities really lie in the direction of making the men in service happy join up with Sound and Fury. Recently pulled out of moth balls by Mary Louise Huse and Jack Ellis this organization has a big future ahead. To the campus it offers musical comedies, variety shows, campus skits: It puts behind the footlights the people you see each day in the Y, and with grease paint and able directing transforms them into veterans of the "theatah." It's the best way known to expose your talents to the campus. And incidentally, that little sailor in your history class whom you've been trying to impress since Prof. Lefler first called the roll might be sitting in the third row. Sound and Fury, for the convenience of its cast and audience, prints phone numbers on all programs.

And so it goes. The jobs are open; they've got to be done. Today is no time for lack of interest or initiative. Carolina does not belong alone to the boys who spend three or four of the best years of their lives here and walk away with diplomas. It belongs for two full years to each Carolina coed.

Coed responsibility over night has increased a thousand times. Till chewing gum, rubber girdles and metal lipstick tubes are on the market again, Carolina is theirs to look after, to keep going. Will they oil its machinery with their best work and efforts, or as they sit gaily in Marley's

sipping a coke, will the machinery of Carolina rust past repair?

If you're the shy timid type who doesn't like to mix with the Carolina gentleman, confine your activities to salvation work among the coeds. They need it. By coming in each night ten minutes early, by attending every dorm meeting promptly, by answering the phone before it has buzzed ten times you will build up a spotless reputation. And soon you will be on the house council. Then you can solve things for the other coeds that they could not possibly figure out alone. When they are in a turmoil as to which cadet to date on Saturday night you can slap them on probation. The YWCA and house councils of the various dormitories are excellent places to bring out your missionary tendencies. You'll feel important, exceedingly righteous and you'll love it.

If your beloved is in the Navy, Army or Marines and you feel like helping the morale of the armed forces there are splendid opportunities for USO work on campus. There are approximately 1875 pre-flight cadets, 1300 V-12 boys and 250 ASTP students. Mrs. Vandever, director of Graham Memorial will welcome any suggestions for entertainment. All your originality, all your wildest schemes for different parties will help Mrs. Vandever in her attempts to plan student amusements. Start thinking. The campus could use a local Elsa Maxwell. Bring life to Carolina parties.

After the war when building materials are again available to civilians more coed dormitories will undoubtedly be built on this campus. As the coed group grows in size so should it grow in importance. What the coeds of this college generation do with their opportunities will affect in great measure the life, the chances of coeds of the future. For the present good of Carolina, for the future of the Carolina coed, the girls on this campus today must go to work.

**The civilian-navy campus can be a proving ground for the abilities of Carolina's coeds. The chance, the need, the hour is here. And the women?**



## Beeswax

by Sue Brubaker

**H**ELLO, honey, did the bees make you?" Sally tightened her lips, looked straight ahead, and quickened her step. "These marines," she muttered to herself. "I hate to go down town by myself just because of them. They're so fresh."

Slow, heavy footsteps, shoe leather crunching against gravel, a low whistle, told her she was being followed. "Oh, well, I guess war times change everything," she explained to herself. "Why doesn't he let me alone?"

She went into the coffee shop and glanced at the row of empty booths. It was almost seven o'clock. She had just finished unpacking her trunk, and the other girls had already had their dinner. She went to the nearest booth and sat down, her back to the door. A tall khaki figure loomed before her. Brown eyes peered anxiously into cold green ones. A husky voice asked, "Do you mind very much if I sit down?"

Sally picked up a menu and began to study it. The khaki figure sat down on the bench opposite her. "My name's Ed Gerold," he said. "Just call me Eddie."

Silence.

"Look here," the voice was pleading. "I'm sorry I was so rude. I really didn't mean to be, but you see it's sort of a habit you get into. You can't help it. You get so lonely sometimes, and a pretty girl passes, and you hear other fellows do it, and it sort of gets in your blood. I'm not a bad guy, really, but I guess you don't want to see anyone like me." He picked up his hat and began to get up.

Sally looked up from her menu. Ed was handsome. His close-cropped haircut added to the boyish manner in which the corners of his mouth curled to give him

(Continued on page 23)

# The Mag \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ Goes to the Carnival





Cold night. Jelly Apples. Popcorn. Painted Gypsies. Framed gambling. Sawdust.—And the Mag went to the Carnival. With Coeds Edith Colvard, Phyllis Harrill and Kat Hill came Marine Allen McClagherty, Seaman Stan Legum and Civilian Aubrey Richardson. With camera, flash bulbs came photographer-chaperones Karl Bishopric and Tyler Nourse.

Carolina was there. Pre-Flight cadets couldn't drive two-penny nails in soft wood; Marines lost payday's \$49 at gamblingips. V-12men were like a herd before Stella's revelation of bare facts. And The Mag's party made the rounds, won one prize, ate Grade "C" hotdogs and apples, spent \$7.45, tossed away sales tax pennies, shrieked through several rides.

Marine McClagherty bought entrance tickets, and smiled with date Edith Colvard as Photog Bishopric, squeezed his 175 pounds and speed graphic into the booth. The gypsy who will tell you the story of your life "fortoobeets," grabbed Aubrey while Kat held him back and the others urged him on.

Kat won. Stan lured Phyllis on the Ferris Wheel, taking advantage of the situation. The other girls refused to be weighed, but Edie took a chance and fooled the guesser to take home the Mag's lone souvenir.

The photogs insisted on "sex shots," so two couples watched the duo-Miss Americas attempt to lure customers. Phyllis bit into her apple and blushed a matching hue. Allen, wishing Edie to "see no evil," kept her eyes covered, while Stan posed "lustfully" for the cameramen. Kat and Aubrey were riding the "Octopus" meanwhile, and the four more adventurous ones met them in front of Stella's, where Miss Stella (Vassar '41) agreed to pose, but asked that the not-present President of the Student Body pose with her. A willing Marine agreed to be Prexy for the next pix (which Nourse and Bishopric didn't get around to taking).

The men ran out of Magmoney, the photogs out of patience, the girls out of time, finally made it to Alderman and McIver before the deadline.



# Yesterday, Today

BY VICE-PRESIDENT F

## • The Century of the Common Man

When all we hold dear is threatened and we know that only by a supreme and united effort can we protect our country and our freedom, something deep within us turns for strength to the power we feel outside of us—to God.

Each soldier, sailor, and marine shares that feeling. No matter how light-hearted or how rough-cut he may seem, he carries in his heart the sense of having dedicated himself to that supreme effort. He has left his home, his accustomed occupation, and his loved ones, and he knows that death will come to some of his comrades, if not to himself. No one can go through that experience without thinking deeply about his own life, about his relation to his country and his fellow human beings.

One who defends his homeland girds on his armor to fight for the cause he believes to be just. He has faith that God will strengthen him, for he knows that his God is a God of battles. But that is not all. He has faith because he knows that his God is also a God of peace.

The man who can fight best in time of war is he who believes most completely in peace as the ultimate destiny of all mankind. In time of war, it is peace which gives significance to everything we do.

In this war, we are not fighting for a treaty of Versailles, or a peace that will last only until our sons are grown. We are fighting for a peace that will endure, because it is just, charitable, and understanding. Such a peace can be built only on a victory so complete as to eliminate the last trace of the warlord spirit in the aggressor nations. Then the vision of the prophet as described in the fourth chapter of Micah will come to earth: "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and

none shall make them afraid; for the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken it."

We can not understand either this war or the peace to come, unless we have some knowledge of the Bible and the history of the United States. Expressed in the fewest words possible, the meaning of the Bible is: "All men are brothers because God is their father." And one of the most profoundly religious steps in all the history of mankind took place when our forefathers, as Lincoln said, "brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

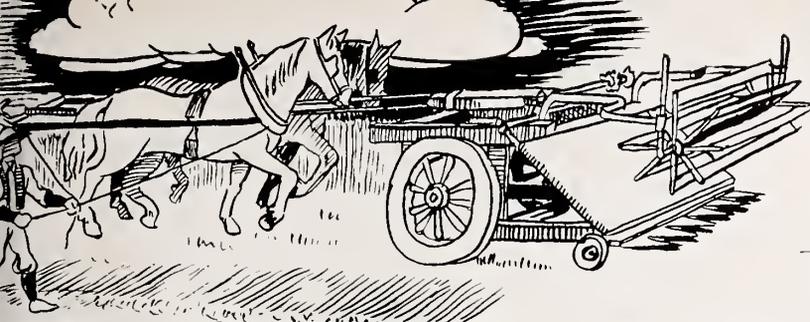
Both in the Bible and in American history two fundamental principles are at work, which at first thought seem contradictory. One of these is the dignity of the individual human soul. Every person is a son of God endowed by his Creator with certain rights, provided these rights do not conflict with the rights of his brothers. The second great principle exemplified in the Bible and in the history of the United States is the recognition of unity, that we are members of the same body.

Over-emphasis on liberty makes it possible for central government to be so weak that the rich and ruthless oppress the poor. Over-emphasis on unity leads to sacrificing everything to a dictator and his bureaucrats. These two great fundamental principles are really not contradictory, but they can be reconciled only through the application of education and religion.

I am convinced that the world was meant eventually to be one world and to be a peaceful world. The existence of the airplane and of modern methods of communication makes it certain that sooner or later the world will be one. The principles which must be observed in building a world of peace are very similar to those which

- Progress in Wartime
- A New Era
- Education in Democracy





# and Tomorrow

HENRY AGARD WALLACE

## • A Peace Worth Fighting For

were used in building the United State of America. Our whole history has been one of working out, in many forms and in many ways, a practical compromise between liberty and unity.

Democracy is the only form of government which harmonizes fully with the religious principles of the Bible—the only form of government which can carry out the supremely religious function of binding free men together. Even in a democracy, for free men to be bound together in unity, there must be mutual tolerance, educational and economic opportunity for everyone, and a religious appreciation of the significance of the individual human soul in its relationship to the general welfare.

Where less than half the people know how to read and write, democracy is difficult, if not impossible. In order that anarchy may be avoided, the binding power of force must be invoked until such time as education and civic training do their work.

Benevolent over-lordship applied to illiterate peoples can be justified only if the dominating power is used continually to eliminate ignorance, raise the standard of living, and educate for self-government, so that democracy may be practiced without danger of anarchy or dictatorship. In this spirit the United States governed the Philippines and in this spirit the United States will grant the Philippines their complete independence.

The just and enduring peace which must come when this war ends must first make certain that neither Germany nor Japan can make instruments of war and that the German and Japanese youth are educated for peace and not for aggression.

Then the just and enduring peace must make it possible for people everywhere in the world to use modern

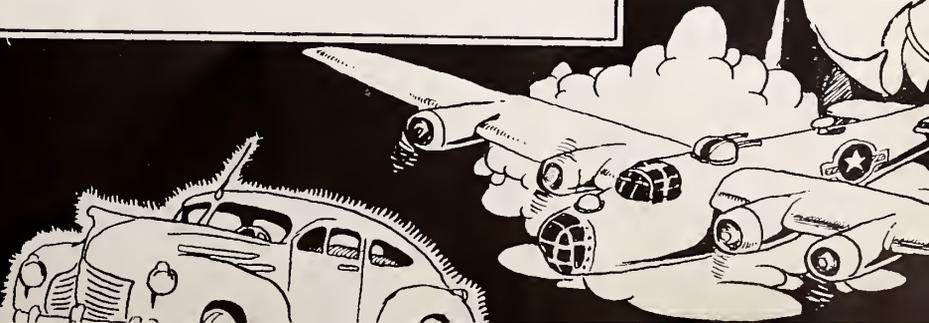
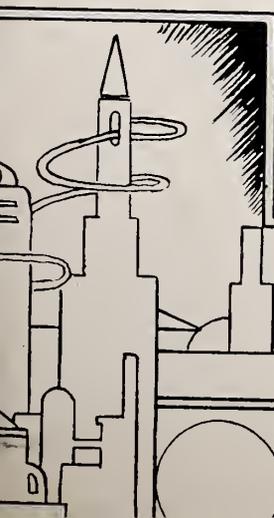
science, governmental organization and private initiative to improve their economic condition. Cold, hungry people, landless or unemployed, are the seedbed of anarchy and godless dictators. They must be given hope and economic opportunity, or those other people who have plenty of jobs, land, and food will pay the bill with their own blood and the blood of their sons and brothers.

Christ said, "Go ye unto all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." This saying has been the backbone of missionary endeavor for many centuries. All men of insight know that by air, land and sea the world is now so closely linked together that Christ's saying has an intensely practical application, that it is the foundation of enduring peace.

The gospel we preach is the unity of free men and the unity of free nations. These unities, these freedoms, can be reconciled and expressed in peace and a higher standard of living for all people only by invoking the message of the Bible and the doctrines taught by Jefferson, Madison and Lincoln as they created, perfected and preserved the democracy of the United States.

To save our own precious democracy, we must make it available for other peoples as fast as they are ready for it. America was not meant to live for herself alone, but to be a torch of hope for the whole world. America, to preserve her freedom and prevent her own misery, must cooperate with the other United Nations to raise the standard of living of the whole world and insure a just and lasting peace. To do so is practical politics, sound economics and true religion. The post-war world will open to youth returning from the battlefields the greatest disappointment or the greatest opportunity which any generation has had. It all depends upon our faith and our resolve to bring a peace worth fighting for.

- Progress in Peacetime
- The People's Revolution
- The World of the Future





She's the Navy's favorite filly  
Each man wants her for his mate,  
But we're warning you that Millie  
Just won't fall for any bait.

# No More Islands

by David Hanig

THE LITTLE trainer's face was warm with ecstasy. Down in the dressing room of the Arbor Street Gym he poured out a swift mixture of rapture and promise to the girl seated on the table. Her thin, pale features were diffused with color now as she listened to him. Never was Wolinski so eloquent. He paced the bare room as he talked.

"I tell you the guy's a one man invasion. Me, I take the odd dime in a deal. Sometimes I'm marked lousy in ten seconds, but this Miltie Donovan—oh boy, ohboy, ohboy. Edie, he's beautiful!"

"But, Woolly . . ." she tried to break in but the little trainer was lost to her attention. He backed away from the table. His slight body weaved like a dancer, lunging to the torrent of his words.

"Lemme tell you, lemme tell you. Turkey comes out in a crouch. He goes for Miltie's head with a short, left hook. He follows up with a right, but low, and gets close. Miltie was slow on the catch but you can bank my percentage the kid was no stranger to maneuvers. He bulled around. He waited. Then, smack out of Paradise, Miltie-boy chops a right to the Turkey's head. The Turkey stagers. He's puzzled. He tries to come in but Miltie clubs him neatly in the middle. No style, maybe. But timing? Oh-h babyee! Just waitin' around and then—BOOM! Miltie finished him off—but quick! Me, I call it mercy!"

"But Woolly, wait a minute!" put in the girl.

Wolinski straightened up.

"What's the matter?" he became conscious of the girl's persistency.

"Miltie isn't fighting anymore," she said slowly, distinctly.

"Not fighting?" yelped the incredulous "Woolly," "But why? What's there to stop him? He's under contract to Chetnick. Next month . . ."

Edie was patient. "I know, I know. But have you talked to him since last night? I have. He's not fighting."

Wolinski looked at her and pulled his underlip reflectively.

"Sure, he's in love. This June Black. So what? So is that a reason why he shouldn't . . .?"

The girl lowered her head at the mention of June Black.

"No, I wasn't thinking of her. Miltie

doesn't see the game as you do, Woolly. He has other ideas. He sees no point to it."

"No point?" screamed Wolinski. "Why, I respect the guy like he was my father. What was he before he came in from the sticks? Just an apple-knocker. Who taught him the gloves? Look, Edith, you're a fine kid, but don't gimme that needle talk."

Edith shrugged. From her insistence she became soft-voiced now. It had to be told.

"Woolly, there's a war in Spain. Remember? Last night volunteers were called to make up a brigade to go over. Miltie heard about it. You know the crowd he's been going around with. They meet over Tysko's Tavern. They've been talking to him."

Wolinski shrieked with surprise. "You mean those highbrows, those damn pamphlet-spielers? Na, they're nothin'. What's the war in Spain got to do with Miltie? I don't get it!"

Edith slid off the table and wandered over to the window. When she faced the trainer again her thin face had taken on a weary pallor. Her voice was dry and colorless.

"I used to live downstairs from the Donovans. I know the family. Catholics, they were. Do you know Catholics, Woolly? They think through their hearts. You know how I feel about Miltie. If the sun comes up or goes down it's for him!"

Her voice became harsh with sorrow.

"I don't want him to go anymore than you do. You or this June Black or me . . . none of us can get near him on that."

"But what in Sam Hill . . .?" cried Wolinski but she wouldn't let him finish.

"Listen, Woolly, listen. A week ago last night Miltie's brother was picked up by the cops. Seems there was a robbery over a WPA office. The kid looked as if he traveled with gangs. Also, he looks Irish. The kid was grilled in a back room and sent up. A few other kids were put away in those vats they call reform school."

"Yeah, but . . ."

She wouldn't let him finish.

"Last night Miltie's mother was taken to the hospital. Nervous breakdown. Add all that up and you know what Miltie's been thinking. The main thing is Mrs. Donovan won't live. She's been hanging on but she won't live. Number two: Miltie's restless, lost, lonely and sore, sore as hell."

Wolinski was slightly mollified. Yet his brain refused to accept what it had been told. The rush and pummell of opening nights at the Stadium, the crowds milling around like cattle sensing a kill, the huge white-bulb signs outside, the traffic and all the elements that go to make the fight



business had worked its chemistry in the slight, shriveled soul of Sam Wolinski. He lived for nothing else. To mold a winning boxer into a living force of power and strategic beauty had been the vision of his existence. Even now he resorted to the logic of facts.

"He can't do this to us. He's under contract to Chetnick. You know what that means, don't you? Chetnick ain't gonna let a lotta sweet potatoes go out the ring-side. Nah! Miltie's got to see reason."

Edith saw the futility of further argument. There was a quivering frustration of her own inside her. She turned to the window. Finally she said good-night and left. Wolinski hardly acknowledged her departure. He pulled his underlip together. He ran grubby fingers through his thinning hair.

"It's crazy," he muttered, "It's crazy."

## II

Towards midnight a young, tow-headed bull of a boy walked down a silent side-street. He came to a doorway and rang the bell. Someone snapped a light on somewhere on the second floor. A few moments later the door opened. A figure rushed at him and a pair of silken arms encircled him. With a soft murmur of laughter the young man lifted the body of June Black and swept her into the hallway.

"June, June!" he crooned as he cradled her in his huge arms. He laughed deeply at her low, delighted terror. As quickly he took his arm away from the thin stem of her waist and tousled her hair still keeping the flow of his affectionate patter. Stunned by the sense of his maleness, laughing at him she led him to the apartment rooms. There, on a couch, Milt Donovan repeated his warm overtures. She finally broke away from him and told him to sit still. She left him on the couch, relaxed, warm with the thought of her.

Soon the smell of hot coffee assailed his senses and a howling, bubbling laughter

(Continued on page 24)

**The author puts boxing gloves on an old theme and produces a poignant story. Milt was drawn to Spain. Milt wanted June. He made his decision.**

# A CAGE STORY

by Pvt. Simmons Andrews, USMCR

**A**LTHOUGH it's fall and football season, we don't believe a story about another sport would be too much out of keeping—especially since it's a story that has been overlooked too long and, incidentally, involves a man who is leaving the University this month.

The man we have in mind is George (Toad) McCachren of Charlotte, a senior in the Marine detachment here. Upper-classmen will identify him as captain of Carolina's 1943 basketball team.

It's not that Toad was captain of a championship team or the outstanding player in the league. On the contrary, Carolina failed last year to qualify for the conference tournament for the first time in history. Toad was never termed a brilliant player, and his team appeared only mediocre. But if you'll drift back with us ten or eleven years and trace a few events you'll find a story within a story.

The Southern Conference tournament began in Atlanta in 1922 when the league included all present members of the Southeastern Conference. The Tar Heels quickly took complete charge of things, winning four of the first five

tournaments. Atlanta sports writers named them White Phantoms, and the National Collegiate Basketball Guide said Atlanta people just quit attending the games because they got damn sick of seeing Carolina walk off with the trophy every year.

Although 1926 was the last year in which Carolina won the tourney in Atlanta, the Phantoms were dangerous every year. The tournament was moved to Raleigh in 1933—after the conference split

## The Mag's gangling Marine reporter rambles across the basketball history of the past decade, and draws his "story within a story."

into the Southeastern and Southern—and the men who led Carolina teams in Raleigh held up the Tar Heels' tradition.

The fantastic part of the story is that for six consecutive years—1934 through 1939—the Tar Heels were captained by Charlotte boys and the town took just as much pride in the boys accomplishments as did the school.

The 1932 team was led by Tom Alexander of Charlotte. It wasn't a great team

during the season, but it proved a giant-killer in the tournament and barely missed the championship. After winning their first-round game, the Tar Heels upset two top-seeded teams to reach the finals—but there they lost a heartbreaker, 26-24, to Georgia. Alexander, who was praised for his inspiring leadership and play, was placed on the All-Southern team, and his running mate at guard, a sophomore named Dave McCachren, was also commended for his fine play.

In 1933 McCachren, older brother of Toad, had as his guardmate a Charlotte sophomore, Stuart Aiken. This pair combined with a pair of sharp-shooting forwards, Virgil Weathers and Captain Wilmer Hines, made the Tar Heels tough to beat. In the tournament it took South Carolina's great team two extra periods to eliminate them in the semi-finals, and that South Carolina team was one of the greatest Raleigh ever saw. It was composed of four sophomores who two years previous were members of the national championship high school team from Texas.

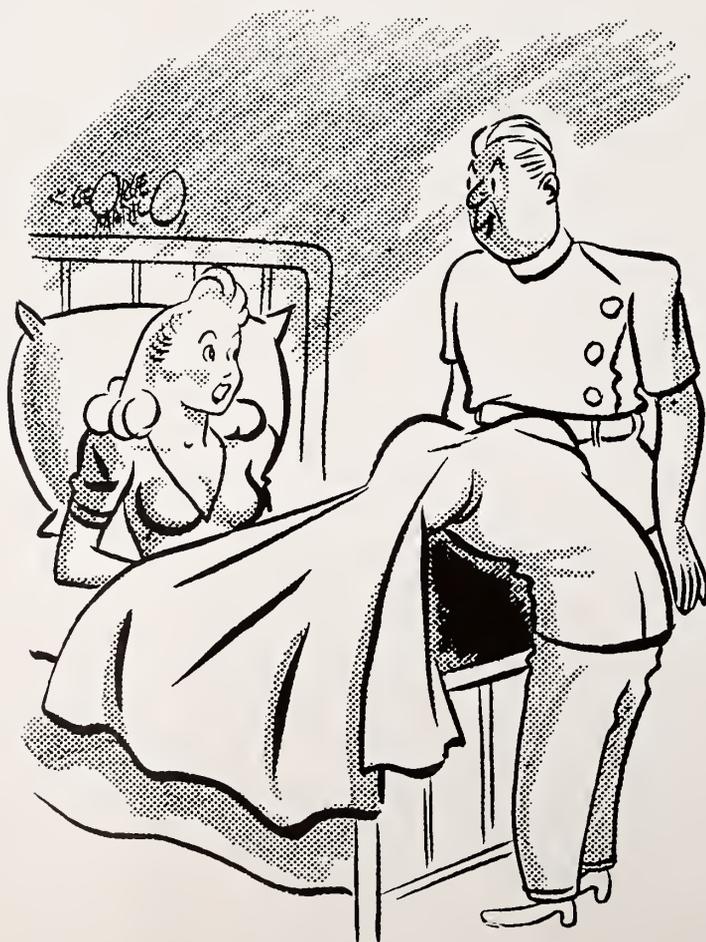
Dave McCachren captained the 1934 team and was one of three Charlotte boys on the starting team. Aiken moved over to Hines' old forward berth to make room for Jim McCachren, Dave's younger brother, at guard. Carolina copped the State title, but lost to Duke by three points in the tourney after having licked them twice during the season.

Aiken captained the 1935 club and teamed with Jim McCachren, another of the clan, to lead the Tar Heels, who were beaten only once during the regular season, to the tourney title. Both boys were placed on the all-tournament team.

Pete Mullis, another Charlottean, entered school with a home town pal, Earl Ruth. They were sophomores along with Andy Bershak on Captain Jim McCachren's 1936 team. Carolina captured the State title again and entered the tourney seeded second to Washington and Lee. The seeded teams reached the finals and Carolina staged the greatest second-half comeback Raleigh ever saw to win the trophy. After trailing 31-16, the Tar Heels won, 50-45. McCachren was a unanimous choice for all-tournament guard.

In 1937 Earl Ruth was captain, becoming the first junior to lead a Carolina basketball team. The Tar Heels won the State title, beat Duke three times during the season, but lost out to Washington and Lee in the finals of the tourney. Mullis was the team's leading scorer and Sophomore Bill McCachren was a handy relief man, being used frequently at for-

(Continued on page 23)



Ah! Pink booties.

Der

Furore

Speaks



By

Wayne

Kernodle

**I**N THE spring quarter of 1943 the Tar Heel made an announcement. Contrary to the fact that somebody would probably put up a notice contrary to the announcement, the editor felt like he had been dogged long enough and put out the story just for the hell of it. Nobody believed it, including the editor, the news photographer, or the man who sells egg sandwiches in the second cafe on Franklin street.

In fact he felt so much like the hell of it that he made a front page story out of the announcement with ten inch headlines.

The headline was trimmed in the beautiful colors that garnish the gymnasium of a high school senior prom—green and yellow. It ran exactly like this: **ADOLPH HITLER TO SPEAK AT MEMORIAL HALL.** The tail line read: Courtesy of the German government, the tomato growers of North Carolina, and the Carolina Political Union.

As has been said, nobody believed it, so on the scheduled night of the speech only forty thousand people showed up outside of Memorial hall. Among them were governors of all the states except Georgia. He had just been lynched the night before for rolling dice with a negro. There was the President of the United States, all of his past opponents, their bodyguards, Bob Hope, Gene Autry, professors, all the freshmen, half the sophomores, a third of the juniors, no seniors, two chemists, a preacher, and the man who sells egg sandwiches. There were also many others present and it was a stinking rainy night—planned and executed by the London Bureau of Weather Control.

Everybody stood aside and let the President go in to his chosen seat—a real democratic custom, and then they severely crippled the first person who attempted to get in before they did. The Pre-flight school and the V-12 got together and took

the first floor, with the preacher and the two chemists managing to get aisle seats on the left wing. Many of the faculty were seated on the stage to introduce the Nazi, as were several officers of the CPU, past and present. The IRC, en masse, had reserved the orchestra pit and were now engaged in being envious and shooting spit balls and looks at their rival organization. Some of the CPU officers were also engaged in a return battle. At eight o'clock sharp the people were still trying to crowd in so the program did not start until 11:45.

And then the thing happened which everybody expected. Adolph walked across the stage and took the seat in the center. Frankly he looked like hell with a middle age spread and separated from the Gestapo. The audience was dumbfounded and didn't know what to do—so they did it. The chairman nudged the moustached one and asked him if he would speak in English or German. Hitler announced that the speech would be in English since he got less excited using a language that people could understand. Four ladies who had been selling war bonds all year got up and walked out in a body for patriotic reasons and the furore had a fit and cussed them in German. They decided not to stay anyway and marched stiffly out of the room. Needing no introduction, the Nazi leader leapt to the front of the stage and began to speak in flawless English taught him by a former American author in Germany who hung paper for a living before the war, and Nazis for the fun of it during the war.

"My friends," he began. "This is the foist speech dot I haf effer made in

**The CPU packs Memorial hall as Der Furore gives his views on "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow." Reporter Kernodle covers the assignment for the Mag.**

America." Twitching his left ear lobe he continued. "There are many plans for the world after the war. President Roosevelt has a plan, Henry A. Wallace has a plan, Kelland has vun, and Churchill has a plan. In fact, damn near everybody has got one. Mine ist der best—Heil Hitler, Zieg Heil, All hail, aw hell."

The speech then broke into a series of promises for the future, including freedom from fear for the women from wolves—civilian wolves, pre-flight wolves, and the V-12 variety which show up on magazine covers. All you have to do is line them up against a wall and have a man-to-man discussion with machine guns. To make up for the resulting shortage in man power for football teams he promised to throw in 19,000 stormtroopers and Hess as a coach. This would be called the freedom from not having a football game to drink Bourbon at. The speech included several other freedoms, which do not bear mentioning because of mailing rights.

Of course there was some discussion of other small matters such as peace treaties, post war government, international economic treachery, and a brief discussion on how to choose allies and lose wars. The spot at which the high mogul of the German Reich showed most brilliance was in his reference to future wars. Quote: "There will be no more wars and no broken promises if the people of the world never resist the goodwill policy of my government."

The whole speech showed the cleverness of the speaker, and all the Harvard brain trusters agreed that it was the ideal program for post war action—of course with only several hundred radical changes.

The following week the Tar Heel made the announcement that Stalin would speak from the same platform. Nobody believed it, so on the night of the speech nobody showed up, including the speaker and the egg sandwich man.

# CAROLINA PARADE



ONLY THE DRESS HAD CHANGED  
*"As dirty as Carolina topsoil"*

## POLITICS

### Parties and Power

As never before in Carolina history, politics on campus deserved the term "Three Ring Circus," with the V-12 in the starring role.

When able, behind-the-scenes Ed Tisdale released the list of University party candidates on September 29, oldtimers at UNC began to recount tales of UP landslide in '41 and '42, gave little chance to the Student party of turning the tide of victory.

But by October 4, tables had been turned and there were some queer looking individuals underneath them.

Unsuccessful '42 SP candidate for Tar Heel editor Jimmy Wallace had been threatening Third Party for two months. On the fourth, he delivered with the Carolina party, hybrid organization of civilians and V-12.

Next move came from the old Student party, which changed its name to United, went out hell-bent for votes. First gain by United came when the ADPI's swung away from the University party and got on board the United Special. Long strong University supporters, the sorority switched over in due payment for nomination of Lois Ribelin for Mag editor.

Examination of candidates of both Carolina and United parties showed their strategy for cracking University power. CP man for President was George Anderson, V-12 transfer. Anderson had

never served in any capacity on Student government, either at Carolina or at formerly-attended Nebraska. He was a Phi Delt at Nebraska; Phi Delt at Carolina had long been powerful in University party setup, swung a large block of votes.

### Marine Maneuvers

For Speaker of the Legislature, "most important and vital post on campus," the CP named Marine Harris Knight. Knight had no experience in the Legislature. He was a Marine, a man from regular duty, a man who might lead the Marines into the fold.

Strategy backfire came just two days after the original CP nominations. Phi Delt Anderson decided to stay out of the Presidential race; CP hopes for splitting the UP died.

At week's end, the Carolina party looked like a horrible farce, where vote-getting was put ahead of qualifications. Only in Jimmy Wallace did the CP have a man of their own choice with knowledge of the post he was campaigning for.

For the Student party it was a minor metamorphosis and a hope that United would get more V-12 votes than Student. With the reversal of the ADPI's, United held the balance of sorority power, hoped to make inroads into hitherto impregnable 16-Fraternities block of University party.

Their candidates were well qualified, had ability in addition to vote-appeal.

As all these moves came, the Univer-

sity party found its "sure victory" gone a glittering. Faced with the danger of further defection, UP got to work for the first time since nominations were made and tried to repair the break in the line. Tisdale and his aides found it hard.

First move was to nominate a Marine and regular V-12er for Legislature seats. This to balance the nomination of two NROTC men for President and Speaker.

Bewildered by the pleas and promises of three parties, the V-12—final balance of electoral power—wondered just how to vote. Obvious technique for all parties was nomination of enough service men to appeal to the Navy group.

At a time when even clean politics may well ruin all future for student government in wartime, they were as dirty as Tar Heel topsoil.

When votes were tallied, UP was still politics' king. Only Miss Ribelin's election blocked a full sweep of campus offices. The strength of organized voting proved itself once more. Politics and Power, even on a war-girded campus remained unbeatable.

## GRAHAM MEMORIAL

### Lebensraum

Graham Memorial's second floor, long exclusive property of campus extra-curriculars, student government, publications, was getting out of control.

Last year, the Tar Heel was moved from traditional, spacious quarters to rooms at the end of the corridor. Couches, coats of paint, pictures transformed the vacated space into Horace Williams lounge.

Summer brought changes in GM directorship, another move for campus organizations. Carolina Political Union head Lee Bronson was offered smaller but exclusive quarters for her Union down the hall. Out of former Activities room—shared with IRC, Sound and Fury, Debate council desks—went the CPU. Commented first CPU feminine leader Bronson, "It's small, but it's all ours."

With the opening of fall quarter, it was only "small." The old Activities bivouac had gotten the chair-paint treatment, was another social room. Into "all ours" quarters were shoved the groups that the CPU had just moved away from. Well-filled by just Union paraphernalia, the former storeroom was well on the way to rivaling Macy's basement.

For publications, student government, extra-curriculars the wall was black with handwriting. Where they formerly reigned supreme, the second floor count now showed five offices, three large social rooms.

# CAROLINA PARADE

## DANCE TIME

### Fancies and Figures

The band played a group of pops and swung into fast, jump tempo for bell-bottomed and long, full-skirted dancers on the floor. Couples stopped, talked to old friends. The dance was the most emaciated Junior-Seniors in years.

Behind the dance, behind the first time in recent history that a local orchestra has played the hallowed Junior-Seniors Saturday night, was a story of fine fancies, futile figures.

Friday, September 24, in Graham Memorial's Horace Williams lounge, politico-Senior class prexy Robert N. Burleigh, Athlete - Junior leader Ralph Strayhorn, their dance and class committees met. Cause for the conclave of greater and lesser BMOC's was the still-open Saturday night of Junior-Seniors.

Scenting transient immortality, outgoing Burleigh concocted the scheme of inviting bandleading alumnus Kay Kyser to play. "Prior commitments" and gold in Hollywood kayced the fine fancies.

Friday was a time for hasty patchwork. In this, the \$600-rich Juniors far out-moneyed the \$250 seniors. Burleigh had done feverish phoning after the Kyser plan fell through. To the joint meeting he brought the name of Tiny Bradshaw, popular college-date orchestra; expenses that would hit campus limit of \$750. Forty minutes of talk and the answer was no. Carolina's Juniors wouldn't double the Seniors' pot to get Bradshaw.

### The Depths

Campus dances, crimped by Legislature action, hit rock bottom and Burleigh signed. Big question to be asked and

answered as Woollen emptied late last Saturday was what the Juniors would do with the money saved.

Fate added a fillip when Bradshaw—appealed to—agreed to play for \$500; agreed too late for the concession to do any good.

Surprise: Only a too-long figure kept the dances from being at least the "next-best-thing." The war made the changes, but the comparatively small crowd enjoyed what may be the last Junior-Senior dances for the duration.

## THE NAVY

### Block Fees

To block fee advocates November will be an important month. On Navy payday, the child of campus leaders' brains will get its best break and final chance. Football has long since made its fall entrance.

With the announcement from Captain W. S. Popham that non-block fee men in his command would have to pay full price for game tickets, his men realized just what not paying up meant in a coldly financial way. For the 400 who did subscribe, it was eight dollars of football alone for the \$6.45 that also included Graham Memorial membership, student government, four months of the Tar Heel.

Lack of support for the block fee seemed to indicate to campus and South building observers that the V-12 men were not the "students in uniform" they'd been termed, but apprentice seamen assigned to duty at Chapel Hill.

In October that argument can no longer hold. All 1,300 Navy know what Graham Memorial can provide, are familiar with the history of student government, have seen the Tar Heel find the path it must travel as a weekly. Most

significantly, there is still football.

The fee, even Navy participation in Carolina activities, was on the block. Only a high bid could retain it for the V-12.

## PROBLEM

### The Lines Form

The lines were forming. In overcrowded Hill restaurants, before E. C. Smith's theaters, at the ramshackle bus station, in overtaxed soda fountains, Carolina's population was making its weight felt and threatening to bring down "the house that Carmichael built."

Population figures told the story:

Chapel Hill proper, 2,000; University—Pre-Flight, V-12, ASTP, civilian—well over 5,000.

For the still-large civilian group the immediate problem was food. At all the restaurants there were crowds, people waiting impatiently for a chance to eat. Only seven places—on campus, along Franklin street—were open to them, with at least one closed each day by the labor shortage.

For the seven there was criticism of high prices, of quality, of service. Chapel Hill had become a restaurant man's town, a gold mine that didn't need too much care.

Announced relief, in form of a moderate-priced cafeteria, was delayed far beyond original opening time. Explained would-be proprietor D. R. Brooks, "legal and technical difficulties have held us back. I hope to open by mid-October."

Inside story was that Brooks had expected to take over Pritchard's Drug store, had been kept out by determined opposition from Pritchard. Legal action dragged through local and state courts.

Meanwhile, the students still had to eat and the restauranters still knew it.



WHEN THE BAND PLAYED ON  
"The most emaciated in years."





# Stag Party

**I**N PAST issues, those who dunked in muddied literary waters were somewhat constrained by an exposed position. So, this edition will contain no off-color, deep-hued, blush jokes. **POSITIVELY NOT.** The good, clean American humor is what the Navy man wants.

The purity purge which was instituted has cut-out many prospective jokes. In this stag party we're getting rid of all the dirt to clear the way for verbal sanitation.

Destined for the waste basket:

The absolute end of old maid jokes is marked by the following: Two spinners sat on a porch knitting when a hen came tearing around the corner, with a rooster not too far behind. Around and around they whirled. Finally, the hen, still doing well over the speed limit, ran into the path of a passing car. Observed one of the female spectators, "See, she'd rather die!"

And then there was the little boy who asked the conductor, "do big choo-choo trains have little choo-choo trains?" And the Southern trainman had the nerve to reply, "You can't get a berth on our line."

Tales of the land have always intrigued men of the pen. One of the finest was chronicled recently.

A rooster while strutting around the barnyard one Easter Sunday, came across a nest of brightly colored eggs. He cocked his head, looked pensively for a moment; then made a beeline across the yard and knocked hell out of the peacock.

Little Audrey was sailing with her father when she saw a group of islands. "What islands are those, daddy?" she asked. "The Virgin Islands," he replied. And then Little Audrey just laughed and laughed. 'Cause she knew the Marines had landed.

Poetry headed for the wire receptacle: The Chinese Love Song. . . nice night, in June, stars shine, big moon, in park, on bench, with girl, in clinch, me say, me love, she coo, like dove, me smart, me fast, never let, chance pass, get married, me say, o. k., wedding bells, ring-ring, honeymoon, everything, another night, in June, stars shine, big moon, ain't happy, no more, carry baby, walk floor, wife mad, she fuss, me mad, me cuss, realize, at last, me too, damn fast!!!

More of same:

Curious whims once killed the cat,  
Or so the script once went.  
And recently it clipped the wings  
Of some swabbies pleasure bent.

Stationed at this college,  
The Durham paper said,  
Were these youths of good intentions  
Temporarily found abed.

Now repose of any nature  
Can be a subject for dispute,  
But it's clearly not a virtue  
In a house of ill repute.

And for college boys of any type  
To be embarrassed thus,  
Is a hot potato to be sure,  
State papers will discuss.

Be the persons going or coming,  
And this is good advice,  
A guy can't be too cautious  
In a place classed as "not nice."

There was a young girl from Peru,  
Who decided her loves were too few,  
So she walked from her door,  
With a fig-leaf, no more;  
And now she's in bed with the flu.

Teacher—"Now, children, every morning you ought to take a cold bath; and that will make you feel rosy all over. Are there any questions?"

Imp in the back of the room—"Yeah, tell us some more about Rosey."

"What's the idea of all the crowd at the church?"

"There's a traveling salesman (again!) down there confessing his sins."

What did Churchill say as he looked at the Petty Girl?

"Hitler should only have tonsils like that!"

Jokes concerning the traveling salesman were common in UNC publications even before the later humor mags folded. Here's one—vintage 1912:

The same traveling man came to the same farmer's house because the same car was stuck in the mud. The farmer told him he'd be glad to let the T. M. stay over night, but he had the same daughter, and the three would have to share that same old bed. First, the agriculturist insisted, the traveler would have to eat dinner with him.

Only dish for dinner was beans, for at that time they were able to get them picked. After an hour of eating bean entree, bean soup, bean salad and bean dessert, the daughter brought in another bowl of beans. "Take it back, daughter," the farmer said, "we'll have to have something to eat for breakfast."

That night the farmer's daughter started getting ideas. "Dad," she whined, "I hear someone in the chicken house."

Father went to investigate.

"Now's your chance, Mr.," the man of the land's offspring said to the traveling salesman."

"You bet," the traveling salesman said enthusiastically as he ran down to the icebox to finish the last bowl of beans.

All of which goes to show that "vulgar" shall no longer be attached to the name of UNC Carolina's oldest publication. The Yesterday of the Buccaneer is buried. Cranford's Today is passing into the beyond. Tomorrow will see the reign of Diana.



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## THIS IS A MOMENT

(Continued from page 7)

lonely? But one was always lonely. Home was a sharing of loneliness and this was never like the other one. Remembered the girls. Not even sharing there. The nearness and the warm budded sighs, the warmth and the flesh and the delight. But then one was alone there (and how often one was) that was like no other loneliness, like words in a foreign tongue spoken across some un-touchable boundary. Betty had been the only different one, under the delicious sheet he had spoken his startled thought, three dusty words then bright as the swallow's wing. But only a few nights, then she had gone to California and had not written. He wondered where she was now, what man now was stricken by those puzzled bright eyes, what desk she worked at that she could not like, what memory she kept of him.

And he remembered his real home. The picnics had always come on Saturday and they would climb the hill and spread a big cloth of red and white. His father would laugh and say, "Well, Sylvia, it's time to corrupt our children again" and she, leaning against the big arm, would say, "I'm afraid they were born that way. Such terrible heredity."

And in two weeks he would have been going home to see his father, mother and sister. His sister was going to come with her husband whom he had not met. He had wanted to meet Bob, wondered what this fellow was like that his sister could be so ecstatic about in her letters. And now it would be a long time. A distant word again after all his expectations. "Home!" he thought again and swore darkly in the small sphere of light under the dark sky.

Home and there was no home in the pounding wheels and the thousand miles of land. He tried to think of all the land, green, blue and grey, but it was too big to think about so he counted the posts 12345, tossed his cigarette on the concrete, strolled across to the water fountain and drank.

"Hey, corporal, got a match?" said the tall soldier beside him.

"Sure." He held the light till the tobacco caught.

The PFC grinned, blew smoke from his big nose. "Thanks. Where do *you* think we're going?"

"California's my guess. But who the hell knows?"

"Yeh. Who the hell knows?"

The broad yellow beam of light swung along the tracks. The train was coming in.

"Right on time," said Corporal Hensley, looking at the clock above the station entrance.

"Yeh. If it was for a furlough the bastard would be three hours late," said the private.

"Yeh." Precisely.

## ENTERTAINMENT



**C**LASSES at Brother Smith's Carolina Movie Emporium should be well-attended from the looks of the months' programs. October and November are top film months and Chapel Hill has more than a score of big-budget attractions.

Mrs. Harry James and a new leading man for La Grable, Robert Young, team up for the main interest in "Sweet Rosie O'Grady." Another nostalgia-piece, in "Coney Island" tempo, Rosie is quite some gal, according to Hollywood reports.

On the straight action side there's Humphrey Bogart in "Sahara," Robert Donat in "Adventures of Tartu," Red Skelton in "Whistling in Dixie," John Garfield in "The Fallen Sparrow." Sparrow is one of those Casablanca type mellers, only with three women instead of one for the hero not to get.

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## BEESWAX

### The tale of the Marine and the coed concluded here.

an unfinished appearance. Sally smiled. Ed sat down, and laid his hat beside him.

"Thank you for letting me stay," he said warmly. "It's been so long since I've talked with a girl like you. How is it you're getting your dinner so late?"

"Unpacking."

"Please don't be angry with me. I realize you're not just an ordinary pick-up."

"You certainly didn't act like it!"

"Aw, I'm sorry. Please forgive me. Do you know," heavy brows converged in thought—"you remind me of my sister. Of course, her hair is brown instead of blond, and she doesn't have a turned-up nose, but she has that same look of freshness and vivacity and interest. I think that's what attracted me to you."

"I'd like to hear about your sister."

Sally put down the menu, leaned one arm on the table, and looked at him with shining eyes.

"Well," Ed began.

"May I take your order?" The waitress put down two glasses of water, and leaned on the table, pencil and pad ready.

"Bring us two steak dinners." Ed waived her away. "My sister is only a year and a half younger than I, and we're very close. We used to hunt and trap together, swim and climb trees—oh, just everything. I think I miss her more than anyone in the world. She's a sophomore at Randolph Macon now. I always thought if I ever found a girl like Marnie I'd surely fall in love with her."

"I always wanted a brother," Sally said.

"You see, I'm an only child. All my friends come from big families, and I know I missed a lot by not having any brothers or sisters. I didn't particularly want a sister, though. I just wanted a brother."

"I should have liked to have been your brother."

Two sirloin steaks appeared and disappeared unnoticed by the boy and girl who ate them. Then there was coffee and apple pie, and two cigarettes over empty dessert dishes. The coffee shop waited to be allowed to rest after a busy day. Sally got up.

"Well—" she reached for her check "I guess I'd better leave."

A big brown hand held a small white one. A second brown one took the check.

"Come on, let's see the show."

Ed paid the bill, took Sally's arm, and two pairs of feet strolled in lazy rhythm to the theatre. The movie was a war-time drama about a soldier and a girl, who, through a war-torn world find each other and hand-in-hand face an uncertain future together. The final crescendo ended in deep silence. Green eyes turned to find themselves staring into a brown-eyed soul, then dropped.

"You ready to go?" Ed asked.

Sally nodded.

Once again on Franklin street Ed's arm found Sally's and guided her across the street and into Danziger's. They were silent as they sipped their cider. They were silent as they left, and turned from the pavement onto the gravel path, past Graham Memorial, down senior walk, and into the arboretum.

The sky was black. A moisture-filled atmosphere settled into a quiet, steady rain.

"Too bad you didn't wear a rain coat," Ed suggested. Sally nodded. "Maybe I can help keep you dry." His arm settled about her shoulders, and she rested her head against his jacket. They stopped beneath a magnolia tree, and Ed put his hands on Sally's shoulders and turned her till she was facing him. His hand was under her chin, his face close to hers.

"No, Ed," Sally said, turning her face sideways against his chest. "No, please."

"All right, Sally." He took her in his arms and held her close. "All right, if you don't want me to. I like you too well to take any chances."

Sally lifted her face and looked at him. Large drops of rain spattered against her cheeks and forehead. Her hair glistened like the edges of snowflakes on a window pane.

Ed slowly dropped his head until his lips were nearly against hers. Sally closed her eyes. Her lips parted slightly. Ed's hand found the back of her neck, and lifted her face to him, as he kissed her. The rain dropped slowly, steadily on the gravel.

"Oh, Ed!" Sally's arms tightened, holding him close to her. She pressed her damp cheek against his. "Oh, Ed." She kissed him, hard and long.

The chime of a bell broke the stillness of the rain. Sally drew away from him. "I must go now," she murmured. "It's almost time for the dorm to close." When they turned up the path to the dormitory, the rain had stopped. The lights from the porch were bright, and their eyes squinted against them.

At the porch Ed lingered. "I'll see you soon again, Sally. I have to work tomorrow night, but I'll call you soon."

At the crunch of approaching footsteps, Sally looked up. "Here comes Mary Lou," she said. "Goodnight, Ed." She turned to the door, opened it, and stepped into the hall. She listened as she heard Ed's heavy steps across the porch. She turned to go upstairs, when the sound of a husky voice drifted like an echo through the open crack in the door. "Hello, honey, did the bees make you?"

## CAGE STORY

(Continued from page 16)

ward and guard, and occasionally at center.

Bill McCachren, fully recovered from his old injury, was elected captain after the season was underway and he seemed to hold the team together when it looked as though it would blow "sky-high." When Glamack returned to the lineup the Tar Heels began to look like a ball club—and they made it tough for everybody during February. They lost in the tourney to Banks McFadden and Clemson, the team that went on to win the title, by one point. The Tar Heels missed a tie for the state crown by one game.

Bill was the third McCachren and the sixth Charlotte boy in eight years to captain a Carolina basketball team. The record those boys hung up is a story in itself, but it's not complete without the story of Toad, the youngest member of the family.

Toad entered the University the fall following the graduation of Bill. He was a regular on Doc Siewert's freshman team that winter, and it was a team that possessed plenty of varsity material. Meanwhile the varsity led by Glamack, who made several All-Americans, won the conference title and lost only three games during the year.

Next spring Toad was back out for practice, and the following fall he looked good at a forward position on the starting team. Shortly before the season opened Toad was elected captain, and no one was surprised because there just wasn't anyone who liked and knew the game as well or played it as hard.

Although the team did not reach the tournament, it was no fault of its captain or its players. It's true they were lacking in game experience, but they balanced this by hard and inspired play. During the season George Washington, the tournament champion, beat them by only one point, and the Tar Heels licked half the teams that qualified for the tournament by wide margins. For some reason or other, the lineup was wildly juggled most of the season in an effort to add a little more punch—and the results didn't pay off.

Toad did not give Carolina what his brothers did in playing ability, but that was certainly the only place he fell short. After the season, he was awarded the trophy as the most valuable contribution to the team.

Toad added to the traditions his brothers and Charlotte friends established at Carolina. Before the end of this week he leaves the University for officers training in the Marine Corps.

# NO MORE ISLANDS • The Kay Kyser scholarship winner's story is concluded on this page.

rose inside of him till he sprang from the couch to invade the kitchen. She was armed with a coffee pot and threatened disaster if he came any nearer. He puckered his lips in an attitude of assumed boredom and seated himself at the table. He was content now to be fed, yet never taking his eyes off the dearness of her figure.

Still the fear poised on the edges of their minds had to be expressed. As he buttered the soft roll she sought his face. When he caught her gazing at him he gave her a broad, awkward wink.

"Milt," she began.

"Huh?" he feigned unawareness.

"How—how was it tonight?" she couldn't bring herself to express the small nausea she felt.

"K.O. in the fourth round," he began lightly, "a walk-on!"

June framed an abstract "Oh!" on her lips. Elaborately, Milt buttered a second roll as he spoke.

"I ought to hear from Mom, soon. They said they'd call from the hospital."

"And if she doesn't—?" June caught him staring at her.

"If it's the end, well, it's a new beginning for me!"

She said nothing more. Quietly she began to clear the table. Milt felt he must say something. There was a tension here he couldn't allow. Instead he wandered out to the living room and sat down heavily on the couch. Why didn't she bring it up? Why didn't she flare up, let out what was in her, what was in him? Mother of Christ in Heaven, ran the quicksilver Irish in his head, couldn't she sense what he had to do, must finally do?

Suddenly he felt her arms go around him from the back of the couch. He made a movement to turn but she lightly removed her hands away from his face and came around the couch to sit beside him. A wave of self-pity, a motherless emotion rose in him and he buried his head on her small breasts. They sat there quietly, joining their warmth in the half-darkened room.

Suddenly the clang of the telephone shrilled across the room. He rose but she was quicker. At the telephone she listened as he watched her with anxiety in his eyes.

"No, I'm sorry. He's not here. No, I don't expect him. Yes, I'll tell him if he comes over. 'Bye."

She looked across to Milt.

"It was Woolly."

"Oh!" he answered listlessly, "I thought it was—" He sat down again. "What did he want?"

She resumed her place on the couch. Her voice softened as she spoke.

"He wanted to know if it was true about your—leaving. Edith told him."

"Edie means well but she talks too much."

"Milt?"

"Yes?"

She laughed, almost with embarrassment. "Milt, you and Edith, were you two . . . ?"

He sensed her discomfort and cupped her face with tenderness. He understood how much he meant to her even in this.

"No, June. Edith grew up with me. That's all."

She sighed and smiled with huge, mock relief. She cocked her head, sparrow-wise and knit her brows.

"She's a funny person, Milt. What's wrong with her?"

Milt shrugged.

"Ever look at her? Skinny, sick, frustrated. She reads a good deal. She's the kind that must attach herself to something. Belongs to organizations. Right now she's Chetnick's secretary. I'm her sympathy card, but after me," he shrugged, "there'll always be somebody else."

"After—you?" The ever-shadowing fear spread itself across her mind now that her words were uttered.

"There's so many like her, June. They live within themselves. They're islands. All of them. Wolinski, Edith, my kid brother—even Mom. She lived for her family and her God."

Impatiently he arose and paced the floor.

June followed him with her eyes. There was a pause before she spoke.

"Milt, then it's true. You *are* leaving."

He came to a halt before her. How to give her an answer that would not be final, that would sustain her. He hunched his shoulders and brushed the tip of his nose, boxer-fashion.

It was a familiar movement of decision, of loosening the tenseness in him.

"June, listen to me. There are no more islands. Try to listen to me. The world is reaching out and touching everyone of us. I've knocked off every varnished angel they ever put in a ring with me. It means nothing. There's something ugly brewing on the other side of the ocean. Ugliness that may touch our ugliness if we don't help put a stop to it. We're not turning bad. We have a few beauties to hold on to. Truths. Conscience. A sense of freedom. Spain can be the semi-finals, June. It may be the beginning of the main bout."

June's mind was numb with the loss that might be hers. What would their yesterdays be but loss? The wondrous pattern of their small past when they met and became lovers? It would be lost, lost to her. And to him? Her eyes followed his quick-moving lips, the slight flush on the remembered fullness of his face. How to reconcile his leaving with this!

Quickly, impulsively, as though intuition guided her, she embraced him, giving her soft mouth to his eyes, his lips, running her sensitive fingers over him lightly and with trembling. God, the strength and poignant warmth of him.

"No, no, Milt, please, please," she whispered, whispered, as the rush of grief scalded her eyes and brain and body.

He said nothing more. He gave her time. He would take her gently.

In the early morning, before he left, the call came through. When Milt Donovan carried his mother's death homeward the dawn had sent the milk trucks across the city. In the full-awakened hour of late morning he had made his decision.



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# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE



November, 1943

15 cents

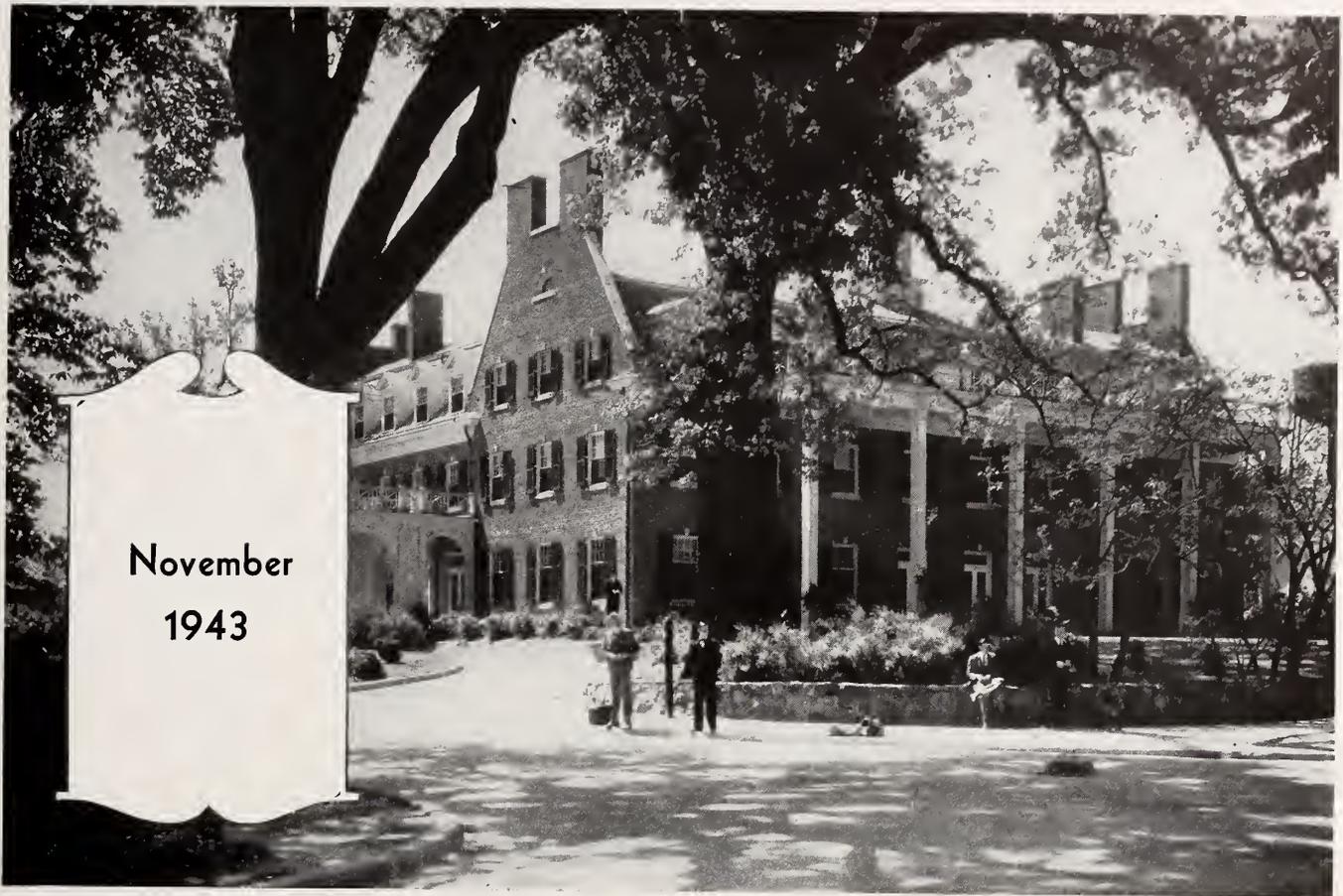


Three lovely coeds admire one of the gay new date-time dresses from Baldwin's Young Modern Shop. The models are Margaret Russell, smart in a shell pink two-piece wool jersey with crocheted trimmings; Julia Newsome, stylish in wool powder blue with red, royal blue, and green embroidery; and Ann Hollis, smooth in wool beige with round high neck and gold beading.

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DURHAM, N. C.



November  
1943

# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

A Publication of Campus Life



*TYLER NOURSE, one of the campus ace photographers, has long been a Mag "mainstay." Though busy constantly on his job as staff photographer of the Yackety-Yack, Tyler always finds time for work on the Mag. His contributions of talent and ability have added much to the pages of this and many other Mag issues.*

## THE STAFF

**Editorial:** Ernie Frankel, USMCR, Bill Lane, Sue Brubaker, Horace Carter, A/S, Betty Moore, J. Wes Gentry, Roger Hall, Joanne Edson, Robert Rolnik, Opie Charters, Jud Kinberg, Elizabeth Stoney, Bill Crisp, Tolie Moreau, Harold Gould, A/S, Jane Ruggles, David Hanig, Toy Easterling, Lloyd Koppel, USNR, Nell Shanklin, Ann Webster.  
**Photography:** Joe Denker, Tyler Nourse.  
**Art:** Kappy Watters, Allen Kaufman, A/S.  
**Circulation:** Roger Hall, Cam Saunders, Bill Little.  
**Business:** Betty Jean Smith, Winnette White, Ben Perlmutter, Nell Shanklin, David Easterling, Ann Foister.

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Editor  
Lois Ribelin Cranford

Associate Editor  
Kat Hill

Business Manager  
Olive Price Charters



*An answer to a Mag Editor's prayers is JOE DENKER. His pictures in this issue: The Cover, Night Life, and the Pin-Up Girl, show his wide and professional experience in the photographic world.*

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Covers*

Bouquets from the editor to kat hill busiest-body on campus if only tar heel editorship were counted, who so graciously took over the mag for ten days so we could trek down the aisle with former mag editor cranford early this month. kat, by the way, busy editing both tar heel and mag, managed to get herself engaged in those ten days. we who pound the typewriters on second floor graham memorial have decided to paint cherubs on all doors leading to publications offices, since said doors seem to be the most successful pathway for the romantically inclined.

Three cheers for gadabout which just goes to show you that there's been plenty of talent lying dormant around the place all the time. this huse-ellis combination with izen as girl friday has got something this time.

\* \* \*

tolie moreau, hailing from yankeeland, breaks into print this month for the first time with "manhattan's maddening moments" and a bit of poetry she calls "song to a shrimp."

kappy watters, art "find" of the month, did the illustrations for "so soon thy face" and "candlelight commandments."

jane ruggles, emerging as a poet, makes her mag debut with "candlelight commandments."

west gentry's letters of a mountain boy to his maw back home grant him entrance to the literary (?) portals of the mag. we thing his "jesterfield" indication of further talents in the humor field.

opie charters doubles this month as both business manager and contributor, writing the personality-of-the-month feature.

kay kyser scholarship winner dave hanig does it again with a story of wartime wives shifting from place to place in an effort to be near their soldier husbands.

betty moore makes her entrance into these pages with a short piece of fiction entitled "so soon thy face," the story of two men who face a firing squad in a german concentration camp.

horace carter, a/s, returns from a berth in the navy as pharmacist mate second class to carolina and the v-12 program. he writes "look homeward, bluejacket," and on a last-minute assignment gave us a story on andy bershak.

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## THE COVER

The ram pictured on our cover, with cheerleader, Anne Strause, is Rameses, traditional mascot of Carolina. Rameses complete with blue horns, dirty shaggy coat and unbelievable stubbornness. When Carolina met Duke in football, journalistic jargon said that the Tar Heels played the Blue Devils. This was erroneous. This was farcical. In the eyes of Rameses, this was disgusting. Rameses deems it a personal insult that in this day of streamlined conversation nobody can catch his breath long enough to call the Carolina footballers Tar Heel Rams. That is their official title. Rameses ought to know. He is the Tar Heel Ram.

Rameses IV is a big healthy ram, a gift to the University from an alumnus. He was born on a sheep ranch in Texas and sent to Chapel Hill as a stand-in for Rameses III. In 1938, when the little ram was a year old, Duke won the Duke-Carolina epic football struggle and Rameses III died that night, so grieved was he over the ignominious defeat of his team. Rameses IV had been well instructed in the art of mas-cotting and he slipped easily into the blue and white N. C. blanket of his predecessor.

He has a fine coat of wool, usually grayish, but last year red and blue, the result of the company he kept before the State-Carolina game. He was spirited away from his peaceful home at Hogan's Lake and painted State red and blue by State stooges, who climaxed their homecoming day with the sale of alleged ramburgers and ram chops.

Rameses is a hearty eater, especially at football games when he bums cigarettes, candy, chewing gum, and stadium turf. He is married and has twin daughters. He had no statement to make to the press.



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# Night Life



T 11/7/43

Millie + Joe -  
 Joe left in-  
 structions for  
 you to do some  
 pics on what  
 students on the  
 still are doing  
 after dark -  
 but don't lose  
 get we still have  
 a census in the  
 office!!!  
 Kat -

We may have changed many of Chapel Hill's habits, but the custom of boy-dates-girl remains fixed—and favored. Joe and Millie's cameras record the proof in tones of black and white.

From the walk down Senior lane to the goodnight kiss, Carolina's ladies and gentlemen center their nightlife about the familiar main street, Graham Memorial, the Arboretum.

In the daytime a uniform is in command, but Chapel Hill at night is ruled by the coed, and her date.



# Look Homeward, Bluejacket

By Horace Carter, A-S

WHEN once again the fall-clad Carolina campus lay beautifully rampant before me, I breathed, "Look Homeward, Bluejacket" because Chapel Hill is the cherished home of myriad thousands of former students fighting to-day for freedom on the high seas.

Yes, ex-University of North Carolinians who remember our institution as peace loving students in years past are looking homeward to-day with relish for things of yesteryear. They carry warm memories of blissful days and nights on "The Hill," college at its best, before Carolina made its abrupt about face on its erstwhile routine of playing its role in a nation at war.

At least, that's how I remembered it.

Sunday afternoon, December 7, 1941, marked the turning point in my peace-time endeavor for education here. I had just seen a movie at a downtown theatre and was returning to Graham dormitory via Davie Hall when the most startling flash in history rocked the universe: "The Empire of Japan has dastardly attacked Pearl Harbor with a titanic bomber task force. Disaster reigns widespread. One of the world's greatest stabs in the back has been committed." More excited than a pregnant fox in a forest fire, I skidded to a halt seconds later and with an ear glued to a radio loudspeaker. I stuck there for hours.

Uneventful remaining days in the quarter passed. I packed. I went home. Uncle Sam needed volunteers worse than at any time in history. I was an eligible bachelor of 21, without dependents and physically fit. But first there were a few ducks to get in a row. I had had to borrow money to spend two and a half years at UNC. That I wanted to "square away" before starting my \$50 a month life.

Thus, for six fast months I shipfitted at one of the nation's foremost yards engaged in the construction of transport vessels—Liberty Ships—at that time vitally needed to off-set the high toll being taken on allied shipping by Nazi "piggy-boats," and then I stopped. I enlisted.

August 1942 marked the beginning of my efforts to lend a hand, regardless of its inexperience and littleness. Apprentice Seaman W. Horace Carter they signed me up, and Norfolk, Va., and its famed training station became a reality. (It sure as hell did.)

From "boot camp" to Hospital Corps School and from there on to Charleston, S. C. I made a noble attempt to be a sailor. Months dragged by and I advanced from hospital apprentice to pharmacist mate second class and I thought I was getting

up in the world. (Some kick back to AS and \$50 now.)

From the Bureau of Personnel came the letter to all activities. "Service personnel may apply for the Navy's V-12 College Training Program." I jumped on the bandwagon and almost fell off with disbelief when weeks later orders return transferring subject man (that's me) from Charleston to the University of North Carolina and a possible commission.

I have seen literally hundreds of casualties of war, legs off, hands off, shrapnel filled bodies, eyes out, third degree burns, tragedies galore and I'm glad to get back to Carolina.

After all, this is still the service. Every V-12 has an all-important job to do. Officers are needed on every front. A passing mark means as much to the Navy as a

well-aimed shell—as an efficiently applied bandage. Bluejackets are the backbone of the Navy just as doughboys are the backbone of the Army. But backbone alone is not enough. Officers, supposedly, are the brains behind the brawn. That brain is needed today worse than ever before in our history.

Thus we traipsed across the campus in early October 1943. Is this the University I left two years ago? Why there are soldiers, aviation cadets, NROTC's, bluejackets and everything else here. But it is the same old Carolina—a Carolina picked by the nation's strategists to play a great part in training program expanded so widely that more students are now in school than in any past year.

So "Look Homeward, Bluejacket," wherever you are. This is still the nation's garden spot. It's still our University, the best University, with powers to serve the nation in peace and in war.



# Children in the Land

by David Hanig

**T**HESE are the children of the land . . . the wandering girl-children out of the clustered southern towns, the Kansas flatlands, the midwestern cities, the New England countrysides . . . riding in all-night coaches, the trailway buses across the night highways of the land because a uniform made love to them, because they married their desires, because they lived with a memory, believed in the moment and looked past time and pain. There were those who bore the infant-image of their lovers; the husbands of their blood. How many times does it happen? This, the living ebb and flow: the young men seeking a way out of limbo, the girl-children wise and warm in their fertility, seeking to find a pattern in chaos, the sum of fulfillment here in the land. . . .

\* \* \*

Mary Louise threaded her way through the knitted groups of men and women in the large station. The small, overnight bag in her hand seemed intolerably heavy and the blood pounding against her eardrums, the noise of the trains and human voices brought small gusts of nausea inside her. Finally, when she reached the glaring sunlight of the open street she paused at the curb. God, she was tired . . . tired. If only she could drop her body-laden fatigue and the harrowing doubts wailing against her heart.

Eight hours of ceaseless travel . . . eight hours, broken with intermittent stops in lonely southern towns, the seeking after schedules, the checking of luggage. There had been people she had sat, talked stiffly with and trying . . . trying to be friendly. But there was Paul waiting in a northern town . . . Paul, who would bring the release of tight, heart-hungers after months of waiting.

*" . . . and so we finished our basics and it's a waiting around before we're sent on to the next camp. I don't know if it's fair*

*to ask you to come but if you knew how much the remembrance of you comes each time I read your letters. . . ."*

She saw a restaurant across the street and she realized that she hadn't eaten since morning. There was time. There was time for food and a room, a warm bath and then . . . Paul. She made her way through the slow-moving traffic of trucks and taxis to the shop across the way. She walked into noise and bustling maleness. Quietly she closed her eyes and allowed the warm flow of returning energy to move through her slight body. Then, for an instant, a strange sensation came over her. She opened her eyes and curiously surveyed the crowd of service men, the truckdrivers and taxi men; the small, bald men behind the counter, the mask-featured waitresses yelling their orders in harsh strident voices. What was she doing here?

She thought of Clinton with its warm, Carolina sunshine and the slow, measured way of living. A crying sense of homesickness rose in her. God, would she ever find Paul here? How was she to find him in this sprawling confusion? Almost in a sudden panic she left the restaurant. The waiter coming towards her booth saw her leave and he twisted his mouth in wonder. Well, who the hell's fault is it if these dames won't wait. He shrugged and headed back for the kitchen.

She left her name at the Y.W.C.A. They told her to return in an hour and perhaps they could locate a room for her. Out to the street again and Mary Louise wandered through the center of town, touched with lostness and yet strangely warm with desire to see him. This was the town Paul walked when he was on leave. Perhaps that luncheonette near the United Perfumery had served his needs . . . where he sat and ate those sundaes on an evening. She passed the shop windows with their glistening wares. She must find work here, must become accustomed to the vibrant city tempo of these people.

This was Paul's town. Quickly she walked back to the Y.W.C.A. and waited till the woman at the desk was ready to speak to her. Yes, they had a room. They gave her an address.

"Where could I find someone in the Service, please?" she asked.

"Is it someone . . . you know?" the woman smiled graciously.

"My husband . . . he doesn't know I'm here."

"I see."

Then, by way of explanation, "I . . . wanted to surprise him."

The woman nodded: "Of course. Why don't you try the Red Cross? They'll contact him and arrange for you to meet him. Good luck."

The small, shrivelled landlady gazed at the girl long. Almost tonelessly she gave the time-worn rules:

"You're to pay the rent on time, of course and you're not to use the lights unless you're needin' them. Bills are some-thin awful, these days. Bathroom to the left of you and you're to supply your own soap. Hope you like, Mum. Four-fifty in advance."

She led the girl up a flight of dark stairs to a cheerless landing. The girl was aware of blank doors facing her on all sides. Down the hall of the second floor the woman came to a halt and inserted a key to a door. She admitted the girl into a large, three-windowed room and stood there watching the girl. When she found the young eyes turn to her she spoke in that toneless brogue of hers.

"There's a few girls on the same floor

(Continued on page 22)

**Dave Hanig, Kay Kyser scholarship winner, writes this month a story of the wives of our soldiers, ever-moving to keep near their husbands.**

# HANDY-ANDY

by Horace Carter

**I**N 1934 A YANKEE came to Chapel Hill and enrolled as a freshman. That Yankee, one Andrew A. Bershak, spent the next nine years here and died November 19, on the eve of the traditional Carolina-Duke football game.

Bershak, student, athlete, coach, leader, and gentleman, was the portrait of this nation's inner self. He was American as no alumnus can more justly claim. He was the University soul and body.

Combining athletics with a 90 scholastic average along with active participation in

**Andy Bershak, greatest end Carolina has ever boasted of, died on Nov. 19. Here we present a review of his career at Carolina and a tribute to him.**

the Order of the Grail and the Golden Fleece, and serving as president of the Athletic Association, Andy, as he was known by students and faculty, became a permanent fixture.

Little was heard of the big six-footer his frosh year even though the records show he was a stellar footballer and cager and that coaches were having dreams of his success.

With Coach Carl Snavely heading the Carolina grid staff, Bershak reported for practice in the fall of 1935 and earned a berth on a team that compiled one of the Tar Heels' best records in history.

When Handy-Andy, as football writers everywhere tabbed him, found himself at right end in the season's opener against Maryland, he little dreamed of starting a string of 28 consecutive football games stretched over three fall seasons.

And on that October 16, it did not appear that the stalwart right end was any sophomore either as he drove into the Maryland backfield all afternoon to throw ball carriers for losses and finally climaxed his play with a six point end-around play. Carolina emerged victor by 33-0.

Still hot, a week later Bershak, in the Georgia Tech affair, pulled the same end-around for 13 yards to open the scoring and lead the eleven to a 19-0 upset win over the Engineers.

All hell broke loose just seven days later when Andy recovered an N. C. State fumble on the kickoff, saw the Tar Heels penalized back to the 21 and then took a pass from Don Jackson in the end zone for the tally.

Thus the season sped on with one Carolina victory following another and it seemed inevitable that the Tar Heels

would go through an undefeated season and engage some eleven in the Rose Bowl. Indeed, lamentation has it that reservations had already been made in Pasadena. But at any rate, Duke sprang the surprise upset of the year taking the Tar Heels 25-0. Bershak played his same fine game but to no avail.

Season figures in '35 showed the Tar Heels scored 270 points against only 44

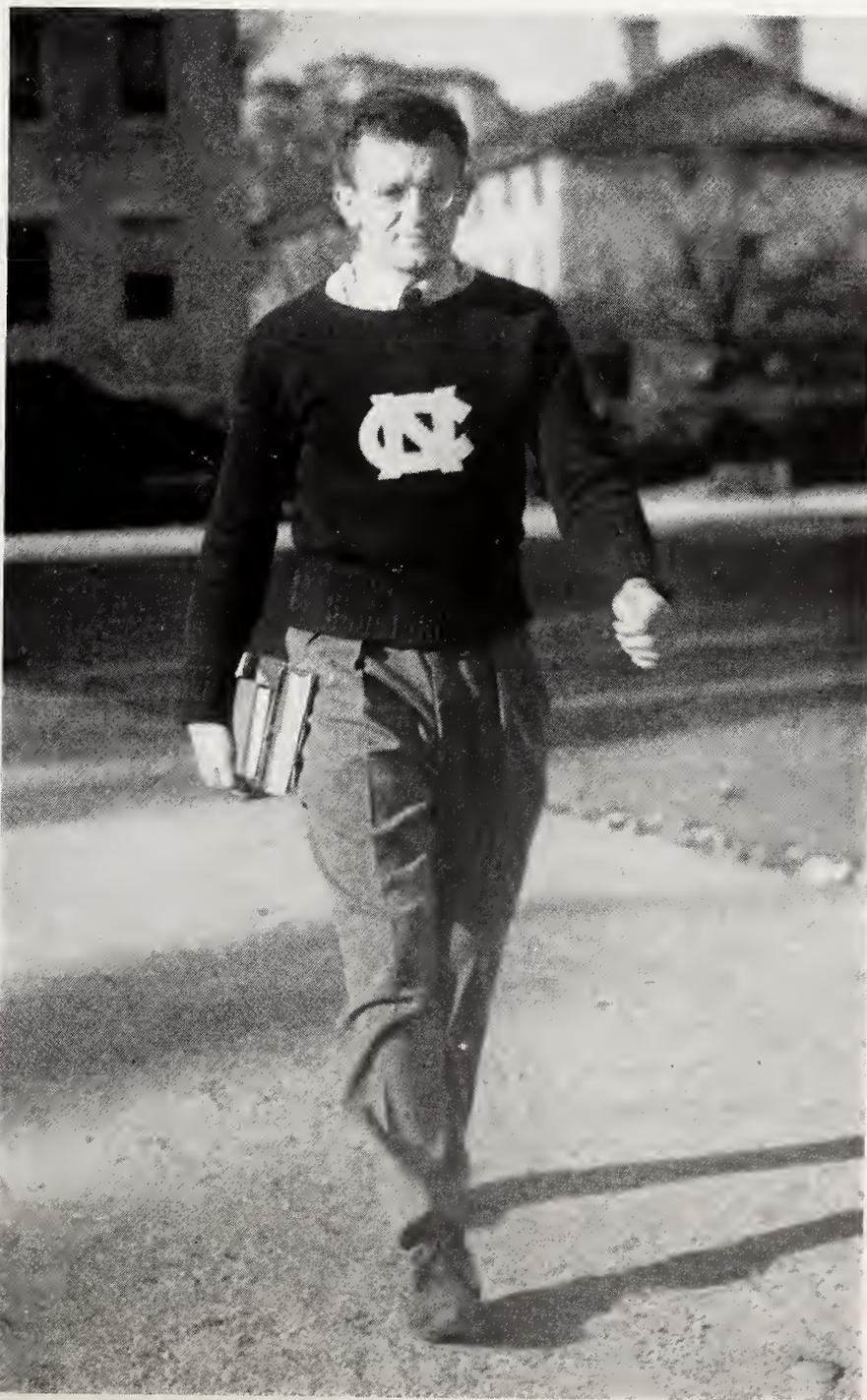
for the opposition. They won 8 and lost just one game.

When football closed, Handy-Andy was still in the limelight and answered the first basketball practice. Furthermore he developed into a leading cager before his undergraduate days ended.

But back to 1936 and the grid season, Bershak was coming into his own all-American style and showed it all the way as Coach Ray Wolf, who was serving his first year, saw his team win eight, lose two, score 190 points and yield only a hundred.

Early in September the season began with a 14-7 nip and tuck battle with Wake

(Continued on page 23)





# Manhattan's Maddening Moments

by Tolie Moreau

**B**OY met girl in New York once upon a time. Routine had settled into her well-known rut during the early part of the summer. I found myself crawling out of bed to the tune of an alarm clock at 6:45 in the morning in order to get to my job at 8 in a city 14 miles away. On Tuesday I had a wire from the boy. He wanted to night it in New York and *would* I meet him in the Penn Bar at 5:30? WOULD I EVER! The very thought was enough to cause a cool dew to break out on my forehead.

Tuesday soon rolled around and I awoke with that glow that little children feel when they awake on Christmas morning and think of the tree and Santa Claus. I woke with the glow and a blow as I looked out of the window to see that it was misty and threatening rain. Undaunted I bounded out of bed, hauled my best black dress from its danger, powdered my nose, gulped a cup of coffee, and dashed out to the car with the honking horn.

When I got to the office I found, much to my horror, a run in my last and best pair of nylons. Quickly switching the left stocking to the right leg with the run on the inside, I felt much happier and hoped I could keep up appearances.

What did I mean "keep up appearances?" With my face—I'd had too much sun, sand, and sea on Sunday and my face looked as though I had the Chinese rot. Much to my embarrassment and downfall of ego, my face had started to peel. There were at least six different shades of skin on my face ranging from raw red to baked brown. I tried to cover it with Hudnut's Hide-It, but I still looked like a victim of the awful-awful.

But I arrived in the big city pretty well intact, aside from that. I made my way to the Penn Bar, with that cool dew I was speaking about prominent on my forehead.

He was there, waiting for me, miracle of all miracles, handsome and charming as ever. So I sat down and, after a drink, decided to have dinner and do the town. The



**A beautiful woman, flowing coiffure, Photographer Joe Denker and the Mag's pin-up girl for November emerges. She's Nell Shanklin, claimed by McIver and the ADPI's.**

**Lensman Denker tells us that Miss Shanklin is the perfect Hurrell type—"cool and sophisticated"—and we doubt if anyone can argue that after seeing the picture.**

**For the men in the audience: 306 McIver, 5'7", brunette, dances well.**

latter plan fell through—plunk.

At eight o'clock we found ourselves wandering up Broadway looking like a pair of country bumpkins with hayseeds in our hair. It was still drizzling outside, so we decided to take in a movie—just so we wouldn't do anything too different. Judy Garland was delightful, but I wanted to go out where the lights were bright. Was I kidding? As we left the theatre, we found that we were caught in one of New York's blackest blackouts. It had been on for only 20 minutes and was to last for an hour and a half.

What could we do? Nothing, so we did it. We went up to the lounge and lounged. Helluva way to spend the evening on one of *the* dates of a lifetime. Manhattan's masses stormed by—all of them—while we sat.

Plans had been that I'd spend the night with a friend who has a room on Broadway. She didn't expect me, of course, I was just going to blow in, share the sheets, and catch the commuter's special to Red Bank. Well, we tried to get her on the telephone, but no luck. There was just nobody home. We decided to try getting me a room at the Penn Hotel. Unable to get a taxi we walked about twelve blocks in the drizzle down to the hotel. I boldly walked in with date behind me and stated that I'd like a single room for the night. The desk clerk looked at me, he looked at my date, he looked at me, he leaned over the desk to make sure that I had no luggage and all he said was, "All I have is the bridal suite, Madame." I stammered something about he-had-the-wrong-idea and blindly turned away. We wandered back to the Astor—"No rooms," to the New Yorker—"No rooms." Then we changed a dollar, got the damned nickels and went to work on the phone on all the hotels in New York.

To make a long conversation short, there were no rooms to be had. It had ceased to be funny. It hadn't stopped raining, and time was marching right along. It was 2 o'clock and I was getting rather frantic. It was beginning to look as though we were going to spend the night in Penn Station. My date remarked that the only way he could get home himself was to go to Newark which involved all sorts of grim complications.

Newark—yes, Newark! That dirty, crowded city was music to my ears. I had friends there—close friends—the kind that wouldn't mind an early morning guest. To Newark it was.

Upon reaching Penn Station we learned that the last train had departed and the only way to get out to the flatlands was to

take the Hudson tubes which are an experience in themselves. Uptown we went on the subway. We arrived at the tubes. We had to wait a half hour. My face by this time couldn't possibly have looked more awful. I grinned and tried to bear it. Date was quiet, uncomfortable, head bowed. Mother and father were waiting to see their son in Montclair, but they didn't—not till late the next day anyway.

The tube arrived. New York's cross-section of individuals were right in there. It was now 3:30, we hit Newark at 4:00. After much persuasion we got a taxi and moved onward. "146 Brunswick Street," I yawned. "Brunswick Street?" he echoed, "Not sure I know where that is. Only Brunswick Street I know of is down in the nigger section." Date snickered. I was prepared for anything and said, "We'll try it." We did. After much driving over back streets in Newark, and peering from the cab windows, we arrived. Wearily we got out, went up to the door, got into the vestibule and pushed the door. It didn't open. We were in one of these automatic push-button-from-their-apartment-down-to-you jobs. We leaned on the button. Finally the door opened. I giggled up three flights of stairs to see my friends huddled together anxiously looking down the stairs. I was beginning to think I'd have to retract my previous supposition about friends-who-wouldn't-mind-early-morning-guests. But after a cup of coffee they bedded date on the couch and me in the guest room. We woke up at six with Big Ben beckoning friend husband to his defense job. The baby was crying. I had missed my first two trains to Red Bank and my job. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered by that time.

We bid our friends good-bye and started out again. We went down to the corner to catch a bus to the station. Two of them ignored us. The third stopped, and we piled on. Barging into the station a little while later, we learned that the Jersey Coastline Special had just left. It didn't even matter.

As we stood there, date started to pat himself with frantic gestures. He turned a pale green, patted himself again and muttered, "God, I've lost my wallet." It might have happened in a story—although no one would have believed it logical—but just then friend husband came dashing madly up to us: "Found your wallet! Found your wallet!" Date collapsed on my overnight bag. I heaved all sorts of sighs of relief and the three of us grinned.

My train came in, and I climbed aboard, smiled wanly at date, said I'd see him around, and thanx for the chuckles.

# Men In The Fleet

by  
Sylvan Meyer

Fresh from the salt-water of the Atlantic comes a story of "fiction" fact by Ensign Sylvan Meyer, last year's Mag editor, about a man who found the Navy the greatest job of all.

**W**E BETTER call this fiction. If we call it fiction and someone sees things differently than we do, then it's only a matter of difference of opinion.

If we call it fact and someone doesn't agree, then one of us is lying—an unpleasant alternative, at best.

Fiction:

Supernumerary to the rest of the universe, a small southern college, flung about the top of a hill in the quiet shade of knowledge-weary trees, received the great news story of December 7th with excitement, delirium—all of which soon boiled down to simple malcontent resulting from what appeared to be utter international uselessness.

Except to scamper around and join a naval reserve setup the individual in our fictional account leaned back and observed the phenomenon that is a university at war with itself, but apparently at peace with the world.

He wrote many quaint and curious little things which he scattered about the campus. Because of a knack at flinging words together (born of frustration because he was a lousy football player), he grew to what other members of his student body considered moderate eminence and was honored in the temporal manner of colleges, whereupon he awaited his call to service robed in satisfaction with his lot.

He assumed an air of great perspicacity and consulted with committees and peoples at length. He grew extremely wordy, horribly self-sufficient, and staler in his thinking than a 1943 isolationist.

His orders to report were received with reluctant eagerness—eagerness to get in the great fight, to express his joiners instinct. Reluctance—to leave the little empire he had constructed. It was obvious to him, however, that his empire, such as it was, was doomed to collapse. But he thought he was turning the fruits of his labor over to an incompetent. He didn't realize at the time that his nation considered him in the same light.

He was genuinely sorry to leave old friends and he wondered if ever again he

would be associated with people who understood him, and, what is more, tolerated him.

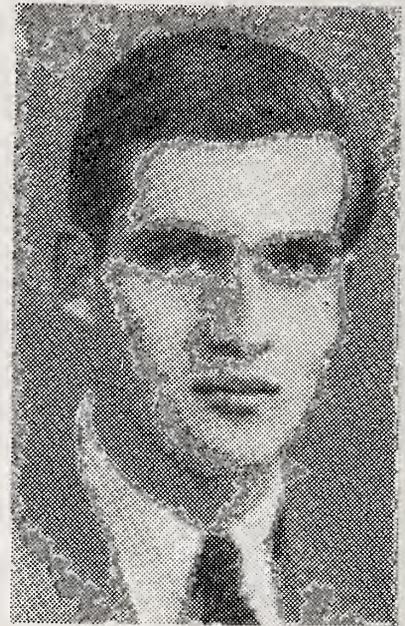
The navy received him with efficiency, notwithstanding a noticeable lack of great glee. He was informed that after four months of training he would be an officer in the United States Naval Reserve. It was a romantic and inspiring objective.

Making his bunk, standing in line for his chow, marching with his now "mates," confronting the tremendous miracle of the celestial triangle, entangling himself in ropes and knots, bewildering himself with signals and flags and codes, he thought he was well on his way.

College also had been composed of cosmopolitan and agrarian personalities. But here was a new mixture of characters seeming to breed chaos and by some wonderful accident producing unity of purpose and comradeship. As one always does, from his roommate he profited in the intimacy of knowing another man closely—his ideas, his dreams. Especially the later. After the war, all these midshipmen wanted a better world. That was all. No plans. No empire builders. Just liberality and dreams. In a way, it was depressing to a person who had always considered himself, and all people exposed to education, acutely "socially conscious." It was not so. People, even midshipmen, wanted only to live.

His studies were confusing him. There was so much to know. Feeling inadequate for the job ahead of him he looked for encouragement from his officer instructors. He found none. They were freshmen in the navy, just like himself, and they, too, were bewildered by this new war, which must be won with knowledge rather than bullets—although a little gunfire occasionally climaxes prolonged periods of intensive study.

Bedecked with gold and power he departed midshipmen school, woefully unaware of what was before him. He had been trained for battleships, cruisers, and the throttlingly regulation Naval courtesy and procedure observed aboard such huge men of war. Returning smartly the salutes of enlisted men, some wearing hashmarks



up to the elbow he wondered, "How am I qualified to lead these men who were 'Navy' before I was born?"

To a warm, tropical city on the Atlantic coast he reported for training in the "Donald Duck Navy." He was to be small ship sailor. Out of the sight of dry land for the first time, he clung to the rail and lost the better part of his alimentary canal to the tossing ocean. But this was the sea and he would tame it.

They can't lick me, he said. With all their regimentation, I will preserve my independence of thought.

Indeed, he found that his independence of thought was stimulated. A watch officer on a naval ship is endowed with more responsibility than ever would befall the same man as a civilian. The lives of his crew and the fate of his ship depend on his vigilance—on his brain and his eyes. He found himself in fast company. Never before had he experienced the competition of such rapidly functioning brains. He began to think for himself with a determination that bordered on the desperate.

There was more learning to be done. He found his superior officers aloof but willing to help him solve an intelligent problem. Soon he heard a gun go off for the first time in his life and saw a depth charge mushroom the swelling sea in a manner dishearteningly similar to that produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer on numerous dramatic occasions.

Ship-handling came next—the technique of the attack on a submarine learned from men who had made runs on enemy subs and knew why they had or had not "sunk same." Now we are getting down to business, he thought. He started subconsciously to pick up the "Navy way" and he no longer felt a twinge of giggling when he called a wall a "bulkhead" and he be-

(Continued on page 24)



# So Soon thy Face

by Betty Moore

**T**HE birds were striking by contrast, the one so white, the other black as the cloud that obscured the sun and cast a shadow where the two men stood. The birds stalked the arid ground, plucking feebly at infinitesimal specks.

The two men, blindfolded, were taut against the pitiless wall. The priest had robed himself in fit splendor to meet his God. The other man hadn't bothered. "If they're good enough for me," he had thought savagely.

Fifty years in fifty seconds. They had said it would be that way. Never really believed it. How could a fellow live his life again in one minute? Both men stirred, writhing in the agony of suspense that was the Cassandra of death. The priest gasped. The other man spoke first, but his lips did not move. What the hell did it matter if nobody heard him?

"Geez, that was a long time ago, that job in Cincinnati. . . . I didn't mean to do it, but what could a guy do . . . the dame was in trouble . . . so I was a sucker, all right . . . they didn't gimme but six months and the dame got out, didn't she . . . so I never seen her again . . . well, that's the way with dames, most dames . . . not Anna, though, not Anna . . ."

And then the priest—

"I knew it wasn't right, God, I knew it wasn't right . . . but it's so hard . . . Heil Hitler, Heil Hitler. . . . You knew I didn't mean it when I said it, didn't You . . . they hurt me so, they threatened me, they . . . I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of . . . oh, it was so hard, so hard . . ."

"Anna, there was a woman. . . . I didn't deserve no such luck, not a bum like me . . . she knew about everything, too . . . she knew all about Cincinnati, but I never told her why . . . I ain't much on tootin' my own horn . . . it was in New York I

**A new author to these pages comes forth this month writing a timely and thought-provoking story of a priest, a former law-breaker, and a firing squad.**

seen her first . . . East Fourteenth, I guess, near the Chapel. . . . Catalano, her name was . . . she always wore a flower in her hair and smiled at old Slachta, the garbage man, and told me a dozen times about her relatives in Astoria . . . she sure put store in them fancy relations, but I never seen them . . . guess they were all she had real, like owning a accordion or a front yard . . . and pretty, geez, she was the prettiest girl in New York . . . and why she took a shine to me . . ."

"I got so I didn't know right from wrong, Father . . . it wasn't that I didn't care . . . the time that he passed and they made me kneel in front of him . . . I didn't want to, God, but what could I do . . . a dead priest is nothing in Thy kingdom, Lord . . . Amen, Amen . . . but they tied me by my arms to the ceiling . . . I couldn't stand it, I would have died . . . and You knew in Your heart, really, didn't You, that all the time my homage was to You . . . yes, I said Heil Hitler . . . they made me, they stood over me with a whip . . . our Father, who art . . . oh, God, God . . ."

"After Anna bailed me out, she married me in two days . . . I didn't have nothing to give her, else I'd not have been in jail as it was . . . I didn't steal that bag of groceries because I wanted to see how light my fingers was . . . I was hungry . . . and Stinky, he was laid up back in the room, a cop got him in the foot . . . I couldn't let him starve, could I . . . Anna helped me nurse him, bathed his foot and tore up old rags . . . that month I had with Anna was the only one in my life I'd had enough to

eat or had clothes with plenty of buttons and decent patches . . ."

"That man, God, the English one, the one who came to me to help him get out of Germany . . . I wish I could have helped him . . . he looked at me so desperately and for a minute I almost . . . but I couldn't God . . . I had to turn him over to the gestapo . . . they had men planted all over the street watching me, some in our building, even my houseboy, I know now . . . I had seen them peer in the windows and I heard their heavy boots in the hall . . . They would have killed me, killed me . . . just like they're doing now . . . how long can murder last, God . . . how long would it take to kill everybody in the world . . . the way that Englishman looked at me . . . the first time I've ever really seen a man with his soul in his eyes . . . and they carried him away . . ."

"Even that night she was pretty, Anna was . . . it wasn't the fire that killed her, see, it was the fall . . . geez, I tried so hard to get to her, but that apartment was so big, and I couldn't leave all them other people . . . I couldn't knock down everybody in front to get to Anna and save her . . . I had to carry out the ones I could . . . she knew it, too . . . when I picked her up she opened her eyes and tried to stroke my head and said 'That's all right, baby,' . . ."

The air was heavy with gun fire and little shots split the air. The two bodies crumpled and were huddled in a sanguine heap. At the shots the birds flew away, straight up. Higher and higher they flew, pacing each other. Then the white one circled lower, swooping, dipping toward the flat, bleak ground. The black one went on, up, up, until it disappeared into the penetrating blue.

"Heil Hitler," the marksman murmured automatically to no one in particular as he stalked away.



ON NOVEMBER 25, 26 and 27, *Sound and Fury*, the Carolina "problem child," will return to the campus with the hilarious musical comedy, "Gadabout." Here is a production that is blessed with a distinction exclusively its own. All branches of the armed forces have joined hands with civilian students in the worthwhile and profitable enterprise of helping to sustain morale on the University campus. "Gadabout" is a musical composed of men from the Army, the Navy and the Marines, civilian boys and coeds. Realizing the seriousness of the times, and the undesirability of unnecessary extravagance, *Sound and Fury* is attempting to present a comedy which emphasizes music and enjoyable personalities, rather than lavish costumes and scenery. The script, with its fifteen songs, is entirely original, and is imbued with a vigorous, wholesome enthusiasm which is sustained throughout. Its creators, coed Mary Louise Huse, and Jack Ellis of the Naval Reserves, have revealed an ingenious gift for writing and composition. A speaking cast of twenty-six people, a fifteen-piece orchestra, eighteen chorines who dance with precision, and a large singing chorus blend smoothly and gayly into a unique plot which promises to be entertaining.

Campus life at Carleton College in little Churchill is coincidentally synonymous with life at Carolina. The type of diversion which Carleton students find in their arboretum is significant—and familiar. The plot of "Gadabout" entangles the conniving, under-handed deceit of Carleton's four racketeering deans, and the love and laugh life of her students. When siren Adele Swann, lovely New York songstress, visits the campus, life takes on a decidedly different aspect for all concerned; especially when her scheme to conceal an intoxicated football man in the closet of a girl's dormitory, is foiled by its house mother. Her ulterior motives are too obvious. Collaborators Huse and Ellis have emphasized the fact that any similarity to persons living or dead is strictly—deliberate!

Among the personalities with potentialities in the cast, several have already distinguished themselves in one capacity or another, and have merited the active interest of leaders in the professional world of entertainment. Author of the show, Mary Louise Huse is a professor's daughter. Inspired to develop her ideas for "Gadabout," she took a course in typing in order to write the script. Mary Louise lived in France for



# DABOUT



two years, and was unable to speak English until she entered school. Unable to decide upon a career, she has switched her major from Art to Journalism, and is now majoring in dramatics. Her accomplishments include feature stories published in State magazines, mural painting, illustrating for books, and the production of numerous original comedies in high school. To "Gadabout" goes the distinction of being her first really big venture in the field of musicals. Mary Louise is a Chapel Hill girl, and attended Albion College in Michigan before entering Carolina.

Jack Ellis, a junior from Sherman, Texas, who created all of the songs for the show, is, strangely enough, a commerce major who hopes someday to enter the field of personnel management; music is only his hobby. On campus he is a member of the University Club, president of the Y.M.C.A., vice-president of Phi Mu Alpha Music fraternity, and is pledged to Sigma Chi fraternity. He studied piano for six years, and is now organist for the First Presbyterian Church. Year before last he collaborated with Bob Richards on the music for *Sound and Fury's* "Bagdad Daddy." For three years Jack had his own daily radio program which comprised a half hour of piano and organ music. He is in the Naval Reserves.

Libby Izen, from Asheville, is well qualified for her position as choreographer for the show, having studied dancing extensively under Eleanor Moffet of New York, for five years. She then assisted Miss Moffet in teaching. For two years Libby held the North Carolina State championship for non-professional tap, acrobatics and ballet, and surrendered her title when she became professional as a featured dancer on night club programs throughout Carolina. She received a contract to travel as a dancer with the famous Rockettes upon completion of high school, but her father was opposed to the idea, and sent her instead to Saint Genevieve-of-the-Pines Junior College. While attending the Mississippi State College for Women, she specialized in instruction in ballet dancing, and participated in all major programs. The fact that she rendered the first solo dance in the thirty-five-year history of the college is especially significant; she also wore the first "short" ballet costume ever to appear on the college stage. She served as dancing counselor and instructor at Camp Deerwoode

(Continued on next page)





(Continued from page 13)

in Brevard, and has participated in several *Sound and Fury* shows here. A senior, she is majoring in physical education, and was swimming instructor for high school girls last year.

Music maestro Alan Bergman, from New York City, has completed all the orchestrations and two original overtures for the production. Alan, who is a junior majoring in music at the University, studied two of his twelve years of musical training under Jacques Wolfe, composer of "Shortnin' Bread" and "The Glory Road." He has directed several radio shows in New York City; two of his musical comedies have been produced, and last season the University band played his symphonic tone poem, "Tambouraca." Alan has just composed a ballad, "I Want to Have You Always," which is awaiting publication. He is the cousin of Aaron Copland, modern American composer, who has written the music for the movies, "Of Mice and Men," "The Grapes of Wrath," "Our Town," and the recently released "North Star." He is a member of Pi Lambda Phi and Phi Mu Alpha fraternities.

For Joan Kosberg, who portrays the lusty siren, Adele Swann, singing with an orchestra is no novelty. Besides singing with Tommy Reynolds and his orchestra, she received an audition at Radio Station WOR in New York, and cultivated the interest of Paramount talent scout Boris Kaplan. Hailing from Elizabeth, New Jersey, Joan has been active in dramatics since she was ten. Her experience with leading roles in high school plays was partly responsible for the fact that she received the Black Masque Acting Award while at Greensboro College. Joan is remembered by all who witnessed her portrayal of the prostitute in the Playmakers' production, "The Eve of Saint Mark," and from the ridiculous to the sublime was her performance of Hermia in the Playmakers' production, "A Midsummer Night's

Dream." She also played the title role in the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta "Iolanthe" last winter. A fiend of boogie woogie, Joan has secret plans for the future invasion of Broadway.

Acting as the leading lady in a musical comedy is a comparatively new experience for lovely Betty Don Sweat. A sociology major in the University, she plans to become a medical social worker. Whether or not Ward-Belmont Junior College is responsible for the fine development of her personality, is worth speculation. Betty Don has participated in a few high school operettas, and has received quite extensive voice training throughout high school and college.

A preacher's son has been cast as leading man for the show. Harold Gould, in the V-12 program, is a transfer from Marshall College in Huntington, West Virginia. While there, he was active in the College Theatre and the Huntington Community Players, Inc. Raised in New York State, he studied violin and piano at the Ithaca Conservatory of Music. Last Summer, a whirlwind visit of two weeks in Hollywood landed him the unexpected offer of a role in a picture at M.G.M., which he was forced to reject for a career in the Naval Reserves. Harold is a pledge of Sigma Chi fraternity, a member of the Y.M.C.A. cabinet, and president of the Baptist Student Union.

Marsha Gadfly, the campus career girl in the show, is portrayed by Terry King from Orlando, Florida. Not only is she a creative writing major; she has written over fifteen songs, most of which are ballads, for her own enjoyment. While acting as president of her class at Colby Junior College in New Hampshire, she had much of her poetry published in literary magazines. She is a member of Chi Delta Phi Literary Sorority. Terry has played in Summer Stock in Connecticut, and recently toured New England in a play with Tyrone Power and Annabella. She is very fond of swimming and horseback

# Sound and Fury

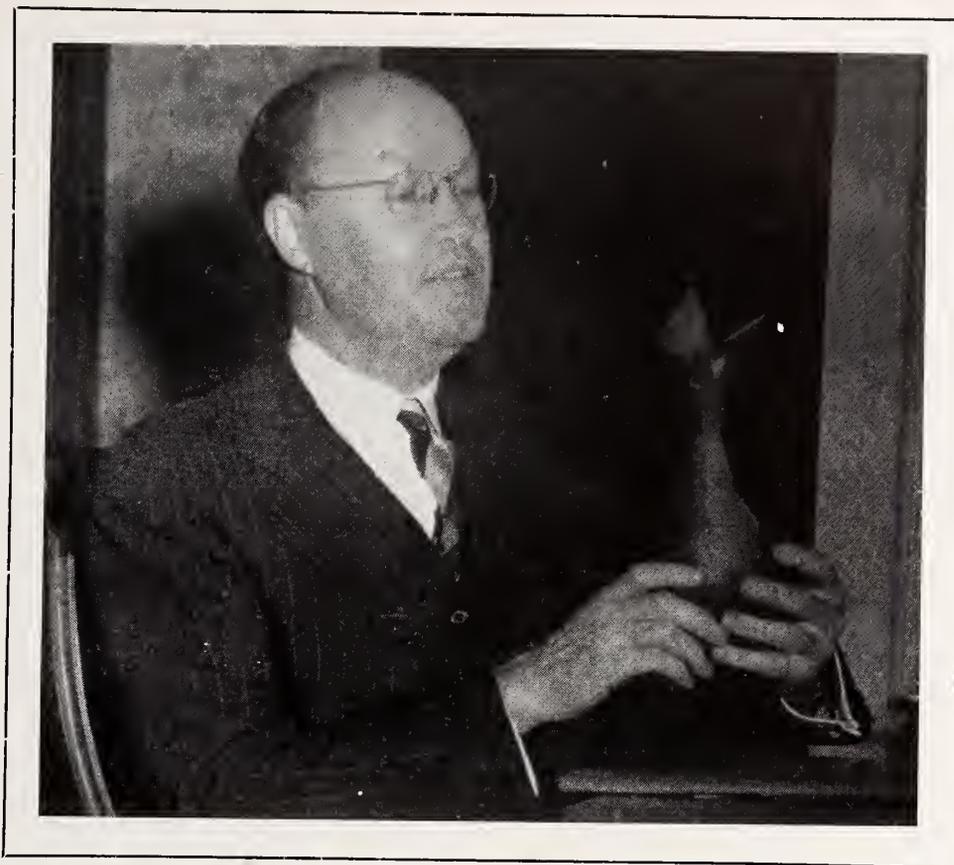
More of the backstage notes on the people and events in Carolina's first original musical in three years—"GADABOUT."

riding, and was a member of the Fairfield Country Hunt Club in Connecticut. Her father is an officer serving with the Army Air Corps in New Guinea. Among the outstanding musicians in the orchestra for "Gadabout" is Les Lieber, tenor saxophone player, who is in the A.S.T.P. As a civilian, Les was a foreign correspondent in Paris for the New York Times. For several years he was in the publicity department of CBS, after which he established his own publicity office in New York City. He has handled publicity for most of the leading bands of the country, and wrote the book, "How to Lead a Band," with Paul Whiteman. Just before entering the Army, Les was publicity director for the National Scrap Metal Drive and the Waste Paper Campaign. He has been to Europe four times.

Photographic director for "Gadabout," Joe Al Denker, is a specialist photographer, second class, with the Navy. Before enlisting, he was affiliated with the Chamber of Commerce of Long Beach, California, and enjoyed the responsibility of photographing bathing beauties, "name" bands and movie stars which included Jinx Falkenburg, Betty Grable and Rita Hayworth. Joe managed his

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Prof. J. P. Harland, "man of firsts," breaks all records, not only in athletics, but on every registration day when hundreds of students sign up for his entertaining, informative archaeology classes.

by Opie Charters

I WAS born in an igloo in Nome, Alaska. My parents were Eskimos who later became tropical Aztecs," said Dr. J. P. Harland, UNC archaeology professor. "Later I went to prep school, college, and excavated in Greece."

Noted for his droll wit which is brought casually but strategically into his conversation, Dr. Harland is the most unpredictable teacher on the campus. A friend to all his students, he delights in inviting them to his home. He proves his genuine interest in them by a careful check on their activities and writing them clever letters in comment.

His classes are filled with students who listen attentively to his description of slides of archaeological ruins which are peppered with humorous anecdotes. Recently when showing the slide of the famous sculpture of Venus de Milo, he told of the postcard Noel Coward sent to a young lady during his trip to Europe. It seems Mr. Coward chose a postcard of the "armless beauty" and sent it to her with this inscription: "Now you can see what happens to little girls who bite their fingernails."

A Phi Beta Kappa at Princeton, Dr. Harland was also a track star. He tied the world's record in the 60 yard dash and ran the 100 yard dash in 10 seconds. Modestly he said he received no glory and fame for his track feat, but was proud to get his

"letter" in track. His athletic prowess did not stop with college days, for year after year he continues to be the students' ace opponent in the faculty-student softball games.

Because he had become interested in archaeology at Princeton, Dr. Harland studied archaeology at the University of Bonn on the Rhine for a year. When he returned to the United States, he did graduate work at Princeton and got his doctor's degree.

"I went to Newport, R. I., in 1917 with about 200 other Princeton boys and enlisted in the Navy as a gob," he said. "Later I was commissioned an ensign and put on a cruiser as communications officer. Decoding all the ship's messages, sometimes without a book, was exciting. I liked that firsthand information.

A ridiculous feature of my Navy career was my being sent to a training station for new recruits," he said. "I had never been taught to drill myself, and I was expected to teach the recruits." When asked what he did in the situation, he answered casually: "Oh, I marched them all straight into the sea and drowned them, except for the good-looking ones, of course."

Winner of a fellowship to the American Archaeological School at Athens and the Guggenheim Fellowship, Dr. Harland

has spent several years studying and excavating in Greece. "I'm always running into revolutions," he said. "The first day I got to the American school at Athens was the last day of the Royalist revolution. My wife and I were in a building which was under fire for two hours."

Two of Dr. Harland's books on archaeological discoveries have been published, and a third, "Tsoungiza," named for a mound at Nemea, the site of one of his excavations, is waiting to be published. The excavation at Nemea revealed a civilization of the Bronze Age, beginning at about 3000 B. C. An interesting 40 foot well, house types, skeletons, and pottery, by which discoveries are dated, were found. "There were 24 Greeks digging at the site," he said. "I took photographs and kept a log book." Another discovery of his was at Zygouries between Corinth and Mycennae when he and a friend excavated the ruins of the first houses of the early Bronze Age.

Before coming here, Dr. Harland taught at the University of Michigan and the University of Cincinnati. "I married the first woman I met at Cincinnati," he said. "We had not known each other long when we got married. But, you see, she had been a member of the Canadian Mounted Police, and they always get their man."

# Yo' Lost Love,

## Looney

by J. Wes Gentry

New York  
April 10, 1945

Dear Ma,

I betcha never dreamt, the day Mr. Jesterfield come and axed you for me and give you ten bucks and three plugs of Broiled Mule chewing 'bacco and two packs of cigarets for good measure, that yo' li'l Looney would ever be where he is right this minute—ten minutes after 10 o'clock April 10, 1945. Yeah, you've chawed the cigarattes and 'bacco and laid the ten bucks away to bury you and fergot about all them, but you ain't fegot about me yet, has you, Ma? Yeah, that was a sad day when I told Pa he'd have to stew the booze from now on, that I wuz a-goin' to war work—"to keep up the morals of the people or sumptin," the man said. 'Member when you handed me the pillow slip with my winter draws and itch salve in it and I sho hated to go, Ma, but you needed the 'bacco so bad—so I jest shouldered my ol' git-fiddle and took off. Ma, I ain't never lonesome when I got ol' Liz (the guitar) with me. Music run in the family jest as much as mountain dew, you know.

Well, here I is, Ma, in a town bigger'n all the mountains you can see from the top of the ol' hickory where I ust to set and watch for the revenooers. I never seed so much solid rock—all the roads and paths 'tween the buildings is covered with the stuff—even cars runs on it, too. It makes shoes a hundud times wusser. You know I never could stand them things.

They put me in a house two-times higher than the ol' pine where the eagles build in. The way you git up: you go up to the side of the wall inside and push a button and after awhile a do' opens to a box. You git in the box and they shet the do' and the thing starts falling it feels like, then you stop so quick it makes you drunk-er than fresh homebrew, and you feel like you're going to puke. An' the feelin' is wusser'n' ever when you git to the room and see how high you is up.

After I got settled I wanted some water. They told me what room to go to get some. I went in the room and found one of the purtiest springs a-setting right in the middle of the floor. It was all lined up with white with part of a wood ring 'round the top. I thought it was there to hold to when you stuck yo head in to drink. That's what I used it for. The water was the best I drunk since I been away from the hills.

Ma, I gotta stop now. Mr. Han Medown jest come in and said he wanted me to play for him.

Yo' lost love,

Looney

Radio City  
May the 25

Dear Ma,

I ain't had no time to write you since I first started to playing on the radio. Before I went on they crammed me into some shiny pants and a shirt made out of stuff like the women's shimmys you see in the ten cent store. Then they put some white handle pistols around me and a bandana around my neck and a great big white hat on my head.

Well, I went out kinda scared like. Then a dude came out and went to talking in a li'l black thing about me. He said sumpin about "Jesterfields being fortunate in bringing the nice peepful "Two-gun Timothy, The Pistol Packin' Pappy direct from the back of his white horse, Shiver." Now, Ma, you know, I ain't never rid no hoss, and my name ain't, "Two-Gun." You know I didn't even have the nerve to shoot the revenooer that

**Wes Gentry gives us humor—  
letters from a mountain boy who  
with his guitar goes to the big  
city and finds himself the rival of  
the great "swoon-crooner."**

got through pass to our place—you had to do it. All this kinda makes me mad and lonesome; so I strummed out on "Good Ol' Mountsin Dew." Well, you oughta heard that crowd holler, 'specially the gals. Then I played "Nobody's Darlin'" and when I got down about the line what sez, "come lay yo' cool hand on my brow," the gals jest screamed and hollered wus than Sissie do when you switch her fanny. One run up toward me sorta crazy like and fell right out jest like you shot her. I sung some more songs like, "Speckled Bird" and "Worried Mind" and they kept on hollering like a bunch of mountain cats. It made me sorta mad-like, but Mr. Doo-jiggy tol' me to jest keep on and not pay no 'tention to 'em. Said he'd give me a dollar a nite every nite I played. Ma you goin' to be rich fo' you know it.

Yo' loving baby,

Looney

P.S. I got the quart all right.

Radio City  
June the 10'

Dear Ma,

Well suh, the gals is gitting wusser an' wusser. The other night I was a-playing along on "Precious Jewel" and was gitting down in the short strokes when all of a sudden the gals got good and stinking wild and one jest riz right up like a feather and went floating 'round above everybody's heads. More I played higher she got; so I swung into "Drifting Along witha Tumble Weed," but all of a sudden I come to my sense and saw the poor gal was a-goin' to hit the ceiling so I stopped and down she plopped like a shot duck. Well, suh. I tore out there where she wuz and the gals, squealing wusser'n' perished pigs rushed in on me. They felt of me till I felt mushy as a squeezed peach, then they throwed me and started snatching my rags off. It was getting purty tough. I heard somebody yelling to play. It was Mr. Doo-funny; so I held ol' Lizzie where she could hide my most wust nakedness. I strummed her and the gals jest cooed like doves and went back to their seats. I got back to the stand and played away, the gals stewed on, and Mr. Thing-a-me-jig passed me away. They said he went away a "satisfied martyr for his cause"—he had found a swoon singer that could equal another cigarette company's, but I can't tell who due to commercial rigths.

I'll write you next chance I git.

Yo' honey chile,

Looney

Hollywood Bowl  
Sept. the 3

Dear Ma,

I sho get around. Now I'm playing out here where they make them cowboy plays that we ain't got to see yit. Last night I was a-playing with these here peepul jest as fur as you can see on every side. There wuz a big ol' whacky band behind me. When I started playing they did too. I didn't like it nary bit. I wuz doing "Mountain Music" right on down in the short stroke when they tried to drown me out with all them fiddles and horns; so I turned 'round and told them to shet up. Then one of the smart alecs said, "Who in the hell do he think he is?" This made me so mad I jest swung out on "I'm Jest a Country Boy." Well suh, you should cughta seen them gals go wild. Two of them jest wiggled down in the flo'. I had

(Continued on page 22)



# Candlelight Commandments

by Jane Ruggles

*I do not want your adoration—  
until I have your admiration*

*Let your love come not as a sudden storm—  
but softly like the morning sunrise*

*Come to my tower and call, then call again—  
so that I may be sure you want me*

*Never ask me to love you—  
be so as to command my love*

*Never seek to warm yourself by my fires—  
unless you can feed the flame*

*Call me an angel only—  
after you have made me one*

*Bring to me none of your sorrows—  
that you will not let me share*

*Send your soul in search of mine—  
do not come yourself*

*Do not kiss me by candle light—  
and leave your thoughts with other flame*

*Do not think all good thoughts of me—  
but only understanding ones*

*Ask more of me than I can give—  
but be content with less*

*Do not say you cannot live without me—  
unless you know how to live*

*You can never be the first or the last with me—  
you must be both or none*

*Do not question me in silence—  
or in solitude*

*Be with me when I need you—  
or be with me not at all*

*Love me and leave me—  
but never leave me and love me*

*Do not talk poetry to me—  
unless you can say the same thing in prose*

*If you should see me straying from your side—  
but say my name in the night*

*Do not say you are mine—  
but say I am yours*

*Look for the best in me—  
but know the worst*

*Talk to me not only with your lips—  
but with your eyes*

*Laugh with me at a mischievous pup—  
and listen with me to the wind*

*Do not worship at the shrine of false gods—  
love one woman only*

*Be my strength and—  
let me be your weakness*

*Understand that I am only a woman—  
but do not take advantage of it*

*When you see me stumble—  
stand behind me but do not catch me*

*Be a part of me—  
and yet apart*

*Do not say my love is all you need—  
unless you are a God*

*Do not talk 'hell' when I can hear—  
let others talk it*

*Make of your love not a stone tower—  
but a cloister*

*To hold my heart entwine it only—  
with a Rambler rose and thorns*

*Bring me pansies for thought—  
and rosemary for remembrance*

*Know that I would not ask of you any thing—  
I would not do myself*

*If you cannot understand these—  
forget them all*

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Here the Mag presents a new author to its pages, who in her poem "Candlelight Command" writes an inspirational poem of simple beauty. Jane, a senior, is an English major who writes poetry on the side—just because she likes to.

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# NEVER AGAIN--A Short Short Story by Robert Rolnik

**G**REGOR SWIFT hadn't meant to get drunk the day of that important interview with President Larrimore.

He had gone into Charley's Bar and Grill for just one drink to give him a little nerve—but now it was too late. Dr. Larrimore's letter lay crumpled on the floor where Gregor had thrown it. Alice picked the paper up and smoothed it out.

"Can a wife read her hubby's personal mail?" she asked. He nodded glumly as she scanned the typewritten sheet. The phrases seemed to leap from the letter. ". . . sorry to report . . . have withdrawn our offer of professor's position on faculty . . . unbecoming behavior . . . reports of your chronic intoxication . . . unable to reconsider your case . . . must start back North to the university tomorrow night . . . Yours truly, Arthur P. Larrimore."

With all her might she held back the tears of disappointment. Then she said with calm determination "I am going to see president Larrimore right now,

myself, at his house before he leaves. Oh! Gregor, darling, I know he'll reconsider you!"

She took Gregor's broad shoulders and looked deep into his eyes the way only a woman could. "Gregor, promise me," she said, "that you'll never be weak again—never."

"Never again, darling," he whispered, "I promise."

He waited alone for her to return.

The front door opened sharply, Alice ran in, calling excitedly, "President Larrimore wants to see you tonight—right now. He'll reconsider you before he leaves. You must hurry, dear. He can't wait." Before he knew what was happening, Alice had rushed with him out the door. "This is your big chance, Gregor. You won't spoil it this time?"

"You can trust me," he said, "I promise, darling." On the dark porch he put his arms around her thin, fragile body and kissed her.

An hour passed. The hands had almost circled the clock a second time. The telephone rang. The voice at the other

end sounded angry, curt and sarcastic.

"Mrs. Swift? This is President Arthur P. Larrimore speaking. I am calling from the railroad station. I was unable to wait for your husband any longer. I had to make my train. Mr. Swift is ineligible for any position at our University much less that of a professor. As I was leaving the house I saw your husband staggering down the street. I did not wish to have another interview with a man in an intoxicated condition, so I did not bother to stop."

Alice rushed out into the darkness looking for Gregor, calling his name. She remembered over and over again what Gregor had said, "Never again, my darling. I promise." Suddenly an automobile screeched by, along the dark highway, its headlamps spotlighting the entire road. Alice clutched the railing beside her for support. A large, black tire-skid mark on the asphalt zig-zagged across into the tall grass at the side of the road where her husband's form, splashed with red, sprawled lifelessly on the ground.

*He: Darling, I'm groping for words.  
She: Well! You won't find them where you're groping.*

SHE'S THE KIND OF A GIRL  
THIS! LIKE AT LOOK AT YOU

"Daddy, why do they call them virgin forests?"

"My son, only God can make a tree."

For every woman who makes a fool out of a man, there's one who makes a man out of a fool.—Los Angeles Collegian.

*A metallurgist is a man who can tell a virgin metal from a common ore.*

## Reeling Bottles

I had 12 bottles of whiskey in my cellar and my wife told me to empty the contents of every bottle down the sink—or else! So I proceeded with the unpleasant task.

I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I then withdrew the cork from the second bottle and did likewise with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I extracted the cork from the third bottle and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass, which I drank.

I pulled the cork from the fourth sink and poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank. I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next one and drank one sink of it and poured the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork from the bottle. Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink, and drank the pour.

When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand, counted the bottles, corks, glasses, and sink with the other, which were 29; and as the house came by, I counted them again and finally had all the houses and corks and glasses and sinks counted, except one house which I drank.



# Nine Lives

a short story by Sue Brubaker

MAUREEN seemed to be upset that night. I remember how her eyes stared past us when we looked into her room to see if she had returned from her date.

"What's the matter?" Betty asked. "You look as though you've seen a ghost."

"Please, come in and talk with me awhile." Maureen seemed to be pleading. "Emily's in bed and she won't listen to me."

We went in and squatted on Maureen's bed. From the other corner of the room Emily muttered, "That's what I hate about room mates. They always want to talk in the middle of the night."

It was late in October. Twilight had come early that evening. Shortly after seven, a bright moon had risen, almost full, over the mountains that loomed behind the women's dormitory. It was almost ten o'clock when a thin grey cloud passed across the moon, so that only a faint haze lit our path.

Betty and I roomed next door to Maureen and Emily. We had gone to a movie, and passed Maureen and her date as we left the theater. "Come see me when you come in tonight," she had whispered as I passed her.

So we sat on Maureen's bed, and asked her about her date. She was cutting her hair, snipping off a curl here, a curl there, with a razor blade. Her light brown hair fell in waves over her shoulders, reflecting the light from the study lamp in shimmering rays of brown and gold.

"Do you know—" Maureen paused, the razor suspended in mid-air—"the funniest thing happened to me tonight. We were walking toward the dormitory. It was about a quarter to ten. You remember when it got so dark? Well, just as we passed the church, the moon came out from behind the cloud, and I saw a black cat crossing the path."

"Oh Maureen!" Betty laughed. "It's so stupid to be afraid of black cats."

"That's what Ken told me. I wanted to turn around and go back, but he wouldn't let me. So we kept on walking, and just as we got up to the cat, it turned and looked at me. It was horrible! Its eyes looked

like fire. I just gripped Ken's hand, and then, do you know what? That cat hissed at me, and ran off into the shadows."

There were tears in Maureen's eyes. Her hand shook so that she laid the razor on the bureau and sat down on the bed.

"Do you suppose it's an omen?" she asked.

"Sure," Betty said. "We'll probably have a flood tonight, and everyone will drown." Betty got up and walked to the door. "I don't know what you two mystics are going to do, but I'm going to bed."

"You better go to bed, too," I said to Maureen. "See you tomorrow."

She was still sitting on the bed, staring in front of her, when I left the room. Betty and I did not talk much as we undressed. The room was stuffy and depressing. I opened the window. Wind moaned in the naked branches of the trees. As I leaned over the window sill, looking into the blackness that must have been the ground beneath, the air stilled. There was an expectant hush, which seemed to grasp me with cold fingers, and draw me out into the night. I shuddered and moved away from the window.

"Come on to bed, repulsive," Betty grumbled.

I turned out the light and crawled between cold sheets. It seemed as though I must hold my breath, waiting for one gasp of air to break the silence. It seemed as though I had been lying there for hours, holding my breath like that. The clock ticked at my elbow, and I began to count the seconds as they passed. "One, two, three, four, five—six . . ."

A board creaked outside the door. I sat up in bed. Rain dashed against the window pane, and splattered on the sill. I heard the gurgle of water as it poured into the spout from the roof. I looked at the clock. The phosphorus hands pointed to the three.

**We asked her to give us another short story this month. This was her contribution. "It's almost a ghost story—full of superstition and black magic.**

I started as I saw the door of the room open slowly.

"Who's there?" I called.

A white night-gowned figure appeared around the corner of the door.

"Maureen!" I gasped. "What are you doing up at this time of night?"

Maureen moved slowly into the room, and stopped at the foot of Betty's bed. Her blue eyes looked quite black in contrast to her white face. It seemed as though she were illuminated with phosphorus like the face of my clock. She stood there, swaying back and forth, staring.

Betty turned over in her bed. "For heaven's sake," she protested. "What goes on here?"

"I had a dream," Maureen said.

Betty jumped to a sitting position. "You had a what?"

"Hush, Betty," I said.

"I dreamed I was standing all alone on the drive in front of the dorm. It was all dark, and I couldn't see anything. And I felt something wet dripping on my face." She paused.

"Go on, Maureen," I urged.

"Well, I put my hand up to my face to wipe it off, and when I looked at my hand it was covered with blood. Then it started to drip all around me, and I got scared. It started running down the gutter like a river. I was frightened to death, but something told me I had to see where it was coming from. I started to run, looking for the source of the river. I ran and ran, but I couldn't breathe."

She gasped.

"It just kept coming and coming, and I kept running and running. And when I woke up I still couldn't breathe."

"Why don't you sit down?" I asked. "I'm not sleepy, and it might make you feel better to talk awhile."

Betty grunted.

"No—" Maureen turned to leave the room—"I'll go and let you sleep." She turned, and disappeared behind the edge of the door.

She might as well have suggested that I turn hand springs on a silk thread. I turned and tossed until my covers were pulled out.

(Continued on page 23)



"Of course I only study once a week, but remember I serve my country's needs the other six nights.

## SONG TO A SHRIMP

Odiferous urchin of the sea:  
     a line or two from me to thee:  
 To you who live in oceans deep;  
     You shouldn't sow what you can't reap.  
 To you who dwell within your shell,  
     forgive me if I say you smell.  
 You attract the gullible man  
     with taste and color all you can.  
 But your coral tint and off-shade rose  
     are most offensive to the nose.  
 Your demands are very high  
     You want the best that dough can buy.  
 And if you're not put on ice  
     your reaction simply isn't nice.  
 There was a party not long ago,  
     you were invited—why, I don't know.  
 Personally speaking, I never could see  
     your magnetic attraction, fish of the sea.  
 But, you appeared and brought your pals;  
     and the cleaning of you was left up to us gals.  
 A slight misfortune occurred night before—  
     you were left out of the ice box door.  
 Even with air-wick, that remover of smell,  
     frankly, you succeeded in stinking like hell.  
 Not satisfied with just this fun,  
     the range of pranks you really did run.  
 You fooled all us people  
     who thought you'd not spoiled,  
 But, darlings, we were the one's who were foiled.  
 After picking and scraping  
     and removing your shells  
 You did look delightful—  
     except for the smells.  
 We told ourselves it was just your way  
     and that all shrimp stunk come what may.  
 We cleaned up the mess, glad to be through,  
     only later to find out something new.  
 We seasoned and tasted and seasoned some more  
 And then we opened the ice box door.  
 There you remained the rest of the day  
 And not until evening did we have to pay  
 When finally we brought you out on the sink  
 My sweets, 'twas then you really did stink—  
 'Twas no use to eat you, you were obnoxious to smell  
 And 'twas a pity we took off your shell.  
 And so, dear shrimps, as for me  
 I say, "To hell!" Let you stay in the sea.  
 You're not too considerate of people's plans  
 So, you shouldn't be eaten by mortal man.

—TOLIE MOREAU '43

## Jokes

Alicia. "This is my pet costume."  
 Tommie. "Splendid, sweetheart, let's."

"Be yourself, Bill, be yourself!"

"That's what I'm being, baby."

"Well, for Pete's sake, be somebody else, then."

*Mr. Metzinger, on being informed last Friday night that he was the father of triplets, was overjoyed. He sped directly to the hospital where his wife and newly-arrived family were. When he rushed into the room he was intercepted by a nurse. The nurse, as we have it, said, "Don't you know better than to come in here in germ-filled clothes? You're not sterile." Mr. Metzinger looked at the triplets for a moment and said, "Lady, are you telling me!"*  
 —Colorado Dodo.

He tried me on the sofa,  
 He tried me on the chair.  
 He tried me on the window sill  
 But he couldn't get it there.  
 He tried me lying on the couch,  
 I stood against the wall.  
 I even sat upon the floor  
 But it wouldn't work at all.  
 He tried me this way and that way  
 And oh how I did laugh  
 To see the many ways he tried  
 To get my—photograph!

Overheard in a bus conversation:  
 "My dear, you really should have four children—one for your husband, one for yourself, one for your country, and one just in case something happens."

### THE WOMANLESS WONDERLAND

*A hundred wolves in the Woollen shoozers,  
 Bared to the world for hours and hours.  
 No one ever notices the manly art  
 Of which he is but another part.  
 The place is like some creation queer.  
 How a girl could help the atmosphere!*

Mother: Son, you were born in March.  
 That was under the sign of *Pisces*. So you should marry a *Virgin*.

Son: Well, gee, I sure hope to, Mom.

Pvt. Joe had broken up with his girl. After ignoring several letters requesting the return of her photograph, Joe received one in which his ex-girl threatened to come to camp and get it. Deciding to squelch her once and for all, he gathered all the photographs in his foot locker, wrapped them up and enclosed this note, "Pick it out—I've forgotten what you look like."

# ??? OPERA ??? To Mary

Here, we present our own entirely original version of our own entirely original opera:

**SIMON GOLDBERG**

Tragedy (I'll say!) in three acts by Boris Grxynowkmdski. Libretto by John Jones.

## The Characters

THE MARQUIS DE SCHAPIRO, ruler  
of Orange County.....Tenor  
ELIZABETH, sweetheart of  
Rodrigo .....Soprano  
TURINO, first bottlewasher.....Basso  
BOMBO, second bottlewasher.....Basso  
YORICKO, first murderer.....Basso  
FFANDOLFO, second grave-  
digger .....Presbyterian

### Act I

As the curtain goes up, the servants of Lord Cecil, Regent of Lithuania, are making merry over the marriage of Bobo, brother-in-law of Mimi, to Lulu whose great aunt once removed is Fifi, Grand Empress of Afghanistan. In the midst of the festivities, Turino makes his triumphal return from Somoliland and Alfonso stops by to leave three quarts of pasteurized. A sudden attack by the Moors causes the servants to flee in consternation, leaving Gastonia and Basil alone on the stage where they sing their beautiful love-duet to the tune of that old folk song "Pistol-Packin' Mama." The act comes to a dramatic close as Dick Tracy makes short work of Pruneface.

### Act II

This act is laid in southwestern Wales. Schnickelfritz has come thither to recover the magic glockenspiel from Isador the dragon who stole it from King Ffogthistle forty-seven years ago. The King wants the glockenspiel very badly, as in it is hidden the key to the Men's Room. Schnickelfritz approaches Isador's lair wearing the enchanted brassiere which was made for him by the gnome Gimghoul. He cuts off the dragon's head and puts it in a small cardboard box where he says it must remain for the next three hundred and nineteen years. Isador objects.

### Act III

As the scene opens, a pitched battle is in progress between the co-eds, the fraternities, and Mrs. Stacy (Bari-tone). Mrs. Stacy leaves the field triumphant and the vanquished go off to join a neighboring nudist camp. The inmates greet them with their theme song, "L'Amori d'Elle Jori Qu'Elle ka Foo," which translated means "The Thrill is Gone." The suspense is heightened when Dean House comes to collect the rent. The play ends in a blaze of glory as Yokusuro commits hari-kari out of chagrin because he was not around to see Lady Godiva.

Curtain!

—BILL LANE.

You won't believe me when I say  
That life is gayer when you're near,  
That clouds which once blacked out my day  
Dispense. And with them goes my fear  
That love betrays the kindred heart  
To lower, baser, wicked things.  
Instead, dear one, I must impart  
That by its touch yours truly sings  
A song not far from happiness,  
And love, and laughter somehow strong  
In knowing that there's no distress  
For one who sings this joyful song.

What price distress and ill-begotten woe  
When measured by a song of proof,  
Which reconciles good deeds to show  
A love unmarred, though not aloof?  
Pray God that you will always be  
This near to me in soul and mind,  
So that through you my heart can see  
The beauty of a world entwined,  
Not 'round the greed and selfish hate  
Which garb man with the warring glove,  
But faith which seeks to satiate  
Itself within the bounds of love.

—BILL CRISP

## POOR BLIND FOOL

AS HE approached the bridge, he couldn't help feeling cheap and sensational. This wasn't even dramatic. He had often watched tragic movie heroes resort to this sort of thing; he had read novels in which Percy, "torn between the woman he loved and the father he respected," sought relief in the depths of the East River; and each time he had noticed a certain morbid glamor to their way of dying. But now, as he visualized the river below, cold and unsympathetic, he felt nothing but fear. He was aware only of his loneliness.

Men had lived on in his condition. He had heard of blind painters. Couldn't remember who they were just now, although he knew that there had been such men. But how did they exist? Men who trembled at the sight of far-off horizons and crimson skies and green farm lands; men who thrilled at the lines of a noble profile, at the symmetry of a Grecian urn, at the movement of a graceful animal; how could they exist devoid of eyesight? How could they live when their inspiration was the light of day and the darkness of night? What is eyesight to an artist? It is the medium between his soul and external beauty. His hand, his brush, his canvas are all servants to his eyes. How useless is a servant when the master is dead!

Boris leaned over the railing as far as he could, became limp and relaxed, and then allowed his body to take its course. People would read about it tomorrow in the papers. Perhaps someone would call him a "poor, blind fool."

\* \* \*

"I happened to be on the opposite side of the bridge when you fell. I got in touch with the police right away. I told them to bring you here, since my house is so near the river. You barely escaped drowning, you know."

Boris yawned and stretched. The bed felt so soft and comfortable and secure.

"Of course, you don't have to answer me if you don't want to. But I'd like to ask you something. Was that fall deliberate?"

"Yes, it was deliberate. May I ask your name, sir? After all, I should know who my rescuer is."

"Manley. Thomas Manley."

"You'll have to pardon my sarcasm, Mr. Manley, I really wanted to die, you see."

"Why?"

"Why? Why does one commit suicide? Fate pits its whole force against a man, and then expects him to hold his head high and walk through life majestically—an example of courage and fortitude. Some men, perhaps. But not I. What do you do for a living, Mr. Manley?"

"I paint."

"How interesting! I am a painter myself. Three months ago I was stricken with blindness. Do you see anything tragic in that?"

"Yes. That is certainly a great handicap."

"Handicap! A painter without eyesight! It's not a handicap, Mr. Manley. It's an impossibility. Certainly cause enough for a man to end his life."

"I suppose so. Well, now that you've recuperated, let me take you home. Someone must be worrying about you."

\* \* \*

Boris could feel the vibration of the motor as the automobile climbed a hill. A vibration, he thought. Natural beauty on every side, yet all my sensory impressions revolve about the vibration of a motor. How inspiring!

"So you have a chauffeur, Mr. Manley. A rather unusual luxury for someone in the artist's profession. Your portraits must have quite a lot of appeal."

"Yes, I must admit I have been successful."

The automobile came to a stop. Manley guided Boris out of the car.

"I suppose I should thank you for saving me from a watery grave. So, for the sake of convention, I thank you most heartily."

"You're quite welcome, my fate-buffed colleague. I owed it to you, in a way. You see, I too am blind."

—ROGER HALL.

## CHILDREN IN THE LAND

(Continued from page 6)

with you and a better bunch you won't find anywheres."

The old woman left Mary Louise to creak her way down the dark stairs.

Towards late afternoon as she was returning to her room, her body tingling with the balm of a warm bath she heard the scurry of feet on the stairs. Discreetly she hurried to her room and listened as the sound of laughter interspersed with talk came to her. She began to dress when she heard a knock on the door. Before she could make a movement the door opened to admit three girls. . . .

*There was Moe Finney, a dark, plump girl with a twang and a whine to her voice out of Illinois who had worked in four cities, bean shops, five-and-tens following her soldier-lover . . . there was Lily Green who moved for the hell of it, for the thrill of it, for the good money, for what she could get out of it and no man her master . . . there was Mrs. Keppe, a soft-eyed rabbit of a woman with her rabbit brood who sold her furniture in Wilmington, Delaware to be with her huge, Hungarian husband; both had been born in Wilmington. . . . All lived now on a second floor community in a northern town four miles to the nearest camp. . . .*

Before dusk had settled on the town Mary Louise walked into town. Now in the falling light of day the streets and the moving crowds didn't seem strange. A buoyancy rose in her. Gradually, as dusk faded into evening she tired of walking and she paused before a small cafe. A menu was pasted on the window and instinctively she examined it. There was time. Earlier in the afternoon the Red Cross had telephoned and had told her that Paul had received her name and address. Now she would lunch. As her eyes surveyed the quietly lit interior of the shop a quick sense of disbelief came over her.

It couldn't be and yet . . . near the cashier's desk . . . at a table there . . . was that a familiar turn of a head? The contour of a back . . . and yet . . . was it Paul? A coiling sensation of restricted hotness that cut her breath short seized her.

There was someone with him. Who was she? And was she with Paul? Was it really Paul? Quickly she turned away, her back to the shop. Of course it was foolish to feel this way. Again she turned to the window and watched the broad, uniformed back, the head moving to the rhythm of what was being said. She *was* beautiful.

She walked away . . . afraid . . . terror-stricken. She had heard stories . . . she had read about such things. The girls at the boarding house had been harsh in their talk concerning their men. Perhaps Mrs. Keppe could tell her what to do. She had seemed quick to sympathize. There was

an impulse to return to the cafe but there was also a reluctance to re-trace her fear. She took the bus to the corner and sat staring out the window: her mind holding a leash to her confusion.

But Mrs. Keppe had left early that evening. There was no one in the dark house. She climbed the stairs slowly. Was it Paul? Was it Paul? She wasn't sure. She didn't know. She found that her luggage had arrived while she had been absent. In desperation she began to unpack her bags . . . slowly . . . methodically. She became conscious of every sound in the room. The ticking of her clock seemed to accent her grief. Suddenly she heard the door buzzer downstairs. Her ears, sensitized to sound, felt it rather than heard it. She paused. She heard the landlady scurry from the back of the house to the door near the foot of the stairs. Voices . . . Then . . . his voice. . . .

Suddenly . . . ever so suddenly . . . she forgot her disbelief, her doubt. Her mind carolled his name and when his voice came nearer she ran to him there on the landing her voice a blur of love and tears. She led him into the room and examined his face, his mouth, the fullness of him. They sat on the edge of her bed as she laughed and murmured, laughing she laughed, laughed at herself. Then in the torrent of detail concerning her trip, the peopled crowds, the town . . . her eyes suddenly saw that endearing turn of his head and she moistened her lips and stared at him. But in his joy at her presence he found himself talking; allowing the reserves of his thought to flow out to her.

" . . . they do everything for us in this man's army and Lord knows we're grateful . . . terribly grateful . . . free passes to shows, dinners by the best people. And Mary I've been just one of many . . . you can be alone in a crowd, did you know that? I wanted to send for you but there was no way of knowing when we'll be put on a train with the blinds down and hurtled across the country to another place, another camp. . . . I've gone out, had dates just so I could talk to someone, hear a girl laugh, see a scarlet smile and know a woman is sitting beside you hearing you talk your fool head off . . . do you mind, Mary?"

And there on the second floor of a boarding house she could have shouted at his honesty, her closeness to him. No, she didn't mind . . . she didn't mind. Her body sang as it had never sung before.

The landlady creaked her way upstairs to the second floor to follow the voices that resounded through the house. She had almost reached the landing when she heard the door close near the end of the hall. Well, she thought, he did say he was the girl's husband. She clicked the light off the second floor. The electric bills were awful . . . even for these times. . . .

## LOONEY

(Continued from page 16)

to play "John Henry" about fifteen straight times.

Before I had made my return engagement for the twenty-third time I had made two pictures for 20th Century Fox. I had also been to five or ten big blow-outs where a bunch of 'Publicans wuz a-trying to get me to run for president on their side. I said, "Naw suh, I ain't no 'Publican 'cause my grandpappy once voted for a Democrat." I sho' ain't gonna try on the Democrat side neither, 'cause even I wouldn't have a chance against Roosevelt.

I also got word from the Lucky Struck Company to come and sing "Pistol Packin' Mama" for them. It ain't missed the program for seventy-five straight weeks, but now they ain't got their swoon coon Sintontra to sing for 'em. They sez he's got enough cases to be tried with gals to last ten years of he didn't get no sentences.

I also got a telegram from a guy named Flynn. He asked me didn't I want to start a private orphanage with him? Wonder what he means?

Gotta go now!

Yo' mountain dew,

Looney

P. S. Has you seen the ten pages of pitchers about me in the Life magazine?

Hollywood  
Dec. 2

Dear Ma,

What you reckon has happened? I was a-playing some of my out of the world stuff the other night. The gals was scratching like cats and slobbering like mad dogs. Presently, a painted varmint come pullin' a frying-size kid along with her. She come up to me and throwed her nasty arms 'round me and kissed me in the mouth and the li'l ol' kid hollered, "Daddy—Daddy"—and somebody took a picture. Ma, I wuz so scairt I almost passed out—and her breath smelled like smoke too, Ma. Ma, they is gonna put that pitcher in the papers too. I don't keer who sees it, jist so the peepul back home don't. I'd be ruint for life; so I'm gonna to beat that pitcher home and git the paper before it gits over to the store. Nobody won't know I've been away, then, acting the fool, will they, Ma?

Yo' prodigal son returning,

Looney

## add corn

A pessimist is a man who wears suspenders and a belt.

Then there was the Scot who learned braille so he could read in bed without burning the lights.

## BERSHAK

(Continued from page 7)

Forest. Tennessee's Volunteers were next on the list and they fell 14-6 with Bershak taking much of the credit.

Maryland reportedly had a strong eleven in '36 and promised to give the rampaging Pennsylvanian something to write home about but he didn't write. Instead he played one of his finest games, taking a pass from Little and laterally to Ditt for a 26 yard touchdown drive that took the heart out of the Old Liners.

New York University in Yankee Stadium followed and for the fourth consecutive Saturday afternoon, the Tar Heels took a grid game with the same number of points, 14, as they eked out a 14-13 victory.

Tulane's great Green Wave clamped on a shellacking in New Orleans on October 24 but no light at all was taken from Bershak. The score in that debacle was a pathetic 7-24 but the one touchdown scored by Carolina was the lone work of Andy. He blocked a Tulane punt in the end zone and covered it for the tally.

N. C. State toppled 21-6 as Bershak blocked a punt, led a 66 yard passing TD and helped in the final score as he received an aerial for 18 yards, Hutchins driving over for the count.

Davidson was hapless and the Heels romped to a 26-6 win, and the big Duke eleven was next on the card.

But Duke then, as ostensibly always, was star-studded. Clarence "Ace" Parker did everything but climb the goal posts as the Devils won 27-7 in Kenan Stadium. Bershak recovered a Parker fumble and received one pass in the losing cause.

South Carolina's Gamecocks lost to the Tar Heels on November 21, by a score of 0-14, the fifth game in which Carolina scored 14 points during that season.

And '36 football closed with the traditional Thanksgiving Day Virginia battle in Charlottesville. Handy-Andy lived his name that afternoon in the 59-14 rout.

With the close of that year came the first national recognition for the "toughest end in the nation." The Associated Press picked the big boy on its second team All-American, a distinction seldom realized by any gridster with another year to play.

Bershak, along with Backfield Ace Crowell Little, was elected co-captain of the '37 aggregation and another good year was destined. That team won seven, lost one and tied one, defeating a great Duke squad.

Carolina rolled over N. C. State 20-0, New York U. did little better as the Heels took a 19-6 victory, Davidson fell 26-0, and Bershak et al took a one sided game from Wake Forest.

South Carolina's Gamecocks were tougher in '37 and earned a 13-13 tie even though badly outrushed by the Tar Heels.

Then a game that was not a win but a distinct loss with Fordham proved a stepping stone to glory for Bershak. Losing

by 14-0, the Tar Heels were paced all afternoon by a tireless demon of a man called Handy-Andy.

Here is what the Associated Press said of Bershak after that tussle: "The Old South's finest end is Andy Bershak of North Carolina. Bershak, a spectacular type, was stopped only by Fordham but that took little away from the all around excellence of his play."

Tulane, always potent in Southern circles, dropped a 13-0 decision to Bershak & Co. And the Duke game was in the making.

Here is a lead carried by a N. C. newspaper following that joyous afternoon: "An underdog University of North Carolina team—sixty minute men who fought relentlessly to the last leg-weary moment—smashed their way to a 14-6 victory over the previously unbeaten Duke Blue Devils here today."

And in the same story: "For the victors, Bershak, rangy ball hawk and brilliant defensive end, stamped himself definitely as All-American calibre. He was in the opponent's backfield half the afternoon, breaking up plays before they formed, and several times he snagged forward passes which paved the way to pay dirt."

The season and Bershak's football playing career ended with a 40-0 shutout of Virginia.

Everyone in the nation who followed the grid whirl knew Andy was a born All-American that year and Wallace Wade, ex-Duke mentor, remarked: "I shall be disappointed if that lad is not named on the first All-American team."

Well he not only made All-American, he made six first string All-Americans, a second and a third, possibly more than any other Southern athlete ever made.

Harry Grayson writing for NEA: "Andy Bershak, greatest end in North Carolina history, is awarded the terminal job. A senior standing even six feet, weighing 187 pounds, Bershak is regarded as the best end in the South since Jerry Dalrymple of Tulane."

Bershak thus ended his grid playing forever. He graduated the following June with a B.S. in commerce, and then like a thunderbolt physicians passed the death sentence on Andy, so startling, so tragic that many a Carolina face wore grimness for days.

Yes, Andy cannot live more than a couple of years at the most, physicians said, because he has a severe and chronic case of nephritis that will kill him slowly.

Then in the seemingly robust and prime condition of young manhood, Bershak was told point blank of his diagnosis and of the inability of modern medical science to help him. Even a blow like this failed to depress the brilliant, manly spirit of Andy.

But rather than return home to die, he chose to remain in Chapel Hill as a member of the football coaching staff, and that

he did until the winter of '42 when he went back to Clairton, Pa., his home, obviously feeling the killing effect of his defective kidneys.

Thus at the age of 28 years and 11 days, November 19, 1943, a telegram arrived at Woollen gymnasium. It stated: "Andy Bershak died this morning."

A great University of North Carolinian, a great All-American gentleman and All-American athlete has crossed life's final stripe.

## NINE LIVES

(Continued from page 19)

It rained steadily for a while, then settled into a quiet drizzle. I began to count the drops as they pattered on the tin roof. Drip, drip, one, two, three, drip, drip. It was no use. Even that did not put me to sleep. I got up and went to the window. The sky was clearing, and I could see a faint purple where the dawn would break in an hour or so. I was shivering. I turned to get back into bed, when Emily burst into the room.

She looked around the room, then at me. "Where's Maureen?" The words were scarcely audible.

Betty groaned. "My god!"

"What do you mean?" I asked. "She was here about forty-five minutes ago, but she went back to bed."

"No she didn't." Emily rushed to the door. "She isn't there now."

Betty jumped out of bed and slipped on her bath robe. The three of us ran down the hall to Maureen's room. Her bed was empty. A door slammed.

"What was that?" Betty whispered.

We went to the head of the stairs and listened. A cold draft of air burst against us.

Emily looked at me. "The front door must be open."

I do not remember going down those stairs. Thinking back now, it seems as though I must have discovered wings for the purpose. I do not remember going out the door, or how I got to the front porch. But I do remember standing there on the cold bricks, Betty and Emily hovering close behind. It was beginning to get light, but we could scarcely see three feet ahead of us. A heavy fog settled close to the gravel drive. I don't know what prompted us to run off the porch and down the drive toward the street, but all three of us moved as of one accord.

We were about ten yards from the porch when we stopped short. There at my feet sat Maureen in her white night gown. She was humming softly. Her head was bent, and wet hair hid her face from us. At her side was a razor blade. Her night gown was stained with blood.

I dropped to my knees beside her. In her arms was a black cat, its throat slit wide open.

## IN THE FLEET

(Continued from page 10)

gan to use the terminology as though he had been born in a square-rigger and had rounded the horn a hundred times. The braid on his hat began to show the least speck of green.

The bridge of a small ship became as familiar to him as the newsroom of a daily paper, which was pretty much progress as far as he was concerned.

But it took an old warrant boatswain to assuage his fears:

"You know damn well, 'boots', that when I finally do get assigned to a ship permanently the older men aboard will regard me as a green bastard who learned his Navy out of books and thinks an 'SC' should take a heavy sea two points on the bow simply because some other reserve officer told him so. Christ, they'll obey his orders out of habit but the crew's mess hall will resound with wild tales of his many boners." The navy officer was in a low mood.

"Listen," the warrant said. "Can you work a star sight?"

"Of course."

"Can you throw a bowline?"

"Sure, a double bowline and a running bowline. So what?"

"Can you conn a small ship,?" the warrant said. "Can you dock her, can you give orders to the helm, to the lines, to the engines? Can you send semaphore, blinker? Can you make reports to the captain? Do you know how to fill out a commissary form, how to render battle first aid, how to load a machine gun and how to fire a big one? Do you know wardroom etiquette, how captain's mast is conducted, what the master-at-arms duties are? Can you give a man an exam for advance in rating? Could you, with the proper equipment make up an approximate weather report?"

The ensign began to see what he was driving at.

"Well," said the old warrant beligerently, "disregarding the time rulings, you could qualify for a gunner's mate, a radioman, a signalman, a quartermaster, a machinists mate, a pharmacist's mate, a yeoman, a radar man, a boatswain's mate and others—plenty of others. Pardon the bold-speaking, but you young officers are picked because you can learn a lot of stuff in a hurry and hold on to it well enough to teach some of it back to other people. A month at sea to iron out the kinks and you won't have to worry about your men. They know one job. You know a hundred. Damn. I don't see how they do it so fast."

The warrant turned back to his work. The ensign departed. He saluted the colors, received permission to go ashore. He crossed the bow, at peace with the world.

Orders sent him yet further south, to a place reputed to be a last outpost of civilization in this country. Again a lesson—in disregarding scuttlebutt. The base was remote, all right, but the facilities were good.

Bachelor officer quarters were clean and neat, the food was sufficient and the training as practical as training can be without actual contact with the live enemy.

He pored over confidential publications, learning truths in technique—fondly called "doctrine" by the Navy. He explored the technicalities of submarine hunting and destruction. He learned the intricacies of convoy organization. He went to sea and studied. He ran the ships of a size and type that he would later see active duty aboard. And, brother, he was getting as salty as a week old mackerel. His apprentice seaman days seemed memories from a former life, remote as his grammar school career.

This ensign regarded his shoulder boards, now turning the least bit dingy from exposure to salt spray. He returned a salute and a cheery "good evening, sir" and didn't feel at all peculiar. He felt he was ready.

What did the Navy think? We report with regret—the Navy hasn't decided. Some more specialized training and then assignment to duty with the midget fleet, perhaps. Maybe a ship next week, maybe next month, but soon. Very soon.

Anyway, this story isn't about the navy, it's about a man who started out to be a cowboy, then a policeman, then an international jewel thief. This changed to a vision of glory with a typewriter and cooperation among all men. For the immediate future, the forecast is the restless ocean, a good fight, to know a job has been well-done.

## SOUND AND FURY

(Continued from page 14)

own glamour studio in Long Beach, and did much commercial color photography. Glamorous Millicent Hosh, who holds the distinction of being the only coed-

photographer on the campus, is also photographer for the *Sound and Fury* production. Millie was voted one of the twelve most beautiful coeds on the campus last year, and was selected as Pin-Up Girl for last month's magazine. Born in Gainesville, Georgia, she attended Brenau College, where she majored in dramatics.

Acting for Kat Hill, editor of the Tar Heel, is just a hobby. The first coed ever to edit the Tar Heel, associate editor of the Mag, she is also on the Yackety Yack staff, in student legislature, and is a member of the Carolina Political Union, Student Welfare Board, Student Legislature and Student Entertainment Committee. Kat is a member of Chi Delta Phi National Literary Sorority for Women, and is in the 1943-44 edition of *Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities*. She would like to have her own newspaper someday; she mixes her own make-up, and declares that leg make-up is God's boon to womanhood.

Other members of the cast are Jane Ann Craumer, Georgia Webb, Marion Saunders, Frances Cely, Betty Lou Cypert, Bill Russell, Lee Zimmer, Pete Van Zandt, Jimmie White, John Temple, Arthur Goldberg, Elliot Carroll and Charles Allen.

In selecting coeds for the dancing chorus, attention was given to their physical attraction as well as to their dancing ability, in an earnest endeavor to please the male members of the three anticipated audiences. In the line are Harriet Jefferson, Monnie King, Ginger Lipsey, Edith Shapiro, Jeanne Oberst, Peggy Miller, Jeanne Cannon, Peggy Teague, Peggy Stanton, Betsy Couch, Marion Saunders, Gean Sasser, Betty Folsom, Jeannette Miller, Nancy Robinson, Mary Payne Jett, Elizabeth Stifel, Cassie Caldwell.



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# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

A Publication of Campus Life

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Editor  
Lois Ribelin Cranford

Associate Editor  
Kat Hill

Business Manager  
Olive Price Charters

THE STAFF

*Editorial:* Jud Kinberg, Jane Ruggles, Horace Carter, A/S, Bill Lane, Robert Rolnik, Toy Easterling, Ernie Frankel, USMCR, Wayne Kernodle, Sid Bost, David Hanig, Lib Stoney, Lloyd Koppel, NROTC, Joan Martin, Joanne Edson, Sue Brubaker, Betty Moore, Wes Gentry, Ann Webster, Bill Crisp.

*Photography:* Joe Denker, Tyler Nourse.

*Art:* Kappy Watters, Allen Kaufman, A/S.

*Circulation:* Roger Hall, Bill Little, Cam Saunders.

*Business:* Ben Perlmutter, Winnette White, Betty Jean Smith, Nell Shanklin.

*Special credit:* Nancy Lanier, Phillips Russell, W. M. Pugh, Deacon Callahan, Hank Harrington.

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**IN THIS ISSUE**

jane ruggles, author of "candlelight commandments," which appeared in last month's mag, writes again—this time in lighter vein—a number of short poems scattered throughout this issue.

robert rolnik contributes a complete-on-one-page story of a university student who fell in love with a carnival girl. the story goes on from there. you'll find it on page eleven, entitled a pair of gypsy earrings.

nancy lanier, secretary to dean house and wife of director of student aid edwin s. lanier, has written a short story, major's furlough, which appears in this month's mag.

tyler nourse and joe denker handled photographic assignments for the mag. tyler did the 1943 shot of the steps of south building and the pic of mr. philips; joe covered the mag with the christmas gift, betty majette by name, and pinned-up sally hipp on page ten.

jud kinberg, retiring managing editor of the tar heel and also claimed as an important member of our staff, reviewed the university's part in another year at war.

wayne kernodle turns out a bit of humor for us this month with marbles and men on page fifteen.



In a time when literature is frequently regarded a pure luxury, to be closeted for the duration, several people on the campus with belief in its importance maintain that its loss, or even temporary silence, would destroy the very reasons for which we declare that we have entered this war.

Some of these individuals, prominently Warren Carrier, of the Spanish Department, and T. Weiss, of the English Department, have materialized this belief in a magazine, "The Quarterly Review of Literature," to appear at the end of November. The first issue contains a healthy share of campus literary activity. However, the magazine aims at national and even international scope. Thus names as richly various as Paul Green, E. E. Cummings, Jorge Carrera Andrade, Carlos Gracia-Prada and Howard Huse, chairman of the Department of Comparative Literature here, color the winter issue. The name Andrade suggests the Latin American appetite of the magazine. It intends to include specimens in translation of the best our neighbor countries have recently produced.

Latin issues promise work by writers like Mark Van Doren, Norman MacLeod, Harry Levin and Charles Mills. The magazine invites contributions and subscriptions at \$3.00 a year, to be sent to box 752 at Chapel Hill.

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## BOOKS OF THE MONTH

Among the "Christmas gift" books at the book stores are two new novels that are not heavy with blood and thunder or philosophic expounding. One of them, *But Gently Day*, is by Robert Nathan, who has already won many of us with his *Portrait of Jenny*. Using his ability to play tricks with time and introduce a bit of mysticism convincingly, he has a modern soldier—one just killed in a plane crash—as his hero. In what the author may have meant to be a dream following death, the boy goes home on furlough, taking with him a chaplain he has met on the way. He arrives two centuries before his birth at his homestead—comfortable among his own people, yet not one of them. The young soldier comes to understand that every age is as hopeless and as hopeful as another and that about and within youth is always the fight between acceptance and the desire to see and live beyond the horizon. A love affair with a neighboring girl, Eileen, hints that love, at least, transcends time.

Edita Morris, born in Sweden, sets her first novel there on probably the exact estate on which she was born. Her main characters, the inseparable Jezza and Anna, tell the story, one in one chapter and the other in the next. Jezza's chapters are bold and exciting, for her feet get "hoppy" when she is glad and she throws things when she gets angry. Anna's chapters are more delicate and kind, as is "Anna of the silent mouth."

From their childhood reactions they tell more vividly and more humorously than would an adult of the characters they live with. The life-loving Uncle Rolf, who is described by one of his tramps as "a king among men because he makes every man a king." Three of the four aunts are shriveled with age in body and soul, but Ninna, Jezza's idol, dances in her silver slippers—with one lung gone. The vigilant old cook opens the mail and throws away what she doesn't like. The calm grandmother tries to help Anna and Jezza in their search for the worth in life, and from one of her quotations comes the name of the book, "Rescue my soul from their destructions, *My Darling from the Lions*."

—LIB STONEY



*"Stop flicking those fans!  
I can't light my Sir Walter Raleigh"*

NOTHING BUT FANS whenever smokers try *this* suggestion: clean your pipe regularly, and keep it filled with mild 'n' mellow Sir Walter Raleigh. After your first puff of fragrant Sir Walter, you'll know in a flicker that it's extra mild, extra choice, extra cool. Try "the quality pipe tobacco of America."

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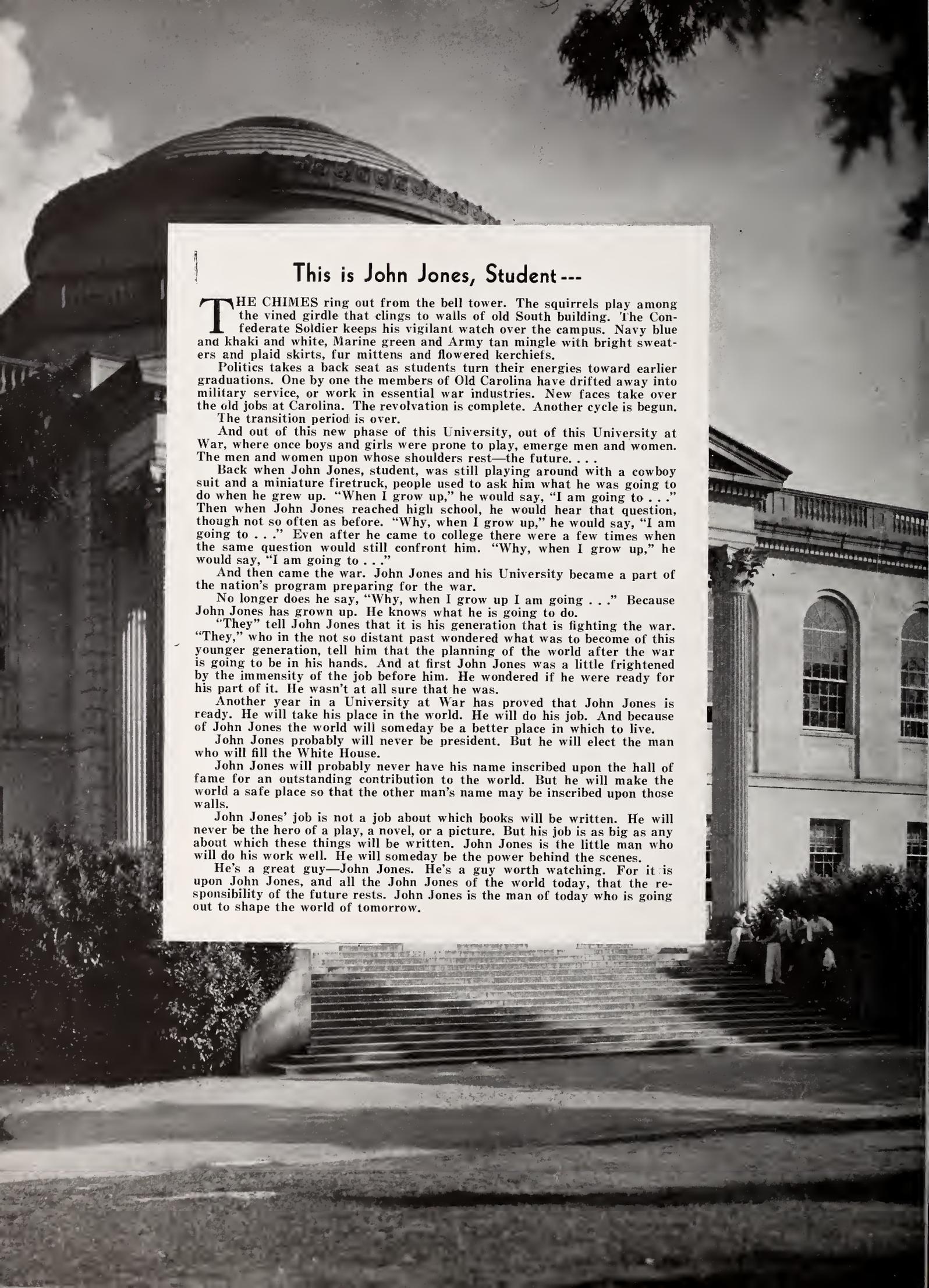
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## This is John Jones, Student---

**T**HE CHIMES ring out from the bell tower. The squirrels play among the vined girdle that clings to walls of old South building. The Confederate Soldier keeps his vigilant watch over the campus. Navy blue and khaki and white, Marine green and Army tan mingle with bright sweaters and plaid skirts, fur mittens and flowered kerchiefs.

Politics takes a back seat as students turn their energies toward earlier graduations. One by one the members of Old Carolina have drifted away into military service, or work in essential war industries. New faces take over the old jobs at Carolina. The revolution is complete. Another cycle is begun.

The transition period is over.

And out of this new phase of this University, out of this University at War, where once boys and girls were prone to play, emerge men and women. The men and women upon whose shoulders rest—the future. . . .

Back when John Jones, student, was still playing around with a cowboy suit and a miniature firetruck, people used to ask him what he was going to do when he grew up. "When I grow up," he would say, "I am going to . . ." Then when John Jones reached high school, he would hear that question, though not so often as before. "Why, when I grow up," he would say, "I am going to . . ." Even after he came to college there were a few times when the same question would still confront him. "Why, when I grow up," he would say, "I am going to . . ."

And then came the war. John Jones and his University became a part of the nation's program preparing for the war.

No longer does he say, "Why, when I grow up I am going . . ." Because John Jones has grown up. He knows what he is going to do.

"They" tell John Jones that it is his generation that is fighting the war. "They," who in the not so distant past wondered what was to become of this younger generation, tell him that the planning of the world after the war is going to be in his hands. And at first John Jones was a little frightened by the immensity of the job before him. He wondered if he were ready for his part of it. He wasn't at all sure that he was.

Another year in a University at War has proved that John Jones is ready. He will take his place in the world. He will do his job. And because of John Jones the world will someday be a better place in which to live.

John Jones probably will never be president. But he will elect the man who will fill the White House.

John Jones will probably never have his name inscribed upon the hall of fame for an outstanding contribution to the world. But he will make the world a safe place so that the other man's name may be inscribed upon those walls.

John Jones' job is not a job about which books will be written. He will never be the hero of a play, a novel, or a picture. But his job is as big as any about which these things will be written. John Jones is the little man who will do his work well. He will someday be the power behind the scenes.

He's a great guy—John Jones. He's a guy worth watching. For it is upon John Jones, and all the John Jones of the world today, that the responsibility of the future rests. John Jones is the man of today who is going out to shape the world of tomorrow.

# The Coed in the War

by Kat Hill

A University at War—and so has another great year come to an end at last.

Headlines threaten drafting women, either for military service or for work in essential war industries. We see women in khaki, in gray, in navy blue or white, in olive drab or marine green. White clad angels of mercy, nurses' aides, Red Cross volunteers, civilian defense arm bands and stickers. Point rationing, meal planning, black-outs, the swing-shift, USO entertainers, canteen hostesses, war bond sales talk, part-time mothers.

Thus the newspapers, magazines, radios, motion pictures, and stage productions proclaim our women of the year.

But what have women students at the University of North Carolina contributed toward victory during the past twelve months?

The much publicized, much ridiculed feminine CVTC unit still trains. Many of its members are preparing to go into military service as soon as graduation comes. Several UNC graduates are already officers in the WAVES. Others preferred to join the WACs. A few are now in training at the United States Marine base in New River, North Carolina. Some have donned the uniform of the Coast Guard for the duration.

The coeds serve the Navy—in Swain hall, Lenoir hall, the Carolina Inn cafeteria. For the first time last spring, personnel at Lenoir accepted a group of coed students for work. The almost desperate plea for more help was answered, and from there the other dining halls serving members of our armed forces stationed on campus picked it up—and were answered. Dishing out official rations across a counter for two meals a day was no picnic, but the coeds stuck to the job.

The War Fund Drive, the most successful ever launched at Carolina, was speeded through with a Miss Co-chairman. Booths were installed at the YMCA, coeds went to work there and in the women's dorms collecting for War Stamps and Bonds, for toys for children, for Christmas Seals. Sorority pledges ran up points by collecting for the fund drive at the doors of the theatres.

**The coeds provide entertainment.**

The cast and crews of the very successful Playmaker production, "The

Boss of Bar Z," were largely made up of coed students in the department of dramatic art. After a four-night run here, including a special performance for the Navy Pre-Flight School cadets, the Playmakers took the show to one of the USO's in Durham, and also out to Camp Butner for a performance before men confined in the hospital there.

Sound and Fury revived its somewhat latent potentialities with an original musical comedy, "Gadabout," written by a coed and a Navy V-12er, using members from all of the different groups on campus, military and civilian, in its production. A three-night howling success in Memorial Hall brought talk of taking the show on tour of Army camps in the state after Christmas. Suggestions poured in to the organization for a Canteen movement to be sponsored by Sound and Fury, to be dependent upon the coed population on the Hill for entertainment.

At the Chapel Hill service center, various coed organizations and volunteer workers take their turns acting as hostesses on weekend afternoons and nights. Saturday afternoons in the women's dorms find coed hostesses taking over the job of arranging cadates for the entire weekend.

The coeds aid in supplying knitted wearing apparel and bandages for the Army and the Navy. A nurses' aid course was started, first aid courses continue.

There is no need of a review of the increase in the number of women students who are majoring in physics, chemistry and related subjects with an eye toward getting into essential work. Today several of these majors are acting as lab instructors in both civilian and Navy courses.

Less directly connected with actual war work, but an intangible part of life on the Hill is the work of the coeds in student government, for the salvation of the honor system, in the student legislature.

Many have been the critics who have loudly ranted at the coeds for not taking greater advantages of the times, for not answering the call for even more coed participation in the running of the campus. A few are working, they said, but not enough. Yet these critics have never stopped to remember that until the last two years Carolina has been a man's school, that the men here have worked long and hard to impress themselves and the country with that fact. Their lesson was so well taught that the complete reversal of their policy toward coeds has been a little confusing. At first it was hard for the coeds to get used to the idea of coming out from the back seat driving and taking over the steering wheel.

But the coed has seen her place on the wartime campus, and has risen admirably to take her place alongside the male student in this second year of war. She has put her shoulder to the wheel and is pushing fully as hard as her brother in uniform to keep the University going forward. And she observes with just a hint of a smile that the men on campus fully approve her climbing over the back of the seat and onto the front as she too assumes her share of the responsibility of leading a college campus in wartime.



# True Tales of Tragedy

by Horace Carter, A-S

The tales appearing in this article are authentic and happened exactly as they are related. The author was one of the parties involved in the first and third incidents and procured first hand information from a shipmate on the Trinidad episode.

A FEW MONTHS ago a petty officer in the British Royal Navy lay dying in an American Naval Hospital. His breathing had already reached the gasping stage and medical officers who had worked fervently, but in vain, quit the case and stood by for the inevitable expiration.

Just before the end, the pale, sinking Englishman beckoned an attending hospital corpsman to his bedside and asked that a letter be taken from a handbag in the nearby foot locker. The corpsman found the letter and brought it to the bed without speaking.

"Read it to me, please!" the semi-conscious sailor begged in a raspy whisper. And the corpsman began:

Dear John,

I wish you were here in England with me now. The trees are green and flowers are in bloom everywhere. About all the scars from the bombing are gone now and it doesn't look like the England you saw last year but more like the old England we once cherished together.

Junior was two years old last Thursday, dear. I hope you remembered. He's a big boy now, and you should see him. I tell him almost every day about his dad, what a great and fine man you are, and that you will be back soon. And won't you be home soon, darling? It has been such a long time, nearly 16 months, and it seems like twice as long.

But I know and understand that you can't come back until your ship sails to England. That may be a long time but then again it might not be so long. Anyhow the news is good over here, and the RAF along with the American Air Force is tearing up Nazi industry if the papers know the truth.

Goodnight, my darling, take good care of yourself and here's hoping that you come home to us before many more months.

Your loving wife,

Lucy.

P.S. I hope the cold you spoke of in your last letter was nothing serious. If you were home I would heat some water and pull out the foot tub for a long, hot soak, as I so often did when you used to come in from hunting. But I know you will be all right, so goodnight again, dear.

With that last sentence, the hospital corpsman looked up from the crumpled and much read letter to the face of the British "tar." His eyes were closed forever and a chagrin feeling of futility gripped the occupants of death's chamber. Pneumonia had taken another toll.

The following week, British Cruiser No.—, to which the late petty officer was attached, shoved off from an American port for home. For almost a year it had been confined to a U. S. drydock undergoing repairs inflicted by a German "tin-fish" while serving with Allied Navies afloat.

\* \* \*

The Island of Trinidad, jungle-like bastion of American air and sea might, leased from the British for 99 years at the outbreak of World War 2, located off the Brazilian coast, harbors tribes of natives converted by a pre-war Nazi contingency into dangerous enemies of the allies.

As the story goes, an American blue-jacket serving on Trinidad had entered a native village on a weekend liberty intent upon a bit of well-earned relaxation. During the course of his liberty, a dastardly mob of these hostile natives waylaid him. He was beaten mercilessly and left to die. Hours later shipmates found the unconscious sailor, carried him back to camp and medical attention. And he miraculously recovered.

But back to the story.

Moblike and yelling for revenge, hundreds of bluejacket friends of the maltreated sailor, banded and marched to the village with the sole purpose of smoking out the slaughtering thugs and dealing with them accordingly. But one shipmate had been left behind at the base because of his peace loving attitude.

That neglected sailor had been monickered "Peacemaker" by all who knew him because that was what he incessantly sought to accomplish—preserve the peace with all peoples.

Delayed news of the departed mob reached "Peacemaker's" ears minutes after the party left the camp on the double. But even "Peacemaker's" age in

comparison with shipmates was forgotten as he fled in pursuit. On the outskirts of the village, the mob's destination, "Peacemaker" joined them, completely winded and exhausted.

Talking forcefully and diplomatically, he succeeded in convincing the throng that and measures they might take would only add to the trouble already broiling. Thus resignedly and melancholy, the belligerent Americans turned and sauntered back toward camp.

"Peacemaker," still tired from his over-enduring run, followed the crowd several paces behind. And then a commotion prompted an automatic about-face by every man. All eyes focused on one object—the prone, face down figure of "Peacemaker" lying bleeding in the dusty road. Fleeting footsteps were heard in the jungle underbrush and then all was quiet.

Five minutes later "Peacemaker" breathed his last and died. He had been bludgeoned from behind by the foe he protected only moments earlier.

\* \* \*

American war veterans who return to limelight the business, religious, political and educational world, among other things, are constantly in the headlines but the little men are seldom heard—their pride at having aided the nation during critical times remains alive forever.

Not long ago, while serving with the Navy ashore, we strolled down a Raleigh avenue lackadassically when a shabbily dressed, half-old man ambled up and said:

"Sailor, won't you give an old veteran a dime for a cup of coffee?"

"Sure," we replied, "but did you say you were a 'veteran?' Veteran of what?"

"Veteran of the first World War and I'll show you my discharge to prove it. I fought them 'jerries' 18 months. I'm no draft dodger now either. Tried to join-up last December but they wouldn't have me," and he spat, ostensibly proud of his fighting days.

And the old timer pulled from a tattered pocket a bent and antique tobacco can. Folded neatly within was a certificate of discharge from the U. S. Army "under honorable conditions."

Yet, that discharge was frayed and tattered from myriad handlings by those who gave a dime to charity and asked a tramp to verify his statement, "I'm a veteran."

# Maizie

by Clare Johnson Marley

**M**AIZIE Smithers was a baby-faced blonde, the frizzly hair type, that incites the men to whistle brazenly and grin knowingly at one another with sly winks as she passes by. She liked to chew gum. She liked to chew it fast—in the same tempo that her spiked heels clicked on the pavement. Maizie was proud of her feet and ankles. She wore webbed-net hose, supported by ruffled garters, and snub-toed patent leather slippers with spiked heels. Her favorite suit was tomato red with leopard trim, and as she confided to Millie, the girl she shared an attic room with, a suit like that made people turn and look when she passed on the street.

At one time, Maizie had a Cocker Spaniel that walked down the street with her. She held him by a leash. The dog was black, and she called him, "Pooch." Every time Pooch passed the hydrant in front of Walgreen's Drug Store, he lifted his hind leg. Maizie always waited with her nose in the air looking at the airplanes zoom over the buildings until a jerk of the leash was a signal that Pooch was ready to proceed.

Maizie gave Pooch away one day. It all came about because she saw a State College Fraternity Initiation at the corner of Walgreen's one Saturday afternoon. The college boys came down the street. One boy had on a tomato red suit and high heel slippers. He wore a frizzled blonde wig, and held another boy by a leash. The boy on the leash was walking on his all-fours barking like a dog. He went up to the hydrant and lifted his hind leg, while the boy in tomato red looked at the airplanes flying toward the Raleigh airport. Maizie slipped out the back door at Walgreen's and went home. She could still hear the shouts of laughter.

She hated to give her little dog away, but she did. She looked at the tomato red suit a long time before she put it out of sight. She'd worked in the county agent's office four months, filing papers, before she had saved enough to buy it. Hot summer months she had worked with the sweat streaming down her back. Every day she had passed Hudson Belk's and looked at it on the model—and then one day she made the last payment. It was hers. But she couldn't wear it any more. She just couldn't. She put it in a paste board box and shoved it under the bed.

Millie was amazed at Maizie for wearing the suit only twice. Millie told Maizie that she had put a lot of money in the suit not to wear it any more. But Millie didn't



like the suit either. Poor Maizie just didn't know how to buy the right clothes.

Maizie had a mania for clothes—gay clothes, trinkets, hair ribbons, hats bedecked in flowers and feathers. She never had enough ornamental jewelry. It started back in Johnston County where she use to pray to God for pretty things like other girls had. But God never answered her prayers. She remembered wondering when she was a little girl if God liked the children in Johnston County.

Her folks were tenants on a tobacco farm. The mere thoughts of home made Maizie restless, working from morning until night with planting, hoeing, suckering, grading—seeing the tobacco go to market at Smithfield or Durham and nothing come back. If they had a good chop, the price was low; if the price was good, the crop

was a failure. Never anything for Ma, and Maizie, and the "y'ung 'uns." Pa would mope around two or three days worrying. Then he'd make him some mash out of corn meal, sugar, and water. When it soured, Pa'd drink it and get drunk. The negroes said he put horse manure in it to give it "kick." Ma said she hoped he did, for something ought to kick him for farming for nothing. Ma'd cry, the tears dropping off her hollow cheeks in the gray suds of the wash tub. The "y'ung 'uns" just stood around and stared big-eyed.

Maizie left Johnston County and hitchhiked to Raleigh. She got a job at the county agent's office. She made enough to send Ma a little every month and eat herself. It seemed to her though that she'd never get over her craving for pretty

(Continued on page 22)

## Christmas Furlough

By DAVE HANIG

There was a sparkle to the morning air. It was a morning of red and green and gold sunlight. The bus terminal had the flow and push of Christmas crowds weighed down with baggage and vari-colored packages. The herald angels truly sang that holiday morning. Near the public telephones a small, petite figure stood almost on tiptoe trying to peer over the heads of the moving mass of commuters. Surely any moment now the swinging doors would admit the tall, familiar figure. She became almost anxious. Surely Glenn must come. The voice over the loudspeakers was bawling out the incoming busses. No, his bus hadn't arrived yet. She was aware as she stood there of the passing uniforms of olive drab, the varied parade of men in the service, and she felt a glow of pride. She knew that he would be pleased with her appearance. Early yesterday she had purchased a new outfit and now as she glanced at her pocket mirror and patted the glowing mass of hair she knew he would be aware of her.

The voice over the loudspeaker called the arrival of more incoming busses. She could hardly contain herself. The crowds in the station shifted and moved and crossed; the swinging doors allowed a fresh crowd but there seemed to be no sign of Glenn. Was his furlough cancelled? Perhaps he would be late. But no . . . this was Christmas day. He must arrive . . . it was only correct that he should. And quickly in her mind she rehearsed what they would do the evenings to come. She would take him to tea, to friends and proudly she would say lightly that Second Lieutenants weren't to be had every day.

Suddenly the tall, broad-shouldered figure . . . the dear, familiar features . . . came towards her. She knew him instantly. He made his way through the crowd as though he were a swimmer. Before she could stifle the silent shriek of happiness in her she was in his arms and was hearing the warm, familiar voice murmuring his endearment. Then he held her at arm's length and surveyed her with mock criticism. She knew she pleased him. Once more he held her close and through her inarticulate laughter she could only stammer:

"Thanks, son . . . you're not looking so bad yourself."

## Big Business

A SHORT SHORT STORY

by James White

MACK and Joe sat with their feet propped on the desk and blew smoke rings toward the ceiling. Only occasional sounds from the street below broke the silent monotony of the lazy office. Outside it was a cold, winter afternoon, but inside the office everything was warm and quiet.

"If some sucker don't come in soon we'll be spending New Year's out in the snow. You know Joe, we ain't even had a customer since October and here it is almost Christmas!"

"Yeh, I know," replied Joe. "If it weren't for Cuspidine's two songs we couldn't even pay the rent on this joint."

Mack and Joe were big idea men. They dabbled in any business that yielded a profit. Cuspidine was the janitor of their office building. It was really Cuspidine who had written the two popular songs called, "Don't!" and "Friday, Saturday, or Sometime," but the two big operators had persuaded Cuspidine to publish the songs under the name, "Mack and Joe. Music by Mack and lyrics by Joe." The janitor was of course their ghost writer.

However music was not the only enterprise of Mack and Joe. During the racing season they ran a booking agency. If there was a good show in town they sold tickets to seats that weren't even in the theatre. Theirs was the advertisement that read: "Writers! Get your books, songs, stories, poems published. Simply send \$50.00 in cash to Mack and Joe, etc." Selling the Brooklyn Bridge was old stuff; they even tried to sell Brooklyn. Once they did sell Grant's Tomb as an orange juice stand. But inventions and projects were their specialty. They cleaned up a small fortune on a proposed transcontinental canal, and Mack and Joe could always find somebody who was willing to invest money in something. They sold stock in South American platinum mines and non-existent oil wells. They could always pick up a few dollars selling underwater land in Florida. In regard to inventions they were perfectly legal. If they thought the invention had possibilities they would hoodwink the inventor with the old patent game. But they steered clear of cranks. Mack never gave a sucker an even break, and Joe never gave a sucker a break.

Suddenly there came a knock at the door. Mack and Joe jumped to their feet and hurriedly straightened up the office. Joe fixed his tie and went to the door while Mack began an imaginary telephone conversation with the mayor. Joe ushered in

two men who looked to him like a couple of rubes.

"All right Mayor, I'll attend to it at once. Good bye," said Mack. Then he turned to the visitors who were by this time comfortably seated. "How do you do?" he said. "I am Mr. Mack and this is my colleague, Mr. Joe."

"How do you do? And what can we do for you?" said Joe.

"My name is Orville Wright," said the visitor, "and this is my brother, Wilbur. We wanted to speak to you about a proposed invention of ours. You see, we're from Ohio, and we're in the bicycle business."

"O. K. Joe, get me the files on the bicycle industry," said Mack. Joe immediately started rummaging through a large cabinet which contained nothing more than a few old racing sheets and several copies of *Police Gazette*.

"But you don't understand. We have plans for a flying machine and we thought you could help us with patents, investments, and sale of stock. You men could get in on the ground floor of a great new industry."

Joe and Mack exchanged glances. Glances that were revealing because of raised eyebrows and tongue in cheek expressions.

"A flying machine!" exclaimed Mack. "Oh come now Mr. Wright. This is 1903!"

"But—," began the Wright brothers.

"See here, this isn't some sort of a joke?" interrupted Joe.

"But—," began the Wright brothers.

"A flying machine indeed!" said Mack.

"But—," began the Wrights.

"Perhaps if you would come back with plans for some new type of a bicycle?" said Joe.

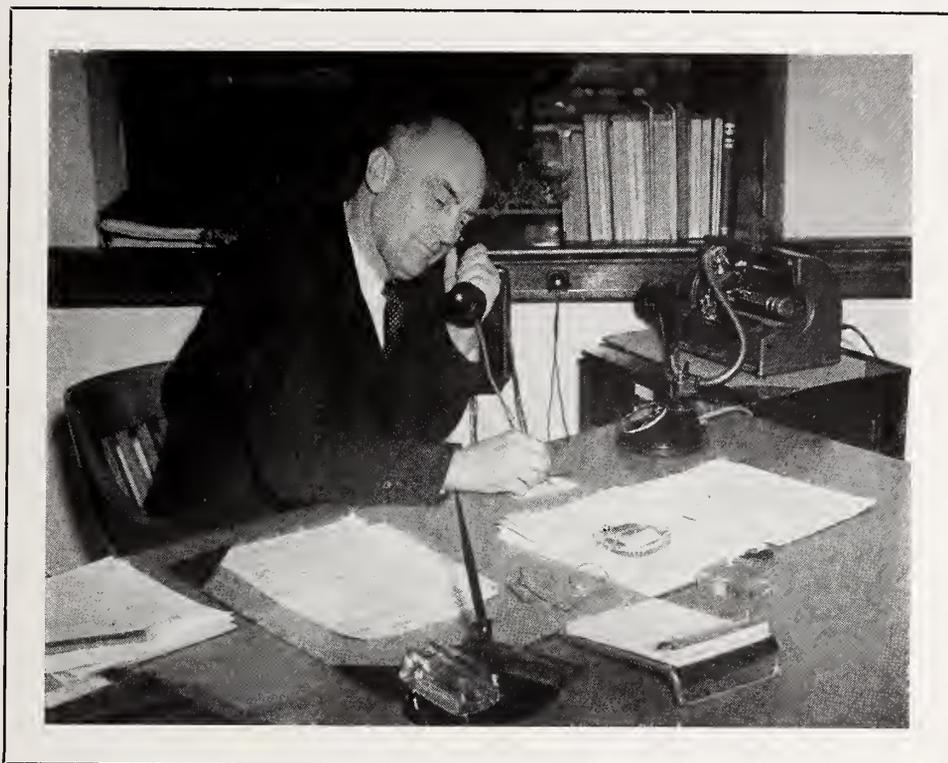
"But we're practically finished with this flying machine," continued the Wright brothers.

"Then I'm afraid there is nothing we can do for you. Mr. Joe will show you the door. Good day, sir," said Mack. Then he added as an afterthought, "The fee will be five dollars. Our usual fee, of course."

Joe ushered them out and came back, propped his feet on the desk, and lit a cigarette. They blew smoke rings toward the ceiling.

"Just a couple of nuts," said Mack.

"Yeh," replied Joe, "no wonder we ain't making no money. Imagine doing business with idiots like that?"



after the war than previously. Contacts which the University is making through its war training program are also likely to stand it in good stead when servicemen put their uniforms aside and return to campus pathways, Mr. Phillips feels.

So that's a thumbnail sketch of the

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**Genial Guy Phillips, director of admissions and summer school, takes time out from his duties with the war college for a Mag interview.**

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personality of the month. But it seems as if there were something else—oh, yes, Mr. Phillips is also executive secretary of the North Carolina School Board Association and chairman of the board of stewards of the local Methodist church. Knew we'd forget some of those titles!

# B M O C

by Sid Bost

**O**NE of the very busy men in 208 South Building is Mr. Guy B. Phillips. To his long string of official University titles, herewith is added: Personality of the Month, December, 1943.

The man who lets you into the University—he's director of admissions—holds no less than five major jobs on campus. Currently he's dividing his 24 hours between his admissions job and his positions as director of the teacher placement bureau, executive officer of the college of war training, summer school director, and professor of education.

The Mag went calling on Mr. Phillips and found him in. Strangely enough, he had but one telephone on his desk, was calm, cool, and collected. His office force reported that they had been "prettifying him up" in anticipation of a call by the Mag's lensman.

A native of Trinity, N. C., Mr. Phillips attended old Trinity College, from whence sprang Duke University. But he denied being a Blue Devil of the early days. "It became Duke after I left there," he hastened to tell us. After Trinity days were over, he came to Carolina, graduating in 1913.

Then followed an outstanding educational career as a principal and superintendent in North Carolina public schools which finally culminated in his coming back to Chapel Hill in 1936 as professor of edu-

cation and liaison officer between the University and the state's public schools. He's been here ever since, thinks his job(s) can't be beat.

Mr. Phillips revealed for Mag publication that he was the outstanding student of his class at old Trinity, reluctantly qualifying his statement by admitting that he was the only student in his class.

At Carolina, he was active in YMCA work and in forming county clubs of persons interested in the University. He also took part in class athletics.

Hobbies of the month's outstanding man are football—he coached Raleigh High to three state championships—and gardening. "Gardening is my golf now," Mr. Phillips quips. Prior to the war, he and his family were among the legions who trekked beachward in the summer. Now, however, he has a full-time job, as no one will deny.

With two of their five children, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips live at 517 E. Rosemary Street. Three of the boys are in the service. Guy, Jr., is a first lieutenant in the Army Air Corps; Charles is a second lieutenant in the same branch; and Craig is an ensign in the Navy. All three boys attended Carolina.

In his office, Mr. Phillips has a chance to watch closely the barometer of the future, and he foresees a Carolina even more active in service to the people of the state

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## RUGGLES WRITES POETRY

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*She waited for the perfect man  
Now she's waited far too late.  
So she has seven buttons on her shoes  
'Cause she can't fascinate.*

\* \* \*

### THE PATH TAKEN

*The sign said NO TRESPASSING  
But the flagrant little path beside it  
Said, "you can come."*

*The sign looked tattered and weary  
Of saying KEEP OUT and being  
ignored.*

*But the unrepentant little path  
Said, "you can come."*

\* \* \*

### MUD SLINGERS

*Do not be a caller of names.  
Men who are big  
Walk proudly, with firm strides—  
Only the little ones  
Must look up and say  
Get out of my way, damn you!*

\* \* \*

### PREEMPTORY PATH

*I do not like paths  
They are slowers of progress—  
They never walk where I want to go.*

*So I never use paths,  
Unless I am going no place  
And have plenty of time to go slow.*



# A Pair of Gypsy Earrings

by Robert Rolnik

FIFTY dollars and a broken heart—That's the price I paid for this old pair of tarnished, gypsy earrings. The whole strange affair is still a mystery to me. Now that I look back to my senior year at college, I can hardly believe that I fell in love with a Carnival girl; a love I've never quite forgotten in spite of all that happened those many years ago.

She was standing alone in the shadow of a little side-show tent dressed in a frilly, faded pink costume, when I first saw her. Her name was Peggy Ann. She was a dancer in the traveling carnival which had squatted down in an empty field about a mile from the University, complete with sucker gambling games and bands of pick-pockets.

As she walked from behind the tent into the light of a refreshment stand I could see how young she really was. Her skin was pale and clear. Her long iridescent blond hair was in two dangling pigtailed. She couldn't have been over eighteen. I walked with studied casualness toward where she was standing, threading my way through the crowds of students who milled around the gambling booths on the midway.

I began very awkwardly: "Could you please tell me, Miss, when the carnival will be leaving this town?"

"Tomorrow, I think," she replied sweetly, "or possibly even tonight."

"Doesn't it take longer to dismantle the carnival than that," I asked trying to make the conversation last. She answered, "Only two hours or so." Then for lack of anything better, I said stupidly, "I'm a post-graduate student at the University, here." I was trying to impress her. I was really only a senior then.

"Post-graduate. That's wonderful," she smiled. We stood there in the light of the refreshment booth talking as the crowds around us wandered and pushed on the midway. I kept trying to understand why so intelligent, so beautiful a girl had gotten herself stuck in a carnival like this.

"I guess I'd better get back to work, now," she said drawing away.



**We pin up this month Sally Hipp, glamorous Tri-Delt from Daytona Beach, Florida. Sally's 5'7", decidedly good-looking and the number is 8071, boys!**

"You're one of those dancers aren't you?"

"Oh, no!" she protested, "not really. I'm just a front girl." She looked embarrassed.

"I don't blame you," I laughed. "Hey, how about a frankfurter and a coke?"

"Thanks an awful lot," she refused, "but I'm really not hungry at all."

I persisted, "My name's Kenny Bowers. What's yours?"

"You don't have to treat me nice," she said unexpectedly moving slowly away. "I like you a lot. Honest. You're a very swell guy. But I'm just a carnival girl. You shouldn't be seen around with me. Please go home," she pleaded with child-like sincerity. "You might get hurt in a place like this."

"Wait a second!" I laughed as I got up and held her. "I can't figure you out—I don't give a hang who, what, or why you are. I like you." I was surprised at my own forcefulness. "Now stop being melodramatic and eat your hot dog, Peggy Ann—that is your name, isn't it?"

She nodded and then turned toward me earnestly, "You're a funny guy. You've only known me fifteen minutes and you trust me so much," she said. "How do you know I'm not going to pick your pocket. After you've traveled in carnivals since you were a baby, picking pockets becomes just a past-time. I may have taken your money already, for all you know."

I just laughed as I took out my wallet, opened it and showed her the bills. In it were fifty dollars.

"Here, I'll give you the money," I joked, "in exchange for those earrings you're wearing." I pointed to the tarnished pair of gypsy rings which hung heavily on her small ears. She laughed and sipped at her coke and then she made a move to go.

"Won't you please keep a poor, lonely college student company," I smiled, "please stay."

It was getting chilly as we walked along the dark road below the field where the carnival sparkled in the night lighting up the whole sky with a yellow glow for miles around. I gave Peggy Ann my topcoat which she put on over her costume. It was much too large on her and we laughed at how comical she looked in it. We forgot that I was a college boy and she a carnival girl—we were just plain boy and girl.

"When I become Dean of the college," I laughed, "will you mind very much if I wear a little beard. I promise to keep it so

short that it will never get in the way." We fell so naturally into an embrace that it seemed as if we had rehearsed it before. Peggy Ann kept her eyes closed for a long time after the kiss and then she opened them and looked into my eyes. She averted her glance and looked sadly past me at the flickering glow from the carnival in the sky.

"I've missed the one o'clock show," she sighed almost to herself as if she were awakening from a dream, "Oswaldo will be angry with me." She looked frightened and panicky. I held her by the shoulders.

"You're going to stay, Peggy Ann," I commanded, "You're going to stay here when the carnival leaves tomorrow. You'll live in town and I'll get you a good job."

"Oh, Kenny, I couldn't," she cried, "I'm just a carnival girl. My mother was one before me. I'm no good. You'll forget all about me. Will you ever understand," she moaned, "It's in my blood. Oh, try to forgive me some day, Kenny, please . . ."

I told her to stop that funny kind of talk, to go back to the carnival just to sleep for the night, quit her job in the morning, and come to meet me in town. She listened quietly and said yes. It was all so simple. I had our future all figured out.

It was almost dawn when I reached my room so I just happily slept in a big easy chair without taking off my clothes. When I woke the sun was streaming through the window baking my body. I ran downstairs into the warm street and rushed impulsively out toward the carnival, reaching the spot all out of breath.

I was standing on the yellow sawdust which covered the dry grass. The field was barren; no trace of the carnival remained. I just stood there with the sun on my face and automatically I patted my pocket. The wallet was gone. In place of the fifty dollars were two heavy metal rings, interlocked. Her tarnished, gypsy earrings. "You'll forget about me," I remembered her saying, "Will you ever understand? Oh, try to forgive me, Kenny, someday, please. . . ."

I didn't want to understand anything anymore. I turned around and headed slowly up the road toward town, back to my lonely room again. Forgive her? I never forgave her, not to this day. But that strange love affair which cost me fifty dollars and a broken heart and left me two tarnished gypsy earrings, I could never forget—never.

**I**N A NATION ending the second year of battle, only in the past twelve months has Carolina fully realized what total war can mean to a way of life. Only in the past twelve months has wartime brought the changes that struck the rest of the nation much earlier. In the beginning Chapel Hill and its University were a small and peaceful spot, safe from the threat of forced transition; now it is a militant town, turning out officers and fighters, cognizant of the sacrifice and effort that must be made for victory.

Under the strain of speedup, changeover, do-without, Carolina has taken both loss and gain. Prime gain is that the University is no longer isolated from an active part in the war. The Pre-Flight unit was here long before December, 1942, but the Cloudbusters were never a part of UNC. They were a separate school, so designed by the press of work done there. The Navy was using facilities at Chapel Hill to condition flyers much as they took over Washington office buildings to house stenographers.

With the arrival of the Army units and then the V-12, the school became a vital part of the nation's college military program and the answer to "what can we do" had been given by 500 men in khaki and 1,300 in bell-bottoms.

A student body that had been steadily dropping held its own in the spring and rocketed back to the 3,000 level as the first V-12 trimester opened in July. Included in the Naval contingent were students from other Southern colleges—Alabama, Old Miss, SMU—and suddenly Carolina found that customs and institutions she'd smugly accepted were coming in for healthy questioning by the new men. Campus organizations were prodded out of their armchairs and started to live up to former grandeur, egged on and aided by transfer material.



# Another War

By JUD

Saved for the school by the influx of Navy were many traditional publications, the Carolina Mag and Yackety Yack. Navy workers and to a smaller extent Navy finances helped insure their future.

Most tangible benefit is the growing physical plant of the school. When peace comes and civilian masses again room on the upper and lower quads, Old East, and BVP, they will come to a much enlarged UNC. The Navy has built a modern hospital, remodeled many of the dormitories, added the outdoor swimming pool to an already outstanding gymnasium layout. Murphey hall has been remodeled, a new recreation building—now Navy hall—will be available. During wartime, the University has expanded greatly until now it ranks with the finest in the south from the standpoint of facilities.

If the year had brought benefits, it also had its less enviable side. The Carolina spirit—important intangible—was shelved for the duration and a restless, time-short, basic student emerged. Many traditions were hammered down by the blows of this new atmosphere and student leaders saw the ties break, interest backslide.

The University itself found that it had taken on a war baby that threatened to beat it out of house and sanity. With depleted staffs to carry the heavy load, some departments had to suffer. Blackest evidence of that were results during the first trimester in the school's Physics department. The sailor-students complained that teaching had been bungled, that lectures had not coincided; a high percentage flunked, an even higher number were allowed to drop the course.

At the school's civilian dining halls that meals got worse and at Swain hall they started out on a low level, rarely got better. Food was a big problem in Chapel Hill and South building refused to face it. As they closed their eyes and wished it away, prices touched on the borderline of inflation and the food it bought barely touched the borderline.

Civilian housing was taken on by the officials and badly fluffed. Where a rigidly controlled system for registering all town boarding houses—used by many schools—would have given the students a chance to find rooms easily, a daily listing by the YMCA of some of the available rooms reflected the total action taken.

Along with the Hershey bars, the convertibles and big-name bands

# Year in Review

## INBERG

—which no one could call unnecessary losses—went more important things. Spirit, attitude, interest in student self-government, personal well-being had been sacrificed in Chapel Hill's college to the Great God War. The Hershey bar was necessary, but it was a question whether the other losses could not have been avoided.

In December, 1943, there is a crammed history to look back on. First signs of war were the few who left to join, followed by the arrival of the flood of trainees. The University has changed and many old-timers say it will never be the same again. But it is doing an important job and whatever the faults of the shining faces behind South building desks, they have guided the school through a period that has closed colleges. They have not been perfect, but neither have the BMOC's or the rank and file student. War is a time for improvisation; with success and failure all too close.

In its first year of total war, Carolina has undergone total change until today its military units must come first, above all else.

**UNC BIDS FOR ARMY METEOROLOGY UNIT** headlined the Tar Heel when last year's December was only a week old. And 250 Army men trained here through the spring and summer, re-learned the Physics and Math in preparation for "A" school and service with America's world-spanning armies as weather men. It was a tough schedule with little time for relaxation, where the first slip meant return to the ranks and loss of the commission. The 250 worked long hours, near the end of the course heard that "A" schools had been closed and thought that even after the work they were to be cheated out of the deserved reward. But when the day for leaving came, they were assigned to advanced Meteorology training and in a few months the men who started at Chapel Hill will be on active duty.

When khaki no longer dominated Phillips, another Army unit had arrived, as **HAND-PICKED GROUP TAKES LAND AND AREA TRAINING.** The language, history, and political science the 250 new men are studying will fit them for important liaison posts with the American Military Government (AMG) in the reconquered countries of Europe. More than their GI predecessors, they became a part of the campus and by the end of 1943 many of them were working along with civilians and Navy on many campus organizations.

But most important to Carolina was **BASIC NAVY TRAINING ASSIGNED TO UNC,** and 600 Tar Heels remained to finish their schooling here, augmented by 700 transfers and freshmen in the



V-12. The studies for them were not radically changed. The Navy believed in general education for its deck officers and only added the requirements of Physics, Math and related subjects to the curriculum for English majors, Business AB's, Pre-med students. There was Navy and Marine discipline, salutes and bell-bottoms. In the second trimester, watches were started and many a man pulled the long four hour turn in the early morning. But they were students to a greater extent than any other uniformed group on campus and from the V-12 came the leaders of the school in great part.

The departure of many men and the restricted time element in Navy participation in campus activities opened the door for the coed. The women took the hint and rushed in to fill many strictly male posts. Just as in the nation itself, the weaker sex was proving its right to an equal place in the work world.

It has been twelve months of awakening, of radical and almost complete changeover. Some of the machinery doing strange and double duty is still creaking, but the future was good and the state of the University of North Carolina is good.

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**The University has seen another year of war, a year which has brought great change to her way of life. In this year she has felt the marching feet of men in uniform, heard their voices ring out in song as they passed, resounded with the echoes of "Hup, two, three, four; hup, two, three, four." Jud Kinberg here reviews the change that has come about in this second year at war.**



# Marbles and Men

by Wayne Kernodle

THE other night I dreamed I shot marbles with Hitler—and won. Oh, don't nod your head and smile and say yes, yes—everything's gonna be all right. Shooting marbles is not a bad game. I've seen you do worse things, and nobody ever called you odd or just plain crazy. What about all those football games you went to—in the rain sometimes or when it was so cold you couldn't sit still or stand straight even to yell. And when your favorite hero slid across the goal line still clutching that little piece of left over pig you shouted till your tonsils beat a tattoo against your tongue. Remember those times when you sat around a table for six hours picking up little pieces of cardboard with pictures and numbers on them, feeling that life depended on a royal flush or a grand slam, or blackjack. Wouldn't you have felt insulted if somebody had wagged his wise old head at you or clucked his teeth with whispered, "the old boy is losing his grip?"

So that's the way I feel about this marble game the other night. It was the first game of marbles I had played in fully twelve years and it was downright good fun even if it was with a world heel. But you've got to expect mixed company in a marble game. To think I beat the author of *Mein Kempf*, and me shooting with a miserable little old peedab that any kid in America would turn his nose up at, and him using a clear blue agate. Imagine the odds.

Well, when we got to shooting at the marbles it's sorta peculiar how they turned out to be different colors. Each one had a name on it. There was a green marble with France printed across it, a black one marked Africa, an orange one with a picture of Ghandi inside the glass, a big red one with Russia on it and a few others bunched up together with a lot of henschatching that you couldn't read. There was never a doubt about the game. I shot skillfully. It was like the time I actually won the state marble shooting contest my second year in the seventh grade. My peedab shooter was a charm. It knocked out all the marbles in order until only the big red one was left. I was afraid that hitting that one with my clay peedab would be too much so I asked Hitler to lend me his agate. He was already mad about the game and wouldn't even lend-lease it. I closed my eyes and let go with the peedab. I looked up and it was spinning around in the middle of the ring. The big red marble with Russia on it was rolling across the yard. It got bigger and bigger every inch it rolled. Pretty soon it rolled down the bank—right up to the schoolhouse door

and broke wide open. Inside there were men with huge bags of marbles. They gave one to every kid they could see. They even gave Hitler one. It was a very happy dream until a preacher came up with a policeman and had us arrested for playing marbles on Sunday for keeps. That's the way the thing ended.

I was telling all this to a housemother the other night while waiting for my date. When the girl finally came down the housemother took her aside and whispered in her ear. The girl ran back upstairs. When she came down again there was a big bulge in her pocket. I think it was a blackjack.

Two days after that I went into the cafe at nine o'clock for my usual cup of coffee and eggs fixed anyway the cook decided to massacre them. The waitress, who had evidently dated a student who had dated the coed brought me the stuff. She sort of came up silently, tossed the food at me from long range and backed off cautiously. She kept two full eyes glued on me. She whispered something to her counter mate who, having no manners at all, said rather loudly, "Really?" If you want to know how difficult it was to eat that morning just hire a couple of people to stand and look wide-eyed at you for fifteen minutes with their mouths gaping.

That's not the worst of it. You get used to being looked at after a while. But my cash gave out and I went to the bank to get a little money. They refused to cash my check. "You know how those things are," the teller apologized. And then he remarked out the side of his mouth: "How many marbles did you win last night?"

For two days I refused to see anybody. Three reporters knocked on my door one night about ten o'clock. I threw them out. Five psychiatrists sent me their cards and a pulp magazine offered me attractive money to write a series of adventure articles. I also received a letter from some patriotic female soul who thought my actions were outrageous. She wrote that her circle was forming a society called AWAASMWTWB, which decoded means American Women's Association Against Shooting Marbles While The World Burns.

It's all a horrible thing. Now I am even afraid to go to sleep anymore. I may end up by playing with Churchill or John L. Lewis. And maybe the next time I won't win. But sooner or later I know sleep will overpower me and in a way I shall be glad. There is almost a compulsion to find out what happened to that peedab.

## HUMOR

*A moron walked over to the box office of a theatre, bought a ticket and went in. A few minutes later, he returned, bought another ticket and again went inside. Three times the same thing happened. By the fourth, the girl at the box office was completely perplexed and asked: "Why do you keep buying tickets to go into the theatre?"*

*"It's not my fault," replied the moron, "they keep tearing them up every time I go inside."*

Two scatterbrains were out fishing and having plenty of luck.

"Let's mark this spot," said one, "and we'll come back here tomorrow."

After rowing ashore with a full catch, the second moron said, "Say, did you mark that spot?"

"Sure," replied No. 1, "don't you see the 'X' on the side of this boat?"

"Yeah," answered No. 2, "but how do you know we'll get this same boat tomorrow?"

"Have some peanuts?"

"Thanks."

"Want to neck?"

"No."

"Give me my peanuts back."

Then there was the one about the three Chinese sisters who never got married—Tu-Yung-Tu, Tu-Dumb-Tu, and No-Yen-Tu.

"Still engaged to Maude?"

"No."

"Good."

"What?"

"Good, how'd you get rid of her?"

"What?"

"How'd you drop the old hag?"

"I married her."



# Major's Furlough

by Nancy Lanier

"MR. MOCKIN' BIRD, I'se gwine outing you dis mornin'," Major chuckled.

*White foks lib in a fine brick house  
Laced, de yalluh gal do's de same  
De ole nigger lib in de county jail  
But hit's a brick house jes de same.*

"What you got to say to dat?" He leaned against his plow handles and listened.

The feathered choir in the persimmon tree cut loose in antiphonal response.

"Dat ain't bad, but you got to do better den dat."

The plow's edge cut through the sandy loam.

"Git along, Nell. Don't you go balkin' on me. Ain't no ghost stoppin' you dis mornin'."

Major felt like shouting and singing all over the place. For the past year he had been a buck private in the United States Army. Now he was home again in Greasy Corner with cool, upturned earth between his black toes. All the morning he hummed behind his plow. Up and down the rows he traveled with wings on his feet. Now and then he confided in his mule.

"Nell, you and I are teamed up for de summer. Yes suh! You don't see me wearin' no Army brown, now does you? Naw suh! You wonders why too, you ain't foolin' me. You no different from de other females."

The old mule stretched her neck and scented the ground with quivering nostrils.

"Well, I hear de boys in de New Jersey camp a-talkin'. Some say dey gwine go home and farm. Others say dey gwine go farm for de white folks. Now I knows I ain't got nobody back home but Aunt Molly and little Frank. They ain't got nothin' but a patch fer me to farm on. But I knows, too, I got white foks friends. Well, your misstis she got twenty acres in cultervashun and nobody to hep her. So I writ her and she and dat county farm agent man done signed de papers, and here I is. Lawd, I got a belly full of dat camp. Uh-huh."

"Git along now, Nell. Don't pay dat grass any mind. Us has got work ter do."

*I axed a yearlin' why he pawced*

*De dust up in de lane.*

*He bellered out his sass, "Boo-boo!"*

*I feels lak raisin' cain!"*

Aunt Molly sat out in the front yard in her split-bottom chair propped against the old elm. Her streaked, gray hair was combed in small squares and plaited down tight to her head. It fused with the scaly bark of the tree against which she rested. She was lean and wiry and tall. Searching eyes protruded from sunken sockets. She put her bony, black hand into her apron pocket

and brought forth a small, tin box. With one hand she pulled her bottom lip far out from her face and with the other emptied the snuff from the tin into the gap. She wiped her mouth with her apron and called to her dead sister's child.

"Say, little Frank, dars a whole passel ob chickens in de hawg pen. You better shoo dem out. De hawgs gwine eat 'em up."

She settled back in her chair and spat on the ground.

Little Frank sauntered across the yard. "Sot down in a cheer. Don't drap dem goober hulls round de doorsteps. My mammy allus say goober hulls drapped round de doorsteps brung on a fuss in de fambly."

The corners of the little Negro's mouth turned way down.

"Aunt Molly, I'm pershin'. Les don't wait supper no longer fer Major."

"Praise de Lawd fer sendin' him home agin' chile. I jes lak not to hab made out. I ain't had no way to git town since he been to wah. Couldn't read or write. Don't know nuthin' 'bout no rashon. Brother Hooper been hoblin' in ter town on dat bad leg o' his'n doin' de bes' he could fer me. He say meal scace, de pore nigger can't eben pay fer molasses any moh, can't buy no cawn to fatten de hogs."

She looked up the road and listened. Major was coming.

"Dat boy's plum tuckered out, I knows. But das aw right. He's happy and hongry, and dat's good to be sho."

Summer's back was just about broken, for already flocks of geese were flying southeast. Only yesterday Major had seen the sky thick with robins headed South. He was glad the crops had been gathered. There was nothing left but the sweet potatoes and peanuts to be housed. The summer had been hot and dry, save for three weeks of rain that had shot the crab grass up nearly knee high. Crab grass just naturally choked everything it got a hold of. Its roots burrowed deep. It was like a woman. Once it got a hold it was hard to shake loose. He thought of his girl.

"Dat finement in camp done speeded up my courtin'. I aims to marry dat gal sho' nuff. I'll have to tell Aunt Molly."

Night had fallen. The three of them sat on the porch resting. Occasionally a cricket chirped. Aunt Molly broke the silence:

"Little Frank, you go to de woods come daylight and git me a buckeye. Dat's de bes' rem'dy I knows of fer rheumatism in de jints."

Major thought this was a good time to speak his mind.

"Aunt Molly, you been feelin' mighty porely lately. I been thinkin' 'bout bringin' a sweet gal here to hep lighten de load."

Aunt Molly grunted. "I ain't needin' no hep. Who she?"

"Mr. James Trice's youngest gal, Beedie, from cross de creek."

"She one dem book-larnin', beauty parlor gals?"

"Naw suh! She's good hep in de fiel', kin wash and iron, cook, too. You be crazy 'bout her."

In a nearby tree an owl hooted.

"Das a bad omen, a hootin' owl in de yard," Molly answered.

Christmas week Beedie and Aunt Molly were busy scraping chitterlings. Major and little Frank were cutting up the meat.

"Dis hawg was killed on de light of de moon. Dar'll be plenty lard and de meat won't draw up in de pan. When de meat bes tough hit's a sho sign hit was killed on de dark o' de moon." Molly said.

"I heard Mr. Will Jones say somethin' like dat but I ain't neber thought much about it," Beedie answered.

"Chile, I wuz raised dat way. I ain't never gone back on my raisin' neither. I believes in all de signs an' omens."

Beedie smiled. She knew it was best not to argue.

"My mammy neber would wash sheets between the two Christmases. She say if you do, you will wash one out o' yor fambly."

Major shifted the conversation.

"Work sho has been light lately. My white lady say I can work at de amminishun plant but de farm agent he say no. If I ain't farmin' I goes back to de army. White lady say dey ain't nuff work for de pay."

"Ain't she got no fences ter fix, tools ter men', or trees ter prune?" Molly asked.

"De truble is, she gwine do dat herself. Thursday she gwine kill hawgs for New Year's, and den I dunno."

Aunt Molly's countenance fell. Beedie looked sad.

"Les move 'long," Molly said sharply. "My fingers is plum num'."

During the following week the grown-ups had little to say but kept busy. They knew each one shared the same fear—the fear of Major's going back to the army. Beedie got out a big washing to help her feelings. Aunt Molly saw the sheets on the line. Her heart jumped into her throat. It was too late now. Beedie would see. She'd washed Major right back to the army.

Two weeks later Major marched down the road in his brown uniform.

*"Pse gwine down de road feelin' bad  
Lawd, Pse gwine down de road feelin'  
bad*

*Pse gwine down de road feelin' bad  
An' I ain't gwinna be treated dis away."*



**Four Yankee Marines on the island of Wake  
Found time on their hands growing heavy.  
So they drew up their chairs for a rubber of bridge  
With a tenth of a cent as the levy.**

**Three diamonds, four hearts and a no trump was bid  
Then somebody asked for a double,  
As one of them swore, came a knock at the door,  
The dealer growled, "Must be some trouble."**

**"Two hundred Japs!" yelled the guard on the beach,  
"Let's go, they're starting to land!"  
One man arose, as he threw on some clothes  
Said, "I'll go, I'm dummy this hand."**

*Your new love, she kisses you once and runs,  
Says she's through with love, with love she's done.  
Men are as fickle as loaded dice,  
And she won't be burned in the same place twice.  
Says that all men alive are just the same,  
Love's naught to them but a poker game:  
You gamble and lose, or you gamble and win  
Kissing's no longer held a sin.  
Marriages no longer are made in heaven—  
Get a divorce and count to seven—  
Then start the vicious circle again.  
At this recital you sit and grin,  
And for this prize you throw your dice—  
You're a sucker to fall for the same line twice.*

—JANE RUGGLES

Drunk (to splendidly uniformed by-  
stander): Shay, call me a cab, will ya?  
Splendidly Uniformed Bystander:  
My good man, I am not the doorman;  
I am a naval officer.

Drunk: Awright, then call me a boat.  
I gotta get home.

—Pell Mell.

A group of Negroes were lying on the  
floor in front of the fireplace when one of  
them spoke up:

"Is it a-rainin' out?"

"Ah don't know," replied the other.

"Well, git up an' look," insisted the  
first voice.

"Ah, rats," said the persecuted one,  
lazily, "call de dawg in an' see if he's  
wet."

*There was a young lady named Nance,  
Who decided to take just one chance,  
She consented to pet  
With a wolfish cadet,  
And now all her sisters are aunts.*

"Gimme a kiss like a good girl."

"All right, but if I give you one like a  
naughty girl, you'll like it better."

—Thunderbird

I put my trust and faith in you,  
I thought I could rely,  
But now I'm disillusioned—  
I wish that I might die.  
I made you my ideal, you see,  
And so I copied you,  
I should have copied someone else,  
'Cause now I'm flunking, too.

"Lips that touch wine shall never  
touch mine," declared the fair co-ed. And  
after she graduated she taught school  
for years and years and years.

She: I'm perfect.

He: I'm practice.

—Rebel.

Observing a young lady standing  
alone, the young man stepped up to her  
and said, "Pardon me. You look like  
Helen Black."

"Yes," she replied, "I know I do, but  
I'd look far worse in white."

Papa Stork: "I sure had a busy day  
today. I delivered 168 babies."

Mama Stork: "Yeh. I had a big day,  
too. I delivered 142 babies."

Kid Stork: "Well, I didn't do so much  
today, but I sure scared hell out of a  
couple of high school kids."

# The Pinch - Hitter

by Rose Ellen Fleming

**T**HIS was just a kid, see. Like any kid. The first time I saw him he was crying. He made me damn mad too.

I was good and sore at the world and women in particular—and Elsie. The ground was something to dig my fists into, and the park around me wasn't an Eden by a long sight but the place where five minutes before Elsie had tossed my \$87.50 ring into the fish pond and flirted her red skirt down the path for the last time.

Hell, it wasn't that I cared. It was spring, I guess, and the grass was something to get your teeth into, and all of a sudden you feel like a baby if your girl ditches you in April. So maybe I wasn't crying—I was just lying there thinking—when this kid comes up.

He was blubbering too, I saw, and this made me mad, and his twitching at my coat sleeve and stooping over and mumbling in to my ear.

"Get the hell out!" I said.

"Please. You gotta come!"

"Go pedal your papers. Beat it!" I twisted around and pulled my face across my arm and sat up, reaching for a cigarette. The smoke went deep and warm. Then I saw that this kid had freckles that looked funny because he was so white.

He was really in trouble, but he had given up begging. He turned all of a sudden and ran off down the path. Something about him—well, I don't know—the day, maybe—his freckles—I went after him. "Wait a minute, bub," I hollered after him.

But just then we turned out of the path, and I saw all right. This kid's dog—it had been hit by a car and it had dragged itself up a ways out of the road—maybe the kid had helped it—and there it lay with a two-pieced look to it where the wheel had run over it. It was just about crazy, I guess. It couldn't move its hind quarters, but it pawed a little with the front, and where the sun came through the trees and shone on its head you could see the hair sweat and dripping and something rolled out of its eyes like tears. The kid squatted down by the dog. He twisted his hands like they were in the way and the dog bit at him.

"You gotta do something."

"It's all right," I said. I walked over and pulled up the "Keep Off the Grass" sign. "Go on up a ways. Get out of sight."

"That's O. K." He stood up and moved back a little. "Rover," he said and he kept looking at the dog. "That's a good dog, Rover."

I brought the piece of wood up and down hard. It was quick, I guess. The dog couldn't jerk out of the way and he was a little dog. Afterward the sign nearly covered him.

"Come on, bub," I said. "We'll walk up to the gates."

"O. K." The kid had quit crying. He looked up. "He-he wouldn't of bit at me if he hadn't been—suffering." His face was anxious and loyal all in one and I saw that his chin quivered a little.

"Sure, kid," I answered. "He didn't know what he was doing. That's the way with people. They get hurt and they don't know what they're doing." Like when he came up after Elsie had ditched me, and afterwards for several days I remembered this kid.

... I thought at first I wouldn't go back to the park after Elsie broke up with me—we had gone there together so much—but then that was foolish, I thought, and I had my sandwich wrapped to carry one noon and I went to the park.

The kid saw me right away. "Hi, bub," I called. "What you doin'?"

"Nuthin. . . . Taking a walk."

"We ought to be buddies," I said, "seems like we both got left."

He looked up at me with a grin. I could see he didn't understand, but it was O. K. with him. For a minute I forgot that nobody else looked at me that way, as if what I said was important and good. I forgot about the stub of my pay check I always tore up so nobody would see how much I made—not even the janitor. I felt sort of excited and hepped up as if I were really going places, instead of just sidetracked and bogged down in Simon's Hardware Store. Why, the little sucker even had his head bent down and his hands stuck in his pockets the way mine were.

"Bub," I told him, "the city's no place for men. Let's forget about women and go fishing."

"I used to go fishing with my cousin Louis, only he moved to Carrollton."

"Yes, that's the way it is. They move away."

Just then I saw Elsie. Just then she came walking up by the fountain. She was just like I remembered. She had on the same damn red dress. Only her hat was different.

"Hello," she said. Her eyes went wandering over the kid, over his shirt with the buttons off and his legs covered with chigger bites he'd scratched.

"Hello." I was cool as you please. I didn't feel a thing.

"I guess you wonder where I've been. Well, I've been out of town."

"Yeah?" I gave her a cold look and the kid did likewise. I broke a twig in my fingers and the kid reached up for one too.

"Yes, I've been up to see Morris' family. They live at Oxford and they've got a house with ten bedrooms. There's a swimming pool in back."

"Pity you didn't stay." I looked at her hand then and on one finger was a ring that Sol Levy should of seen and he would of been ashamed to sell me the one he did. I felt sick. "As a matter of fact, by now I thought you would have got him hooked."

She got red. "You don't need to be insulting. But I guess that's all I could expect from you."

"Who began all this?"

She looked at me a minute and then she took out down the path. I and the kid looked after her.

"There goes," I said, "a perfect example of a woman. You can't trust them out of your sight."

"Do you like her?"

"Hell, no! I am *through!* She needn't to think she can throw an \$87.50 ring in to the fish pond just because she gets mad at me—and I worked hard to pay for that ring too—and come sashaying back telling me about trips to guys' homes and swimming pools. Nossir. I am through. Take a tip from me," I said, "you stay away from them."

"Gee whiz! I ain't a sissy!"

"Darn right you're not. Let's us shake hands—no more women."

"Mom's O. K." He held out his hand. "O'ny she's a woman too. They don't know how it is. I gotta go to the Fair next month with Mom. She's gonna take me on account of she thinks I can't go by myself."

"She don't know you," I said.

"I won't even get to ride on the Devil Diver."

"What's that thing?"

"It's a sort of a boat up in the air on a big iron pipe. You're strapped in, see, and you go up and turn over and over upside down." He pulled a wadded-up pink paper poster out of his pocket and showed me the picture. "See it says here," he told me, "that you gotta leave everything in your pockets with the man there so you won't lose them when you're in the air. Gee whiz! Look at how high it is!"

"Pretty high, all right."

"How you reckon it feels, Bill? How

you reckon it feels to see everything upside down?"

"Probably 'bout the same as usual."

"I'll bet like when you get hit in football. I got tackled pretty hard once. Bunch of us guys was out in the front yard—that was before we moved here. They were O. K., though. I'll bet you played good football, didn't you, Bill?"

"Pretty fair," I said. "I always went out for track. I liked that."

"That's what I'm going out for. I'll bet you could beat Jesse Owens, couldn't you, Bill?"

"Never tried," I said. "But gettin' back to this Devil Diver. Why can't you go up on it?"

"Mom won't let me. She's ascaired to and she won't let me ride it by myself. You know how women are."

"Sure, I know," I said. "Bub, how about you and me going? Would your Mom think that was all right?"

"Gee whiz! I'll ask her."

"O. K. and you meet me here tomorrow 'bout this same time and let me know what she says."

I ruffled up his sunburned hair and walked on back to town. But I could remember how he looked standing there in the path, with a sort of impossible jack-a-lantern grin on his face. Then I was fast like Jesse Owens. The guys in the big leagues had nothing on me, except the breaks. Maybe nothing else matters much if some kid goes all out for you and you can keep being as good as he thinks you are.

I wish I could put down how I felt about this kid. He was maybe nine years old. His dad was dead and his mom raised him. So he was a little lonesome and shy, because they'd just moved to town. But don't get the idea that he was a sissy.

We had some regular picnics in the park. I liked to eat there better'n I did in town and I used to get sandwiches at the pool hall and when I'd get to the park the kid would be waiting for me. His Mom said it was O. K. about him and me going to the Fair together and all the time he'd have something new to tell me. I guess there were posters pasted up all over town. You know: Ladies in tights and fat white horses and pictures of the people that whirled around in the Devil Diver; "Colossal Thrill of the Twentieth Century," it said.

"Yessir," I said. "You and me'll have one sweet time."

"Will we get to see the auto-races?" He had a feisty flat nose that sort of widened out when he grinned. I could watch his face getting set to smile all over itself.

"Sure thing."

"I like the horses too. They're O. K. I'll bet you don't catch any cowboys hanging around girls," he said. "That's the way *we* are, isn't it, Bill?"

"Sure," I agreed. "You bet. We're just two guys and that's the way we like it."

That was on Wednesday. Then on Thursday night I saw her at a party. Elsie, that is. She came over to me. "Listen," she said. "I want to tell you. I'm sorry about the ring. Honestly, Bill, I'm sorry."

"That's O. K. I guess it didn't stack up so hot beside that headlight Morris gave you."

She held out her hand. "What ring?"

Something began to thud against my ribs. I knew then I'd never admitted to myself how lonesome I'd been, because I never could of stood it. I said: "Maybe you wear it around your neck."

"It never did feel right. It wasn't my type, I guess." Gosh! She was so cute and soft-looking and when I looked into her eyes, dark blue and deep, I felt like I could melt right down into them.

"You're pretty hard to suit," I told her.

"No, I'm not. I—I gave Morris his ring back."

"Threw it in a fish pond or down a sewer?"

"I guess it isn't any use, after all," she said. "I said I'm sorry."

I couldn't battle any more with that melted feeling I had inside. "Honey," I said, "it's O. K. with me, if it's O. K. with you."

So it was. Pretty soon I had wound up by asking her to go to the Fair with me the next night. I didn't think we ought to

be wasting any more time and I knew she'd understand about the kid.

"He's a cute little cuss, got his heart set on riding some outfit called the Devil Diver." I grinned. "He thinks I'm hot stuff," I said.

She said she'd go with us.

The next day I didn't see the kid but when we drove up in front of his house, he came running out before I even had a chance to honk the horn.

He skidded down the walk. Then he stopped short and stared at Elsie. She smiled at him, "Hello."

"Bub," I said, "Miss Farley's going with us."

The kid kept looking at me, "But, Bill," he said. "We don't want any old girls. . . . Do we?"

"Sure. Miss Farley's different. She can throw as many good balls—three for a dime—as you can."

We looked at each other and I saw his mouth trembled but he didn't cry. He had guts.

"I don't reckon I'll go," he said. "It's O. K., though." I knew then that he understood and he wouldn't forget. He wouldn't get hooked any more.

I looked at Elsie and then I looked at him and I wondered why I haven't learned to keep my mouth shut. How are you going to say to a kid: "Don't take it so hard, bub. We all talk too damn much and we don't mean a thing." But it's tough to look at a kid who's just caught on to that.



"Sometimes I think this gasoline rationing has its advantages."

A lot of auto wrecks result from the driver hugging the wrong curve.

# JOKES

## RECIPE FOR LOVE

1 lb. of love      1 moon  
 4 hands            1 box of stars  
 4 lips              1 can of mush  
 Mix love with mush, clasp hands and press lips, cover with moon and stars, sit on bench and serve after dark. Just enough for two.

*Definition of intoxication: To feel sophisticated and not be able to pronounce it.*

A gentleman is a man you don't know very well.

*A sensible girl is not so sensible as she looks because a sensible girl has more sense than to look sensible.*

We heard that what a sailor likes best about a grass skirt is a lawn mower.

*It is said that the man who invented the keyhole must have had only one eye.*

"Is this party formal, or can I wear my own clothes?"

*He plays a fair game of golf—if you watch him.*

Feminine compliment: "My dear, what a perfectly stunning gown! Didn't they have it in your size?"

He: "I feel as though I had known you for years."  
 She: "You certainly do."

*No man has a good enough memory to be a successful liar.*

A woman with her hair combed up always looks as if she were going someplace—either to the opera or the shower bath, depending on the woman.

*When they kiss and make up, she gets the kiss and he gets the make-up.*

Those who go to college and never get out are called professors.

Boss (pointing to cigarette stub on the floor): "Smith, is that yours?"  
 Smith: "Not at all, sir—you saw it first."

*Isn't it funny what a difference just a few years make? When girls are little, they like painted dolls; and when boys are little they like soldiers. When they grow up, the girls like the soldiers and the boys like the painted dolls.*

She: "You'd better watch your arm."  
 He: "Oh, I'm not worried about it—it knows its way around."

Instructor: "Men, I will not begin today's lecture until the room settles down."  
 V-12 Student: "Why don't you go home and sleep it off, sir?"

Verily, a woman is a woman, but a good cigar shouldn't be picked up on the street either.

Oh Gosh, Oh Gee,  
 I'd go for she  
 But she loves he  
 And he ain't me  
 So goodbye, she—  
 It's gotta be!

*A sailor went into a waterfront restaurant somewhat the worse for wear on the last day of his leave. He ordered a hard-boiled egg from the waitress and dozed off while he waited for her to return.*

*Just as the waitress reached his table, the egg rolled off the plate onto the floor.*

*"Oh, what shall I do now?" she cried out, loud enough to rouse the sailor from his nap.*

*He looked first at her, then at the egg at her feet. "Cackle like hell, baby," he advised, "you've just made a world's record."*

Girl: "Does this lipstick come off?"  
 Clerk: "Not if you put up a fight."

Susan: "Yes'm, I'se getting everything ready for my wedding. Is I happy? Why ma'am, could anyone be happier than a bride preparing her torso?"

"Mother, are there any skyscrapers in heaven?"  
 "No, son, engineers build skyscrapers."

Folks who don't know which way to turn have no business in a revolving door.



"But, Oswald, I just don't catch on!"

# SNOWFALL

by Howard Paul, A-S

Somewhere in the midst of a wild New Guinea forest, three boys were sitting in a hollow bit of land, near a little stream. Farther down the muddy banks there were more boys sitting, watching, watching till their eyes blurred with green, and all they saw were trees and leaves and ferns and mud. Dusk was falling; the heavy sultry lethargy of the day was turning cooler as night came down on the people in the forest.

Suddenly there was a terrifying scream of airplanes, and as they swooped low, they let go with their machine guns in the mudholes. There were yells and screams and there was mud all over, and death rained down, and was answered. One of the planes was hit, and it soared along the tops of the trees, and crashed somewhere on the other side of the river. No telling who was over there . . . or how many of them.

Dick and Steve and Jerry lay hidden on the edge of one of the mud banks. They had been there for what seemed months. Steve and Jerry came from the same town . . . was it in Michigan? They were always talking about it. Dick didn't care a damn for Michigan, nothing there but rocks and snow, but at least it would be better than mud . . . and palm trees . . . and machine guns.

"Hey Steve, I'll bet you don't know what the date is."

"Nah." Steve never was much on dates.

"Well, it's Christmas Eve," Dick sighed.

"Isn't that a joke!" Jerry tried to laugh. "What a hell of a place to be on Christmas Eve. Now Christmas Eve in Michi . . ."

"There he goes," moaned Dick, "Thanksgiving in Michigan, Hallowe'en in Michigan, and now it's Christmas Eve in Michigan. Don't tell me they know when it's Christmas up there?"

"Sure! Airplanes come all the way from Chicago to sky-write it, just so we'll know. Then we dig ourselves out of our houses and celebrate."

Jerry slumped down, and let memories get the better of him.

"There was snow fluttering down all over, wasn't there, Steve? Remember how pretty it was? And there were lighted houses . . . wreathes in the windows . . . fires in the fireplaces . . . the Christmas tree . . . Silent Night, Holy Night . . . remember the days? Remember how we would trim the tree, and break things, and try to make the lights work? One little stinker would go out, and the whole string would get the idea. The kids used to sneak down to put their presents under the tree, and I always watched from behind the sofa."

Jerry was musing to himself now. Steve and Dick were dozing.

"And there was so much to eat . . . and a pretty table . . . shiny wood . . . crocheted mats . . . and candlelight . . . good food . . . and a fire . . . people laughing and singing . . . and carolling. It was so cold standing out there singing as if our life depended upon it, and the people never heard us because they were rushing to the kitchen to get something to eat . . . one really ought to sing under the kitchen window! Remember the clean, clean snow . . . and ice on the streets . . . kids sliding down the hill, and their noses always dripping. I know, I was one of them. Remember the clean sheets . . . and a soft bed, and the bong, bong of the big clock in the hall . . . the wind outside the window, whistling around the corner of the house. Then there was Christmas morning . . . always a bunch of neckties . . . and there was sun on the snow, sparkling . . . blinding . . . and a bright blue sky, a clean empty sky . . . a sleigh ride . . . falling in the snow . . . laughing . . . laughing . . . then walking home from a dance with Margaret . . . you never met her, did you . . . boy, she's perfect! What big shadows the trees made on the snow . . . and each street lamp had its own little world of light around it. We would go up the steps stamping our feet . . . I'd kiss her goodnight, and she'd say she'd always love me . . . and I'd run home, sliding on the road and whistling . . . fall down and laugh . . . and go on sliding. Then there were cold turkey sandwiches and milk . . . and upstairs to say goodnight to Mom, and I'd sit on the corner of her bed, and talk, and watch the snow fall, and fall, and never stop . . . never stop . . . and it would sparkle and shine, and fall, and fall . . ."

Suddenly Steve was leaning over him:

"Jerry! Jerry! Hey, what's the matter Jerry! Can't you speak? Jerry, can you hear me? Hey look! That last bunch must have got him, and he didn't say anything . . . here Dick, help me lay him down, he's all crumpled up in here . . . there . . . listen! He's trying to talk . . . Jerry! I can't quite make it out. He says something is sparkling, and blinding, and falling . . . and falling . . ."

"I didn't raise my daughter to be fiddled with," said the pussy cat as she rescued her offspring from the violin factory.

*If Little Red Riding Hood lived today,  
The Modern Girl would scorn 'er.  
She only had to meet one wolf,  
Not one on every corner.*

"Two maids wait without . . ."  
"Without what?"  
"Without food and clothing."  
"Feed 'em and bring 'em in."

*The height of diplomacy is to say on  
surprising a lady in the bathtub, "I beg  
your pardon, sir."*

God made the earth and rested.  
God made man and rested.  
Then God made woman.  
Since then, neither God nor man has  
rested.

*A woman got on the train with nine  
children, and when the conductor came  
for her tickets she said: "Now these  
children are thirteen years old and pay  
full fare, but those three over there are  
only six, and these three here four and  
a half." The conductor looked at her in  
astonishment.*

"Do you mean to say you get three  
every time?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she said. "Sometimes we  
don't get any at all."

—Duchess

Rastus: "What-all did the doctor say's  
de matter wid you?"

Liza: "He says I's sufferin' from acute  
indiscretion."

Wife (to drunken husband): "Dear,  
let's go to bed."

Husband: "Might as well, I'll catch  
Hell when I get home, anyway."

"You can't arrest me. I come from  
one of the best families in Virginia."

"That's O. K., buddy. We ain't arrest-  
ing you for breeding purposes."

Old Maid (hearing noise under bed):  
"Quick, Ida, the lights."

Ida: "But they're on."

Old Maid: "Don't argue."

—Widow.

## MAIZIE (Continued from page 7)

clothes and trinkets. She use to want them so much down in Johnston County when she was a "young sprout," as Pa said.

The curious thing about Maizie was her eyes. Men, seeing her go down the street with her loud clothes and furbelows, would think she was a "rip," as the college boys call the Nash Park girls, but once they looked into Maizie's clear, gray, sad-looking eyes—and saw the hurt look in them—they were sure they were mistaken. No girl could look squarely at you like that if they had been up to bad tricks.

Millie knew that Maizie was good—good straight through. Millie often begged Maizie to go on blind dates with her making a foursome, but Maizie wouldn't go. Ma had told Maizie a hundred times what those blind dates would do for a "pick-up." Millie could go. Millie was a city girl. Millie knew her way around, and she was as hard as nails. Millie could keep men in their place, but Maizie was afraid to take chances.

Millie thought that Maizie just didn't like men, but Millie was wrong. Maizie learned to like one man. His buddies called him "Froggy." He was a soldier from Camp Mackall. He claimed he was from the West, and he liked to boast about it. He saw Maizie coming out of the Darling Shoppe. It was love at first sight with Maizie, and Froggy said it was the same with "yours truly." They dated steady for a month, and Froggy said that they'd better get hitched, and Maizie thought so too.

They were married at the Court House in Raleigh by the Justice of the Peace, and Maizie's purple suit and red fox furs did justice to the occasion. Her hat had a feather in the shape of a question mark standing straight up on top of it, and Maizie always wondered what the men, leaning on the brass railing watching the ceremony, were laughing about.

Froggy and Maizie got along fine for three months. Maizie kept her same room with Millie because Froggy had to report during the week at Camp Mackall, but he and Maizie rented cabins on the highway during his leaves, and they got along all right. Froggy always got himself "plastered" on weekends, but he didn't beat her like Pa beat Ma when he got drunk, so she had to put up with it.

Maizie was the happiest she'd ever been in her life. That is, until Froggy didn't show up one week-end. Maizie was frantic. She asked Froggy's buddies where he was. They said that Froggy had jumped his last jump. He had been killed while jumping from a burning airplane at Camp Mackall.

Maizie managed to get back to her room before the tears streamed down her face. People looked at the wild-eyed girl, but she didn't see them, and she didn't care.

She went to see about Froggy's insurance with the government. She'd take it, and buy Pa, Ma, and the y'ung 'uns a home, and it wouldn't be in Johnston County. Maybe by making Pa and Ma happy, she'd find happiness herself. When Maizie got to the insurance office, six other women were sitting at the agent's table. All claimed to be Froggy's wives. They had marriage licenses too. Froggy had a wife in every camp that he had been in for training from the West Coast to the East. The insurance agent was amazed. He gave the insurance to the first wife through a technicality of the law. Froggy's last wives were shown to the door, and Maizie was the first one to go out.

Maizie went to Camp Mackall. She just had to go. She saw his casket wrapped in a flag being loaded for its journey to the West. Her heart broke as the casket passed by supported by men in uniform. She was the only wife that went to see him. The others were interested only in the insurance money. The commanding officer gave her Froggy's wallet, thinking that she was his only wife. She took it—just to have one thing that belonged to Froggy. That night she finally got around to opening it. Froggy had a few bills, coins, and torn tickets in it. In the back was a picture of Froggy's first wife, and his five children. They were his children all right, for they were just like Froggy. He could never deny that those children were not his. She picked up Froggy's picture that he had given her when they were married, and tore it into small pieces. She didn't even keep the red, white, and blue picture frame that she had bought to put it in.

Maizie got a notice from the county agent's office that her services were not needed any longer. Maizie knew that the county agent didn't want her in the office because of the publicity about Froggy's marriages. The Raleigh papers had put her picture in the paper. It was the one she had taken on her wedding day. She had on the hat with the feather question mark on it. Beneath was the caption, "Froggy's Sixth Wife." The county agent didn't blame her for Froggy's escapade, but she could just pay for it by not coming back.

Maizie lay flat on her back on the shaky iron bed, and gazed up at the gray ceiling of her room. She would not eat, or talk, or laugh, or cry. Millie was uneasy about her. She did everything that she could to help Maizie, but Maizie remained passive.

Millie always blamed herself for offering Maizie her first drink of gin. But she did, and Maizie took it, and gulped it down, sputtering and choking. That was the beginning. Maizie drank more and more gin. It helped her face her past life. She had been kicked around all right. She was one mouth too many for her parents to feed at home. She felt in their way. People made fun of her clothes in Raleigh. She was an outsider. Nobody made friends with her. That is, the people that she wanted to like her. Millie was swell, but Millie was on the wrong side. Maizie knew it. She thought she had found love, but it had turned out a mockery. Everybody was laughing at her behind her back. The Sixth Wife! Froggy had ruined her life. She had been kicked out of a good job on account of that. She poured herself another drink.

In a day or two, Maizie looked under the bed and took out her tomato red suit trimmed in leopard. She couldn't understand why she had not worn it so long. Nothing like a tomato red suit to make people turn and look at you as you passed by.

\* \* \*

It was Saturday night and the service men were in town from the nearby camps—sailors, soldiers, aviators, officers, marines—all of them. The hotels, boarding houses, residences, and cabins were all filled to overflowing. The streets were crowded and jammed. High laughter, shouts, honking automobile horns, negro boys calling for shoe shines, music coming from the Carolina Hotel Ball Room making people step about more quickly.

Maizie sat on a bench in Nash Square Park and watched it all with eyes that saw little. Ma had to have the ten dollars for the y'ung 'uns. The papers said that tobacco was at rock bottom. That was just like it always was. She could see Pa making his mash. She could see Ma's tears falling in the wash tub.

Maizie was cold. It was the fall of the year and the air was chill. She took a small flask from her pocket and took a snifter as Millie called it. The whiskey helped her to be brave. It ministered to her tenderly. There was a prayer in her heart, but it wasn't to God. "Keep me drunk always. Just keep my heart so it won't feel. There's nothing in the world for the likes of me."

A car drew up to the curb on Nash Square and the head lights flashed twice. The fellow at the wheel saw a girl in a tomato red suit trimmed in leopard emerge from among the trees in the park. He opened the door and she stepped into the car. It disappeared slowly in the enveloping fog.



He: "Woman's greatest attraction is her hair."

He: "I say it's her eyes."

He: "It is unquestionably her teeth."

Another: "What's the use of sitting here lying to each other."

—Pell-Mell.

"I don't see why you haggle so about the price with the tailor—you'll never pay him anyhow."

"But I'm conscientious. I don't want the poor fellow to lose more than is necessary."

—Log.

From off his sled our Santa leapt  
And everything looked fine, except  
That rabbits gamboled on the green  
And laid eggs with a brilliant sheen.  
Our Santa blushed with downcast mien  
And muttered, "Hell! I overslept."

"Will you please give me a dime, sir?  
I'm deaf and dumb."

"Deaf and dumb?"

"Oh, fudge! I mean I'm blind. It's me  
twin brudder who is deaf and dumb, and  
we look so much alike that I get us all  
mixed up."

—Punch Bowl.

"Wal, Hiram, did you have a nice  
time at the city?"

"Reckon so, Elmer. Shucks, it's a  
great place. Y'know, the first night I  
spent there was with a naked woman."

"I swan, Hiram. What did y'do then?"

"Nothing much, Elmer, but reckon if  
I'd played me cards right, I could a  
kissed her."

"What's the big idea, wearing my  
raincoat?"

"It's raining. You wouldn't want your  
suit to get wet, would you?"

Prof. (taking up quiz paper): Why  
the quotation marks on this paper?"

Student: "Courtesy to the man on my  
left."

We have a dog,  
We called it "Butch"  
Until it had pups,  
Then we changed its name.

—Lampoon.

She: "Do you think you're Santa  
Claus?"

He: "No; why?"

She: "Then leave my stockings alone."

—Jester.

## A Very Merry Christmas To You All!

I wish every one of our Patrons and Friends  
the very best in this season of good cheer  
. . . and the entire staff of the Carolina and  
Pick Theatres joins with me in that wish.

We are very grateful for your loyal patronage,  
and may the New Year to come bring you  
and yours Peace, Happiness and Prosperity.

E. Carrington Smith, Mgr.  
Carolina and Pick Theatres

# CAROLINA STUDENTS!

*You're Always Welcome*

at

**WALGREEN'S**  
*Drug Store*  
Durham

Fond mother: "Now that Harold is through college, are you going to take him into the business?"

Doubtful father: "I dunno. Can't you use him for a bridge prize?"

•

A gent, alcoholically oversubscribed, wandered into a movie. During the intermission, while the audience was being bored with announcements of future films, the drunk got to his feet and called out:

"Is there a doctor in the house?"

There was. A man down in the third row stood up, saying:

"I am a doctor."

The drunk leered amiably. "Hello, doctor," he said and sat down.

•

"I like to explore a girl's mind."

"Well, you have a funny idea where my mind is."

—*Urchin.*

•

Editor: "Why'd'ya clip this joke. You know that the censor board will cut it cut?"

Gagman: "I know, but think of the fun they'll have reading it."

—*Bored Walk.*

# DANCE INVITATIONS

Cards and Envelopes to match in 3 sizes

•

# PROGRAMS

Souvenir Programs  
Numerous sizes and styles  
One and two color

•

# Orange Printshop

Telephone 3781 Chapel Hill

# Ahoy Mates!



*Pat, ever jovial, talks at the bar with a couple of "Porthole Fans."*

**For Nightly Entertainment**

**Drop Anchor at**

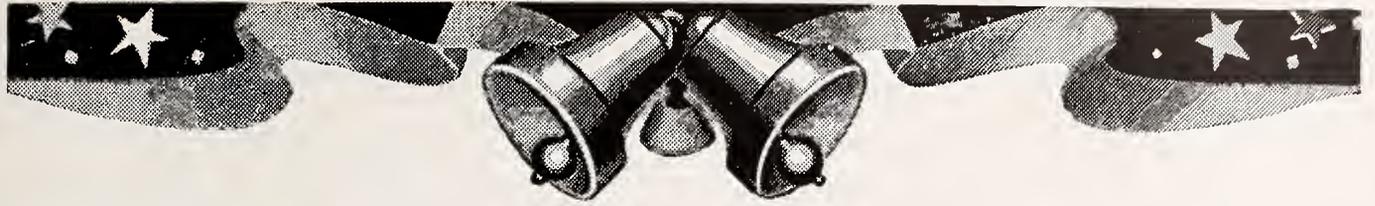
*Carolina students "get together" like this every night at The Porthole for good eating and hearty fun.*



# The Porthole

(MARLEY'S)

Lunch and Dinner Served



# Merry Christmas !

Everything you want—is what we wish for you this Christmas. We hope the sun will shine, the Christmas tree sparkle! In the same glad holiday spirit as in years gone by, including a heart-felt prayer for peace—CHRISTMAS GREETINGS!

*Carolina Sport Shop*

*Graham Memorial Grill*

*Ab's Intimate Bookshop*

*University Barber Shop*

*Ledbetter-Pickard*

*Fowler's Food Store*

*The Varsity*

*Eubanks*

*Andrews-Henninger*

*Carolina Beauty Shop*

*University Florist*

*Carolina Pharmacy*



**THERE'S NOTHING LIKE  
A GOOD CIGARETTE**

**So let's wish them the Very Best**

**YES...THE CIGARETTE WITH THE RIGHT  
COMBINATION OF THE WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS**

**STRIDES AHEAD** in Mildness, Better Taste and  
Cooler Smoking because Chesterfields are made  
of the world's best cigarette tobaccos... plus the  
Right Combination to satisfy smokers everywhere.

**Remember in a cigarette—the Blend...the  
Right Combination — that's the thing**

**200 Chesterfields**  
**CHESTERFIELD**  
*Cigarettes*

**AND HERE THEY ARE ... again in the cheerful  
Chesterfield Christmas Red—the cigarette gift that SATISFIES  
with the best in Smoking Pleasure.**

# CAROLINA MAGAZINE



FEBRUARY ISSUE



*The Little Shop*

for

COLLEGE GIRLS

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The Theme of this month's issue

is LOVE. You will find here the

Valentine heart and beyond that

we trust you may find some increase

of vision, of tolerance, of sympathy.



## People

**Big Time:** Mary Louise Huse and Jack Ellis, AS, V-12, co-authors of last quarter's S&F's GADABOUT, have revised and rewritten their script and sent it off to do the rounds of the New York publishing moguls. Declaring that nothing could possibly become of it of course," the Huse and Ellis team slipped it in the post office Air Mail slot with the admonition that the absorption of a little Wonderland atmosphere couldn't harm the pages. It was a carbon copy, anyway.

**Scoop:** Martha Coble, one of this year's News Bureau lasses, is now down in the sunny city of Miami banging away on a typewriter in the Miami branch of the United Press syndicate. Offer of the job came a couple of weeks ago, and UP-minded Martha packed her copy paper and fled, planning to finish college via correspondence school.

**Night Shift:** First coed we've heard of to achieve renown as the sweetheart of an entire fraternity is Coed Senate Speaker Mary Lou Truslow. The Delta Sigma Chi, commerce fraternity, pinned her as their own at a dance in the women's gym the night of February 29, and on the following Monday evening entertained her at supper, alone and en masse.

**No-Man's-Land:** One good Tar Heel definitely caught in the middle of the "devil and the deep blue sea" is Wayne Kernodle, Tar Heel circulation manager, who spends his time alternating between Carolina and Duke campuses. Enrolled in the Duke School of Divinity, Wayne bums over to Durham each morning, but swears he stays only long enough to attend classes, and then hits the trail for the Hill.

**Has-Beens:** Walter Damtoft now finds himself bearing the hardships of midshipman's school in Chicago. "Naturally we are sweating all week (but natchelly), but Chicago is really a wonderful liberty town and one just lives from weekend to weekend. The better folks here think nothing of inviting a couple of us out and spending about \$50 on each of us. . . ." Long unheard from Dave Bailey, who achieved his campus fame here through his journalistic aspirations and IRC movements, is reported to be a member of the ASTP unit stationed within the vicinity of the Great Lakes.

Kat Hill



as featured in VOGUE

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## New World A-Coming

by Roi Ottley

**N**EW WORLD A-COMING is the story of Harlem, but not only the Harlem of the flesh-pots and jazz, mammoth parades and loud "Hallelujahs." For Harlem is the test-tube—the cross section of Negro life—the gaudy with the serious, the opportunist with the sincere. There is the cafe-au-lait society, but there is also the middle class, the serious intellectual class, and, above, beneath, and around the entire picture, the great mass of slum-shocked. For Harlem is a conglomerate mass of teeming humanity, of all colors, races, national origins, and religions. Their life is a mixture of soap-box orators, strikes, picnics, and religious revivals. In the background stand the tenements crowded close upon the nightclubs, the street vendors with their cry of "Hurry, hurry, hurry, 'cause I saved it just for you," by the long flashy automobiles. The hard realities of tenement life have brought the prosaic acts of every-day living into a stern struggle for existence which distorts the perspective and replaces more intangible troubles.

Mr. Ottley, the author, is a crusader. It is impossible that he be otherwise, tied as closely to his race by a great bond of sympathy and understanding as he is. But he has the journalist's wholesome respect for fact. This is no carelessly written, hastily put-together appeal for justice for the negro. Rather it is an appeal that the negro, as a member of a forgotten race, be given a chance to prove himself—an appeal backed by a documentary research into the entire range of racial life.

This research covers the colorful, the sordid, the sensational, as well as the serious, the idealistic, and the realistic. Relegated to the background among the other myths of the past stand the old pictures of the happy-go-lucky, singing, joyous negro and the faithful Uncle Tom. In their places is a new negro, with firm convictions of his rights in a great democratic country, determined to fight the grim and unrelenting battle of even justice. As one negro octogenarian somewhat extravagantly puts it: "When the old negro was insulted he shed a tear; today, when these young ones is insulted they sheds blood."

In the south the negro counts as nothing politically; in the north his vote is frequently used as a bloc to gain the desired advantages. The negro press, the upper intellectual class, even the religious leaders fight to this end of racial

recognition, for job opportunities, educational opportunities, court justice, for concrete assurances of their rights. "Negroes may quarrel among themselves about minor issues, but on the question of their rights—moral, economic, and political—which to them mean the right to integration in American life, they form a solid bloc, each member of it being fiercely group-conscious."

The pictures of negro life are drawn with a vivid imagery and a strong sense of the brilliance and swing, the smell and feel of Harlem. It is an imagery which could come only from one with his finger upon the pulse of the negro metropolis, knowing its most subtle meanings as well as its most sensational displays.

Although we may be irritated by Mr. Ottley's occasional belligerence, we cannot but respect his sincerity and conviction. Too long we have been enmeshed in a web of platitudes, phobias, and obscured truths which have resolved the negro problem into a monstrous bogeyman. We cannot read *New World A-Coming* without realizing that these are the too-little known, too often ignored facts upon which we must base the ultimate solution of the problem and determine the ultimate shape of American society.

Ann West



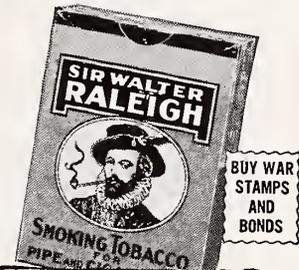
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## SPORTS

In this third consecutive war-time winter sports season, Carolina military and civilian personnel is being offered the same fine, colorful brand of sports that has always been traditional here.

The cagers were off to a poor start, and indeed the year looked gloomy immediately after the Christmas holidays. The chatter was around that the morale was broken, that the boys were not working together, and, in general, that the White Phantoms were going to be lucky if this '44 basket season didn't crumble.

But Coach Lange had other ideas. He knew this was the time to build a triumphant squad, while the transfer V-12's were on hand to make Carolina stock soar sky high in pre-season doping.

Riding the crest of the Southern conference now and dead certain to make the tournament in Raleigh slated for the last weekend in February, the Phants show teamwork, coordination and the victorious spirit that may carry another University aggregation to a title.

Every man on both varsity and Jay-vee squads deserves a "hat's" off but special credit to the following: Captain Bernie Mock, highest scorer and bang-up forward; Jack Fitch, of grid fame, who has worked well at guard; John Dewell, center, a fine under the basket performer; Soc Creticos, guard, who brings a terrific prep school record here and is holding his own in the higher sports circles; Buster Stevenson, guard, holdover from last year's frosh and an up-and-coming cager, Dick Donnan, forward, the personification of aggressiveness; Boyce Box, forward, Texas transfer of one hand renown; Bob "The Moose" Altemose, center, who played with the Tar Heels last winter; among myriad others.

\* \* \*

One of the greatest teams of them all is the swimming Blue Dolphins who have become so strong that competition is lacking in the nation.

Trimming the ever-potent Navy fish in the academy pool was proof enough that Coach Dick Jamerson has continued to construct high calibre aggregations, as has been the case every year since he led off with the initial Carolina swim team five years ago.

Outstanding performers include: Denny Hammond, Buddy Crone, Jim Wildman, Percy Mallison, George Whitner, Snooky Proctor, Jesse Greenbaum, Ben Ward, Bill Herr, Bill Stev-

ens, Henri Huse, Allen Kaufman and Ira Abrahamson.

\* \* \*

Coach Joe Murnick has performed a miracle with his incessant plea to "get in shape", and his ringmen are being unofficially heralded champs of the East. This crowning, a make-believe title, was compiled thusly: Army beat Penn State, usually considered foremost of the nation's boxing teams, Maryland beat Army and Carolina beat Maryland without trouble.

The pugs are: Al Peterson, Jim Koustenis, Dan Davis, Norman Davis, Charlie Kimsey, Walter Kraus, Fred Muster, Len Gilliam, and Marshall Parker. Other men are out for the team but have not competed.

\* \* \*

Coach Chuck Quinlan didn't have much to work with in the way of wrestlers this winter, none of his men being lettermen from last season. But in spite of it all, he has concocted a group of fighting youngsters.

Furthermore, they registered one win over the Duke Blue Devils to tie for Big Five honors.

The contestants follow: Bill Nachamson, W. R. Howard, Tom Tuomey, H. C. Batten, R. E. Betzig, A. N. Marshall, L. L. Hooper and W. A. Stuart.  
A/S Horace Carter

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Drawing, Beverly Money  
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# the carolina magazine

february 1944

## With Our Contributors

Nancy Smith, daughter of "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" Betty Smith, uses the suspense technique in a short story ("The Man Who Wore a Rose," pg. 8) with a surprise ending. Her story is illustrated by Allen Kaufman.

Mag readers will recall Paul Ramsey's short story, "This Is a Moment," published in a recent issue. The new associate editor fictions this month with "Larry." (pg. 14)

Born on a boat, Graham Memorial's roving philosopher, Wayne Kernodle ("Socrates of the South," pg. 7) has been traveling ever since. Wayne says he never likes to stay in one place very long. After the war he plans to go into the ministry.

From "somewhere overseas" came the poems, "A Winter Thought" and "The Great Pyramid," by former Carolina student, Pvt. Charley Johnson of the American Field Service.

This summer Betty Moore was editor, business manager, and general office boy of the weekly Jackson News. She hopes to write a book someday about her experiences on the paper. In "Ink on My Fingers" (pg. 14) she gives us a summary of her hilarious summer.

"Under-Cover Girl" for this issue is Mary Louise Huse, who writes a critical analysis of the University's registration system. ("Standing Room Only," pg. 18).

EDITOR.....Olive Price Charters  
 ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....A/S Paul Ramsey, USNR  
 BUSINESS MANAGERS.....Betty Jean Smith, Wynette White

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## THE STAFF

EDITORIAL: David Hanig, A/S Dan Cowan, Nancy Smith, Betty Moore, Mary Louise Huse, Kat Hill, A/S Horace Carter, Wayne Kernodle, Joan Martin, J. Wes Gentry, Sgt. Keith Cox, Sara Yokley, Jud Kinberg, Ann West, Monnie King, Robert Rolnik.

BUSINESS: Catherine Cole, Anne Greer.

PHOTOGRAPHY: Joe Al Denker, Tyler Nourse, Karl Bishopric, NROTC, A. J. Wadner.

ART: Beverly Money, A/S Allen Kaufman, Connie Hendren, Dot Schmuhl.

CIRCULATION: A/S Tom Cranford.

SPECIAL CREDIT: Employees of Orange Printshop, W. M. Pugh, Phillips Russell, Pvt. Ernie Frankel, USMCR, Lloyd Koppel, NROTC.

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# Khaki

... amid denials, a  
quiet furtherance ...

## on the Campus

By  
ROBERT ROLNIK

"Guardi a quella bella bionda la—E simpatica!!"  
"Die Karolinen Madchen sind nicht schlimm,  
wirklichen sudlichen Hubschen."

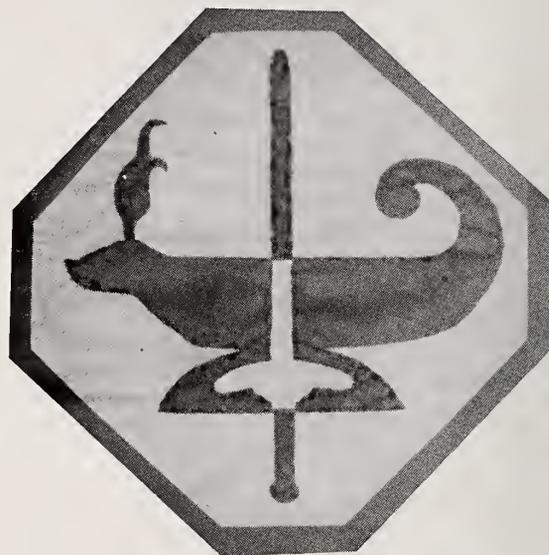
"Quelle ligne! Surtout dans ce 'sweatair'!!"

285 soldiers, with a difference.

Early in August, among the Navy blue and white, there settled the khaki of about two hundred and eighty-five soldiers, hand picked to inaugurate the Army Specialized Training Program's new Area and Language Division. Captain E. V. Horton, since replaced by Major George Matthews, Jr., was commandant when classes officially started on August 9th. At present Major Matthews' headquarters are in the unobtrusive Filter Plant building where he is assisted by a small but able staff, composed of 1st Lt. DiPasquel, administrative officer, 2nd Lt. L. A. Smith and four cadre men. These men with Dr. C. B. Robson, civilian director of academic work, and the thirty professors serving under him, have had a difficult task of organization and operation of this intensive program and they have done well.

Nor have the students had an easy job. In the nine months, each individual soldier must learn a country, its language, its geography, its history, and its culture, not on any "C" or even "A" academic level, but on a level of living understanding whereby they can live and communicate in that country as though it were their native land. Therefore they live their language.

At Carolina these men of the highest IQ group in



the army study, read, and breathe one of four languages—French, German, Spanish, or Italian, but their linguistic ability is not limited to this specialty. In the unit are men who can speak Dutch, Portuguese, Danish, Swedish, Finnish, Polish, Turkish, Rumanian, Russian, Hungarian and, occasionally, English. And there are at least two boys who can read, write and speak eight languages.

On Saturday, January 29, 1944, the first group graduated. It consisted of 16 advanced students, men who, having had before a fairly thorough knowledge of a language and who were needed for special assignment, went through a stiff course of finishing and polishing and coordinating their knowledge of language with the knowledge of lands. Who they are and what and where their assignments are cannot be disclosed, but presumably they are now in all parts of the world with the fighting forces as are the especially advanced students who, one by one throughout the last few months, have been called to special and secret missions.

The youngest of these soldiers is 20; the oldest 38 and both of these and all of the others are at least college graduates. The educational requirements for these students, many of which will not receive commissions, are much higher than for any OCS. At least a half a dozen used to carry "Dr." before their names until they took the title "Private." And a number have MA degrees. Their former universities are as varied as their homes and their travels and their interests. In the unit at present are graduates from the Universities of Vienna, Paris, Madrid, Berlin, Turin, and Rotterdam, besides, of course, some hundred odd American universities.

Celebrities in the ranks are frequent. At Carolina now, among other moguls and the rest of the men who have no claim to distinction except for the fact of being brilliant and determined, there is the featured pianist in Vaughn Monroe's orchestra, a Hollywood director, and one of Harvard's famous

(Continued on page 20)

# Socrates of the South

By WAYNE KERNODLE

In collaboration with Ens. Chas. McCoy and many of the students who have had Bradshaw's courses—and the teachers who have taught along with him.

DEAN BRADSHAW is a lover. His love embraces education and extends to those who are his contemporaries and students. He offers no particular system by which all people can become educated, but he does believe that learning the thinking process is the way toward becoming liberated from the task of following false paths of learning. This man loves the work he is doing and those who have actually taken his courses know that he loves the students and that his primary aim is to teach them how to think and solve their own problems.

Born close to the University, in Hillsboro, his path has brought him ever nearer to Chapel Hill's great heart. His influence has impressed itself in every corner of the campus. Through the students who took his classes at Carolina that influence stretches out clearly into the state and nation. To say that it has spread further would not be the epitomizing of a writer, for word has come back from men who are now fighting on all the fronts of the world that because they began to learn how to think during Bradshaw's classes, they were able to meet successfully many problems in an emergency. These statements are not only a compliment to the teacher and the student, but also to an idea fostered by a man in his attempt to help other men understand the real meaning of education.

The terms student government, freedom of thought and liberal education were abstractions. Bradshaw, as dean of students since 1920, has turned them into flesh and blood on the Carolina campus. Seldom appearing as a reformer, never as a direct student leader, he has constantly suggested moves to those who did lead. Few are the important campus movements

of the last two decades which cannot be traced back to a quiet smile and a few well chosen words or questions spoken in his office at 205 South Building. A great number of campus leaders have taken his course and come out changed in some way. A former Tar Heel editor, who still calls himself a Bradshaw student, told of one of the many times he found himself unable to make a decision concerning some of his problems with the newspaper. He would take his troubles en masse to the dean's office and spill them out on the table. Without answering any of the editor's questions directly the dean would assure him that it was "very interesting," and send him away to think the matter over for 24 hours. He told the bewildered writer to come back then if he did not have a solution. This editor, then a senior, found that the trouble was that he had not been actually thinking about the problem in a logical way. With the ideas the dean had given, the editor always found it possible to work out the solutions for himself. The student had learned to think; the teacher had taught a great lesson. It was not a required course nor was it taken from any of the thousands of books collecting dust on library shelves. This is only one example of many which expresses the idea that Dean Bradshaw has made living on the Carolina campus an education in itself for those who have come in contact with him.



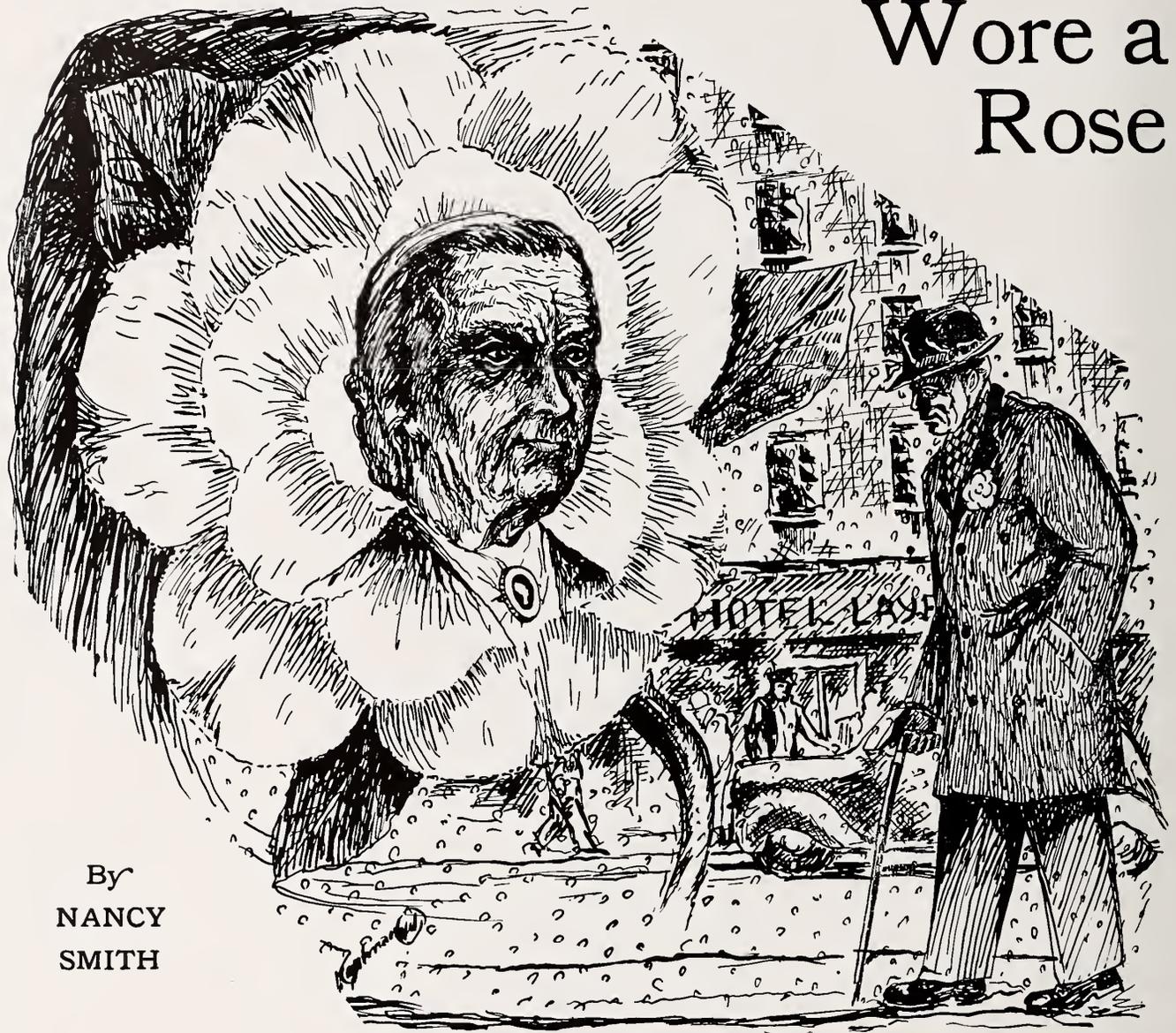
**Socrates of the South. Through questioning we wonder, through wondering we learn, through learning we act.**

\* \* \* \* \*

Dean Bradshaw follows Horace Williams. He carries on the Williams teaching tradition of which Tom Wolfe said: "He was a vital force because he supplied to many of us for the first time in our lives, the inspiration of a questioning intelligence." Bradshaw is constantly bringing "intellectual

(Continued on page 20)

# The Man Who Wore a Rose



By  
NANCY  
SMITH

IT WAS in January that she saw him, the man who wore a white rose in his button hole. She used to have the maid push her chair over to the window so that she could see the people passing in the street below. The man was talking to Charles, the Hotel Lafayette's doorman. Soon he left the doorman and began to pace moodily up and down in front of the hotel, pausing to stare searchingly at the windows or to finger the rose in his buttonhole.

She lived at the Hotel Lafayette, in number 201, all year. Oh you mustn't misunderstand, she'd tell you brightly, as the bone crochet needle flashed in and out of one of

Snow fell on a white rose and an old lady's eyes grew bright.

those afgans she was always knitting. She liked the Lafayette, she said, because it was such a pleasant refined place—with a touch of glamor about it, for it was just on the border of Greenwich village. All sorts of interesting people like her man with the rose streamed by. She really had a home, a place to stay, but of course anyone would want her daughter to live her own life. That's why she'd moved.

True, she'd never felt that Jim was exactly the right sort of person for Angela, and it had been a long time before the girl had openly defied her mother and had announced the engagement. She had accepted the inevitable with the graciousness of a born lady. When the children came, it was different. They took up all Angela's time. Besides, Angela had definite ideas about rearing them that her mother didn't approve of. Once she had

caught the old lady soothing the baby with a lump of sugar wrapped in a clean rag and dipped in milk; she'd exploded. It was then that the old lady felt the painful flutter in her heart. Finally, with a gesture of nobility, she had moved to the Lafayette "to let the youngsters live their own lives." Angela was already thirty-five.

Life was beginning to be lonesome without the children, when the man with the rose come along. Every day after that first one he would come back at that magical dusky hour between five and six every evening when people are hurrying home to bright living rooms and supper tables. She got used to seeing his tall, lean, hatless figure striding across the icy sidewalk. He always wore a white scarf and a white rose bud just opening into full bloom. Why? When he paused to search the blank windows, he would see her and wave; then she'd wave back and he would grin a charming and engaging grin. At the end of an hour he would go away. Every day it was the same time, the same place, the same careful search of the hotel windows. Sometimes the ladies or old men who lived at the hotel would stop to talk to him, probably to ask about the rose. She could see him talking earnestly with eloquent little hand gestures, could see their dawning look of conviction. But she never knew. Nor could she ask, tied down to the chair as she was.

Why did he come always to the Lafayette at the same hours, every day excepting Sundays? Why did he brave snows, winds or rains, with the same white rose bud in the buttonhole of his elegant black overcoat?

She liked to think that he had a girl, a lovely fragile creature, and that the white rose had been the symbol of their love. They had had a silly quarrel, and she had run away. You know how old ladies are sometimes. Perhaps she was here, at the Lafayette, waiting for him to come and claim her. She took a

deep interest in the man who wore the rose and his shadow lady.

On holidays she joyously defied her doctor and sailed grandly down the steps into the main dining room, her heart pitter-patting. (She even ordered wine, and took to her bed afterwards so sick from the excitement that Angela had to come to stay with her.) This Valentine's Day she noticed a lonely beautiful girl, small, quick, with dark restless eyes and long slender hands. She thought maybe that this girl might be the one, until she left.

When it rained, and the man paced up and down, water soaking his dark coat, she grew sad and thought that, perhaps, the man had loved someone who had died there. Even when it snowed he would be at the hotel from five to six. If it were too cold, he would drop into the sandwich shop across the way for a cup of hot coffee.

People are always disappearing, like that lovely dark girl. Some come back; others. . . . .

The man with the rose didn't come back one day.

It left an empty place in her life. She became ill. All else, even Angela and the children, receded before her dominant desire to find what had become of the man with the rose and the scarf. Had he found what he was looking for? Angela was worried. She sat for hours by her mother's bedside, stroking her hand. "Now Mother, you mustn't worry about him; he'll come back".

"No."

"All right, Mother, perhaps he's given up trying."

"You haven't watched him as I have."

"You think too much about him. He's only an ordinary man. Sometimes, Mother, you are too possessive. You feel as if he belonged to you."

It was no use. Not until the doctor reluctantly gave her permission to go driving on warm afternoons,

hoping that the change might do her some good. Then she perked up considerably. She would find the man and know the story behind the rose.

Excitement reached feverpitch on the day set for the first ride, a treacherously spring-like day late in February. She had the whole hotel staff hovering solicitously around her for fear she might overdo herself. Angela must go along to see the man with the rose. When all was ready, Charles carried her down to the car.

They rode around Greenwich village, the chauffeur pointing out interesting places like artist's shops and handmade greeting card stores. All this was lost on the old lady who was searching as eagerly as a child for some glimpse of a white rose. An uneventful half hour went by, and since it was turning colder, they started back.

Then they saw him pacing, pacing in front of the Hotel Albert. She made the chauffeur stop. When she opened the window and called him, he flushed and started as if her voice reminded him of someone he knew. He came over to the car eagerly, holding his hat against the sweeping winds.

"Why do you wear that white rose in your buttonhole?" she asked.

\* \* \*

The crowd that had collected by the time the ambulance got there was beginning to disperse. The man with the rose thoughtfully detached himself from it. Too bad about the old lady. Heart, they'd said. Too much excitement. Well, he shrugged his shoulders. Business had to go on as usual. An old man approached him, and asked about the rose.

"I'm glad you asked, sir. Someone like you should never spend the winter in New York. You belong in a place where roses," he figured the one in his buttonhole, "grow all the time. Now I represent Carribbean Cruises, Inc. . . . ."

Snow was beginning to fall.

## ISOLATION

This is not life,  
 To choose the story-ending,  
 Discarding if it does not fit the mood  
 And choose again.  
 The measurement of kisses is not  
 sentences  
 But flesh.  
 Tears are not black print  
 On a page  
 But moisture cornered  
 In unheroic eyes.  
 Time, which one day later,  
 Will be story-swift,  
 Now strolls between the chair and  
 lamp.  
 Only the unwise are insulated from  
 themselves.  
 The taught ones know  
 We cannot cleave reflections  
 From our images.

Joan Martin

## A WINTER THOUGHT

It was only a grey November after-  
 noon,  
 The leaves were falling, and the snow  
 was coming soon.  
 The mountains were shrouded with  
 mist  
 And I walked alone as I wished.  
 Once I stopped by a Chestnut tree  
 And wondered what she thought of me,  
 But then I decided to hurry past  
 (By a Chestnut tree I had seen her  
 last.)  
 And what strange things we were  
 thinking!  
 It occurred to me even then,  
 But who was I to tell her that  
 Since she had only called me friend?  
 No, she was the wife of another man  
 Or so I thought last May  
 But now at the first of mountain win-  
 ter  
 It seems quite hard to say,  
 For I am lonely and so is she  
 (I must hurry past this Chestnut  
 tree.)  
 Was it up to her or up to me  
 Last May beneath the Chestnut tree?

Pvt. Charley Johnson

## Poems . . .

## THE GREAT PYRAMID

Pyramids are not its glory,  
 Grim piles of stone but prove men vain.  
 A plate of gold one-eighth inch thick  
 Engraved with shepherds tending sheep  
 Has told me more of Egypt's soul  
 Than all the stones in this great heap.

Pvt. Charley Johnson

## AND WHEN

And when they had taken the hill  
 With two days of the living  
 And many years of the dead  
 And established their lines,  
 They started back to their rear—  
 Jim and his comrades.  
 They noticed the red blood poured  
 Over the black lumps of broken earth.  
 They noticed the poses of the Germans  
 Caught just at the final curtain  
 And held as still as in a snapshot.  
 They noticed the Americans, too.  
 Suddenly, Jim froze between steps:  
 "God!" He saw John's ever bright face  
 Like a burned-out lightbulb at his feet.  
 He didn't fall to his knees;  
 His knees couldn't bend!  
 Ceasing their chatter his comrades  
 turned:  
 "Somebody you know kid?"  
 "No! Guess this business is getting  
 me soft.  
 It must have been the blood on his  
 face."  
 It was. It was his own blood on his  
 own brother's face.  
 His comrades kept on their kidding  
 and chatting,  
 While Jim, silent, remembered  
 How John had rubbed Jim's small  
 brush head  
 As he pulled his first little fish from  
 the creek  
 Saying: "Sonny boy, you'll be a man  
 before you know it."

J. Wes Gentry

## NOW

Seize this moment against sleep.  
 Eyes, snare the window's scene  
 of light of stars and dark  
 unbreaking save for stars  
 and the white and green.

Let us observe the green silence  
 past the door  
 as the undistinguished voices  
 reach this floor.

Like the white flower curling,  
 tremulous in air,  
 the time-stroke, sleep meeting,  
 fills everywhere.

Here is the waiting of sleep.  
 Hold for a minute, keep  
 these sounds and this silence.  
 Them homeward to memory bring.  
 Bring flower and stroke and silence  
 against that leaning wing.

Paul Ramsey, Jr.

## SILHOUETTE

She wanted to possess him  
 With a greed she had not known  
 For anything. His every colored word,  
 His silent smile, his slow turn  
 Of muscle-plaited arm and  
 Smooth-towered body  
 Grew giant in the isolation of her  
 mind.  
 Though another sowed the happiness  
 harvested  
 Within his eyes, yet she reflected it  
 From silvered pain.  
 Her fingers curled into her palm,  
 Caged from touching him.  
 The words for him fluttered  
 Within her like full-puffed, feathered  
 pigeons.  
 Once, on a bridged lake,  
 Corralled in blue-black hills,  
 Folded in glossy shadows  
 With a crinkling silver of drowned  
 sky,  
 And he a silhouette beside her,  
 The words fanned a wing tip  
 Against her heart, and died.

Joan Martin



# THE MAG SHOOTS A PIN-UP GIRL

**1** The Mag's lens-team, Millie Hosch and Joe Denker, have reduced the monthly production of pin-up photos to an exact science. Here, Miss Millie, a photographer in her own right, turns makeup artist to prepare Estelle for the camera. First step is the liberal application of Max Factor's best panchromatic makeup. Next come the various beauty aids—in various hues. In addition to lipstick, eye-brow pencil and mascara, powder is lightly applied to the panchromatic base to give opalescence to the skin. Neatest trick is outlining the eyes to give them added depth and size.



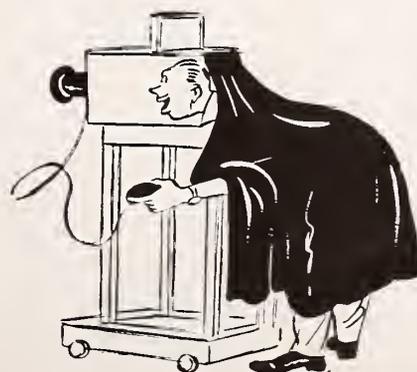
**2** With Estelle's face and shoulders ready, her hair comes in for a bit of stardusting. Millie arranges stars in the hair of this month's pin-up princess. They present an added problem, since any uncounted for reflection by the bright stars would produce a harsh lighting effect. Millie also arranges the skirt of the dress, while Estelle cooperates by being patient. After all the work, the miracle is still to come—making it look easy and natural.



3 The masculine half of the team arrives on the scene as Joe takes over. First big job is arranging the lighting. To Joe it's old hat—he was one of the Coast's ace cheesecake men in civilian life. Main source of lighting are well placed spotlights. The camera is the favorite of all photographers, a Speed Graphic with a fast EKtar f 4.7 lens. The picture of Estelle was taken at 1/25 second at f 8. with High Speed Press Film. To get the black and white contrast, Joe used a non-reflecting cloth in the background.



4 After about two hours of work, the job is over for Estelle and Millie. Now it's up to Joe and the darkroom. Since developing can make or break the best negative, he's careful in the darkroom processes. On the technical side, it's D76 medium contrast developer and Kodabromide No. 2 paper on which the final print is made. On the human side, it's Joe's years of darkroom experience. Here he takes a look at the final product as it still drips fixer. The photographic gods have been kind and the print is as good as Joe and Millie hoped it would be. The scissor and heart of the final picture were got by superimposing cardboard images on the printing paper when Joe exposed it.



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Silent but very dominant partner in producing a glamour shot is subject Estelle Penn. In addition to being attractive, she's an English major, a Senior, Chi Omega sorority girl.

Important statistics include 5'2½" of height, the combination of chestnut hair, true blue eyes. She has a turned-up nose and the freckles to go with it. Estelle's smile has been favorably compared to the best, and her sorority sisters testify to her engaging personality—high praise.

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# Ink on my Fingers

By

BETTY MOORE

Fleas, cotton blossoms, and  
babies snatched from court-  
rooms.

They said I couldn't do it. I admit that I, too, was a little skeptical. I was six months short of my twenty-first birthday, and though I had a pinch more independence than a twenty-year-old is due, the thought of editing a weekly newspaper was enough to shake me a little.

Editor. I laughed when I think about it now. Neither Webster nor his plagerists has appeared with a word to fit a job that combines editor, local advertising manager, make-up man, proof-reader, and office boy. I did have a janitor. He used to leave me penciled notes about the state of the office. "Miss Betty, I need a broom some bad." But I was my corps of reporters, and when there was a dull week, I would be city editor for an hour or so and go in a corner to give myself a pep talk about the stories that surely must be lurking somewhere.

When I say Jackson, home of my paper, is a small town, I mean the one-drug-store, roll-up-side-walks-at-ten kind. Two months before I began my job I had never heard of Jackson, much less that it is the county seat of a large North Carolina county, the one that produces more peanuts

than any county in the United States.

I remember the first morning in Jackson, I met my publisher at nine and spent the morning seeing the elite of the town and jotting down a few notes. It was afternoon before I learned that my paper was to go to press the following day. And by the middle of the afternoon the publisher had left, and I was on my own with less than twenty-four hours to get several pages of news.

The printers were angelic. I can still see their haloes shine from where I sit. I must have made fifty mistakes, some of them twice, trying to get out that first issue. My headlines wouldn't balance. My proofreading was a system of hieroglyphics which only I could translate. My typing was something one speaks about in whispers.

They took a fiendish delight in getting it back on me, however. I was at the stage of the game when I was sure I knew more about what was going on than the linotype operators did. I tit-tat-toed all over one galley in my unique proof-reading style and then took one of the operators aside to show him exactly what I wanted done. I talked. I gestur-

ed. I drew pictures. I raved. And it was then that I saw the entire printing staff waving frantically behind my back. I peeped out from beneath my dignity to see what the matter was. After they finished hiccoughing enough to talk, they explained that the linotype man to whom I had been talking for fully five minutes was deaf and dumb!

My first paper was to me more beautiful than the Rembrandts in the Mellon Art Gallery. I re-read every word. I must have cost the publishers a small fortune sending out complimentary copies. It was not my first venture in print, but it was my first real creation to present to the world in tangible form. I can still quote all its heads from memory.

One morning during my first week as editor, I was sitting at my typewriter batting out a few stories when a Negro man stepped into the office. He grinned a little shyly and then announced in a solemn voice, "I got a cotton blossom!" I gave him an amazed stare. I speculated wildly for a second and then answered feebly, "You have?" All right, so he had a cotton blossom. So what? Lots of people have cotton blossoms. My dog has fleas (a few very inconspicuous ones, you understand), but she doesn't announce it to everybody who drops in.

The man looked a little perturbed. "Isn't this the Jackson News?" he asked.

I admitted that it was.

"Well, I brought you a cotton blossom," he repeated, as though that solved everything.

I thought several more seconds, this time more rationally. It came to me in one of those sudden and infrequent attacks of intuition that it had been the policy of the Jackson News to award a prize to the first cotton blossom of the year in the county. I beamed. He beamed. Everybody was happy. His award was a year's subscription to "Northampton County's

(Continued on page 21)

# LARRY

—the Knowledge of Death passes among  
us on these streets where our feet move—

A Short Story  
By PAUL RAMSEY

**H**ORACE Edward Lawrence was this man's name but they called him Larry. He was going to die at 10 o'clock, but it was now 5:30, and he did not know about his death. This last afternoon was not particular. It was neither grey and cold nor unusually lovely, and he walked along the street without any definite thought.

The cement under his feet, the wind against his face, no ill wind blew. The stretch of muscle in his leg, measured tautness, was good to him. He turned the first corner, walked past the florist's shop. The bright flowers behind the glass he looked at slightly, as one turns a page he has not read.

One half block more he walked. What was that damn tune? Repetitious phrase he could not place. What was the rest? the words? the name? It shuttled deliberately, mocked him, turned back to one point, moved, then nothing. With it he saw one corner of the kitchen she looking up to answer some question casually, and the notes reiterated. O, what, what, and the gravel crunched under his feet, the quiet "good evening" "thank you," the opening door. In the car he remembered and hummed the whole thing softly as the gears shifted. the car moved, he turned into the street. Whistled the rest clean from him. She had had a sandwich in her hand and was saying something about yesterday and the Martins, and he could not see the connection but it was struck out now, under control, so he stopped it.

It was warm in the garage so he sat there for a minute, not wanting to push open the door and walk through the cold. But it would be warmer in the living room, and she would be waiting for him. Christ, she had waited for him a long time. He had disliked her working, but internes aren't rich and those days and evenings passed like clear notes rung. Even when he was weary and it hurt to see the long days before him, she would hold him in her eyes, in her arms, it would be all right again. Christ, she had waited a long time for him, but he had come through and she was not working now, she was waiting for him. He swung the garage doors to. And locked them. Thought, "Why, though?" there were things they couldn't steal.

The steps behind him now, he opened the door and entered the well-lighted room. She came into the room by the other door. In the stare of light she walked toward him, and he watched her come, and it seemed odd that there had ever been a time when it was not this way, she coming toward him and his arms going toward her without his asking, the kiss and then the greeting.

"Good evening, darling."

"Darling." Looking at him.

"Say now, this ain't the honeymoon. Remember, we're an old married couple now. If you keep looking at me like that I'll never get around to eating supper and doing my work."

"Uh-huh, wouldn't that be a shame." So close. He kissed her again.

"Cocktail, lady?"

"You're the doctor."

"You're goddam right I am. You know—Whitesley asked me my opinion on the Bronson case. Whitesley."

"Very good, Dr. Lawrence. Will he pay any attention to it?"

"Not likely. Still, it's a compliment."

"Sure it is. You're a great doctor."

"Uh-huh. But you're a great lady. And I'm not kidding."

"Very nicely said. You're almost as good as the movies."

"Oh, much better, my dear."

He turned from the table, bowed quite low, holding the glass for her to take. He would so bow to his sister, the wooden sword so extended, and his mother had laughed at their costumes, and in the dusty attic had folded slowly that cloth and put it in the box under the cobwebs. And that scene always went with his mother's white and final face when he had thrust among the old prayers in desperation, the young hands pain-clenched, as if memory could sharpen a tool to carve a meaning in that shaking hopelessness — and that was death, its recurrent image—

Kay was watching his reverie and he shook himself clear of ancient grief and let the warm present attraction take him slowly, smiling. Add one more meaning to a system of memories, he thought.

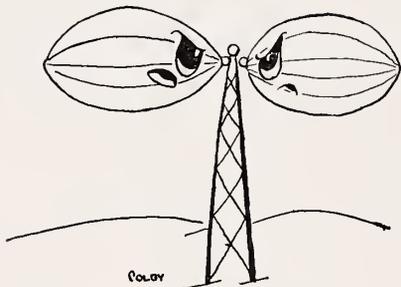
He drank slowly, sipping. They did not talk until he had finished his drink.

(Continued on page 21)



"See that girl? That's my girl."  
 "Yeah. Good looking scarf she has on."  
 "Yeah, I gave her that."  
 "Say, she's okay. Pretty hat."  
 "Yep, I gave her that."  
 "In fact, the whole outfit she's wearing is elegant."  
 "Shore is. I gave it to her."  
 "And say, that's a cute little boy with her."  
 "Yeah, that's her brother."

*Pocahontas: "Yeah, girls, and then he tried to pull a fast one—he told me his name was John Smith."*



*Old Maid: "Has the canary had its bath yet?"*  
*Maid: "Yes, Ma'am. You may come in now."*

Little Jasper trembled with excitement. Such a project had never occurred before.

"I'll go alone. I'm not afraid, Mother. You've nursed me through childhood. Gad! I'll never forget. But I'm something of a man now. Yes, sir; one of that seething mass called youth. And what's more I'm game. I don't need your help as I once did. Cripes! Mom, don't cry! We men gotta stick together. I won't be long. Just wait."

Little Jasper's face beamed with angelic nonchalance as he pushed open the door to the men's room.

Teacher: "Now, Johnny, if I lay two eggs over here and three over there, how many will there be altogether?"

Johnny: "Personally, I don't think you can do it."

Two spinsters were discussing men oddly enough.

"Which would you desire most in your husband," asked one, "brains, wealth, or appearance?"

"Appearance," snapped the other, "and the sooner the better."

—Colorado Dodo

*He-Frosh: "Do you love me?"*

*She-Frosh: "Uh-huuh."*

*He-Frosh: "Then why doesn't your chest heave like in the movies?"*

He had been calling on the girl for about 15 years.

"Let's be serious, Freddie," she told him one evening. "We've been going together a long time. Don't you think we ought to get married?"

"It's a good idea," he answered. "But who in the world would have us?"



"He wants to know if he has to give ration stamp No. 18 for gloves."

He: Do you know what a Phi Gam breakfast is?

She: No, what?

He: A bulldog, a steak, and a quart of whiskey.

She: But what's a bulldog for?

He: To eat the steak.

Mother: Don't use such bad words.

Sonny: Shakespeare used them.

Mother: Well, don't play with him.

—Yellow Jacket

# JOKES

A man returning home in the early hours saw a notice on a factory door. It read: "Please ring the bell for the caretaker."

He gave the bell a terrific pull, nearly dragging it from its socket. Shortly a sleepy face appeared.

"Are you the caretaker?" asked the man.

"Yes," came the reply. "What do you want?"

"I just want to know why you can't ring the bell yourself."

*They say brunettes have sweeter dispositions than blondes. Well, my girl's been both, and I haven't seen any difference.*

"Boys, I've quit the holdup game, I'll hang around joints no more," Limp and worn, threadbare and torn, The garter fell to the floor.



Geology Prof: "How can you tell whether this river is of old or recent formation?"

Student: "That's easy. This is a young river—you can see that its bed is still wet."

*Jim: "My girl uses one garter."*

*Toto: "How does she keep the other stocking up?"*

*Jim: "She has a wooden leg and uses thumb tacks."*

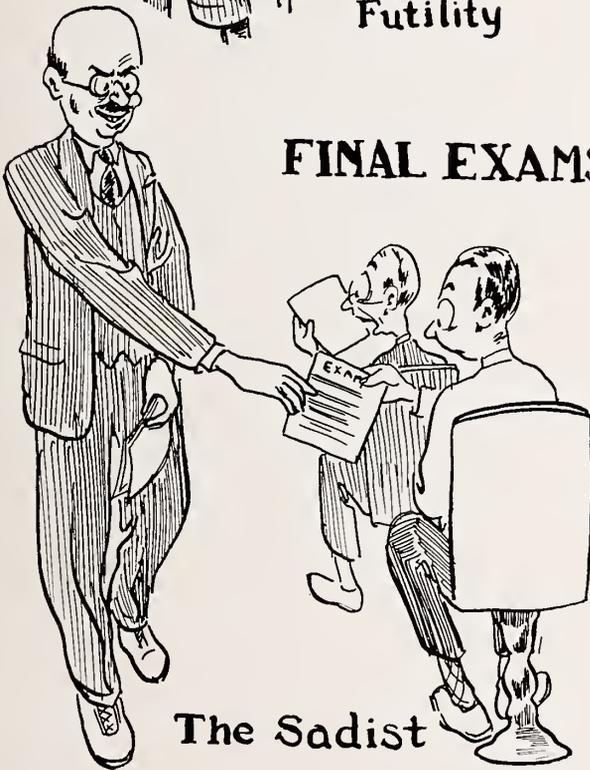


Futility



Obnoxiously Well Prepared

**FINAL EXAMS**



The Sadist



Subtle Extortion



The Road Back



ERNEST  
CRAIG

# BALANCE

By SGT. KEITH COX, A.S.T.P.

Maybe you think we aren't aware today  
of what is going on, that being here  
securely barricaded from the war  
by these scholastic bulwarks, we're content  
to sit and wait and let the others fight.  
Maybe you think we find a certain smug  
undemocratic satisfaction, too,  
in knowing that the blood and sweat and tears,  
the mud and fire and weariness and terror  
have passed us by and left us undisturbed.

Maybe—

-And yet that lank, brown soldier, shaking  
New Guinea caterpillars from his clothes,  
burned, bony, brave, defying with a laugh  
the sticky swamp, mosquitoes, death, and Japs,  
happens to be my brother.

That boyish corpse  
sprawled soddenly upon the muddy field  
of Guadalcanal, with his one arm stretched out  
over his head, played basketball back home.  
I've seen him reach like that a hundred times  
when he jumped center on a winning team,  
learning to give, and give, and give some more  
till this last, extra "give" was just too much.

Those boys are always with me, day or night,  
dressing or playing, studying or drilling.  
I climb the stairs to class and jostle elbows  
of khaki arms beside me, but I think  
of other arms I brushed on other stairs  
in other colleges and music halls,  
in state conventions where we used to meet.  
Some of those arms today are swinging up

the crusted hills of Rome and turning back  
the vicious might that tread upon our toes

A foggy morning, dripping, gray, and dark,  
touches familiar streets like these with faint  
soft melancholy, but in spite of it  
I cannot help but think of English fogs  
heavy with mist and sharp with loneliness  
and boys I used to march beside who now  
are knifing columns down those British streets,  
stilettos sharp beneath their thumbs, their breath  
grown tense with measured waiting, and their thighs  
straining to meet the hoped-for order: Go.

And yet you can't just say their lot is noble  
and ours ignoble; there's a great deal more  
to be considered in the total picture.  
You go where you are sent; you grin and take  
whatever G I fate puts in the books.  
This isn't firing guns or taking cities;  
it isn't even greasing tanks or bombers.  
And yet it's better to be here in school  
than picking up the butts of cigarettes  
around a Post Exchange, policing up,  
or shoving dishes through a dish machine.  
Not that those tasks are menial, but because  
their possibilities are not so great.  
Perhaps some day this bookish bomb of mine  
will blast as big a hole in Hitler's fortress  
as Bill's grenade in Hirohito's palace.

The situation equalizes well.  
You can't have everything, but quite as true,  
You can't give everything, and in between  
the Have-and-give-nots and the Give-and-have-nots  
ranges the population of the world.



# Standing Room Only

By MARY LOUISE HUSE

A Mag Analysis

ON JANUARY 4, long lines of students stood for hours on snowy wet sidewalks, waiting to register. Risking pneumonia and frozen feet outside was only half the battle, for when they were finally admitted there were longer lines in the stuffy, smoke-filled atmosphere inside. Registration at Carolina has become nothing short of a nightmare . . . and unnecessarily so. Other universities many times the size of U. N. C. conduct registration easily and with none of the confusion with which we were confronted this January.

Having to register in the Armory was a handicap, but it might be noted that even when Woollen gymnasium was available, registrations were notoriously bad. In this case, war is no excuse, for as Ben Husbands admitted, "We have had the same complaint for years . . . ever since I can remember. But so far, we have found no satisfactory solution to the problem. There is no way to eliminate lines."

Last spring a faculty committee, composed of Phillips Russell, J. F. Dashiell, and Roy Brown, was formed to work on the problem. After doing considerable research on systems used by other institutions, they turned in a report to Dean House's office. This report contained eight main suggestions for improvements but only one of the eight points was put into practice. This year, cards were given out with the hour a person could register to avoid large crowds during certain times of the day. This did not prove too effective because the administration over-estimated the number of students who could be registered in one hour. Consequently the schedule was behind. Students, too, were largely to blame because when their cards said 12:00, many of them came at 11:00 in hopes of getting in early.

Some of the most pertinent suggestions in the report handed into Dean House's office are:

**1. The burden of making out class slips be placed on students.** Class slips are blanks that are made for each class with name of student, course and number, hours credit, and hour of day that it is taught.

After the schedule has been turned in, South building must make out these slips to give professors so that they can check on their roll. (In many schools, the students make these out after deciding on a schedule and it is not necessary for the professors to wait a week for the slips to get to them.)

**2. A larger registration staff for the physical education department.** The small physical education staff was responsible for the most disturbing bottlenecks during the last registration.

**3. Separation of financial phase (bill paying, etc.) from other registration duties.** When asked about this, Dean A. W. Hobbs explained that in most cases the money is needed immediately and a good percentage is collected on registration day.

**4. The heads of departments act in a supervising way so as to relieve the Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences of an undue burden.**

**5. A trained registration staff with a responsible head and a centrally located information desk.**

What happened to these suggestions? If changes were even attempted, they weren't properly executed. Russell's committee spent many hours working out possible solutions to the problem . . . the least we can do is to try them. Certainly our registration has hit rock-bottom in efficiency when students must count on spending the most part of a day waiting in lines to register and check out.

Dr. Louis Wilson of the Library School and formerly on the faculty at the University of Chicago, said, "It's dumbness on our part. The University of Chicago is proof that registration can be efficient with little strain on students and faculty."

In spite of the abnormal war conditions, the University of North Carolina is still being run for the students, and we students will have more influence in bringing about a change than any faculty member. Constructive criticisms should be voiced out loud and to the right people now. If we wait, there will be another ordeal to endure in March.

## SOCRATES OF THE SOUTH

(Continued from page 7)

emancipation" to the south by stimulating young southerners. He continues, as did Williams, to consider, discuss, and direct student activities. He teaches philosophy as a way to live. Yet, he is more than a teacher. He puts the visions of the "Gadfly of Chapel Hill" into action. Those principles of free thinking and clear analysis which Horace Williams unfurled and held so high in his half century at Chapel Hill become moving, dynamic forces in the hands of Bradshaw. He gives his students a kit of tools with which they may join the clear-sighted individuals whose stubborn minds mould history.

In the Horace Williams lounge there hangs a document bound in a plain brown frame. It is entitled "A Creed for Our Generation." This creed was formulated by the students in one of Bradshaw's classes. It exhibits the type of mind that has developed under the hand of the teacher who believes that to live is to teach. The document is dated June, 1942, a year when a great part of the world was acting without thinking. It is a simple statement of what a group of students believed they could pledge their lives to in the world in which they are bound to live. It is a sincere document—in many ways profound. The things they say are not just words; the people who said them are living them. The words have become ideas; the ideas have become ways of life. The document expresses what these students believed to be their task, their problems, their duties and what they must do to reach an ultimate realization of their pledge. It is too long to quote in full—you may read it for yourself. Because the last two paragraphs give so clearly what is in the mind of the teacher they are printed here as evidence of what a teacher may instill into the mind of a student.

"We must educate not for the preservation of a past or maintenance of status but for present social usefulness, personal happiness, and a functioning democratic citizenship.

"Out of the graves of our dead, out of the grief and agony of the dying and living, out of our uncertainties, fears and divisions, may we today glimpse and through the tomorrows serve the vision of a United States among the United Nations, in a United World founded on faith in

RELIGION      SCIENCE      DEMOCRACY

and facing not to the past or any return to normalcy but to the future—not an old order struggling to save itself but an ever new order, intercultural, international, inter-racial practical and policed. This young land of inter-racial strain is fit only for such youthful vision and heroic task."

The student and the teacher had learned together—they now must live together. Whatever Dean Bradshaw has done or not done, he has found the

way to stimulate the youth of Carolina to think—to learn—to act. He is a force among us to become a generation of men and women who think, and having thought clearly to act forcefully.

## KHAKI ON THE CAMPUS

(Continued from page 6)

record setting hurdlers and athletes, and former lawyers, doctors, writers, college professors, executives. Former salaries ranged from flat nothing to over \$750 dollars. Now the range is \$50 base for privates to \$138 base for master sergeants.

And then there was Pierre, a friendly young fellow who was usually strangely quiet when his friends started reminiscing. Pierre escaped from France after the Nazi blitzkrieg. His mother and father were captured by the Germans and murdered in a concentration camp. We can tell this because Pierre isn't in Chapel Hill now. He left early in January on a secret mission where the linguistic training received here is needed. There are other soldiers with stories, former paratroopers and pilots, men who have lived through battle and who have come back to tell their tales and to fight again or build for peace.

There have been frequent criticisms of the ASTP, talking of "All Safe Till Peace" lads, and Congressional debate. But in spite of sound and fury, the probability is that the program will continue, the boys at Carolina working steadily on toward graduation in about three months, as ASTP students all over the country are going on, quietly and seriously among the uproar, to learn and understand and aid in this global battle for light in one program that shows great promise for war and peace, a step toward the much needed coordination of military and diplomatic branches, a practical step towards aiding the war effort, and an excellent step toward furthering the understanding of land for land, and the sympathy of man for man.

### The Carolina Magazine Short-Story and Poetry Contest

#### RULES

Open to All Carolina Students (Civilian, Servicemen, and Coed)

1. All manuscripts must be typewritten, double-spaced.
2. All manuscripts must be submitted to the Carolina Magazine, 2nd floor Graham Memorial, by Tuesday, February 22nd.
3. The prize manuscript will be published in the March issue of the Magazine, and two prizes of \$2.50 each will be awarded to the authors of the best short story and poem.

Remember the Deadline—Tuesday, February 22!

## INK ON MY FINGERS

(Continued from page 14)

Foremost Newspaper". My part of the enterprise was opening a few dozen letters every morning for a week to find that they contained large lumps of mutilated cotton blossoms.

Eventually I began to feel like an editor, in a minor sort of way. However, one day's session of superior court robbed me of every vestige of my new-found dignity. During that afternoon I found that when people get too domestic too *suddenly*, the results are a little harrowing.

First there was the matter of the dog. Ever since I had been in Jackson I had wanted a dog, and that week I got one, a one-by-two echo with pointed ears and an engaging way of nibbling my fingers. After a day or two I discovered that he was too little to follow me around and that I was never cut out to be a dog-fancier, anyway, but before that. . . .

There was the superior court. They were at the tail end of the session and were down to divorce cases. Interest among the local's had waned, and there were only a few loiterers in the court room.

I sat down in the jury box to watch proceedings. After a few minutes a baby in the room began to whimper. The judge stood it admirably for a while, but finally even his patience gave out and he yelled in desperation, "Won't somebody take that baby out?"

The woman holding the baby started out, but the judge stopped her. "No, no, you have to stay here as witness. Who'll take this baby out?"

Silence, then Martyr-to-the-Cause Moore meekly volunteered and walked out with a ten-months-old boy. We went to the office and there was the puppy, my other baby. The two had a meeting of the Mutual Admiration Society for a few minutes and then tired of it. The baby started in on my correspondence

and got that well chewed. Then he began on his foot, shoe and all.

After about an hour he went to sleep in my lap, and I was just far enough from the desk so that I couldn't reach the phone, the typewriter, or even a cigarette; so there we sat for two hours while the puppy cavorted in the waste-basket.

And then there was the time that I slipped up on a headline, to my everlasting chagrin, and nearly started a libel suit. I was getting fancy with my headlining and had put "Mary Blank United with John Doe in Military Ceremony." The first paper came off. I checked it for errors. Everything was beautiful; I gave them the signal to start the presses. At least a hundred papers had rolled off before I read that head. It read: "Mary Blank and John Doe Untied in Military Ceremony."

I lived in Jackson for three months—three solid, hard-working, learning months. I slaved. I suffered. I matured. I became a Woman. I mastered the intricacies of the writing world.

Now I'm back at school, frittering my life away over English papers. English! English? Gad, I have a paper due tomorrow! How the heck do you start an English paper?



## LARRY

(Continued from page 15)

"Another?" he asked.

"Uh-huh." As he poured the Manhattan he watched her. Her face was relaxed save for a slight smile cool as clouds. What was she thinking of, he wondered, and knew, as he handed her the glass and her thank you came, the finality of distance. Never was the nearness complete, whatever subtle gestures you learned together, never. No, not even there.

He could not convince her to take the third drink and so they went to the kitchen. He stood in the center of the floor, hands in pocket, grinning. When she leaned over to take the butterbeans off the stove he kissed the back of her neck and she, laughing, called him useless.

Butterbeans and rice and pork chops. It was the right food for this darkening summer afternoon with the cool wind across his

(Continued on page 22)

**Naval Uniforms  
and  
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Tailored to  
Your Individual  
Measure

at

**JACK LIPMAN'S**

**LARRY**

(Continued from page 21)

wrist and her wind-touched eyes meeting him above the plates on the red and white cloth. They had apple cobbler for dessert. Then he lighted cigarettes, and when he started to explain his diagnosis of Mrs. Bronson's, she broke in to tell him that a letter had come from Betty that day and that Betty and Henry would be in town the next week-end.

"Say, that's grand," he said.

"Isn't it, though? Remember the night at their apartment when you wanted to bet Henry that you could fly around the block?"

"Uh-huh. And you, I believe, insisted on dancing in the driveway till dawn."

"Uh-huh. Fun, wasn't it?"

"Yeh." Betty and Henry. Four-some. Sauterne and chicken at Vincent's, 2 AM swimming, the week's vacation in the mountains, long autumn walks to the river. But he had known Hank long before they knew the girls. Beer and bourbon and poker and Hank's technique with casually met girls and talks through the night with Hank—and Bill. He and Hank had plunged again and

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again in the brown lake water till he had whispered "Here" and the long pull to shore, "out with the bad air, in with the good, out with the bad air, in with the good" till bone and flesh and nerve were sick and weary and the doctor shook his head above the greenish bloat that had been Bill's face. He had said "Jesus" and Henry simply "Goddam it."—and that was death, green-sick remembrance—

He leaned back in his chair. The breeze against his face was cold and very pure.—

In the corner of his vision Kay put down her book and he lifted his gaze from his writing to watch her walk to the window. Whitesley had said that the American Medical Journal would accept a paper on his idea. Wondered. It was a good idea though, there would be no scar. The lace curtain leaned against Kay's face and she brushed it away with a familiar gesture. He walked over and put his arms around her waist. His lips touched her ear.

"It is lovely," he said. The dark bushes flowering white in the moon's paleness and the stretch of street under the blue lamplight.

"Very. And the air feels good."

"Uh-huh." He reached in his pocket for a cigarette. The package was empty. "Hell!" he said. "That's my last. Do you have any?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, I'll get some. Walk down to the drugstore with me."

"No thanks. I think I'll read."

"OK." He started across the room.

"But, darling, aren't you going to kiss me goodbye?"

He returned her smile and elaborately kissed her hand. "Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

The two blocks to the drugstore he walked whistling, night's coolness fresh against his white shirt. He turned into the street,

crossed halfway. Damn, he had a full carton in his desk drawer. Dumb not to remember. He started back across. The headlights were too close. Then the Knowledge was his.

The pain went over him and a terribly white face was staring down at him. He heard some bird chirping. He had always disliked the metallic clicks of city birds, and now he would not be able to tell anyone. Memory of face and face came to him, but they were changed now, and then there was only the stark underness and they were taking him somewhere he did not want to go—

There was only whiteness and then faces shook free from the

mist and steadied. They were Kay and Hal—but distant—and Hal's voice broke through and Hal was grinning. Kay was his wife. Hal was a doctor he had worked with and liked and there they were. Hal was saying something and kept on grinning.

"Stupid. Dumb Mr. Lawrence. All my teaching and he ain't learned how to jaywalk successfully. Hopeless."

"Hopeless—but kinda sweet, don't you think?" That was Kay speaking to Hal. No, no, this was some kind of joke. This wasn't the way.

"Where—where am I?" Yes, he could say words.

(Continued on page 24)

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**LARRY**

(Continued from page 23)

"In the hospital, bright eyes. You work here, remember? Only right now you're a patient with three cracked ribs and a slight concussion. You'll be OK. Christ, you had us worried, fellow." Hal's fingers squeezed his shoulder.

No, NO. He felt his face twisting desperately. "What time is it?" he asked.

"10:35. Why?" Hal looked perplexed.

"Never mind," Larry said and relaxed. Kay's lips were against his mouth, his cheek and she was saying "Darling" very softly and Whitesley was at the foot of his bed, grinning. He relaxed and felt very happy, though his head ached.

It had missed him. He was all right.

Still, it was strange.

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# CAROLINA MAGAZINE



**IN THIS ISSUE:**

**Prize Winning Short  
Story and Poem**

**MARCH, 1944**



—By Millicent



For your Easter Bonnet with all  
the frills upon it.



*Lytian's*  
Durham

---



## People

**BELLES:** February leaped out and the blustery days of the third month blew in through a misty film of orange-scented veiling and slow-time cadence. Or maybe it's just that there is something about a uniform. At any rate, and enough licenses were officially stamped to make the department consider innovating a special service rate, a number of Carolina lads and lassies decided this was no time to haggle over prices and that to their way of thinking two could live as cheaply as one.

Leading the trek down the aisle were **Connie Griffith** and **Bill Sharkey**. The Tri-Delt transfer and the fresh young ensign floated down through the pink clouds over at the ex-ATO mansion on a late Saturday afternoon during the last of February, sped immediately after for a lonely cottage in South Carolina for ten days of duo-itude confinement before proceeding with further orders.



**ENSIGN AND MRS. WILLIAM SHARKEY**  
... He dropped the ring.

**KEEP A-RINGING:** Next in order followed blonde, vivacious **Toni Hilton** and Ensign **Dan Bagby**, both of Yackety-Yack business staff fame, who tied the knot in her home town. Exactly one week later Yack Editor **Karl Bishopric** and Pi Phi Ann **Straub**, who was on the verge of adding a Phi Beta Phi key to her collection, went the last mile at her home in West Virginia. Ensign and Mrs. B. are now at home in Norfolk, Virginia. ... **Charlie Richmond** and "the girl back home," so go the underground vines, played the traditional march the day after his graduation, and everything

# the laughter's digest

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went off in fine order. . . . And on Saturday, March 18, Tennis Champion **Beverly Booth** and newly-commissioned Air Corps Lt. **Ben Taylor** said their "I Do's" in the Episcopal Church. In her white faille wedding dress at the Carolina Inn reception Bev commented: "I wish I were in dungarees."

**QUIET, PLIZ!** And who sez women can't keep secrets. From December 8 till March 1 is quite a period of silence. That's exactly the length of time which elapsed from the time **Marine Marshall Parker** slipped the wedding band on the fair lady's third finger, left hand, until **Martha Nimons**, ADPi miss finally revealed their marriage. Seems that **Martha** missed lunch one day over at the house, while she and **M. Parker** slipped silently over to **Bynum, N. C.**, and became Mr. and Mrs. And the story goes on to tell how each went their separate ways that night, to study. The next day the young Mrs. passed a quiz with a 97, he with a 95! . . . And not to be outdone, dynamic small-packaged **Tommy Thompson** didn't let her sorority sisters surpass her. She was married March 19 in **Kinston** to an Army lieutenant whom she met on a blind date in **Greensboro**, after being stood up by none other than a Carolina gentleman.

—Kat Hill

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*So Little Time*

J. P. Marquand

*So Little Time* is the story of a generation caught between two wars, afraid to face reality, glossing over disappointment and frustration with the shining cant phrases of the pseudo-intellectual. It is a generation which remembers too much. To its members life is a well-set pattern which will continue unchangingly and inevitably; all jarring notes are ignored with the hope that they will soon disappear. Of this generation Mr. Marquand writes ironically, but understandingly, for he is that rarest of artists, a sympathetic satirist.

In the scene Mr. Marquand presents, Jeffrey Wilson is the only character who finds failure and defeat beneath the calm surface of the pattern in which he lives, for he was neither born nor reared in it and is only superficially of it. For him it is too late to change; his search for happiness and a new pattern is conscious, but he is sure of nothing and afraid of many things. Only in his son, Jim, does he find hope for the future, and even then he is driven by the knowledge that time is short and much is yet to be done.

It is difficult to say exactly what Mr. Marquand is trying to reveal through Jeffrey. Although his disgust with the hypocrisy and sophisticated shallowness of his society is clear, he possesses little in himself but the sense of the imminence of death.

It seems that Mr. Marquand lets his characters do as they please, but it is merely an illusion. Truly they move comfortably and individually, but they are in the hands of a master-craftsman. Although the novel is written with a panoramic discursiveness which is saved from dullness by Mr. Marquand's humor and irony, each part fits completely into the whole, and each character plays his part ably. Each moves in a natural milieu, but each one feels the constant pressure of time and fast-stepping events, going far beyond their understanding.

*So Little Time* is not a great tragedy, for its characters are not of sufficient stature. But in its very story of average people it achieves an enviable humaneness and a convincing quality of realness beyond the bounds of mere fiction. Fittingly enough, Mr. Marquand finds in his conclusion an ultimate human value and with it he closes his novel: "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

—ANNE WEST

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MEATS

# SPORTS

**L**OSING in the tournament by an overwhelming score did not keep Carolina's White Phantom basketball team from being the best in the Southern conference and the nine games copped during the regular season against only one loop defeat is proof enough of that. Especially is it true when the fact is considered that Duke, the team that ousted the top-seeded Tar Heels in the play-off, was decisively licked twice by Coach Bill Lange's proteges.

The cage season in general was a hectic one with the locals starting off cold before Christmas, reviving a bit immediately prior to V-12 holidays and then dropping into a second half slump that very nearly proved a Waterloo. Yet they snapped out of the dilemma in conference fracas to earn the official first seeding by the circuit committee. Richmond and VPI fell to the Phants in the first and second round of the playoff and then came the pay-off—Duke took away honors but Carolina fandom still persists that the top team calls Chapel Hill home.

\* \* \*

The greatest Carolina team in a decade splashed into National fame during the winter quarter when Coach Dick Jamerson's Blue Dolphin swimmers took every dual and AAU meet without a serious challenge. The season brought the Carolina all time swimming record to 47 wins in 54 dual meets and over the nation authoritative sources agree that the Tar Heel team is probably the most logical claimant of the national team title.

Captain-elect of the 1944-'45 Dolphins is Jesse Greenbaum, Baltimore, Md., who is an NROTC student and a member of the relay team which bested Duke's AAU champion outfit in the year's final event here.

\* \* \*

Track at Carolina was not its old self this winter and for some reason or another, there was no surplus of material out for training when the Indoor Meet rolled around, the second such event to be held during the war and sponsored jointly by the University and the Pre-Flight school.

Several local performers made noteworthy performances among them Walter Galliford, James Miller, Julian McKenzie, and Ted Shultz, but Navy and Pre-Flight still ended well ahead of Carolina tracksters. The locals wound up third with 26½ points.

\* \* \*

But Coach Joe Murnick's boxers enjoyed a heyday. Making a sharp about face from last season, the pugs took



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meets from The Citadel, Maryland, Emory and Henry and tied Virginia to close the year as co-holders of national honors with the Cavalier stronghold. The ringmen just a year ago failed to win a single event.

\* \* \*

Wrestling just was not what the doctor ordered during this season and inexperienced men worked hard for Coach Chuck Quinlan. Duke split a two match slate, Navy blanked the Tar Heels and Newport News Apprentice tasted a resurgent "Quinny" squad. The locals have a tie with Duke for Big Five honors but all in all the team was not up to the par set in yesteryears.

\* \* \*

Attired in the regalia of any apprentice seaman "gob," ex-grid coach Tom Young returned to the "hill" in recent weeks to watch the boys he once coached undergo commissioning exercises. Coach Young has completed his boot training at the Bainbridge, Md., training station and is now taking specialized training which will qualify him for a chief specialist rating in athletics.

And the speculation over the State, as to just who the next football coach will be, continues rampant. Carl Snaveley, say some, but the Cornell boss wires us a definite "Origin of tale a mystery to me. Know nothing about it."

*Welcome*

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## With Our Contributors

Leading off the Mag's March issue are two contrasting articles on Carolina student government, "Call to Order—Or Take a Recess" by Jimmy Wallace and Kat Hill. Jimmy offers a duration plan for the system; Kat argues for immediate "freezing."

The Prize Winning Short Story, "The Female Surplus" (pg. 8), was written by Rose Ellen Fleming. A prolific writer, Rose Ellen says she can turn out the first draft of a story in two hours. In "The Female Surplus" she presents a realistic picture of frustrated women and their frantic desire to "get a man."

The story was sent to Birmingham to Kappie Watters, December Graduate, who promptly "air-mailed" it back, along with the accompanying illustration.

A touch of genius shows through in J. Wes Gentry's, "A Breeze," selected

### THE COVER



Photography—Joe Denker

as the best poem in the Mag contest. A Junior transfer, Wes has had experience in college newspaper and magazine work.

The center spread of "Pin-Ups," "Season Sensations," was done by Joe Denker, Mag photographer. The pics of the four girls—Doris Clark (Fall), Eleanor McWane (Winter), Mary Thomas (Spring), and Mariesta Applewhite (Summer)—were re-shot on a background of checked gingham cloth to gain the final effect.

On pages 16 and 17 is a picture story of a Playmaker Production of an original play from the script to opening night. New in the photographic field but fast gaining a professional-like touch, Millicent Hosch is responsible for the series.

# the carolina magazine

## march 1944

EDITOR.....	Olive Price Charters
LITERARY EDITOR.....	David Hanig
PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR.....	Millicent Hosch
BUSINESS MANAGERS .....	Betty Jean Smith, Wynette White

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CURTAIN GOING UP!.....	Millicent Hosch

### THE STAFF

EDITORIAL: J. Wes Gentry, Millicent Hosch, Sara Yokley, Rose Ellen Fleming, Mary Louise Huse, Kat Hill, Horace Carter, A/S, V-12, Wayne Kernodle, Ann West, Nancy Smith, Jimmy Wallace, Paul Ramsey, A/S, V-12, Joan Martin, Sgt. Keith Cox, ASTP, Howard Paul, A/S, V-12.

BUSINESS: Catherine Cole, Anne Greer, Mary Louise Thompson, Marion Castello.

PHOTOGRAPHY: Millicent Hosch, Joe Al Denker, Tyler Nourse.

ART: Dot Schmuhl, Kappie Watters, Allen Kaufman, A/S, V-12.

CIRCULATION: Tom Cranford, A/S, V-12.

SPECIAL CREDIT: Employees of Orange Printshop, W. M. Pugh, Phillips Russell.

# Call to Order or . . .

As the Air  
Grows Chilly  
One Man  
Sees  
A  
Plan

By  
JIMMY  
WALLACE

Tar Heel, operating at a terrific handicap under the present curtailed circulation fund, is not sufficient.

How could student opinion be tapped and utilized? A simple solution would be the method of polls—mere sheets of paper on which are written pertinent campus questions—to be distributed to students either in or out of uniform. Thus a simple consultation occasionally, along purely democratic and non-partisan lines, would work wonders for the “unsolvable” problems. A solution, as given by the students, might not be the right one, but at least such a solution would represent the opinions of the students; and that is what a democracy is supposed to do.

One feasible answer to the problem lies in radio station WUNC, the campus emitter which recently gave three test broadcasts. As soon as a few technical difficulties are ironed out, this station should be in operation around 600 on your dial.

In our Freshman and Sophomore classes we have potential leaders, but they will not come forth of their own volition. It remains for our present leaders to educate and develop them; to encourage all organizational spirit. Recently the Freshmen have embarked upon this line of thought, and perhaps we will soon have an efficient, even if embryonic group. We need more of the same. Now we must throw political differences aside. One group, one spirit, working toward a common goal will constitute a veritable proliferation of ideas and progressive actions on this campus.

Under the present setup the student legislature is constituted of elected representatives from the student body. The town is divided into four districts from which are chosen legislators. Steele and Carr dormitory each have a representative. The Schools of Law and Pharmacy and the Interfraternity Council are represented. At present the total number on the rolls of the legislature is 36. The meetings are open and are held in the Phi hall of New East.

By a new rule concerning members of the student council, all nominations for the posts (when vacancies occur) are made by the student body. The council, after interviewing each nominee, decides who will fill these vacancies, subject to the approval of the legislature.

*(Continued on page 21)*

**L**AST semester's graduation exercises marked the departure of over 300 V-12 students, and with them went the bulk of “Old Carolina Men” with experience in student government.

The most immediate and greatest problem now facing the men in office and those who will follow them in June is what to do with the whole student government framework. For several months, discussion has been going on among about 50 people concerning the future of student government. Some of these few favor having all student government functions cease for the duration; the others advocate continuing them in some form or another.

On the campus today there is a group of progressive civilians and V-12 men who bitterly oppose “freezing” student government, but who are in favor of separating the student council into a council for the V-12 men and a council for civilians. This measure, they say, is justifiable on the grounds that the V-12 is now composed of men who have never attended Carolina before, and that these men have little interest in student government. Reasons for lack of interest are purported to be that the V-12 has little time to spare in its accelerated program, and all its men are under Navy rule.

For example, the student council, although it is now composed of eight civilians and seven V-12 men cannot carry out sentences imposed upon V-12 stu-

dents convicted of honor violations. This situation is due to a law requiring that all Navy men reported for violations must be tried and sentenced by a Navy court. However, the council tries and sentences the civilian students with final authority.

The two councils would reduce any animosity which might now prevail between the groups because of real or imagined differences due to Navy men passing judgment on civilians or vice versa. The president of the student body under this arrangement could preside over both councils as a non-voting member.

Until now the opposition has countered with “it is not the wish of the majority of the campus to have such a division take place,” and “such a split would put the V-12 men out in the cold.” However, current evidence gathered by the Carolina Political Union, a non-partisan organization composed of 25 students, bears out the ideas of the progressives. In a recent poll, the first on the campus in two years, the V-12 men were about evenly divided on the subject of separating the council. A great majority of the civilian males polled were in favor of the division.

But it has become vitally necessary that the opinions of the students be utilized if we are to keep a representative government. We must have improved methods of getting that information, in airing student viewpoints. The

**T**ODAY'S campus front page headlines bring forth the first active words heard from student government at the University of North Carolina for some six long and lethargic months, and with them comes a re-opening of the question, "Can student government effectively subsist under the present emergency conditions, or is it degenerating into a farcical framework of something once-great?"

At the end of winter quarter, 1943, a move was started for the suspension of student government at Carolina for the duration of the war, with the absolute and clear understanding that at the end of the present emergency student government would be turned back into the hands of the students in the same conditions and on the same basis as it existed at the time of freezing.

The men who originally advocated the suspension of student government did so only after a great many weeks of study and debate, among themselves and with others; these men took a long-sighted view into the future, and saw, as the school became a complete University At War, a lessening of powerful leadership, as our potential leaders became a part of the armed forces, or of the great war industries all over the country. The majority of the civilian students who would remain in school would become products of the speed-up program of wartime education, with too little time to spend on the all important task of keeping governmental organizations on a highly practical and workable basis. As future officers and men of our country's armed services, and potential leaders in American industries, these men would be bound, by the very oaths required for their admissions into these services, to spend their time preparing to the best of their abilities for the great jobs which lay ahead. These things would, of necessity and by all rights, come first, more time than is in a day, more energy than the best of men possess.

But "we, the majority" ruled differently; in the final vote student government was continued unaltered in form. And for the first time in our histories, elections were held in the fall of the following year; the very last of the "old time Tar Heels" filled the top offices.

Today the question mark behind the effectiveness of student government is being sustained by facts of experience, facts which indicate clearly the answer is on the negative side. From the time of fall elections until Christmas the student legislature, formerly the most powerful single body on campus, did nothing more than abolish an organization which for practical purposes had

never existed—the Town Council came in and went out as so many words on so much paper. The student council continued to try honor council violations as before; but at the same time at least two units of new V-12 students were completely ignored in so far as an orientation program of any type is concerned. And the "honor system," the Carolina way of life, hung in a precarious balance such as had never been witnessed before. We retained the honor system, and the student governing agencies on campus promised an immediate campaign to "make it work." There was much talk of selling the idea all over again to the entire campus, by way of making students conscious of their cherished way of life. Dr. Graham took an extra day off from his War Labor Board duties in Washington to launch the campaign with a bang. But the bang was about all that was ever heard. The promised follow-up from student government leaders failed to come through.

Student government during the past year, even under the direction of what we are prone to call the last of our "old time Tar Heels," has seen an inglorious

and shameful page written into its history. Yet these were the last of our "giants." These are the leaders we were counting on to carry us over the crisis in our emergency, to establish a framework so sound that it would stand without a tremor as less experienced hands took over, and hold until these hands became strong. These leaders have failed us. And we have failed them.

The only solution left before us is a suspension of student government for the duration of the war. We have already tried the other alternatives, and we have seen them fail, one by one. If we continue student government under present conditions, students returning after the war will find themselves faced with the problem, not only of carrying on a government and working toward its improvement, but with the problem of rebuilding a completely degenerated government. If we suspend student government for the duration, after the war students will return to take over the work and functions of our government, will begin with a strong basic structure, and can build upon such a firm founda-

*(Continued on page 21)*

## ... Take a Recess

Editor Hill  
Advocates  
"Cold Storage"  
For  
Duration

By  
KAT  
HILL



# The Female Surplus

By ROSE ELLEN FLEMING

**A**H, THE BELL! The gay tune "Shave and a haircut—Bayrum!" they all came in, laughing, the girls dressed up and smelling good, and Mike, jolly and waving the brown paper parcel.

"Sit down, sit down! My, you look good! Isn't that a new dress, Sarah?"

"I just haven't worn it to the office yet—"

The four girls and the one man sat down, and Laura fluttered out to the kitchen for ice. She must get the high-ball glasses and the paper napkins she had bought specially—little flouncy, lace-edged bloomers with naughty mottoes on them.

In the beginning she had told Jill that maybe it looked funny for them all to go with Mike, but Jill said that was silly, her husband liked women. "Unless," Jill said, "you had rather we tried to get you a —"

And then she said very fast, "No, of course not! That's absurd. You all come around to my place first and we'll have some drinks."

So now here they were—Mike and Jill, and Alice and Sarah from the office and Sarah's sister Edna from New Orleans.

Laura heard the laughter from the next room. The party seemed to be going off all right. She felt quite gay. The new blue dress lay smooth over her slender flanks and little flat chest.

"You gals want lemon or lime?" called Mike from the living room. He loved to mix drinks and had brought his own jigger.

"You fix it, Mike," purred Sarah.

Laura came in with the ice. "Oh, go on, Mike," said Jill, "we can take more than that!" Mike poured a half jigger more in everybody's glass.

"Here you are." He handed the drinks around and poured a plain Coca-Cola for himself. Mike drank a lot when he was young and during the First World War while he was overseas he nearly died from poison-liquor; the Army doctor told him he had to quit drinking or it would be too bad. So from that day on, he never touched it, but Jill liked a drink and he didn't mind. He liked for people to have a good time.

Laura was excited, sipping the drink, and she couldn't help noticing that all the other girls were too. It was quite thrilling for them all to be dressed up and drinking highballs. The fact that none of them had a date didn't matter—and anyway why should it? God knows

any woman could get a man if she really wanted one and was willing to flap her eyelashes and mouth a lot of damnfool mush. But in this day as anybody would tell you, including the newspaper love-lorn columns, no woman had to get married when she could support herself. Thank goodness, it wasn't like it used to be.

And yet somehow they all felt a little high—even with Jill's husband, who, heaven knew, was getting bald and smelled of Listerine.

Mike put a record on the victrola and snapped his fingers. He danced with each one in turn—Jill last. While he was dancing, the waiting girls watched. When the music stopped, they all broke into eager and rapid conversation—mostly talking to Edna about her work in New Orleans, which was teaching kindergarten and frantically interesting on account of the new Progressive System they were trying. "It sounds like bedlam, but honestly, it's more fun!"

"Come on, Laura," said Mike, holding out his arms.

Her heart fluttered. "Oh, honestly, I haven't—honestly, I—"

Then she stepped up and put her hand on his shoulder which was covered with prickly tweed.

He was an old-fashioned dancer and held her awkwardly, too close, and bent to one side. He breathed loudly when he danced.

Even that little bit of liquor had gone to her head and she was glad he held her so tightly. She closed her eyes and her thoughts went floating off—What was it about a man? Why are we all so different tonight? Did a woman only really come alive when a man was around?

The music stopped and she still clung to Mike, feeling dizzy. She saw his toothy smile floating in space.

"O. K.?" he asked.

"Can't you take it?" called Sarah gaily. "Don't you want another drink?"

"No, I think I'll make some sandwiches."

"Better not," said Jill. "Wait till we get out to Tony's."

But she went on in the kitchenette anyway and got some bread and cheese. Everyone ate but Jill and Mike, who were dancing to "Limehouse Blues." The heady music made the girls feel warm.

"That'll make you-all sick," called Jill.

"Oh, pooh!" said Edna, "not this much whiskey. I'm having a fine time."

"You ought to come up oftener," said Laura.

"Sure," said Jill, swaying along with Mike, marking time in her high-heeled sandals. "I'm crazy about the spareribs at Tony's, aren't you, sugar?"

"You bet. Let's go on out."

One by one they went in the bathroom. Laura felt rather sick now and her face swam in the mirror. She had to hold on to the lavatory while she fixed her face. But how wonderful! how free and exciting and happy to be going out to Tony's. There was an orchestra there, and green-shaded lamps on the tables and baskets of French bread.

In the living room the girls were finishing up the bottle and Edna was telling a dirty joke. She could tell everyone was having a wonderful time and what did a few jokes matter?—After all they weren't prudes. They were all old enough to know what was what.

On the way they decided to sit upstairs in the balcony instead of downstairs where the dance floor was. They weren't going to dance, and besides the balcony was cheaper, and while they ate the barbecued ribs they could look down at the dancers.

They got out. They all walked along, very gay and bright in their new dresses. At the door they waited till Mike came up and held it open and then one by one they filed up the stairs, with Mike last.

On the landing they passed the two officers and their dates. The young lieutenants were very handsome in their whipcord and brass buttons. Both the girls were young—children almost—with round faces, and flowers in their hair.

They stared at the four old girls and Mike. Then one of the children said to the others: "My God! Where are the women?"

Oh, pretend no one has heard! run swiftly up the steps, call back a gay remark!

The blood throbbed in Laura's thin cheeks and she sat grinning while Mike went around the table, helping each girl off with her coat.

The sad-looking waiter dragged up and shuffled out a handful of menus.

"Well, what'll it be, girls?" asked Mike. "Ribs?"

"Oh, yes, yes . . . that'll be grand."

"How about ginger ale and a bowl of ice?" Mike said to the waiter.

The waiter agreed mournfully and went off kitchenward.

The balcony was small and dimly lighted. It smelled of perfume, sweat and smoke and fried potatoes. The girls reached out for the basket of French bread and pulled off pieces, chewing silently. Something had gone out of the evening; it had collapsed and they all seemed sad.

The orchestra was playing "Summertime" and the music wailed upward, hot and lonely. Below in the semi-dusk many couples clung together, cheeks straining against cheeks, not moving much.

The girls were glad when the waiter ambled up with ginger ale and ice, and Mike poured out the drinks. They all watched him, eyes glued on him, his male movements, the bulge of his arm in the tweed coat, the strength of his neck. Even here Jill sat beside him, even here laid her hand on his arm and giggled up at him. Nice as she was, the girls all saw her sense of superiority. This man was her's, and they, poor things, were manless. . . .

"Why, there's Sam Moore!" cried Jill, suddenly waving across the room. He saw her at the same moment and got up from his table—a big, heavy-set man, not tall, with bristling hair, and a hearty, fat friendliness.

"Hi, baby!" He stooped over and hugged Jill. "Still on the water wagon, Mike?"

"Saving up," said Mike. "Sit down, Sam." He introduced the four virgins.

Sam went round the table, giving each a warm hand-clasp. He was a little tight. "Lemme get the boys and we'll come on over," he repeated. "Jusa minute." He beckoned toward his party, beckoned again. "Jusa minute, kids," he told them.

Finally he went back to his table. They could see him arguing, standing over the others unsteadily, his legs spraddled. "He's a wonderful catch," said Jill rapidly, "never married—got an insurance agency. He lives at the hotel."

"Aw, they got other business," he roared, coming back, "but me—I'll finish up with you folks, Mike. I'm tired of them bloodhounds, anyway."

The vacant chair was by Laura. Her heart thumped when he sat down. He was a broad fellow and his shoulder jogged against hers; his leg, moving slightly, touched hers with the merest pressure.

She wondered if she should move. But, perhaps, he did not even feel the contact—it was so light. To move away would appear prudish, overnice, would call his attention to her self-consciousness.

She sat still, tense inside. She jiggled the ice in her glass and talked to him.

"Jill says you're an insurance man."

"That's right, girlie. Bonds, mostly."

"I guess you don't want to talk about business, though."

"Let's talk about you."

"There isn't much about me. Except you—you'd be surprised at what I'm interested in."

"What are you interested in?" His face was leaned toward hers, intent. She believed he was consciously trying to be magnetic and she too used the same technique, absolutely ignoring the other girls, and letting her bright eyes look constantly into his.

"They say when people get drunk, then they say what they really want to say all the time. They aren't inhibited then. Is that right?"

"That's right. I've heard fellows say the damndest things when they was drunk."

"Maybe psychologically we're all crushed down."

"You don't go in for that crap, do you, baby?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you're not inhibited, are you? Don't be scared of me, kid. What do you want to say?"

"I'm not drunk, am I?"

"Sure, you're not drunk. You're just feelin' a little warm and good. Ain't that it?"

"I want to find out how people feel. I

*(Continued on page 22)*

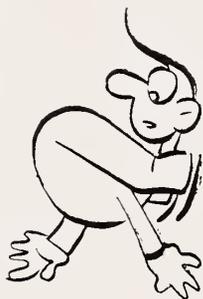


"My man," she said, "can you tell me whether this is a female hippopotamus or a male hippopotamus?"

Then the worm turned. The keeper eyed the lady coldly. His tone was metallic:

"Madam," he said, "I don't see how that could interest anyone but a hippopotamus."

*A wolf is a guy with a biological gleam, while a fox is a wolf that sends flowers; and a weasel is a fox that steals other guy's chickens.*



Irate Co-ed: "Hey, what're you following me for? Didn't you ever see anyone like me before?"

Frosh: "Yeah. But I had to pay a quarter."

—Cornell Widow.

*Virtue is learned at mother's knee, but vice at some other joint.*

—Rammer Jammer.

There she sat, surrounded by a score of admirers. Her beauty was beyond description, but naughty men frightened away the less intrepid. As the music started again the timid youth lurking in the background darted forward.

"Pardon me, Miss, may I have the next dance?"

"I'm sorry, but I never dance with children," she said with an amused smile.

"Oh, a thousand pardons!" he said, "I didn't know your condition."

—Punch Bowl.

"What a splendid fit," said the tailor as he carried the epileptic out of his shop.

She was just a Communist's daughter, and everyone got his share.

—Voo Doo.



"Look here, Billy, were you peeking through the keyhole at your sister and me last night?"

"No, dammit. Couldn't. Mother was there praying."

"Does your husband snore in his sleep?"  
"I can't tell. He hasn't slept yet; we've only been married a few days."

—Sour Owl.

I cannot cook, I cannot draw,  
I don't resemble Venus  
I cannot sing, I cannot write,  
I guess I'm just a genius!

*It isn't the ice that makes people slip—  
it's what they mix with it.*

She kissed me with fervor, she kissed me with feeling.  
She seemed glad to see me, she kissed me so well.  
She kissed me again till my senses were reeling.  
And my collar and tie were as carmine as hell.  
In the station a number of people were waiting—  
They witnessed the kissing with interest plain  
It seemed to amuse them, the osculating  
Of dear old Aunt Susie from Kennebunk, Maine.

—Kitty Kat.

"A burglar broke into our dorm last night."  
"What did he get?"  
"Practice."

—Pelican.

Here lie the bones of Nancy Jones.  
For her life held no terrors.  
Born a maid, died a maid,  
No hits, no runs, no errors.

*Law Prof (at registration): So you are a pre-legal, eh?*

*Student: Like hell. I'm the youngest in our family.*

There was a young lady of Trent  
Who said that she knew what it meant  
When men asked her to dine—  
Gave her cocktails and wine.  
She knew what it meant—but she went.

—Frvivol.



Brunn

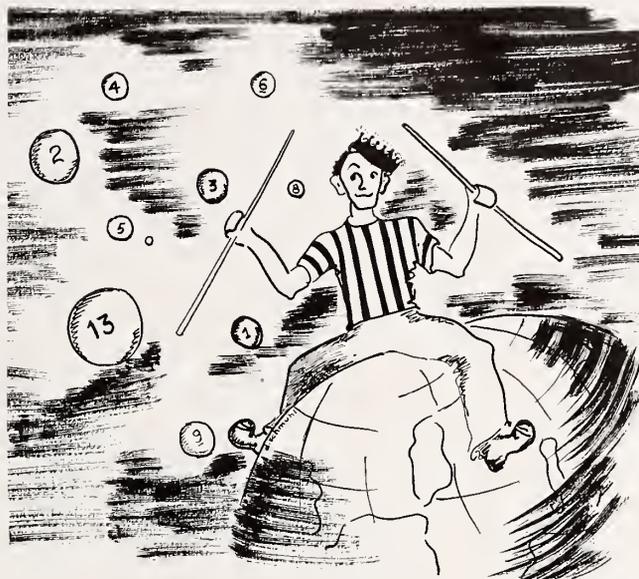
I DECIDED to buy a pool table the other day, just to have around the house for the fun of the game. When the idea first besieged me it was no less than a revelation. Here was the chance to play all the pool that any addict would like to play—without having some stranger poking you in the ribs with a cue stick every time you were on the verge of making a delicate shot. Then, too, I could invite in soldiers or sailors for a nice game without having to serve meals. A way to serve the fighting boys and still not make the OPA mad by dealing in the extra curricula activity of using too many ration points. Yes, it was a good idea. It reminded me of the good old days when my dad used to have one. Not that he played pool or anything of the sort—he just wasn't athletic. He kept it right in the front parlor so the preacher wouldn't come to our house for dinner every Sunday. He used the cue sticks to chunk the fire occasionally and to keep us stirring around the house. But not me—I love the game. The feel of the stick as it caresses the cue ball, the thundering crash as it collides head on with the other fifteen balls on the table. In fact I like it so much that half the fellows in school learned to play on my money. That's why I decided to buy a table of my own.

The next step was to find out who had a table to sell, if who had one. He did—in fact he had four. This was perfect except that he didn't know exactly where they were at the present. He assured me that he could locate them in no time at all. All I had to do was just sit in an easy chair over there, from which there were five to select, and he personally would telephone the man who knew where they were.

I read all the magazines in the office, smoked a pack of double length cigarettes, and drank a hot coca-cola. In my imagination I racked the balls up and shot several exciting games of pool with privates, admirals, pre-flight cadets, and one-armed aviators returned from the battle fronts. In all the games I emerged triumphant—the champion of all pool players on the globe.

During this time the man kept dialing numbers frantically. He had no trouble finding people at the other end, but the other end always referred him to somebody else who knew where the tables were located. He finally gave up and threw the telephone recklessly at the hook. Then he reached under his desk and pulled out a bottle of scotch whiskey and drank a straight one from the bottle and returned it to under the desk. This made me hate him severely.

He then rose from his chair and started towards me. I thought it would be best to try and act nonchalant about



**“In all the games I emerged triumphant—the champion of all pool players on the globe.”**

# For the Love of Pool

By WAYNE KERNODLE

the situation, but he caught me off guard and beat me to it. You could tell he was a slick customer—they just show up that way. But I was tired.

“Peculiar thing,” he began, “but you know things get misplaced sometimes. Why, only yesterday I saw those tables somewhere—but today—well, who can say?”

“Now if you would like to drop by again tomorrow,” he said soulfully, breathing scotch into my eager nostrils. “By that time there is no doubt in my mind but that we can locate the tables for you. Things like pool tables just don't vanish, do they?”

I liked his democratic attitude. At least he asked me for my opinion. That I thought is what we are fighting for. And besides it would have sounded silly to say that pool tables did just vanish, so there he had two points on me.

Well, we approached the subject in this fashion for a good while—diverging now and then to discuss the war fronts, ration problems and kindergartens for children under six months of age. During the conversation he received from me 12 red points and enough green ones to buy a bottle of ketchup for a surprise party for his wife who was coming home from a bond selling tour with Freddie McGurgle or somebody.

I should have kept up my guard, but the thought of his patriotic wife brought my mind back to service men and the

pool table. My foot was set for the exit when he made a move that was something like the cool summer dawn breaking in upon a green fertile valley somewhere in God's own beautiful America.

“A lot of people,” he said twisting my arm jiu jitsu form,—“a lot of people have given up pool and gone in for a more exercising form of recreation—to build them up for—for war activities. Take table tennis, for instance. A man's game among men. There are dozens of them in every army camp and USO. They are on board destroyers and submarines. Jimmy Doolittle had one in his B-25 bomber when he raided Tokyo. Ah yes, table tennis—a man's game among men. Oh there's nothing like a good game of table tennis to stir the soul of a vigorous man.”

He paused and then went on condescendingly . . . insultingly. “But of course,” he said, “you probably wouldn't like the game. Perhaps it's too strenuous.”

That did it. Grabbing my pocketbook I waved it about under his nose and shouted for someone to bring me a set of table tennis—table and all. The equipment cost me plenty. I've never had the courage to install it—and besides the table doesn't have any pockets in it—so where would you knock the ball? And I found out the man lied to me—Jimmy Doolittle didn't have one on board when he flew over Tokyo.



1967

CAROLINA



# Season Sensations

## FALL

Doris' legs, her long blonde hair,  
Cause wolves to whistle, turn, and stare.  
She's smooth as glass,  
A "glamour" lass,  
Men "fall" for her from everywhere.

## WINTER

For winter months with snow and ice,  
She would pay most any price,  
A gay sleigh ride  
Or warm fireside,  
With Eleanor would be quite nice.

## SPRING

Spring's the time for birds and bees  
The arboretum, full of trees.  
"Tommy's" free-lance  
When it comes to romance,  
But watch out boys, she's hard to please.

## SUMMER

We give you now Miss Applewhite,  
Summertime is her delight,  
She's no fool,  
She keeps cool,  
In hot daytime as well as night.



# Carolina Clatter

'Twas brillig on the morning of a monday  
and the air was chapelhilled with sunny  
glint,  
when the day before had tarheeled into  
sunday  
and our twice-a-weekly kathilled into  
print:

had been yokleyed and reported  
had been defandorfed and sported  
with connections  
and collections  
of the advertising sections  
that must keep a college paper in the  
mint.

Do you graham to the dances on a night?  
do you sit in comfy corners minus light?  
then you juke to all the songs  
that are amplified to throngs  
bobbyburleyed in the Lounge for your  
delight.

You may balance books and papers  
burning all the midnight tapers  
but the problems that arise  
from the depths of worldly lies  
must be woodhoused  
and deanparkered  
if you're carolina-wise.

From ridiculous to koch  
there's a drama to be watched  
if your ears are tuned to toms  
there's a batch of bach or brahms  
ellis-hughes  
to boogie blues,  
gaudy, bawdy, "Gadabout . . ."  
anything  
and everything  
(if such is what you madabout).

But . . . it's almamater sunday  
when the air is churched with bells  
always followed by a monday  
till the strain begins to tell:

end of quarter,  
books in order  
it's a toss-up who excells!  
in the shamble  
it's a scramble

Never ever room for gamble  
to the tolling and the caroling of Caro-  
lina bells.

—D. Hanig.



## "A. P. O. 12557-D"

*(This is an actual letter from a correspondence that has been going on for a year. The boy, an alumnus, is an Army Corporal "somewhere" in the Pacific. Names have been withheld.)*

March 10, 1944.

Dear G - - -:

I haven't heard from you in weeks. In fact, you already owe me two letters. But I guess that's what happens in Leap Year. It is up to the lady to make all the advances. All joking aside, though, I know how hard it is to get letters written and sent through from where you are. The last time I got two of yours a day apart.

You'll be pleased to know the new wartime Yackety Yack is out, twice as thin and twice as much fun as the regular ones. Our friend, Eleanor Carroll, is in the Yack's beauty section. She has a Danish flyer, named Evald (I think), who flew over Chapel Hill the other day, dipping his wings to the Pi Phi house.

By the way what sort of climate do you have out there? As for Chapel Hill, it is undoubtedly spring here. You can tell by all the little chicks cheeping in the back of the postoffice. To me, that is the very "sound" of spring. Some day I shall go to the P. O. to see if I have a letter from you, and find a fluffy yellow chick sitting in my mailbox, leering at me as if to say, "Don't you know it's spring, you worm?" Also tiny daffodils are out all over the place. You know the kind—little golden trumpets "sending" up to heaven. The plum trees are out too and look as if popcorn had popped along the branches. I'm almost holding my breath waiting for that wisteria to burst into bloom. Remember the last spring you were here—when we went

along Wisteria Walk. Well, they tell me every college has one.

The other day a whole bunch of Marines came in for further training at the University here. Many had service ribbons. They looked a little surprised to see Chapel Hill sleeping so lazily in the sun. There is something about the place that makes you feel as if there weren't a war in spite of the many thousands of service men we have here. Somehow the very hills seem to refuse to echo the marching sounds. Chapel Hill is a sort of Shangri-La. Perhaps that is why the Pre-Flight cadets seem to dislike it so much. It shuts its people off from the rest of the world. Literally as well as mentally, for when it snows, no buses or food trucks can get through and the town is virtually a wilderness fortress.

Two of your old friends, Rae Winklestein, complete with slacks and red-gold hair, and Rus Rogers, absolutely glittering with ensign's stripes, came through on flying visits. They asked about you. I was pleased to tell them that you neglected me six letters ago by putting the stamp right side up instead of upside down. . . . that you wore a corporal's stripes, and that you are somewhere in the Pacific. Rae still thinks of you as the civilian who smashed her thumb instead of a nail in the Playmaker scene shop. She doesn't believe that handsome soldier on the dresser is you—and furthermore, she doesn't think you are the type to send a girl a grass skirt. It is a little bit breezy at that. I'm saving it to wear on the sunporch when I go out to get tanned. Bet that will attract a lot of airplanes.

Things have been popping on the campus. It seems the student legislature got up a bill abolishing the coed senate. They seem to have the "abolition" disease, and have consistently been abolishing everything so that that is about all there is left to abolish. If they abolish that, they won't have anything left to take up in their meetings. Since it is a coed senate, the wonder is that they didn't ask the coeds if they wanted to get rid of it. Anyway, the whole thing died a silent unmourned death. I don't even know when the bill got lost.

We have Varga girls pasted all over our room—as reminders of the creatures we would like to be. We are scared stiff Mrs. Stacy will object—not to the 99 and 44/100 bare bathing beauties, but to the glue on the walls.

I could ramble on and on, but I want to get this down to the post-office and in the ten o'clock mail.

I received your pretty Valentine flowers and was surprised to find your own handwriting on the card. It made you seem not so far away.

Love,

S - - -

BUTTERFLIES

*When I'm with you, hold your hand,  
They're little, lively, pink.*

*When you hold me tight and whisper,  
They're powder blue, I think.*

*When you say, "I love you, dear,"  
With your lips and eyes—*

*When you kiss me tenderly the blue ones sigh  
And change to purple wanderers—*

*Dreamy—dusky—lavenders*

—Jane Ruggles

V  
E  
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S  
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DIM KNOWLEDGE

*Is death in us like ecstasy,  
In a secret lurking current?  
As a virgin knows libido  
In the shuddering of her soul,  
Do we know death  
In the roused terror  
Of cold and lonely moons . . .  
And is this dark and leaping force  
A recognition in our depths . . .*

—Rose Ellen Fleming

ELEGY

*The sky is black. The earth is  
white.*

*The wind is cold and clean to-  
night.*

*And I can watch the drifting  
snow*

*Fill in my footprints as I go.*

*Above the night wind did you  
speak?*

*But no, tis just the lonely  
creak*

*Of frozen branch on barren  
tree;*

*The only sound that comes to  
me.*

*Through somber eyes I watch  
the sky*

*And see the myriad snow-  
flakes fly.*

*And then I look behind, and  
lo!*

*Two pairs of footprints fill  
with snow. . . .*

—Howard Paul

Prize Winning Poem

A BREEZE

A waiting and wanting girl bares her warm legs in  
her bed.

The breeze notices them.

It is soothing to the white slender and sensitive limbs.  
It is coolest where the skin spreads over the bended  
knee.

She thinks freely, pure, womanly thoughts  
And lightly strokes a leg, just one time to make sure  
she is alive:

"God, I am glad that I feel that he is alive tonight,  
too."

She turns and the breeze, satisfying, presses his  
"goodnight" to her warm lips  
Again and again, over and over again.

An old beloved mother sits beside the night.  
Knitting a present from a ball of olive yarn.  
The breeze jiggles her thread and the blue starred  
parchment hanging from the shade.

She replaces a wind blown wisp and stares on and on,  
but nowhere in the night:

"God, save him for thee—and for me tonight."  
Contented she continues her motherly work—making  
stitches

Again and again, over and over again.

The soldier lies beneath the night on a selfish soil.  
The battle has passed!

A star is shining and a bird is singing.  
The breeze plays childly with a broken bootlace,  
A frayed break in the damp stiffened blouse breast,  
And breathes a slumber song through the new found  
hole in the cold helmet

Over and over again, forever and ever and ever.

—J. Wes Gentry

TIDE

*You say, "Remember me as I  
am now."*

*But the tides of memory*

*Are attached to some moon*

*Beyond.*

*Through the depths of water*

*Cross-strafed by*

*Metal sunlight*

*Leap*

*Shatter*

*Waver down*

*Images of you—*

*Distorted.*

*If I plunge my hand*

*To seek out a you*

*That will not break to surface*

*I grasp but tide.*

—Joan Martin

FINALE

*Some day the earth will weary of her giving  
The vast, too quickly emptied bowels will close  
The patient fields where once man made his living  
Leach out and burn to sand where nothing grows.  
The sky which poured out water in its season  
Will glaze and glisten, cloudless, empty, dry  
The spinning poles for no apparent reason*

*Twist up the winds and leave them where they lie.  
The lakes and seas will freeze their hordes of fishes  
The mighty streams hold up their powerful flow  
Mankind wear out himself with worthless wishes  
Find no reply, give up the quest, and go.  
The earth will smile in placid self-content:  
"Man came, he flung away his chance, he went."*

—Sgt. Keith Cox



Co-authors Foster Fitz-Simons and Tom Avera

Starting out to cover a Playmaker production from behind the scenes, the Mag camera hit on the premiere of a new play, "The Twilight Zone." Each year the Playmakers present a three-act original, and this spring launched a joint production by Tom Avera and Foster Fitz-Simons.

The play deals with the coming Allied invasion and was first written by Tom as a thesis for the M.A. degree in Dramatic Art. Spotting the phrase "Twilight Zone," which signifies the era of waiting before the pall of war is lifted from the world, Tom decided to build his play around it. Having difficulties with setting the play on a landing barge or a South Sea island, he laid the scene on the coast of France on the eve of invasion. Then in collaboration with Foster Fitz-Simons, designer for the Playmakers, the play was adapted for production. Foster, undertaking also the direction of the play, integrated his hard-working cast and stage crew for an effective three-day run.



Director Fitz-Simons blocks out action at one of the nightly rehearsals. On stage right is Sam Selden, Associate Director of the Playmakers, who returns to the stage in one of the important roles of the play.

## Curtain Going Up!



Slacks and character shirts become paint-bespattered, as construction of the set goes on at the scene shop, under supervision of Bob Burrows, Technical Director.



A pre-production conference of the technical staff blends ideas of Costumer Irene Smart and Designer Marion Fitz-Simons.

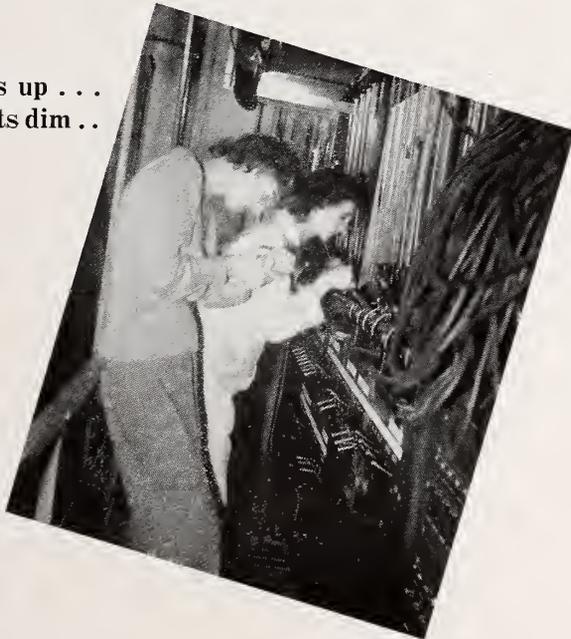


Opening night—and Proff Koch continues his tradition of handing out programs to the cast, as they apply make-up backstage. Ann Galbreath and Dean Newman, leads, accept Proff's good wishes.

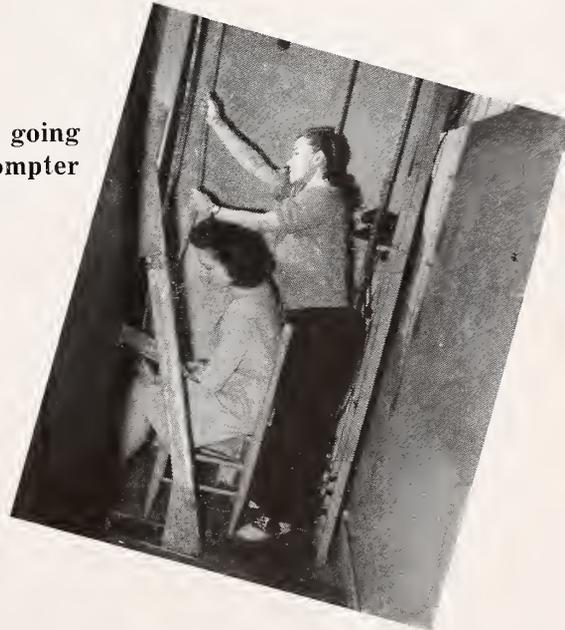


Sound effects bring up the music . . .

Footlights up . . .  
houselights dim . . .



Curtain going  
up . . . prompter  
in place.



And the play goes on. From the fly-door an opening night glimpse of the first act reveals the costumed cast presenting the finished performance.

Gottlieb's Department Store . . .  
 musty air . . . humdrum clock-  
 work . . . a silent short-lived re-  
 volt. Then back again . . . counters  
 and pennies and neat, neat rows.

IT WAS mid-afternoon. Gottlieb's department store was empty. The girls cleaned the counters and filled the many, small, glassed-in bins with notions, needles, and combs in neat rows. Every now and then one of the girls swept a rebellious lock of hair back with a slow hand.

On the other side of the store Tess straightened the line of men's trousers. Quick, sharp-eyed and nervous she seemed to be the only visible movement of life in the spacious, high-ceilinged store. Busily absorbed she didn't realize someone had strolled over to where she was. . . .

"Tess."

She whirled in a sudden fright.

"Oh—Mac!" she laughed with a gasp in her voice, "You scared me. Why do you sneak up like that?"

A large pair of owlish eyes stared at her blankly.

"I'm sorry, Tess. Just wanted to ask you something."

Tess looked to the back of the store rising a little on her toes.

"See you down in the stockroom. Morris is on the floor—watching."

Mac walked with the small, shuffling gait of one who has had an early paralysis of the legs. He chewed a short, wet cigar as he walked down the stairs to the stockroom. Soon after he was followed by Tess as she carried a bundle of trousers over her shoulders. Below in the stockroom she looked quietly over at Mac, seated on a swivel chair near the end of the long counter. She flung the bundle down on the table and waited.

Mac was small in stature and as he sat there in the chair he looked even smaller. His feet dangled slightly from the floor. The large staring eyes looked out of a long, thin face sharply accented by a mane of sandy hair. Now as he took the brown, straggly cigar from moist lips he leaned forward and rested his elbows on his knees.

"Tess, I'm gonna quit!"

Tess smiled mirthlessly.

"That's original. I'm gonna quit, too. So is Harry and Joey and Ray and Clara. Just seems nobody's in a hurry."

Mac threw the cigar away.

"But I got to. Morris pays in loose

change and forgets the time when every store on the block closes. He sits on his fat chops and reads a newspaper. If a customer comes in he whistles like we're deaf, dumb and blind. I tell you I'm sick of it."

"So you're gonna quit!"

"Oh, I can get a job. I know hardware like a catalogue. I'm out of the draft so I'm out of the running. . . . I got to start all over again. . . ."

"Have you got any money?" asked Tess softly.

"I got a policy comin' thru. That and social security. . . . I'll make out."

"It's up to you, Mac."

Mac paused. "What do you think, Tess?"

Tess sat down on the counter beside the trousers.

"We're all like kids, Mac. We're scared and talk a lot. I can't leave. There's Mom to take care of and Rudy. And Ray won't leave. Morris babies her and she coos and laughs like a kid with her first date. She likes it here in a dumb sort of way. Harry's looking out for himself and Morris Gottlieb knows when he has a good window-dresser. Joey? A kid chloroformed with dreams. When he gets shoved around once too often he'll leave soon enough. And you, Mac?"

Her voice grew soft.

"You're sick, Mac!"

Mac began to protest. "Oh, hell. . . ."

"You're sick, Mac," she continued, "you're sick with a bad pair of lungs and you can't be on your feet too long. How long do you think you can last outside of here?"

"Oh, cut it out. I asked for advice not sympathy."

He started to move away. Tess watched him for a moment. Mac looked at her with a frown on his face.

"You're smart, Tess. If I wasn't. . . ."

Tess sprang lightly off the counter. "I know. You love me and you want me to invite you over to the house for macaroni and cheese and a bottle of Chianti. . . . You've got it. Mom and I will expect you at seven thirty. Can you make it?"

Mac grinned. "I love you, Wop. . . . and I mean it. O.K. Expect me."

Tess went over and chucked him under the chin.

"Save your money and you can leave the cage, squirrely!"

A thin, peevish voice yelled down from the top of the stairs.

"Mac!"

Tess sighed with mock heaviness. "The Old Man," she whispered.

Back on the floor Tess found a customer waiting and Mac was called back to his department. Towards the wall in the rear Mac had his department to accommodate a splendid display of sharp,

efficient tools and a colorful assortment of household necessities. Some feet away on a long counter were binned the latest in children's toys and books. It had taken late Saturday nights and early Sunday mornings behind closed doors to assemble those displays. Mac, with pride viewed the carpentered counters made and planned for permanence by him.

He soon disposed of a customer when he saw with sudden dismay that a boy, tall and loose-limbed covetously hid a tennis ball in the pocket of his pants.

With short stiff strides Mac skirted the counter and laid a hand on the boy's arm. The boy, stung into action by Mac's gesture, began to race down the

★ ★ ★

# Treadmill

★ ★ ★

corridor. But Gottlieb, up front blocked the doorway and the boy, panic-stricken, backed away. Gottlieb seized the boy at the chest, grabbing and bunching the thick sweater in a tight fist. The boy squirmed, his face livid with fear, his eyes wide with suspicion of tears. . . .

"Oh, lemme go, Mister. . . . lemme go. . . ." he whimpered.

Gottlieb looked to the back of the store.

"Mac!"

Mac stood frozen directly in back of Tess. Gottlieb grew annoyed.

"Call Steiner on the corner."

Mac stood there, transfixed.

"Well! Hurry up, Mac."

Ray near the notion counter moved suddenly towards Gottlieb.

"Wait, Morris. . . . I'll get him." Her voice rose with decision.

Gottlieb half-dragged, half-carried the tear-streaked youth towards the center of the store.

"We know how to take care of your

kind. Maybe you won't steal so quick!" Gottlieb spoke evenly, without rancor. He turned to Mac. "What's the matter, didn't you hear me?"

Mac began to protest. . . . Gottlieb cut him short.

"What did he steal?"

Mac's large eyes contemplated the boy. The youth, realizing it was futile, became grim and sullen. His lips worked spasmodically as he tried to keep the tears back.

Mac took in the dirty, blue sweater . . . the mop of unruly hair, the thin, pinched sides of his face.

"It was a tennis ball, Morris . . . that's all he took," he said.

★ ★ ★

By  
DAVE HANIG

★ ★ ★

Ray returned with Steiner. He was a young, strong-limbed patrolman. He came in with an air of sureness in his manner. He greeted Gottlieb quietly.

"What's the trouble, Morris?"

Morris nodded towards the boy.

"Take his name and address. He took a tennis ball."

Steiner gazed at the kid a moment.

"At it again, huh, Frankie?"

The kid looked at the floor. Every now and then he jerked the side of his head to keep the hair out of his eyes. He said nothing when he was spoken to.

"What's the matter, took a new interest in tennis?"

The kid began to sniffle, sucking air into his nose.

Steiner turned to Morris. "Can I use your stockroom for a few minutes, Morris. There's been some petty larcenies in the neighborhood. We've been getting too many complaints."

"Sure, help yourself. Damn shame about these kids."

Steiner looked at the sullen figure.

"Go wash up . . . you're dirty," as he pointed to the wash-room to the right of him.

Mac wet his lips and looked at Tess. Tess seemed absorbed in boxing some shirts.

The cop shoved the boy into the swivel chair.

"Frankie," he began, "who're you runnin' around with?"

Frankie sat with elbows on the arms of the chair. He sat looking at his hands.

"Answer me, Frankie."

"I . . . I got nothin I wanna say." The boy's voice was clouded with tears, but he kept it fairly steady.

"Do you want reform school? Is that it. It ain't so hot, up there. Tell me, who're you runnin around with?"

The kid looked up at Steiner and quickly shifted his gaze.

"I ain't runnin with nobody."

"Frankie, how old are ya?"

"Eighteen."

"You mean sixteen, don't ya. I know ya drivin a car. Ya gotta license?"

Frankie said nothing.

"Why don't you talk?" Steiner's voice grew sharp.

Frankie turned his head. . . . "Aw, lemme alone!"

Steiner looked him over for a moment. The boy's eyes were harsh and bright. Every now and then he flicked the end of his nose with a forefinger. He averted the patrolman's gaze whenever he could help it.

Steiner straightened up. He looked down at the boy humorously.

"I seen you with Czarnecki's girlfriend the other night."

The boy seemed as though he were listening.

Steiner continued. His voice was even.

"Czarnecki wouldn't like it if he knew you took his girl out in a car after leaving Tysko's tavern about midnight and drove out to Hetzel's Field and parked across the street and you took her in the back seat and . . ."

Quickly Steiner put up a stiff arm to ward off the crying, maniacal boy who in a fitful, hysterical misery had struck out at the cop. . . .

"It's a goddamn dirty, lousy lie, you son of a . . ."

It was only a matter of moments when the cop with an open hand slapped the boy's face and arms and shoulders. He threw him into the swivel chair and then grabbed him.

"Talk, you little larceny bum . . . who're you runnin around with?"

Tess came running down the steps followed by Mac.

"Hey, Steiner, lay off . . . he's only a kid," she demanded.

Steiner looked at her and grimaced.

"Okay, okay, sister. . . . I'm taking him with me."

"No, you're not, gorilla. . . ." She came over to the boy and cradled him in her arms.

"It's all right, Frankie . . . nobody's gonna hurt you now."

Mac stood there on the steps breathing harshly thru his nose.

Gottlieb came down and Mac, to allow him room, moved down the stairs to the stockroom.

"Everything all right, Steiner?"

Tess looked across to Mac and said nothing. She was wiping the sob-convulsive boy.

Steiner was stroking the folds under his chin.

"You wanna bring charges?"

The slow voice of Mac broke in.

"No, officer . . . no charges."

Gottlieb looked with amusement at Mac.

"You running this place or am I?"

Mac had trouble breathing. His eyes grew wide and a hard frown ran along his eyebrows.

"Morris, I'm quittin. Now. This minute, and I say this kid didn't steal a ball. Here's your lousy quarter," at this he poured some coins into his hand and shoved it towards Gottlieb.

Gottlieb smiled tolerantly at Steiner.

"A sport all of a sudden. Okay, Steiner, cancel the charges. So let's go upstairs and rustle up some business. Tessie, those flannel shirts just came in. Give some to Harry to put in the window. Say, Steiner, I got some of those mint peppermints in. You comin'?"

Steiner shrugged his shoulders and followed Gottlieb upstairs. On his way up he glanced at the kid.

"He's the wrong kind, sister . . ." he remarked to Tess.

"You ain't no angel, kid-slapper!"

She spat out the last word with venom.

The kid got up and shook off Tessie's hand.

"I'm okay, lady . . ." he said hoarsely as he shambled upstairs.

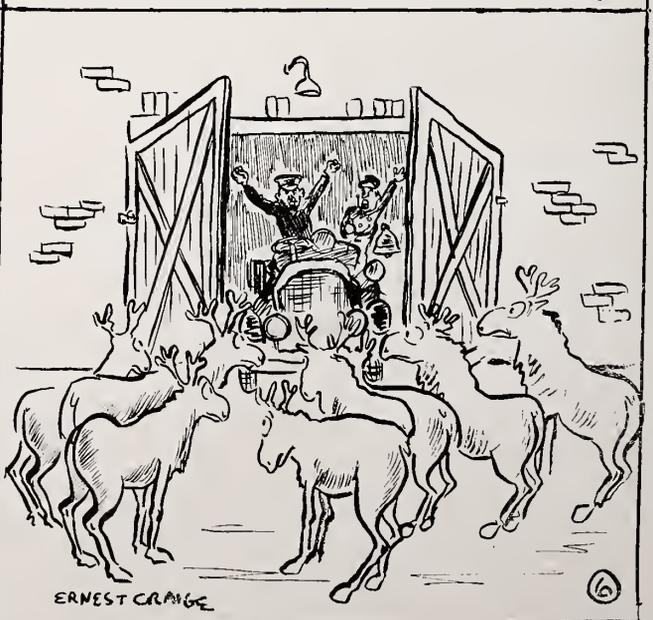
Tess looked at Mac for a moment. He was sitting down and coughing now. Spasms of harsh, rattling coughs racked his body. After he had caught his breath he lifted a perspiring face towards Tess. . . .

"Mac," she said quietly, "keep up with those ultra-violet ray treatments. You've got to, Mac."

Mac looked at her and turned away. After a pause he got up and stiffly started up the stairs.

"I better give Harry those rugs we're runnin special this weekend. He's gonna do the window to-night."

THE END



## CALL TO ORDER

(Continued from page 6)

Recently in an election of this type the council chose three men to serve who have had little or no experience in student government on this campus. However, the council had a good reason for such action. The older and more qualified men for the posts were to leave the University in June. Therefore, by the time their tenure of office got well under way it would be necessary to choose new members. Thus the question is, shall we have highly qualified men on the council for a short time, followed by those who have had little experience, or shall we begin with the latter and educate them as they serve on the council, since they will be at the University for at least a year? Ultimately, at the present rate, we shall reach a point when we will have NO men with experience. This looks bad for student government.

A workable answer immediately suggests itself. When the next vacancies occur in the council why not have the council appoint the older and more qualified men to serve as members as long as they are here, and also appoint from the nominations list an equal number of younger men to serve as alternates. In this manner these non-voting members of the council could attend meetings and learn their proper function. Then, as the Juniors and Seniors departed, these alternates could take their places with a minimum of trouble and delay. This procedure would insure the council always of retaining its full quota of members; a council composed of men who would be acquainted with their duties.

The same idea is applicable in a modified form to the legislature. Steele dormitory, for example, is populated preponderantly with freshmen. However, there are some upperclassmen. If one of these upperclassmen were chosen as the Steele representative to the legislature and a freshman was chosen as his alternate, then Steele would always have a voice in legislative matters. As it now stands, the freshman representative goes to the legislature and does nothing but listen, since the average freshman has had no chance to obtain much knowledge of campus matters.

The great campus leaders of bygone days, when they departed for unknown destinations, have said that it would be a wonderful thing if such a governmental structure as ours could survive the war. To the president of the student body, to all the rest; it is up to you. You know the problems; you have the power by virtue of your office, and you have some possible solutions. Don't disappoint a lot of men who are carrying on

the fight at this moment in some spot far remote from Chapel Hill.

## TAKE A RECESS

(Continued from page 7)

tion to an even greater organization.

"A foolish consistency," Emerson once said, "is the hobgoblin of little minds." We have thus far refused to look at our problem analytically. We have let our own selfish interests contort our views. We have refused to see and face the real facts. If any hope remains for the preservation of student government at all, it is in the suspension of student government for the duration of the war. It is not a move which can be made by students next year, or the next or the next, as the situation becomes more and more muddled. There is only one time left to act.

And the time is now!

*A bachelor is just a fellow who has no children to speak of.*

*"I think when Bill and I are married we'll go to Bali Bali and see what it's like."*

*"Don't be silly, it's the same everywhere."*

—Banter.



A professor was giving his class an oral quiz and picked upon a particular unfortunate specimen for his most difficult queries.

"Who signed the Magna Charta?"

No answer.

"Who was Bonny Prince Charley?"

No answer.

"Where were you on Friday?"

"Drinking beer with a friend of mine."

"How do you expect to pass this course if you drink beer when you should be in class?"

"I don't, sir—I only came in to fix the radiator."

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## THE FEMALE SURPLUS

(Continued from page 9)

want to know how I feel. How do you feel?"

"Damn good, baby." He reached over and patted her knee. "Don't I feel good?"

"Well, wait. I didn't mean—What I meant was—"

"Hey, kid, where you been?" he cried. "Now, that's what I call a sweet girlie—blushing!"

"Oh, don't mind. I've always blushed. It's—it's a family weakness. We all blush. Honestly, isn't that absurd?"

"I think it's kinda cute. Listen, why'nt we downstairs dancing?" He included everybody. "Listen, folks, why in hell we up here in this chicken coop? Let's get a downstairs table. Man! Listen at that music!" His fat shoulders swayed up and down.

"You-all wanta go down?" asked Mike. Edna said it was perfectly fine up here.

"Here's the dinner anyway," said Sarah.

"Why'nt you eat dinner with us, Sam?"

"Listen," he cried, "me and Laura's goin' down and dance. Come on, kid—"

"No, Sam, wait—"

"Aw, come ahead. Listen to the band! Sugar Blues! I ain't heard that song in fifteen years. . . ."

He pulled her out of the chair, leaned over, still with one arm around her waist, and pulled off part of the spareribs from her plate.

"Here," he said, dividing them with her. "Now, come on. We'll eat these and come back for more."

"Well, I—" The bones were greasy in her hand. His arm was heavy and strange.

"Come on, sugar. . . ." He steered her through the maze of tables, chanting, "Let's order some cold pork, cold collard greens and cold cornbread."

She felt that everyone in the room was staring at her. She clenched the rib bones in her fist, but Sam gnawed his with gusto. "Sam, listen, wait a minute. You're drunk. . . . Let's go back upstairs with the others."

"Hell, no, let's dance. . . . When we get back we can have some cold pork, cold collard greens and cold cornbread."

They stumbled downstairs. The band blared against them through the swinging doors. Laura's little thin breast rose and fell. She felt naked under all the eyes. In the center of the room a sailor stamped and leaped. Dear God! I could never—

The manager, brows raised, touched Sam's arm. "Sir, if you're upstairs, the dance floor—"

"Sure, bud, hows zat?" A bill between them—the manager retreating, placated.

Then she was in his arms, her body tight against his, feeling his legs moving.

He hummed and the breath tickled her ear. He was not much taller than she and his moist hot cheek pressed hers. The short bristles scratched her skin. She closed her eyes and wandered after him, opened her eyes. They stumbled against each other.

"Sorry," he mumbled wheezily.

She laughed, telling him: "My cousin taught me to dance and he said if I ever got out of step to say 'Certainly' like it was the other person's fault. Don't you think that's cute?"

"Pretty slick." He held her off, grinning, while she told the little breathless story, and then he gathered her back against him.

Presently they went back upstairs. The others were almost through eating. They sat in a chewing silence.

"Oh, everything's cold!"

"Here—let's get some more!"

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"Oh, no, this is all right. Here you have some of mine."

Hot coffee came, and a plate of fresh fried potatoes. Sam ate the potatoes with his fingers, humming "Sister Kate." After the food and coffee, he sobered up a little.

"God!" he said. "Ain't this a life? If I hadn't of met you kids, I'd probably still be drinkin' with that gang of Indians. I'm damn sick of hotels. What wouldn't I give for a nice home of my own and an honest-to-God dish of scrambled eggs."

"You ought to let Laura fix dinner for you some evening, Sam," said Jill with a hard stare at Laura.

"Say, that'd be swell. Would you let me take you up on that?"

She smiled under her lashes. "Maybe."

When they were ready to leave, Sam insisted loudly that he would take Laura home. "My lil ole Mercury's got to have some exercise."

"You don't mind? I don't know what—"

Jill cut her short, beaming. "Stupid! Of course not! You two run along!"

The other girls repeated slowly. "No, indeed! Go right ahead!" It was apparent they thought her a fool. Who on earth would want that ape?

They walked down the stairs—a couple—and got into the car and rode through the lonely, night-dark streets. Little splatters of rain hit the windshield.

Laura felt odd—closed in by the plate-glass. Now that they were alone, she scarcely knew what to say.

"I'll go up," he said, "and see you're safe inside."

Without speaking, they went up to her apartment. She waited while he fitted the key in the lock. He walked in without being asked and wandered around, looking at her books—the Rie-nike water color.

She stood uncertainly by the door.

"I don't go in much for coon pictures," he said staring at the water color, "or any of this high-brow stuff. I'm just a red-blooded he-man."

He flicked his eyes over the books. "Uster read a lot when I was a kid, but, hell, I never have time any more. What good's it do you, I always say? Do these bookish fellows make the dough? Don't get sore, though. I'm all for it, if you've got the time. Honest, this is sure a cute, homey, little place."

"Look, Sam," she said uneasily. "It's so late. I've got to get up early and go to the office. I—"

"Sure—" He came over and put his hands on her arms. "Look, baby, I've had a swell time."

"I'm glad, Sam. I did, too. . . ." He was so close she saw the little broken

veins in his cheeks, the little hairs in his nose.

"Were you on the level about asking me to dinner?"

"Of course, silly."

"How's about tomorrow night?"

"That's all right. I'll ask Jill and Mike too."

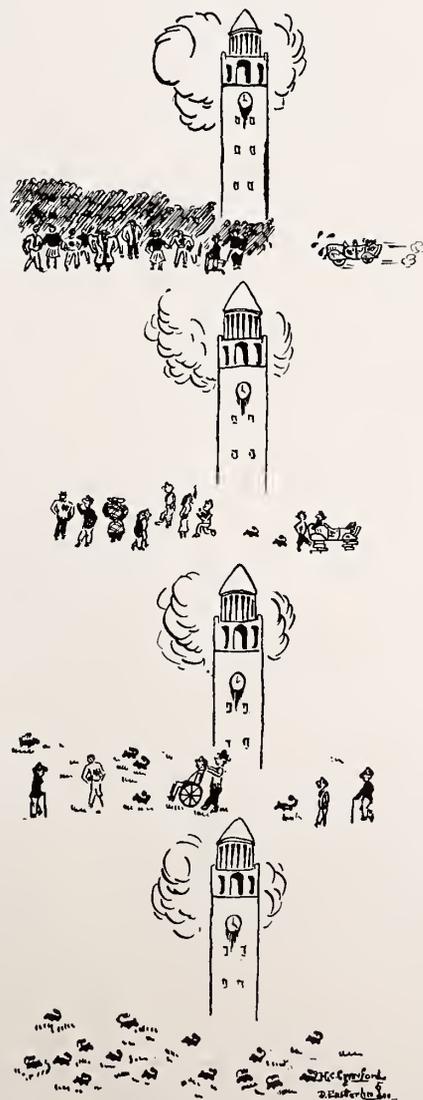
"Wouldn't it be cozier with just the two of us?"

"It'd be more fun with four, Sam." She laughed up into his bloated face.

The face came down—blurred against her eyes. The big loose mouth slobbered against her tight lips; the heavy restless hand kneaded her back.

She was three people there in his arms. One thought, "I can't stand it! I despise this ordinary, coarse man!" . . . One thought, "It isn't so bad—really. If I hold my mouth shut and stop thinking. . . ." And one thought, "I have gotten a man. . . ."

That last one, in a moment, would drown the others in a cold and female triumph.



Sunday School Teacher: "And why did Noah take two of each kind of animal into the ark?"

Bright Child: "Because he didn't believe the story about the stork."

The small boy attending Sunday School for the first time was questioned by his teacher:

Teacher: "Now, where does God live?"

Boy: "I think he lives in our bathroom."

Teacher: "Why do you think that?"

Boy: "Well, every morning daddy goes to the bathroom door and yells, 'God, are you still in there?'"

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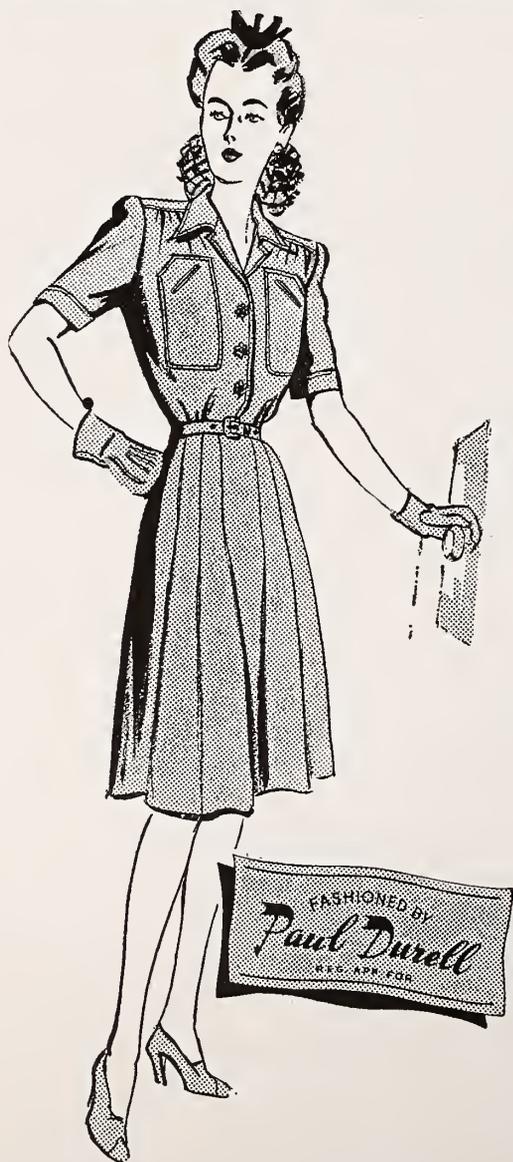
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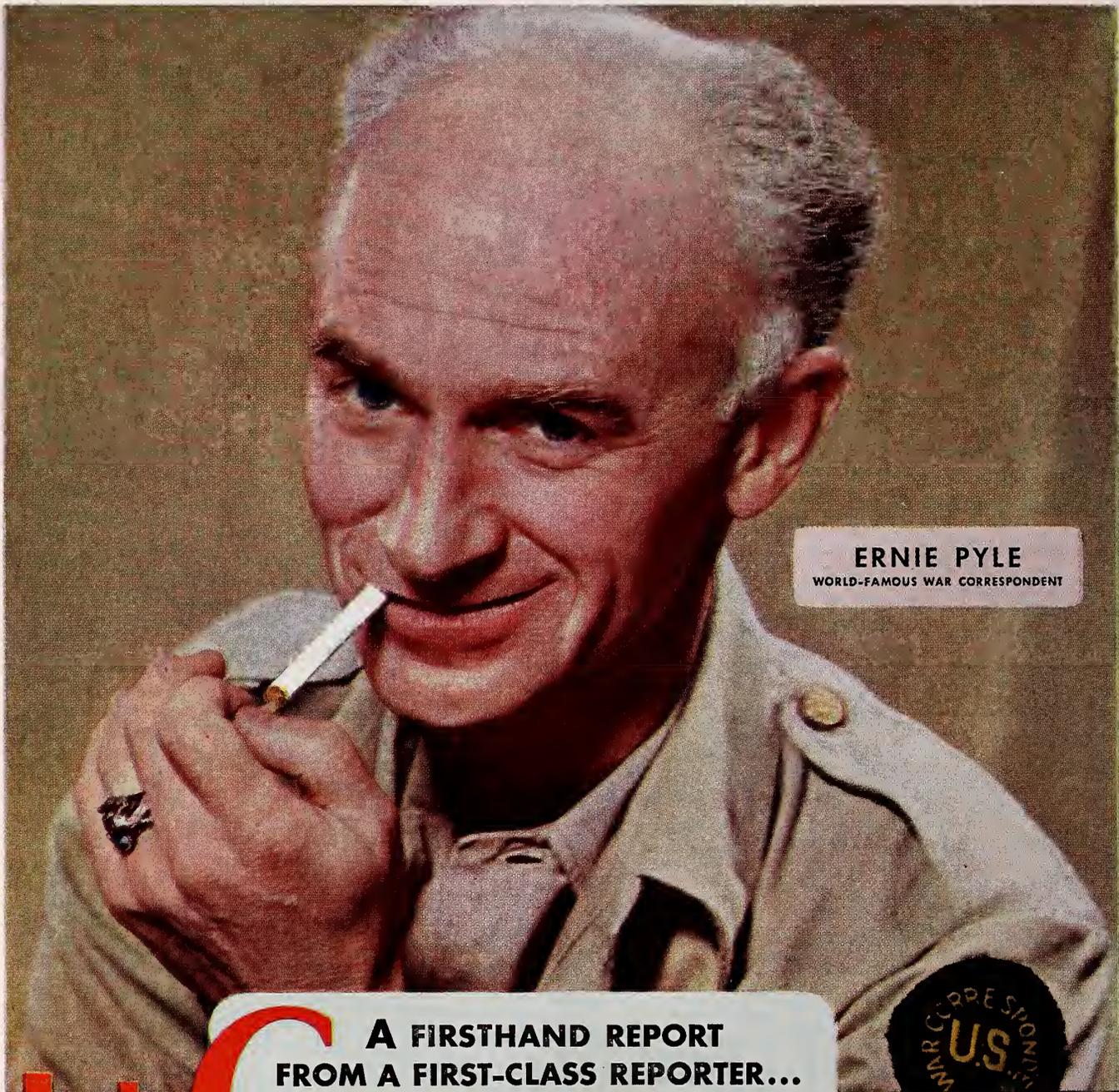
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WAYNE KERNODLE



IF BEN HAD  
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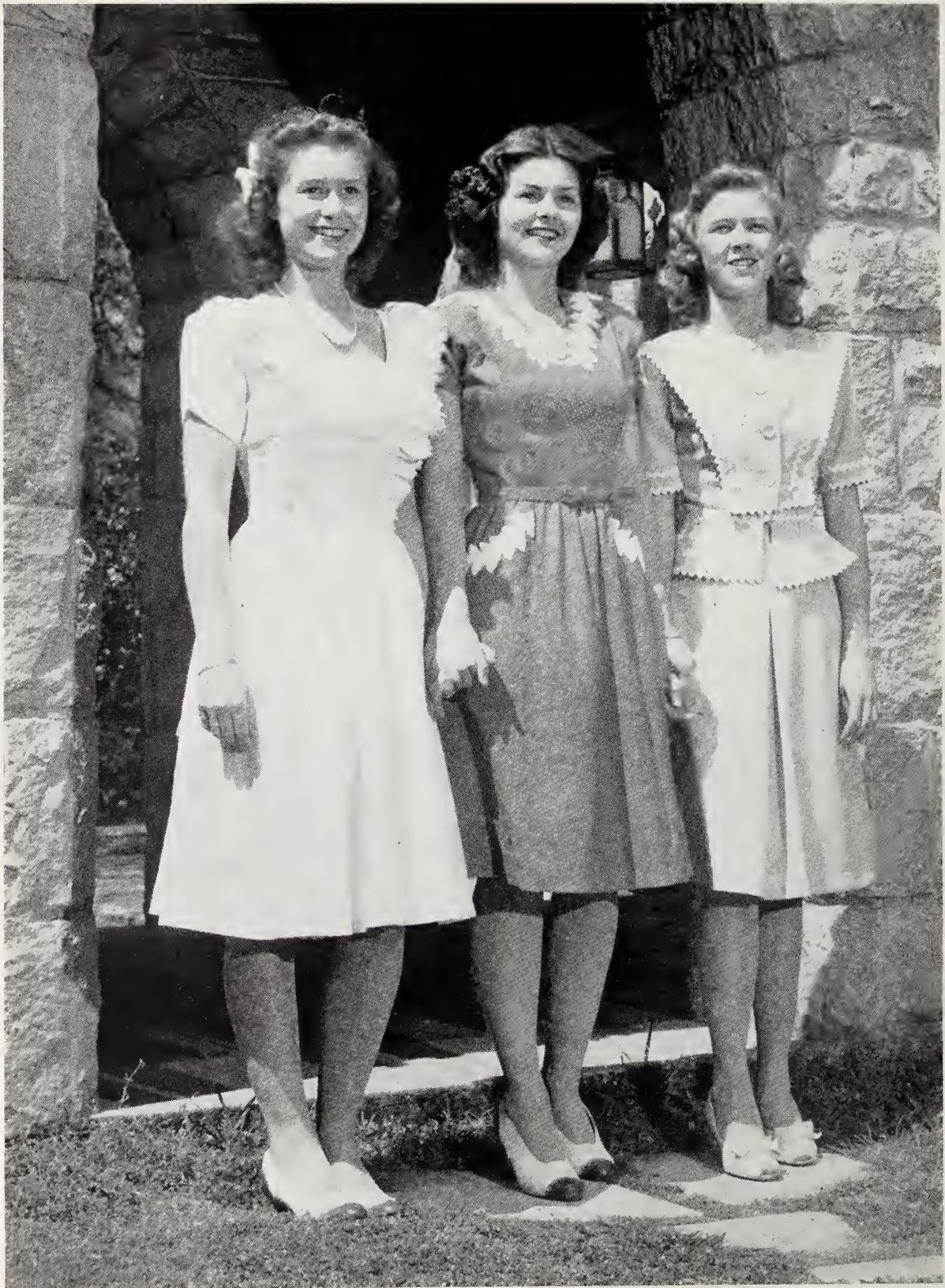


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FICTION  
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ART  
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MUSIC ON THE HOOF

APRIL, 1944



—Nourse

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## People

**WOOF!** Latest addition to the Hosh-Dinker Photo Labs is curvacious, warm-eyed, brown-haired **Dinkie-Dog**, pictured below. A growing cocker spaniel whose masters believe in a combination of brains and beauty, Dinkie Dog is at present auditing classes in Shakespeare and Advanced Directing, aspires to become competently Thespian enough by the end of the month to take a lead in the next bill of Playmaker Experimentals. Note: Dinkie-Dog turned to the footlights for company after being forcefully evicted from the Navy Pre-Flight School after a small encounter with the man who supplies the linen closet there.



... He prefers blondes.

**DOWN UNDER:** Condolences and congratulations to Mary Louise Huse, co-author of last season's **GADABOUT**; the first for the sudden trek she made to Watts hospital in Durham earlier this month with an ailing appendix, the last for her quick recovery and return to the fresh, clean air of the Hill.

**ONCE-WUZ:** The fatted calf is about to be killed for the return of one-time Mag-editor, former GM director Henry Moll, who is expected any day now from the Warner Brothers' lot in Hollywood. Hank, who started out bumming home about the first of April, was scheduled to whiz by en route for visits with former Carolinians Paul Komisaruk, now stationed in Iowa, and ex-Tar Heel editor Bucky Harward, currently en-signing it at Hollywood Beach, Florida. . . . Ensign Norman Tepper, temporarily stationed at Norfolk, reports all is well there with Ensign and Mrs. Karl Bishopric. . . . Midshipman Walter



*"He isn't tall, dark or handsome—  
but he smokes Sir Walter Raleigh!"*

**Smokes as sweet  
as it smells**

*"... the quality pipe  
tobacco of America"*



Damtoft, Phi Delt, ex-TH editor, will don the bright bars within the next few days at the Naval Training station at Great Lakes. . . . Publication character Ernie Frankel is about due to depart from the vacationing land at Parris Island for OCS at Quantico. . . . Jud Kinberg, former TH managing editor, is privating at Camp Wheeler, Georgia, for now.

**COMING ATTRACTIONS:** Belles, bells, bills and in the spring a young man's fancy turns. Already announced as intended during the months of June and July are the unification of Mary Lib Kearney and Tom East, Beta; of Jane McClure and Pika John Temple; of Marty Hornaday and Bill Murray, future doc now at Duke; Helen Threadgill and Tom Baden, Sigma Nu; Jean Cannon and her to-be, who will be commissioned with the break of the official summer month. Maybe it's just spring, or maybe there IS something about a uniform.

**SPRING FEVER:** It's here again, no different from the epidemic of previous years, but wreaking havoc wherever students gather. The legislature might do a real service for the campus by abolishing all classes, textbooks and the physical education department for the season.

—k.h.

## BEFORE STORING

Your  
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Whose Aim  
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## Book of the Month

### STRANGE FRUIT

by Lillian Smith.

There is no doubt that the main interest of Lillian Smith's *Strange Fruit* lies in its sensationalism. For this reason alone readers will open its covers. For this reason it has made the best seller lists.

There is also no doubt that Miss Smith is striving to present a valuable message. The theme of the novel, is, in brief, an appeal that justice be used toward the Negro, that he be permitted to live as a decent and honest member of society. To those who sincerely wish to find a workable solution for the Negro problem this is a praiseworthy purpose, but the author comes close to defeating her own ends by the emphasis upon sensationalism. While condemning emotion as a basis for action, she appeals to emotion through her story.

The novelist's place, particularly in the modern concept of the novel as a form of literature, is that of a searcher to the tap roots of the motives which underlie the actions of men and that of a conscious artist symbolizing these motives in a manner which will possess a common meaning for all. However, too many, in searching for the "real thing" miss the fine line between the possible and the probable. Too often, in describing this "real thing" in graphic and perhaps sordid detail, the symbolism is lost and the entire picture becomes so individualized that its total meaning is obscured, if not destroyed. Miss Smith's grievance is a just one; her picture of life in a small Georgia town is but too possible. Yet the immediate reaction of the reader is shock and horror so strong that an intelligent analysis of the book's true purpose becomes well-nigh impossible.

This is a story of the dark impulses beneath the smooth surface of society and of the inevitable break-through of these impulses into violence and cruelty. In presenting many characters, Miss Smith seems rather uncertain concerning the point where one begins and another stops. The result is a confused mixture of motive and personality in the whole range of the novel. One leaves *Strange Fruit* with the feeling that the author is not convinced either of the limitations or the potentialities of her art medium.

We approve heartily of Miss Smith's good intentions, but her intentions hard-

ly justify her methods. With more certainty as to her medium, with a lessened sense of social purpose, and with a sense of humor, she might have written a truly valuable study of black and white relationships, and an intelligent and intelligible presentation of her belief that both black and white are searching for happiness and for an adjustment to society prevented by brutal racial prejudices and conflicts. But in this story of an illicit love affair between a white man and a negro woman, of his murder, and of the lynching of an innocent Negro, perspective and understanding are perverted by the overwhelming social pressure under which Miss Smith is laboring.

—ANNE WEST

## In this Issue

Lucy Phillips Russell, mother of Journalism Professor Phillips Russell, gives Mag readers a preview of part of the autobiography she's writing. "A Girlhood in Chapel Hill" is a special article about life and times at the University before and after the Civil War in Chapel Hill.

Dave Hanig, literary editor of the Mag, this month tears into modern advertising's play on modern suckers with a satire in fable form . . . Big Blurb, Inc.

Freshman William Shroder writes his first bit of fiction for the Mag . . . a love story in stream of consciousness style titled "Like Nothing Else." Last summer Bill, an English major from New York City, edited a paper, The Weekender, for boys and girls with a circulation of over 1500.

A regular contributor last year, Mike Beam drifts in again, breaking his silence with a short short story, "If Ben Had Known." In and out of Chapel Hill, Mike is now in Daytona Beach, Fla., but threatens to be back when the season is over to "fatten up."

The two jive hounds found on this month's cover were caught in action by Joe Denker, while Jazz and Jive . . . 1944 are further illustrated and explained on pg. 5 in a staff story, "Music on the Hoof," a resumé of what's new in swing and sway.

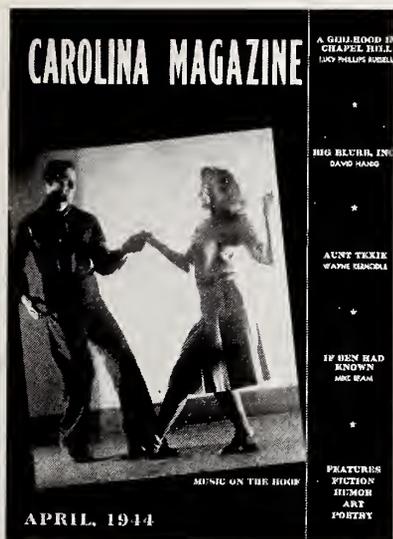
Pin-Up girl for the month, Ruth Hollowell, a Senior from Kenan Dorm, is photographed in real "spring in the air" style by Tyler Nourse.

Back in the Virginia hills went long, lanky, sharp-witted Wayne Kernodle for his story about a mountain woman . . . "Aunt Texie." Writer, clown, preministerial student, Kernodle also does a rushing business with his "Little Intimate Bookshop" ten feet from the typewriter in his Tar Heel office.

On the Cover

Jitterbugs—Jackie Kennedy, Jack Folger

Photograph—Joe Al Denker



the carolina magazine

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**Remember Mother**

on

**HER DAY**

•

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**Ledbetter-Pickard's****OVER 20 YEARS**In Business for  
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**SUTTON'S****Drug Store****SPORTS**

Chances are that Coach Bunn Hearn's baseballers are going to have a little rougher road to travel this season than last if they hope to repeat and win the Ration League title.

Last year the Tar Heel nine went through a ten game loop slate with only two losses while winning eight for the number one slot in the circuit, but already they have dropped a decision this season. They started off hot enough with a 24-1 win over N. C. State here in Emerson Field but Pre-Flight stopped all that winning foolishness with a 6-1 defeat on April 22.

Carolina apparently has the hitting power and a full dose of it, but in the early season games that have been played to date, they have been batting the ball directly into outfielders' hands incessantly and to no avail. But this hard hitting is indicative of the strength that is present and by the time things get rolling, another noteworthy outfit will likely be in the making.

This is Coach Bunn Hearn's 15th year as Carolina diamond coach and his 13th year in succession. He has turned out stalwart ball players every one of his seasons here, and there is no reason to doubt that he will do a similar job this spring.

And there is every reason why he should. Coach Hearn has been around baseball fields for 35 consecutive years and played around the majors and other professional circles long enough to be rated among the top authorities of the game.

The Carolina lineup in games thus far follows: Frank Wideman, first base; Clarence "Cookie" Di Chiara, second base; Dallas Branch, shortstop; Bob Warren, third base; Ray Walters, catcher; Rivers Johnson, leftfield; Ken "Whitey" Black, centerfield; Ed Hoey, right field; and Claude Crocker, pitcher. Bill Gilliam has seen considerable action in the outfield and the pitching has been split up between Clyde King, Art Lowe and Red Forrest. Jim Hyde and Bobby Weant have seen some duty on the infield, and Bill Lee is alternating with Walters behind the plate.

\* \* \*

The tennis team, for the first time during Coach John Kenfield's 17 year tenure here, just doesn't jive. It doesn't jell and it doesn't click in general. Now you can blame it on just one thing. The war just took every one of Coach John's boys off to the war zone, and he has been left to do as best he could with the

**After the Dance**

or

**Show**

•

Go to the

**MARATHON  
CAFE**

youngsters that are left.

They are a fine lot that are out now but just not experienced enough to keep up the old UNC tennis tradition. In the first meet of the season, Georgia Tech racked up a 9-0 win, the first time in 17 years that the Tar Heels had been beaten on the home courts and the second time in history that anyone had scored a 9-0 win over Carolina.

Navy came back the following week with a 7-2 shellacking of the locals and the season now doesn't look bright.

Ray Morris and Don Peck are the only returning veterans but the remaining members of the team may come along as the season progresses.

\* \* \*

Track is fortified well enough in the running events but the field events are again in the hands of the opponents. Pre-Flight was hard pushed in the first meet of the year to eke out a victory and authorities seem to believe that all competition is going to have a hard time beating the Tar Heels. They have a nice slate arranged and there should be more heard from them as the season goes along.

Co-Captains Julian McKenzie and Ted Shultz, Don Nelson and James Miller have set the pace thus far.

—HORACE CARTER



# Music on the Hoof

by  
DAVE HANIG

What is the trend in popular music? What does the Service jive to? Where are the top bands going? Who's what in the platter section? These and other questions survey the realm of footwarmers in Jukebox America in the cover feature of the month.

**P**OPULAR MUSIC is geared to war-time "morale." With millions of juke boxes throughout the country taking in the nickels and dimes, American footwarmers and tonsil artists wear uniforms and dungarees as well as the conventional civilian dress. But the pre-war originality in new rhythms can't be found in abundance. It's perpetual emotion and the pulse is slow and dream-haunted.

The sleep-ballads and body jumpers cradling the country this

(Continued on page 20)



**“She found the new grave and then she began to dig. . . . Finally she felt the steel strike against the wooden coffin. After a moment she lifted the jars one by one and dropped them in the grave.”**

**A**UNT Texie was surprised to see somebody coming up the hill. She had lived alone for twenty years in her two room cabin that her father had built the year before he was married. She hadn't seen very many people during that time, so when she saw a woman coming up the hill she supposed she had better lock the door. She pulled back the old potato sack at the window a little to see who it was coming, but her eyes were old and it was hard to tell—only it looked like a rather young woman the way she was walking so fast. Then Texie heard the knock on the door, but she didn't answer. The woman kept knocking and then she began to shout.

"Aunt Texie—Aunt Texie—open the door. It's me, Rachael. It ain't nobody that's gonna hurt you. Aunt Texie, open the door."

"Go way and leave me be. I ain't seen nobody and I don't wanta see nobody. Go way."

"It's me, Aunt Texie. I've got to tell you something. It's about Buck—he's dead. You gotta come and let me in."

It had come. Texie knew she would hear this some time, and when she did it meant being all alone in the world. When Buck died she knew that no one else cared about her. She had seen four of her brothers die and Buck, the last one, had gone away to work in a mill on the other side of the mountain. Buck had made pretty good over there and he came back some times and brought her a few little things to keep her going. It would be hard living without anybody to care about you. Slowly she moved toward the door and unbolted it and let the woman come into the room. Two chickens which had been roosting on the mantle flew down and out into the yard. Rachael stepped in on the dirt floor. She coughed once or twice because the smell was so bad.

"Put on a clean dress, Aunt Texie," Rachael said. "You gotta come down to the house. They're gonna bring Buck down there to bury him and you gotta come down there."

"Bring him up here. I'm a gonna put him in back of the house with the others."

For a moment Rachael did not say anything. This was not the way things had been planned out. She had thought Aunt Texie would be so put down by hearing about Buck that she would come on down the hill with her.

"That ain't the way . . ." she started. Aunt Texie looked at her, waiting.

"Bring him up here," she said finally.

"But his wife is buried down there at the church—they say he oughta be buried down there with her."

"She was his'n in life, but he belongs out there with them now." Texie walked past Rachael and went around to the back of the house where the graves were.

She stood looking down at them for a minute. Then she took a stick and marked off a place on the earth between the graves where she had saved for Buck. Rachael followed her and stood watching her from the front of the cabin. Finally Texie turned around. "They can bring him up here," she said.

So Rachael went back down the hill and told them what Aunt Texie had said. It was a lot of trouble to carry Buck up the mountain in the coffin and all. But they did it. When they brought him up a strange man came along with them. Texie did not like the looks of him when she first saw him, but she didn't say anything. Rachael told her his name was Cy Withers and that he was a lawyer. Besides him and Rachael there was Willie Rhodes, the man Rachael had married, and their two kids. The Methodist preacher had come along to take care of the ceremony. It didn't take long to bury Buck back of the house. As soon as they had finished the preacher took the two kids and went back down the hill. Then Rachael and Willie took the lawyer and went inside the house with Texie.

"Now I'll handle this," the lawyer said. He brushed off the dirt from an old chair and sat down. He looked straight at Texie all the time he was talking.

"Now Miss Lane," he said, "I am Cy Withers. Yore brother Buck had a little money when he died—and he left it all to you. There is a few papers to sign. All you got to do is put yore name on this here piece of paper. That's all you got to do."

Texie studied the man critically. She didn't like him for some reason.

"Read the paper to me," she said. The man took out a pair of nose glasses, wiped them roughly with his shirt sleeve and read the two sheets he held in his hands. There was \$3,000 dollars in the Waynesboro bank and a piece of property in the valley coming to her from the will. Then Texie made Rachael read it again and it said the same thing so she signed the paper.

"You'd best leave the money in the bank, Miss Lane," the lawyer said. "You could git what you need anytime you want to come down and git it."

"I ain't aimin' to be comin' down to git it. You kin bring it up here." The lawyer exchanged nervous glances with Rachael and Willie. He cleared his throat a little and took off the glasses.

"It ain't safe to bring that much money up here," he said swiftly. "You ain't got no place to keep it. You'd better let us put it in the bank."

Texie looked past the man out into the yard and then fixed her eyes directly on him. "Mr. Withers," she said, "you kin bring it up here."

"But Aunt Texie . . ." Rachael moved

**A tight-lipped mountain woman against a Virginia background of land hunger and greed. Jars of money and murder. Wayne Kernodle, in his first venture in folk fiction, creates a living portrait not soon to be forgotten.**

# Aunt Texie



By

**WAYNE  
KERNODLE**

Photo by Tyler Nourse

closer to the old woman and took her wrinkled hand and held it lovingly. "We thought you might like to take the money and build a house down in the valley where Buck had that land. We could all live in it, and we could take care of you down there. You could have things—a lot of nice things." She waited a moment and then went on. "You're getting old and it ain't no sense in you livin' up here all by yourself."

Texie pulled her hand free and stood

(Continued on page 21)



THERE were tears in Daddy Brown's eyes as he read Johnny's letter from overseas. Mother Brown and Little Sister Brown and Big Sister were seated at Daddy's slippers, listening. He was coming to the part where Johnny mentioned his heartfelt thanks for the many cartons of QUEEN'S SIZE HONEY FLAVORED cigarettes. There were tears (as we mentioned) in Daddy's eyes when he read how Johnny had shared his precious QUEENS with all the eager boys in the outfit. One more mark for victory.

Suddenly as Daddy Brown came to the part where Johnny had shot down ten cruel, ruthless, hate-filling Jap planes the patter of little feet was heard on the second floor. A door slammed somewhere. Daddy looked up from his reading. A minute later a door opened and once more the patter of little feet. Mother Brown smiled with kindness. Daddy read on. It seemed that Johnny was hoping that Big Sister was doing HER part in war work. Big Sister burst with pride. She was doing without nylons, just wearing any old thing. Wasn't she the Woman of To-morrow? Sweetly in true dentifrice fashion she gave her father an ENAMO smile. (She knew ENAMO contained no Secret Weapons!) Suddenly the rush of baby

feet ran once more through the corridor upstairs. Once more a door slammed. Mother Brown gave Daddy a worried look. Quietly she bent over and whispered:

"Do you think we gave Little Brother just a bit too much LAXO chocolate?"

Daddy Brown winced. Hadn't Johnny in an early letter mentioned that a well-regulated body was essential for Vic-

tory? He frowned at Mother Brown and went on reading. Little Sister Brown munched her MORDEN'S MILITARY BRAND of Limberger cheese as she listened. She loved her Jap-killing brother so much. There was a light in her eye as Daddy Brown read how Johnny had it in him to lick the yellow devil with one hand tied behind him. How American, sighed Daddy, to want something better.

Suddenly a door crashed upstairs. The frenzied little running of feet was unmistakable. Another door crashed shut.

Mother Brown stood with tortured face at the top of the stairs. But a look from Daddy Brown was enough. She sat down again. Big Sister absent-mindedly patted her mother's hand. For some time Big Sister had known Mother Brown had a case of war nerves. And in true American spirit she was planning to buy Mother the latest in synthetic vitamin tablets. She had seen just the kind that would appeal to her. VITA-PEP CONCENTRATED ENERGY TABLETS came in four attractive shades and contained all the basic vitamins. Of course they were expensive but after all which was more important? Her dear mother's health or extra war saving stamps? It was difficult to decide.

But when Daddy Brown, with a spreading smile on his kindly features looked up and read the last part of Johnny's letter, Big Sister knew what she would do.

"And, remember, Pop, it's the little things back home that make up 'morale.' I can still pitch horseshoes better than you can. Why, I'm practising all the time . . . that is when we're not in field. To have a cold glass of BOCKO light-flavored, full-bodied ale under the old chestnut tree away from all this, why I just get a little old lump in my throat. Yes sir, Pop, it's the little things in life . . . the way they used to be. Of course, we want Freedom and Democracy and Lasting Peace, too."

A slight odor, by now, had begun to thicken the air in the sunlit living room. All eyes were turned on Little Sister Brown engrossed in her MORDEN'S MILITARY BRAND of Limberger cheese. Everyone loved Little Sister Brown dearly, but at times she was such

## Big Blurb, Inc.

A tongue in the cheek fable for moderns. Is there "morale" to be found in the daily advertisement? A satire to shake well before abusing.

By DAVID HANIG

a trial. There were those times when Little Sister would come home from the picture show and describe with small, fiendish howls of glee the latest war film. Only the night before Little Sister had seen an inspired photoplay called: THE RAPE OF DEMOCRACY, or Atrocity in the Pacific Islands. Daddy Brown had been disturbed. He was proud of Little Sister who took the war so seriously. Yet she didn't have to look so completely happy when she described the thrilling hordes of little Nipponese desecrating

(Continued on page 23)

# If Ben Had Known

By MIKE BEAM

SHORT STORY  
Complete  
ON THIS PAGE

IF IT IS really possible to become a ghost after you die, I expect to be haunted the rest of my life for writing this, my first and last story. But it seems that somebody ought to write it, and as I am the only person who knows all about what happened, I suppose that somebody is me.

I can't blame Ben if he does come back to haunt me, though, because this is his story and he would be writing it instead of me if he was alive.

You see, Ben was my best friend. We grew up together as kids, went to school together, and up until Ben left, we lived together and were partners in the Royal Cafe. But in spite of all that, Ben and I were a lot different in this way. I am pretty happy running the Cafe, making a living, and just getting along here in Chatterton, but it wasn't like that with Ben.

For the last two or three years, he hadn't been satisfied with anything. (Now Ben wasn't born like that I know because I can remember the time when he didn't think about anything more than what he had on his plate the last time he ate and what he hoped to have the next time.)

If you want my opinion on the matter, he got that way because Frances Russell turned him down and married Jack Anderson instead, the reason being that Ben was the kind of fellow with two suits to his name—one for everyday and one for Sunday, while Jack was the son of old man Anderson who owns half of Chatterton and is probably busy right now trying to get the other half.

Anyway, Ben was crazy about Frances and always had been since they were in high school, so you can understand how he felt when she married somebody else. At first, he was just kind of mad and unhappy. For a week or so, he went around without smiling or saying much to anybody.

Then one morning after the breakfast rush was over, we were sitting at the lunch counter looking over the paper when suddenly Ben said, "By heaven, that's what I'll do."

"What are you going to do, Ben?" I asked.

"Write," he said and handed me the paper, pointing to an item about a man getting \$100,000, I think it was, for a story he had sold to the movies.

"But Ben," I said, "you don't know anything about writing."

"Well, I can learn, can't I," he said. "Just because I happen to be running a restaurant don't mean that I'm too dumb to do anything else."

There was no arguing with him. After that he bought a typewriter and a lot of books on how to write stories and spent every minute he wasn't working at the Cafe, either reading one of those books or banging on the typewriter. Naturally, I thought he would give it up in a few days, but he didn't. He kept right at it and it even got to the point where I had to drag him to bed at night so we could get to the Cafe in time to open up for breakfast in the morning.

Whenever he could get me to listen, he would read me one of his stories and then ask me what I thought about it.

I never did tell Ben so, of course, but I didn't like them even a little bit and the magazines he was trying to sell them to must not have liked them either because they kept coming back as fast as he could mail them. Now I never did read any of Ben's books on writing and the only thing I know about it is that some of the stuff you read is good and some of it's not. But it seemed to me the trouble with Ben was he always wrote about movie actresses and newspaper reporters in night clubs and on yachts—people and places, he had never seen or been to, much less knew anything about.

Once or twice, I asked him why he never did write about anybody like old Ted Wilson who breeds horses and is always coming into the Cafe for coffee. Ben would say that he wasn't important and that nothing ever happened to him or anybody else around town, and that he had to write about important people and places.

Well, I had almost gotten used to the situation when we were walking home one night after we had closed up and Ben said, "How would you like to buy me out?"

"Buy you out, Ben! What for?" I asked.

"I want to leave here and go to New York," he said.

"What would you do in New York, Ben?" I asked.

"Write," he said. "Maybe if I could go up there and meet some of these people I've been writing about, I could get started."

"Let's go on home and go to bed," I said. "You'll feel different about it in the morning."

But he didn't. He sold me his half of the Cafe a few days later for \$1,000 which was a bargain, but he didn't seem to care.

After he left, I got a letter from him every week or so for a couple of months. At first, he sounded like he thought he had done the right thing and I was glad even though I had hated to see Ben go. But in the last letter I got from him, he said things weren't turning out like he had hoped they would and he asked if he came home would there still be room for him in the Cafe. I wrote and told him to come on back anytime he got ready. I had been worked to death since he left anyway.

So about a week ago, I was standing at the cash register thinking that Ben would be back soon when Ralph Clayton, who owns the local paper, came running in all out of breath.

"Have you heard about Ben?" he said.

"No," I said, "what's happened?"

"He's been killed," he said and handed me a copy of a New York paper. On the front page there were headlines and pictures about a train wreck. There was a long list of people who had been killed, and Ben's name was in it. I closed up the place for the rest of the day and went home.

It was hard to believe that Ben was really dead until they sent his body home to be buried.

Now I'm not wishing anybody any bad luck, but it seems a pity that it couldn't have been somebody else from here instead of Ben because then he would have had something important to write about and might have finally sold a story to a magazine and gotten started like he wanted to.

Like I said, I can't blame Ben if he comes back to haunt me because this is really his story.

---

**Ben wanted to be a writer. He was always on the lookout for the Big Story. It took a train wreck to make it . . . but Ben could never write it. A story of gentle irony.**

---



**STILL LIFE**

Cool to the touch as the new light  
Of one remembered morning when  
Her eyes, Spring-touched, affright  
With tears, longed and ran away again.

DEDICATED

At fourteen I fell in love  
With a German Jew,  
And I read all the histories  
That I could find on Jews.  
There was power in  
His dark blue, liquid gaze.

I went to see my love confirmed,  
The only Gentile there—  
An alien in an alien land,  
Remote and dedicated . . .  
But, oh, the rapture!  
To allow my heart  
This dearest sacrifice . . .

And with the swelling organ,  
The Ark rolled in,  
Splendid with gold and purple.  
My heart wailed in me—  
Drunk on robes and music  
And the face of him.

I was the Methodist, sad, starved,  
Fair as Joan of Arc,  
And the wine red-light through  
    windows  
Sensuously bathed my head.  
And the well of tears broke in me  
In a bitter sweet unyielding bliss,  
So easily I wept.  
His mother, sheathed in satin,  
Turned—and stared at me . . .

—ROSE ELLEN FLEMING

PERDITIONOUS PATTERN

Ashes to ashes  
Dust into dust  
All of earth's beauty  
Buried in lust.

Never content with  
Beauty alone  
Mankind must clutch it  
Call it his own.

Whether the exquisite  
Arch of a smile  
Curve of a shoulder  
Graceful profile;

Whether the regal  
Slope of a hill  
Green of a forest  
Lowland to till;

Whether a city  
River or plain  
Mountainous ranges or  
Fields full of grain;

Man must possess it  
Pamper his greed  
Throttle its wonder with  
Tenets of creed.

Rulers exploiting  
National pride  
Spurring the masses where  
Millions have died.

Taunting democracy  
Seeking its fall  
Spurning equalities  
Common to all.

Back of the throbbing  
Beat of the drum  
Freedom is stifled and  
Spirit is dumb.

Under the lilting  
Notes of the fife  
Stolid and fleshly and  
Cheapened is life.

Up through the infinite  
Days of the earth  
Out of the miracle  
Even of birth,

Man has been subject to  
Passion and strife;  
These are the principles  
Guiding his life.

Over and over  
World without end  
These two alternatives:  
Wage or defend.

Constant the question: to  
Crave or admire?  
Patent the pattern: to  
Love or desire?

—SGT. KEITH COX

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POETRY

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RIVER IN SPRING

Did you see the river  
at dawn this morning?  
I have never seen it so  
alive and so impassioned.  
Over the mulatto breasts draped  
a smoke-blue gown of spun mist  
finer than Sheba's.  
The sun reached over and  
lightly lifted the gown,  
and the wicked little willows  
in infant-like innocence and de-  
light,  
stroked the cool naked flesh  
with their tender finger tips  
till the river ran off shivering  
and laughing in child-like shame.

—J. WES GENTRY

RETURN TO A KNOWN LAND

The sun filled air leans against the wall  
like an old man, weary with many days  
leans against his tools  
without noise.

The once arrogant sun now deserves our  
praise  
among apple trees embracing the shy-  
ness of girls  
or in open fields the shouting of boys.

The afternoon is as calm as the smell of  
apples  
burned with gold on the steep green  
tree  
voices of play shouts  
recede till the distance  
is not far  
is always  
and forgot the sound of sea.

—PAUL RAMSEY, JR.

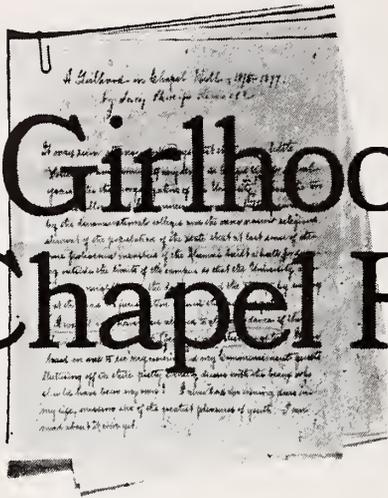
SOPHISTICATE

Her fingers shake a gesture like a grace  
note.  
Her words are hard and dazzle  
like the bright jewel at her throat.  
Her words fall like pearls  
before the young men who admire.  
She walks in the cool sheen  
of green cloth,  
not in fire.  
Hard green the cloth and her words  
are green sapphire.

—PAUL RAMSEY, JR.

# A Girlhood in Chapel Hill

By LUCY  
PHILLIPS RUSSELL



**Out of the Genteel Era following the Civil War, Lucy Phillips Russell gives us in this special feature gay excerpts from her autobiography. There was the round of parties, of Names moving through early University "society." An article of charm and color to hold your interest.**

**I**T MAY seem strange nowadays that there was so little "society," or amusements of any kind in Chapel Hill for several years after the reorganization of the University in 1875. Even the two dances allowed at Commencement were so bitterly condemned by the denominational colleges and the more narrow religious element of the population of the state that at last some of the more frolicsome members of the alumni built a hall for dancing outside the limits of the campus so that the University authorities might "whip the devil around the stump" by saying that they had no jurisdiction beyond the campus gates.

I, being a minister's daughter, would not have been allowed to attend a dance if there had been one every week. It was hard on me to see my cousins and my Commencement guests fluttering off in their pretty evening dresses with the beaux who should have been my own! I never had an evening dress in my life, missing one of the greatest pleasures of youth. I am mad about it, even yet. I remember only two parties, one at Mrs. Sarah Taylor's at Christmas, 1875, for the pleasure of the students who lived too far away to go home for the short holiday. Even then my mother reluctantly consented for me to attend, thinking me "much too young," even though my own brother, Will Phillips, was my escort. Handsome George McCorkle of Newton, N. C., managed to slip into his place on the long walk home.

The other party was given by my mother to June

Spencer and James Manning whose birthdays fell on the same day, June 1. The entertainment on these festive occasions consisted in the profusion of delicious food served with elegance and dignity by the hostesses who had made a fine art out of mere house-keeping and rollicking games such as: "The Priest of the Parish Went Hunting," or "My Ship Went Sailing."

Commencement was much more of a social event than it is now, no student was allowed to leave "the Hill" until all the exercises were over, and, just as today, it was the time and place for the gathering of the most prominent people and the most beautiful girls in the state. The marshals for the occasion were carefully chosen from each of the two literary societies and wore handsome and costly regalias of silk trimmed with much tinsel braid and flashing fringes, blue for the Dialectic Society, white for the Philanthropic. The chief marshal wore a regalia of the two colors combined. O, but he was magnificent! The cynosure of every maiden's eye. To be presented with one of these regalias of Commencement was the acme of every girl's ambition, the crown of her girlhood's glory. Now and then some shy swain whose best girl of the moment could not come to Commencement would present it on some less conspicuous occasion and have her picture taken in it, to be produced in after time with the laughter that is nigh to tears.

Of course the students quickly organized baseball teams, but June Spencer, Loula Hendon and I (the only girls in the village at that time) were not allowed to even look over the stone walls at such games, because, forsooth, some of the team took off their coats and vests, and some, in the heat of an afternoon, played in their suits of long underwear. God forbid that maidenly eyes should look upon such indecency! Football came in due time. My brother was treasurer of this first team and when the once-a-day evening mail brought an intriguing package from Spalding Brothers we tore it open eagerly,

**Phillips Russell, Professor of Journalism, who is at present writing a biography of the late Cornelia Phillips Spencer. Professor Russell comes by his talent naturally, through his mother Lucy Phillips Russell, who is also in the writing profession.**



snatched out the pleasant-smelling, flat, oval object and every member of the family took turns in blowing it up. Then, Will placed me at one end of the long hall, held the ball high over his head, giving it a vigorous kick in my direction as he dropped it and I managed to return the punt. The ball landed on his head. This is the true account of the beginning of football at the University of North Carolina.

There was a croquet set in every yard under the shady trees. Tennis came later with young ladies holding up their flowing skirts with one hand while slapping at the ball with the other.

A gracious influence came into my life about this time. Mrs. Helen Wills came to live in the home of her father, Prof. J. D. Bernice Hooper. She was an accomplished musician with a well-trained voice and consented to give me music lessons and to train my voice. Not only did she train fingers and voice but she introduced me to the great composers and stimulated my interest and ambition. By easy stages she developed my voice into a lyric soprano of promise. Young as I was, she demanded of me accuracy and clearness of words and tone. "The Shadow Song" from "Dinorah," Eckert's "Swiss Song"; "When Sparrows Build"; were in my reper-

toire as well as "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "Twickenham Ferry." Old-fashioned songs? Yes, but they would compare well with "Pistol-Packing Mama."

Co-education was not dreamed of in those early days, although one of the faculty gave my cousin, June Spencer, and me an introduction into Botany, his instructions being given "in the field." Later we were allowed to attend a class in Botany, carefully chaperoned by my aunt, Mrs. C. P. Spencer. We were asked to take our seats, in the rear, before the class assembled and not to leave the room until the last male had gone lumbering down the steps. I am still under the impression that "Old East" would have fallen if June or I had so much as smiled at one of the class.

There was no school in Chapel Hill in 1875—none that I heard of. My father taught me algebra, my aunt taught me geography, history, literature, Latin and French, and the University library was open to my devouring mind.

Many conflicting ambitions stirred within my youthful soul. Adelina Patti's great career made me long to entrance the world with my voice. When I read of Dr. Susan Dimock's success as a physician and her tragic death, I wished that her mantle might fall on me. Surreptitious reading of "The Mill on the Floss" made me seize a pen and begin to scribble tales of high life. Nobody told me to write about places and people that I knew. I am just getting around to that now.



**Here is the charming home on Franklin Street where Lucy Phillips Russell spent her girlhood. At the present time the house is occupied by Presbyterian Minister Charles Jones and his family.**

If you can smile when things go wrong  
 And say it doesn't matter,  
 If you can laugh off cares and woe  
 And trouble makes you fatter,  
 If you can keep a cheerful face,  
 When all around are blue,  
 Then have your head examined, Bud  
 There's something wrong with you.  
 For one thing I've arrived at,  
 There are no ands and buts,  
 A guy that's grinning all the time  
 Must be completely nuts.

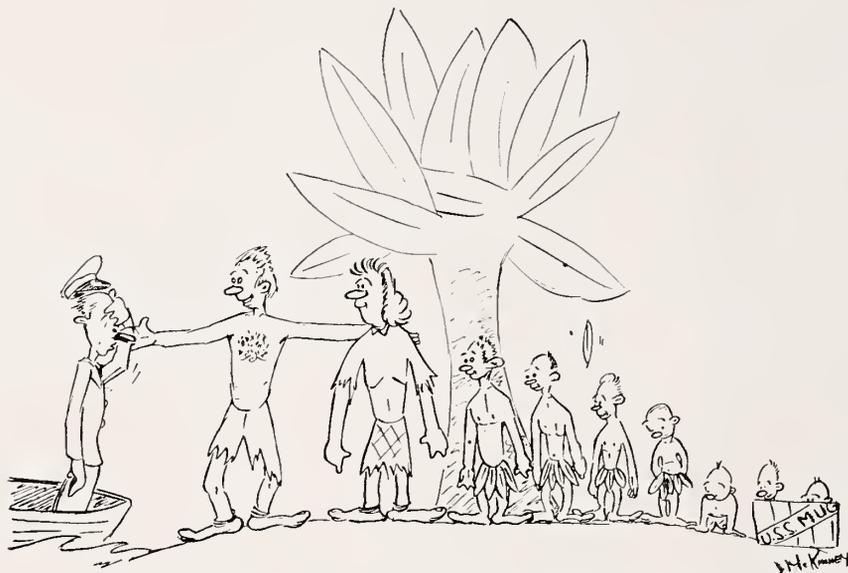
—Air Base News

Old Lady—"Where are the monkeys?"  
 Keeper—"They're in the back making love."  
 Old Lady—"Would they come out for some peanuts?"  
 Keeper—"Would you?"

—The Log

"The doctor will see you inside," said the nurse as she helped the sailor onto the operating table.

—The Log



"We had to do something to keep track of the time."

A group of Negroes were lying on the floor in front of the fireplace when one of them spoke up:  
 "Is it a-rainin' out?"  
 "Ah don't know," replied the other.  
 "Well, git up an' look," insisted the first voice.  
 "Ah, rats," said the persecuted one, lazily, "call de dawg in an' see if he's wet."

I'm through with women  
 They cheat and they lie  
 They prey on us males  
 'Til the day we die.  
 They tease us, torment us  
 And drive us to gin  
 Say! Who was the blonde who just walked in?

Jeep: "Would you blame me for something I didn't do?"  
 Sergeant: "Of course not."  
 Jeep: "Well I didn't get up for reveille."

—The Communique

A beautiful young lady went for a swim in a secluded spot but forgot to take a towel. She had a swell swim then came out on the bank and was allowing nature's balmy breezes to dry her when she heard a rustling in some nearby bushes. "Who's there?" she cried in alarm.

"It's Willie," answered a rather high pitched voice.  
 "How old are you Willie?" asked the girl.  
 The answer came quickly: "Seventy-nine, darn it."

—The Communique

The beautiful Army hostess, newly arrived in camp, thought she would take a nude dip in the clear blue lake while the men were out on drill and no one was nearby. It so happened that a rookie KP was sent down to the lake for a bucket of water, and seeing her pink clothes on the bank, sat down to watch. The beautiful Army hostess remained submerged up to her neck until she could no longer stand the chilling water, whereupon she scampered up the bank and found an old dishpan half buried in the mud. Hurriedly digging the pan out she held it in front of her like a shield and came ashore.

"You wouldn't have such a smirk on your face if you knew what I'm thinking," she said.

"Oh, I know what you're thinking all right," said the KP, "you're thinking that pan's got a bottom in it."

—Arizona Contact

Irate Mother, at 11:30 p.m.: "Young man, do you think you can stay here all night?"

Soldier: "I don't know. I'll have to call my c. o. first."

—Randolph Rookie

An American screen star was applying for a passport.

"Unmarried?" questioned the clerk.  
 "Occasionally," replied the actress.

—The Drum

# .. APRIL

The corporal was going home on a furlough and was lucky enough to have a Pullman reservation. When he got ready to retire and pulled back the curtains to climb in his berth, he was astonished to find two luscious blondes reposing there. He carefully checked his ticket, reservation and berth number to make sure he wasn't wrong, then said:

"I'm deeply sorry, ladies, I'm a married man—a man of respect and standing in my community. I cannot afford to have a breath of scandal touch me. I'm sorry—one of you girls will have to leave."

—The Communique



Mountaineer: "Doc, I want you to look at my son-in-law. I shot him yesterday and took a piece out of his ear."  
 Doctor: "Shame on you shooting at your son-in-law."  
 Mountaineer: "He wasn't my son-in-law when I shot him."

—The Communique

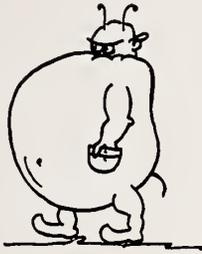


A buck private and his girl were riding out in the country on horseback. As they stopped for a rest, the two horses rubbed necks affectionately.

"Ah, me," sighed the private, "that's what I'd like to do."

"Well, go ahead," answered the girl, "it's your horse."

—Aafsatonian



Tom's girl is tall 'n handsome—  
My girl is short and low  
Tom's girl wears silks and satins—  
My girl wears calico.  
Tom's girl is fast and speedy—  
My girl is slow and good.  
Do you think I'd change my girl for  
Tom's girl?  
You're darn right I would!

Who wouldn't like to be a hula dancer  
in Hawaii—when all they do is sit  
around and twiddle their tums?

—The Log



When Jack and Jill went up the hills,  
She wondered if she oughta.  
Now Jack brings a phonograph,  
Playing "Yes, My Darling Daughter."

Said one Siamese twin to the other:  
"You must have had a swell time last  
night, 'cause I look like a wreck today."

—Sundial

"I dreamt of you last night, Jack."  
"Did I have any luck?"

—Sundial

Mama's making little clothes  
I knows, I knows  
Too big for dolly  
Too little for me  
But I knows.

—Ohio State "Sundial"

Why did Mahatma Ghandi leave  
college?

All the girls wanted his pin.

# FOOLISHNESS . .

SOUNDS IN THE NIGHT: . . . Have a comforting thought: Spring is only about 10 cold waves away. . . "Is she fat? Well, I don't wanna talk, but a doctor once told her to open her mouth and say 'Moo'." . . . The trouble with being an angel is that it makes you feel like hell. . . She has the sort of figure that holds up a conversation. . . Who was that girl I saw you outwit last night? . . . He's so yellow he could give transfusions to a lemon. . . Recipe for Honeymoon salad: lettuce alone. . . What is the shortest bedtime story? NO.

If all the co-eds in the world that didn't neck were gathered in one room, what would we do with her?

The boy stood on the railroad track,  
The engine gave a squeal;  
The fireman stepped down from the cab  
And scraped him off the wheel.

—Turnout

"I had to marry you to find out how stupid you are."

"You ought to have known that when I asked you."

Bill took his girl to drive  
His technique had no par;  
He kissed his girl going 75—  
No Bill, no girl, no car!



"Not THE Joe Louis!"

Stream-of-consciousness . . . brief hour  
with a lovely girl lost in retrospect.  
The poignant remembrance of a boy in love.

# Like Nothing Else

By WILLIAM SHRODER

FUNNY finding these letters here on a day like this. Raining out and all that, one wouldn't expect to find one's old letter now, would one. One is fine. How is one. oneoneoneone. Blue envelope looks familiar. From J-o-a-n-n-e. How long ago was that now. One year, two months, three years; seems like three years, isn't, only two months. If you want to be a writer honey you have a damn good start she said in one of those letters. Appealed to my wonderful ego. That's the way they all do, appeal to my wonderful ego and I'm sunk. As if no one else had an ego. Remember the first time I saw her. Now you wouldn't call that love at first sight, now would you now. She got into the car, Chick, wasn't it? In the marines. Ha, he'd make a hell of a marine. Noticed right away those blue eyes and the soft way she had of talking. I liked blond hair too. Always liked blond hair, she said hers was dish-water, but wasn't. And then riding all the way up to where was it now? Some road-side tavern in New Rochelle with funny little sarcastic words issuing from my orifice. Won't you come to my orifice for an appointment. Like to use words like that, it amuses me no end. Oh hell, when she sent that cigarette to me across the table I was sunk. Love from J-o-a-n-n-e. A little high then and we went over to whose house was it now, o yes Peggie, Pete was fighting with her all night, and she and I or she and me however it goes sat in front of the fire and sort of stared at one another for an hour, and already the rain was coming down in buckets outside when we started on our way back. Crazy kids enjoying the experience of a car. And then something wrong with the tire on that lonely road and the back side of the car went down and there we were. Chick looked for the jack but there wasn't any followed by a lot of swear words and more rain. And then I I I I offered to go and find one in hopes that maybe she would tell me not to, or object or something. But no, instead she practically surprised me crazy by saying she would go along with me, and Chick was swearing under his breath, but no, she wanted to get a little air and my God the rain was coming down in torrents. And so we walked and laughed like I never laughed before, and we walked for miles and miles, anyway it seemed like that in the rain, and she took off her shoes and snuggled into the raincoat with me so I thought that I couldn't stand it. That smell of her wet body against mine was enough to drive anybody crazy and my God I wanted to kiss her but no, I had only known her for a few hours and, well any way how in the hell did we get the jack. Oh yes that guy in the Ford who must have thought that both of us were sort of nuts, and we sat in the back seat and snuggled close to one another and God it was all I could do to keep from moaning out loud and she felt the same way because I could see it in her eyes, and the way she pressed her hand on to mine. And then we landed in some forsaken hole and we went to a bar or something, the funny part of it was the bartender was drunk. God, he was funny. He gave us a drink on the house and wished that we would be happy ever after, I guess he saw the light in our eyes too. And then we got the jack and had to pay a ten dollar deposit. The damn taxi driver was drunk. I noticed that when we got into the cab, and we told him where the car was parked. And then when the cab got going she turned her face to mine and I I I I kissed her, and my God what a kiss. My whole body went, and I didn't take my lips off that beautiful mouth until we got to the God damned car, and the God damned tire was already fixed.

Oh hell, and it was over so soon. Four weeks wasn't it, and then she said hello to me three times in a row and I went and got drunk, and then I said I loved her and I couldn't live without her and she said no strings attached to her. My God, I was broken up didn't think I could go on living. But I did and now it is only sort of a dim beautiful dream, but God, if I could only see her just once more, just one more time. . . .

## A STUDY IN BLONDE

Blue-eyed Ruth Hollowell, of Hertford, N. C., is every inch of 5' 2<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>". A Carolina senior, she's April's answer for a lovely time.



# FUTILITY



TRYING TO PUT A CALL THROUGH TO ONE OF THE WOMEN'S DORMS

TRYING TO BUY THAT 10:30 COKE



TRYING TO DATE A B. W. O. C.



TRYING TO KEEP AWAKE IN AN 8:30



TRYING TO DRINK ONE MORE BEER THAN YOUR ROOMMATE CAN



TRYING TO GET A SMOKE WHEN YOU'VE RUN OUT



OR... TRYING TO KEEP A PACK OF YOUR OWN FOR 10 MINUTES



TRYING TO GET YOUR ROOM MATE TO GO TO BED



TRYING TO WAKE HIM UP IN THE MORNING



Jamerson walks down the steps of Woollen Gymnasium, the spot where his crack swimming team was trained.

led here only by the tennis team coached by John Kenfield. During the seven years that Coach Jamerson has mentored the Carolina mermen they have taken first honors in 47 out of 54 dual meets, and with the exception of two losses to Navy, who was defeated by Carolina this past winter, the locals have gone undefeated since 1940.

For five consecutive years Carolina teams have ended number one in the Southern conference and most of those seasons they were scarcely challenged. Twenty-five straight loop matches have been registered by the Carolina tankmen.

The past winter's outfit was the greatest of them all. The team breezed through every dual and invitational meet with top honors, set a half dozen new records, and had seven national champions in the fold, all of whom are now on active duty with the Navy or Marine corps. That team was claimant to the mythical national team title and rightly so. "There was no team in the nation as strong as our '44 team," Coach Jamerson says, "And I know that it was the strongest team that I have ever coached."

Coach Jamerson enjoyed Chapel Hill better than most coaches in spite of his apparent seriousness at all times. Many are the times that he went head over heels into the pool following a meet when the boys tossed him bodily, clothes and all, right into the thick of things. He liked that and always proceeded to partially undress and swim around awhile just to show the fellows that he could

after that I'll try to hold back and let the others shoot. Don't want to get the opposition all down and out and without hope too early in the game," Coach Dick said. But the intramural champs beat hell out of 'em.

Jamerson asked for no time off when he received his commission and a month's delay in reporting in his orders. He continued to stick right on with his athletic job of handling the administrative end of the Navy's program, and worked right on up until the day he shoved off for Princeton. "There's no where in particular that I want to go and if there was, there would be no way of getting there; so I am going to stay right here on the staff until I board that North-bound train," Coach Jamerson asserted. And he did.

Biographically speaking, Jamerson graduated from Rice Institute in 1934 where he took part in a bevy of collegiate athletics. He went to Oberlin College after graduation, where he coached swimming and assisted with baseball, football and track. After three years there, he accepted an offer from Carolina officials to head the swimming department here, assist in football, and teach some physical education classes.

With the coming of the V-12 program last July and the weekly compulsory swimming, Jamerson became almost solely a Navy instructor and official without the gold braid. "Yeah, I am just in the Navy without knowing it," is the way he put it. Thus when the tank season closed and things became a little dull for the active Jamerson, he trotted over to Raleigh and signed on the dotted line. Only his age kept him from being commissioned a full lieutenant instead of a junior grade.

The University coaching staff has taken a beating from the war that is a marker to be respected. Fourteen men who were coaching here before the war or who were hired since the war began, are now serving in the armed forces, most of them as Naval officers.

Coach Tom Young was the last to leave before Jamerson and is a seaman second class at Bainbridge, Md. Coach Young has been seen quite often in Chapel Hill on recent weekends. It's good to see him back here, and it will look just as good to see Coach Jamerson back with his stripe and a half when he gets his first leave. He will look best, however, when the big fight is over, and he has returned to Carolina as swimming mentor deluxe.

# "The Meanest Man In the World"

By HORACE CARTER

**T**HE so-called "meanest man in the world," one Dick Jamerson, head swimming coach at North Carolina since 1938, has picked up his hat, donned the uniform of a Naval lieutenant, junior grade, and is now being indoctrinated at Princeton University.

It was the Carolina Mag that first tabbed Coach Jamerson with the meanest man title after he had served as swimming instructor during the frosty months for the Navy V-12 students.

But with the departure of Jamerson, Carolina loses one of its really great coaches, a coach who has a record equal-

actually swim, too, when and if he had to.

And then with a vengeance Jamerson always stepped into those "Men of Mullis" games that featured the closing of basketball and softball intramural seasons. The last time the Mullismen played the intramural champions was last winter at the close of basketball. A pre-game statement by Jamerson, spoken in all modesty, was typical of his usual attitude.

"I'll make a couple of dozen long range shots from about the center of the court before we really get started scoring, and

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**DICK JAMERSON . . . all-around athlete and teacher leaves the Hill with the good wishes of those who knew him.**

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## MUSIC ON THE HOOF

(Continued from page 5)

season are a low-time variety. Nine out of every ten top numbers are the hush-abye sweetness. VARIETY, the bible of the backrooms of show business, listed ten numbers ending April 16th and bears out how tastes and tempo of the age have swung to drool instead of growl.

*I Love You* by Chappell was on top and followed successively by: *When They Ask; Don't Sweetheart Me; Love, Love, Love; River of Roses; Mairzy Doats; A Lovely Way; Wish I Could Hide; Besame Mucho; and I Couldn't Sleep.*

Yet despite the moonlight clambakes, it's a fact that the quality of recordings, which went down a year and a half ago, have really come up again to pre-war standards. The tone and orchestration is life-like and easy on the ear.

Possibly the upbeat to sweet music is due to the Service at home and abroad, who, because of the war rigours, prefer the sentimental side to the nervous kicking rhythms of boogie or barrelhouse. With Glenn Miller joysticking for the Army Air Corps band and some of the best boys in uniform, it's strictly G.I. music with Shangri-la de-da overtones. Also the civilian bands are mainly on army or navy time. Latest report has it that civilian Charley Barnet, a first-rate innovator in the swing shift, will be called up for induction.

Dealers who have the jive demands confess that the big combines are just not making the platters. Brunswick and Decca have tried to satisfy the yearnings of hep-cats with collectors' items: *Harlem Jazz 1930; Chicago Jazz Classics*, featuring Benny Goodman; and *Jimmy Noone*, "Dean of Hot Clarinetists," featuring "Father" Hines at the piano. But present-day heps will tell you that's not swing. An Album of *Pine Top Smith* Boogie-Woogie are rare recordings of the originator of double-talk rhythms. Collecting hots these days is not to be had.

Yet the trend for warm, quick music has its spot in the new South American craze. The rhumbas and congas of Xavier Cugat, the Argentina fiesta songs are alive and brilliant. Far be it from us to take the law into our own hands, but with the good neighbor set-up this interest in Latin warm-ups takes the place for the cravings Americans have for jitter-music. That the demand for hot swing is evident can be found in the high sales for old, established numbers.

Broadway has also helped along the moonlight sonatas and marshmallow

music. With *Oklahoma* and *One Touch of Venus* to the revivals of *Merry Widow* and *Porgy and Bess*, albums are having their biggest appeal. At any rate popular music is making love in the back seats and it's for the duration from all observation.

And yet there are encouraging signs. The sidemen who play under the best leaders are taking a mushroom interest in one Frankie Carle to date. Carle's orchestra, since his debut at the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York, has in three short months gone from the Capitol Theatre on Broadway to the Old Gold radio program in place of Sammy Kaye. This jump into prestige spots before the veterans knew where their batons were is interesting. To top it Carle has sold more than 5,000,000 piano solo recordings issued by Columbia Records in Album form. Sidemen believe that they have enough talent to break from their home bands to form up their own bands. We may, therefore, see new names coming up in the next few months.

Some have already made plans. Jess Stacy, a Benny Goodman crack pianist, announces that he intends to organize a band of his own with his wife, Lee Wiley, vocalizing. Alvino Rey's band have scattered and we may see bands from his musicians.

Actually, what are the offerings? For top excellent recordings to build up a library of good staples we recommend the following for this month:

Four recordings by Edmond Hall's Jazzmen (Blue Note)  
*Night Shift Blues* . . . excellent  
*Royal Garden Blues* . . . very good  
*Blues at Blue Note* . . . ditto  
*High Society* . . . good, but not good enough

Harry James (Columbia) . . . Dick Haynes, solo  
*I'll Get By* . . . good (Featured in the film, *A Guy Named Joe*)  
*Flatbush Flanagan* . . . good

King Cole (Capitol)  
*I Can't See for Lookin'* . . . excellent  
*Straighten Up and Fly Right* . . . ditto

Andy Kirk (Decca)  
*Unlucky Blues* . . . good  
*Ride On* . . . ditto

Jimmy Lunceford (Decca)  
*Back Door Stuff I & II* . . . very good.

However if the budget won't budge and you like your swing via radio the best all-recorded program can be found soon after dark on the Mutual Network. Every Saturday night from coast to coast *Downbeat Derby* "emceed" by Al Jar-

vis runs a straight hour of jive, alongside of interviews with some downbeat celebrity. Sometimes unreleased platters can be heard if you're on hand. Harry James, when he had guested a program, played his disc-version of the *Memphis Blues*. Another good disc, *Ain't Goin' No Place* (Capitol) featured Peggy Lee, Barney Bigard and others. With the usual string of discs you can also get Jarvis' running palaver on some of the Names. When Jarvis put on his show late in March, it did a lot for the advancement of swing. To date he's continuing the same, even cutting down on talk and giving with more music.

And so in the final analysis there's a grain of hope that music will take the upgrade. The out-of-the-way jam sessions are to be found in the small jazz houses such as Blue Note, Keynote, Commodore, and Signature. They feature hot-lick colored bands around the New York center. Some are big names in hot music but for the love of the art they'll spend late hours for minimum money to get back on wax again. These non-commercials are the hope of original swing music.

If you're a fan-atic you'll cater to these small recording houses. If you're a lover of good "sweet and hot" you can't very well ignore them. Music on the hoof in these G.I. times can be taken or left. There is still a variety to keep your feet happy.

Doctor: "The best thing you can do is give up cigarettes, liquor, and women."

Patient: "What's the next best thing?"

Mama Bear: *Somebody's been drinking my whisky.*

Pape Bear: *Somebody's been drinking my gin.*

Baby Bear: *Hic — —*

—Sundial

Absent-minded Prof.: "Madam, what are you doing in my bed?"

She: "I like your bed, I like your house, and I like your neighborhood. Furthermore, I'm your wife."



## AUNT TEXIE

(Continued from page 7)

up. She hated them. She hated the lawyer with his sneering mouth. But she hated Rachael the most—her own blood. Rachael didn't want her. She wanted the money and the land. And Willie Rhodes was a sniveling weak coward. He crept along behind Rachael's heel like a hound dog, afraid to say anything, and Texie hated him for that. She didn't like men beholding to women all the time like Willie did. Finally she turned and faced them.

"I've been a livin' up here goin' on twenty years and nobody ain't asked me to come and live with them. I ain't a goin' now. What I got is up here. Buck and the rest of them is up here—and I'm gonna stay here till I die like the rest of em. Now go on away frum here and leave me be. I ain't a wantin' to see you no more."

Willie hadn't said anything all this time. He just sat over on the edge of the bed and listened. He was thinking about the \$3,000 and the land. It made him mad. It ought to be his anyway—all of it. He had worked hard all his life and never got nothing but a wife and two kids. He worked for Buck when he first came down off the mountain. He had made a place for Buck in his own house until he had got a job over at the mill. Now Buck had died and left his money and land to an old woman who never would have use of it. But he kept quiet. Rachael always did the talking. So when Rachael got up off the bed he got up too and followed her and the lawyer out of the house. He was still mad when they got back down the hill and saw his miserable place. The land was no good. He hadn't had a good crop in a long time, and things were getting worse instead of better. The kids never had good clothes to go to school in; he felt bad about people seeing them and saying they were Willie Rhodes kids. He had always thought Buck would leave him some money so he could get a new start and get ahead a little. And now, after waiting all this time for it and not to get anything—not even a piece of land. In the back of his head he felt that by right it was his money and land—and that there would be a way to get it.

The next day the lawyer took the money up to Texie. There was a big roll of bills and Cy Withers counted them out on the bed so Texie could see. It was \$3,000. Then the lawyer told her he had to have some of it for taking care of the will, and it would cost something to keep up the land.

"You kin sell the land fer what you got to have," she told him. "Now go away frum here and don't never come up this hill again."

Mr. Withers made a note on a piece of paper that said he was to have the land as payment for his help. He read it to Texie. After a bit she signed it. Then the lawyer folded it up and placed it carefully in his pocketbook and went away and left her sitting on the bed—alone.

That afternoon Texie took the money and divided it into three separate piles. Then she took down some empty jars from the shelf and put the money in them, and screwed the lids on tight. She took them in her arms and went out to the back of the house where Buck and the others were buried. She found the new grave and then she began to dig. It took her a long time and her old hands became stiff and numb as they pushed against the shovel. She had to stop every few minutes and rest—then go on again digging. Finally she felt the steel strike against the wooden coffin. Then she stopped again and breathed deeply. The wind blew across the pines and she was cold even in the summer breeze. After a moment she lifted the jars one by one and dropped them into the grave. It was almost sun down when she finished covering the grave. Then Texie took the shovel and started to go in to bed.

When she woke up somebody was standing over her. Then she knew that she had not had strength to get back into the house.

"Aunt Texie—Aunt Texie—" It was a man. Then the voice was softer. "Maybe she's dead. We'll have to carry her in the house."

Texie tried to move, but she was so tired and stiff—nothing would help her move. Willie picked her up and carried her into the house and put her on the bed. Rachael came on in behind him and they stood looking down at her.

"She's not dead," Willie said, "but she looks awful funny like she's gonna die. She musta been out there all night a lookin' at Buck's grave."

"It's about time she died anyway," Rachael said. "She ought to be out there instead of Buck—ain't no more use in her living noway."

"You hadn't ought to talk like that Rachael—she's yore blood kin."

"You're too skeered to talk to anybody. Somebody's gotta talk about things. You'd better get her woke up and ask her about that money afore she dies."

Texie finally got enough strength to open her eyes. She looked up at them. "I ain't a gonna die—not yet. Go on back down the hill and leave me be. I ain't askin' no help from nobody."

"But you're sick, Aunt Texie," Rachael said softly. "Willie get a cold

rag to put on her head." She began to rub her hands across the old woman's head in smooth regular strokes. "You'd die up here without anybody to take care of you. We are gonna take you down to the house where we kin look after you."

"Ain't nobody gonna move me from up here. This is where I aim to die. All I'm askin' is that you bury me out there in the back with Buck and the rest—that's all I askin'."

When Willie and Rachael saw that Texie wouldn't be moved they decided to stay up there with her—taking turns looking after her and trying to find out where the money was. That shouldn't take long because there wasn't much place to hide anything. They went outside to talk about it.

"We can take turns sittin' by the bed while the other one looks for it. It can't be fur away," Rachael suggested.

"It mought be under the mattress or something."

"Well we'll keep a lookin' fer it until we find it."

Willie and Rachael both stayed until supper time. Texie could hear them moving about in the other room—pushing things aside and rattling pans and dishes. Every once in a while Rachael would come over and straighten the covers and shove the corn shuck mattress around and feel all under it like she was trying to make it comfortable. Finally Rachael came over to the bed.

"Aunt Texie," she said softly, "I gotta go back down to the house and look after the children. Willie's gonna stay here all night with you—he's gonna take care of you until I kin git back in the morning. I'll bring Dr. Carter with me when I come back."

"You don't have to bring no doctor. I'm a gonna be all right. I been down before and got up without no doctor or nobody else. Both of you can go on away. I ain't askin' yu to stay on."

"Willie is gonna stay here in case you need him. He ain't got no work to do in the morning no way. He kin stay up here good as not. Somebody's gotta look after you."

Texie was tired. She heard Rachael tip away from the bed, and the chickens made a noise when she passed them just outside the door. That was the last thing she remembered before she went to sleep.

After Rachael had gone, Willie began to think about all the places he had looked for the money. Finally he walked out into the yard and sat on an old fallen tree. He had been there awhile when his eyes came to rest on the shovel. It still lay there where Texie had let it fall. That wasn't where they had left the shovel when they had finished burying Buck. She had been digging—she had buried the money in the ground

somewhere. Willie got up quickly off the tree and walked over toward where the shovel lay on the ground close to the grave.

When Texie woke up again it was very dark inside the house, and she realized that she was much stronger. Everything was quiet, except now and then she heard a sound like someone digging in the earth. Then she remembered that Rachael and Willie had been there. She remembered what they had said and she thought about burying the money on top of Buck's coffin. Somebody was digging out there. She had to stop them. Texie pulled herself slowly and painfully from the old bed and dragged herself across the dirt floor to the window. She could hear someone breathing deeply and the sound of them pushing the shovel into the earth and lifting it again—throwing the dirt against the back of the house.

She was weak. "I'm dying," she thought—"I've got to stop him from digging on Buck's grave..." She made her way out the door and started around the house. When Willie heard her coming he stopped and looked up.

"You old fool," he shouted at her, "go back—go back in the house and die. What are you coming out here for?"

"Stop that digging on Buck's grave," she said.

"Go back," he yelled again. "Go back in the house, I tell you."

Texie did not answer him but stumbled forward, her fists shaking in the air. As she came up to where Willie was standing he stepped back. She felt something strike her on the back of the head. She fell forward into the mound of fresh earth where he had thrown it against the house.

Willie stood over her cursing. "The old fool—the old fool—damned old fool," he muttered to himself. "Why the hell did she have to come out here for—damned old fool."

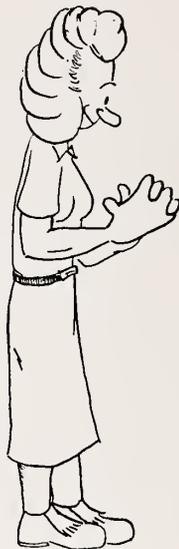
After a while he dug some more until his shovel struck the glass jars. He got down into the hole and felt around. His fingers found the jars among the earth and he picked them out and climbed up out of the grave. Then he lifted the old woman and lay her in the hole he had dug and began to shovel the earth on top of her.

When Rachael came up the hill the next morning alone she found him standing there looking down at the jars mumbling.

"It don't make no difference about the land—it don't make no difference..."

Rachael looked and saw the jars—she saw the shovel on the ground and she saw the edge where the blood had dried on it.

The End



McKinney



"... And what did you learn at camp this summer, Francis?"

From the post newspaper at Camp Grant, Illinois, we quote this description of a recent Army wedding:

"The groom, buck private scion of a well known Egg Harbor, Wisconsin, family, chose the season's popular olive drab blouse and trousers of wool serge, with harmonizing sun tan shirt for his wedding.

"Setting off the straight lines of his blouse was a single row of bright brass buttons down the front, with matching individual buttons on each pocket and on each shoulder.

"His trousers were straight cut without cuffs. Cotton sox of olive drab, with harmonizing brown shoes and a contrasting black tie, completed the ensemble. In his left hip pocket he carried a white linen handkerchief."

Following a breakfast at a downtown hotel the couple left on a short wedding trip, and the Camp Grant reporter was on hand to observe:

"For going away the groom chose a heavy woolen coat of olive drab with brass buttons on the front and shoulders. A dressy traveling hat of garrison design in olive drab, with harmonizing brown leather brim and chin strap, and a pair of knit woolen gloves of olive drab were his only accessories."

Oh, yes, the camp paper also reported: "The bride wore blue."

—The Armadier

"I never knew Walter had twins."  
"Yeh, he married a telephone girl and she gave him the wrong number."

Frosh to co-ed date: Do you osculate?  
Co-ed: What do you think I am, a pendulum?

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**FOR MOTHER'S DAY**

... send a box of DANZIGER'S delicious home-made candies and cookies.

**BIG BLURB, INC.**

(Continued from page 8)

the flower of white womanhood. Before her young, inquiring mind Daddy Brown wined. Then there was that incident with the laundryman on the corner of the neighborhood—Convinced that Sam Lee was a Jap, Little Sister shadowed the old Chinaman around for days. With patience Daddy Brown had explained the racial difference. Little Sister Brown was never fully convinced.

Now as the Browns were seated in the living room, Big Sister Brown gingerly picked up the fragrant Little Sister Brown and deposited her in the kitchen.

Somewhere on the other side of the world Johnny is seated in a damp fox-hole, writing letters. His life is charmed. Several times bombardments have raked the surrounding foxholes, but Johnny is contented. The Browns, across the world, are contented.

And since the war is being conducted so well the author of this nonsense invites the readers to knock off and go to lunch. Morale was never better. It pays to advertise . . . even if it's only a war.

*Women are wise about facts and figures. A girl with a good figure soon learns about the facts.*

*She was only a lumberman's daughter, but she always wood.*

—Sundial

*Next Time*

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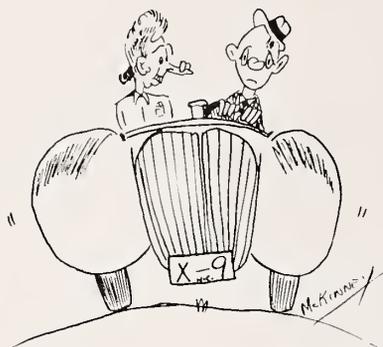
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# MAG DIARY

Crowds of thistles on the campus carpet. . . Judas trees with their purple blossom-clusters on the bark. . . Italian prisoners playing American soccer in the afternoon sunshine . . . a lone figure shouting Shakespearean verse in the empty Forest Theatre . . . torn election posters the day after. . .

**Vignette:** He wanted to be a writer. He wanted to be Saroyan so he bought reams of yellow paper and a typewriter. He quit school and wandered down south. Then the army took him but didn't hold him. For eight months he rested in a G.I. hospital. He came back to the Hill a little older and thinner. He still wanted to write. In a room over old Wettach he cluttered the place with books, magazines and yellow paper. Coupled with a passion for writing he became a physical culture fan. It was no common sight to drop in and see him heave heavy dumbbells high in the air. He slept late, ate well, often consuming huge steaks and drinking eight or nine half-pints of milk at a sitting. He sent out his short sketches, stories or what-have-you and

methodically received his rejection slips in the mail. It never discouraged him. He continued to write. Then one afternoon when the air turned warm and the world became green-wonderful he disappeared. Several days ago we heard from him. He had thumbed his way south again. He was still scribbling. Yet instinctively he knew he would be back in Chapel Hill to "fatten up." The interesting thing about him is that he *lives* and *thinks* like a Saroyan character. He's slightly unreal but he might be happy at that. What does he write about? Why he writes about writers!

**Overheard:** At Harry's: "We're not on speaking acquaintance any more. We kiss now." At the Campus: "This fellow Dies . . . why don't he join a Victory Bund!" At the University: "She was no Lady in the Dark, if you ask me!" At the Porthole: "Platonic love? Ain't that lickin' candy through a plate of glass?"

**Post-war thought:** Wonder what will come after pin-ups?

## THIS GIRL

*The violins were not in tune,  
For we had come an hour too soon,  
Nor was the lean conductor there  
With gleaming eyes and dancing  
hair.  
When she remarked that we were  
seen  
I led her from the concert hall  
(But not as though I cared at all).  
I calmly lit a cigarette  
When once outside with Violet.*

*We stood in silence for a while,  
And then she tried quite hard to  
smile.*

*"I try to please, but tell me how  
Or am I bother even now?  
It was to me at first so keen  
I want to fall in love again.  
Is there no joy without its pain?"  
. . . "Say! Don't you hear the  
clarinet?  
Let's go inside — we're late I'll  
bet."*

*She sat down quickly in her chair  
And touched her fingers to her  
hair.  
No need to look (my only fear,  
That someone else should see her  
tear).  
This girl, you see, is cheap and  
mean.  
It's often hard to understand,  
And not at all as I had planned.  
"And have you stopped your cry-  
ing yet?  
I can't abide your lashes wet."*

*Musicians quickly sit upright,  
The man's of an uncommon height,  
The sudden stir of our applause,  
He bows, and then a well timed  
pause . . .*

*The music rises (fragile, clean)  
Sustained by horns, then violins.  
Oh, here, we can forget our sins.  
Yes, it's a pity that we met  
But more for me or Violet?*

YOU *Can* HELP WIN *This...*

**WAR**



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*It's thanks a Million—*

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—BUT A FACT



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# CAROLINA MAG



May, 1944

## *Featuring . . .*

Guzzard Girdle  
Presents  
MARY LOUISE HUSE

Time Skips a Beat  
OPIE CHARTERS

Caesar By God  
WAYNE KERNODLE

A People's Symphony  
SARA YOKLEY

This Poor Player  
DAVE HANIG

Veni, Vidi, Vici  
SUE BRUBAKER

LUCIA



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May, 1944

Cover:

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# the carolina magazine

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# ELBOW ROOM

We found out at the age of ten that if you kept a diary chances were that you expected people to read it in a private sort of way as publicly as possible. But the slave scribes in the MAG office have their personal jottings and between quizzing quizzes and damn exams we compare our capsule efforts. And there are plenty of curios around campus. For instance, we never realized that Turk Newsome, former class pres. read detective fiction to beat the hot weather. Little things that might come under the heading of piffle and yet down, deep down in our 1A hearts it's Carolina wisteria. We're suckers for sentimentality. Take a gander, reader . . .

## The Barrack Boys

The barrack boys, not to be beaten by late Spring (called formerly the good old summertime) have pulled out soft wicker easy chairs and whatever four-legged seats onto the green lush grass and tackle their texts. If you stroll up the campus some particular afternoon you might see a gang of V-Twelves over at Old West sitting around in the shade beaming with a sort of cock-eyed pride. Seems they've turned rural . . . in a minor way. Some of the blues (or is it whites?) have rigged up a small, twig-built cage in which to house two growing 5 & 10 cent chicks. (And they're growing fast, too.) By the time this Mag comes out they'll be a feathered memory but they were fun while they lasted to all passers-by. And we're reminded of the dizzy daisy-doots the campus warbled weeks back: Uh Huh. *No More Meatless Tuesdays*

## A Wham Whimsey

Then there were the two coeds who stood out in front of the Hill Music Hall absorbed in a small bird delicately taking a dust bath in one of the by-paths. The bird paid no attention to the gals and did a thorough job of powdering itself. The old story of the weaker vessels looking in on each other. . . .

## Nine Days' Wonder

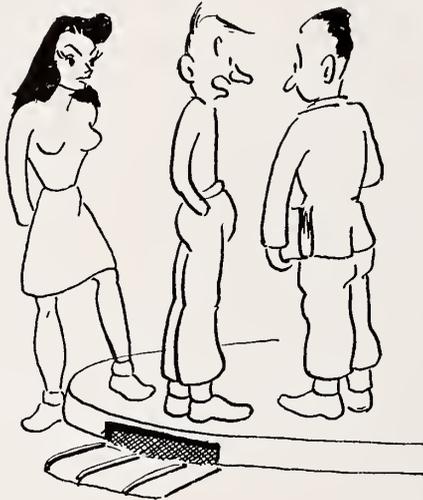
As is the yearly custom in these parts the coedifices have taken on a *tan*-talizing complexion and they appear even more cover-girlish in their cool, pattern dresses. We suddenly discovered that one lovely had beautiful green eyes that shone out of nutbrown features. And we've known her for four years, too.

## Most Unmilitary Man

That the outgoing Captain Popham was popular among the Navymen seemed fact enough but one coed's offhand opinion was: "He's such a *nice* person . . . why he's the most *unmilitary* man I've ever met!" That, Captain, was meant as a compliment, really!

## Think You've Got Troubles?

Overheard in the gym lockers: "Me, sore? Nah! I only lost \$9.50 in a poker game last night, somebody swiped my last bottle of beer and I only *got* a 75 on a Soc. Sci. quiz . . . that's all. Nah, I'm not sore! I'm just boiling mad, that's all!"



## Vignette:

By their women ye shall know them. About a month ago a barrel chested civvy rushed a thin wisp of a coed and in her confusion she assumed it was love and settled down to becoming his steady. They were an odd pair on campus but they went by unnoticed. She burbled and babbled in her happiness and her huge escort grinned in foolish pride on their weekend dates. She was like sauce to him, peppering him with feminine chatter, hovering around him like a bird around the head of a bull. But the six footer soon tired of her. Tactfully he broke the Cute Habit and within a few days he was seen with another coed. She was a little taller than the first coed, more reserved and cooler in temperature it seemed. They could have been found in Danziger's sipping chocolate concoctions and seldom looking at each other.

One of those Contented but Lovely affairs. But this extreme didn't work out either. Both girls were good to look at but neither of them impressed our searching civvy. The third experiment was a repetition of the first. A blowzy little redhead who changed her mind along with the shade of her make up.

Then one afternoon the Campus Miracle happened. He had gone to a music recital and the lovely, third from the left, in the girl choir lifted her voice in solo and the Brawn almost started out of his seat. The usual rush, the subsequent dates and a change came over him. But with this difference. She began to look at him critically. Why didn't he dress more neatly. He did. Why didn't he sleep more, eat better? He did. She began to make changes in him. He decided she was the most beautiful thing he had ever met, the most intelligent, the finest girl of all the girls he had dated. The story should end here but it doesn't.

Two weeks later he called up a wisp of a coed who burbled and babbled in her happiness and who asked him where he had been . . . she missed him so much.

## The Brush Off Superb

Whenever we hear a good Dorothy Parker story we like to pass it around and relish it for a while. The one that came our way is really a type Parker. Seems an over-zealous young punk had cornered D. P. at a New Year's Party. With a whiskey sour in one hand and a waving finger in the other hand he was holding forth on the terrible tripe, the cheap, low vulgar humor, the disgraceful stuff Dorothy had been turning out. Quietly she listened to the tirade and with true dramatic intensity she told the heckler that he was perfectly right. She explained that she had to write balderdash and tripe. She had to live. She had to make money, but (with a soft coyness that should have warned him) she explained that she was writing something that was truly hers and no one else's. Really, she was a fine person.

The heckler became contrite. He was apologetic, truly sorry for the way he acted. Could she forgive him?

Then Parker gazed at him solemnly.

"Young man, do you have a mother?"

"Yes!" answered the sucker.

"Please," she said sweetly, "when you go home . . . throw her a bone, won't you?" and with that she walked away.

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OCCASIONS

**Among Those Present**

Many thanks from the editor to this month's contributors, who in spite of the pre-exam rush and military duties lent a most welcome hand in getting out a Mag before school was out. This issue says goodbye to about 250 graduating seniors, wishing them the best of luck after they leave "the Hill."

On the feature side of the slate, graduating Sara Yokley gives Mag readers an inside picture and history of Dr. Ben Swalin's N. C. Symphony . . . the only one of it's kind in the U. S. . . . "A People's Symphony."

Between studying for exams, going home to a wedding, and lining things up for graduation, former Mag editor Opie Charters contributes a story "Time Skips A Beat." . . . Time has skipped too many since Opie's bylined for us.

Sue Brubaker, author of the popular "Beeswax" of last winter comes, sees and conquers with a story of campus life on page 16 . . . "Veni, Vidi, Vici."

The poetry section this month sees the return of Jane Ruggles and Paul Ramsey, Jr. . . . Jerry Davidoff, a newcomer, starts off with "Pleasing Contacts."

Stepping across the page from Opie's

story, Dave Hanig, literary editor gives Mag readers one of different locale. . . . "This Poor Player."

Gadabout Mary Louise Huse escapes for a few minutes from translating duties with the local Free French cadets to contribute the first radio script printed in the Mag . . . "Guzzard Girdle Presents . . ." Mary Louise did her own illustration.

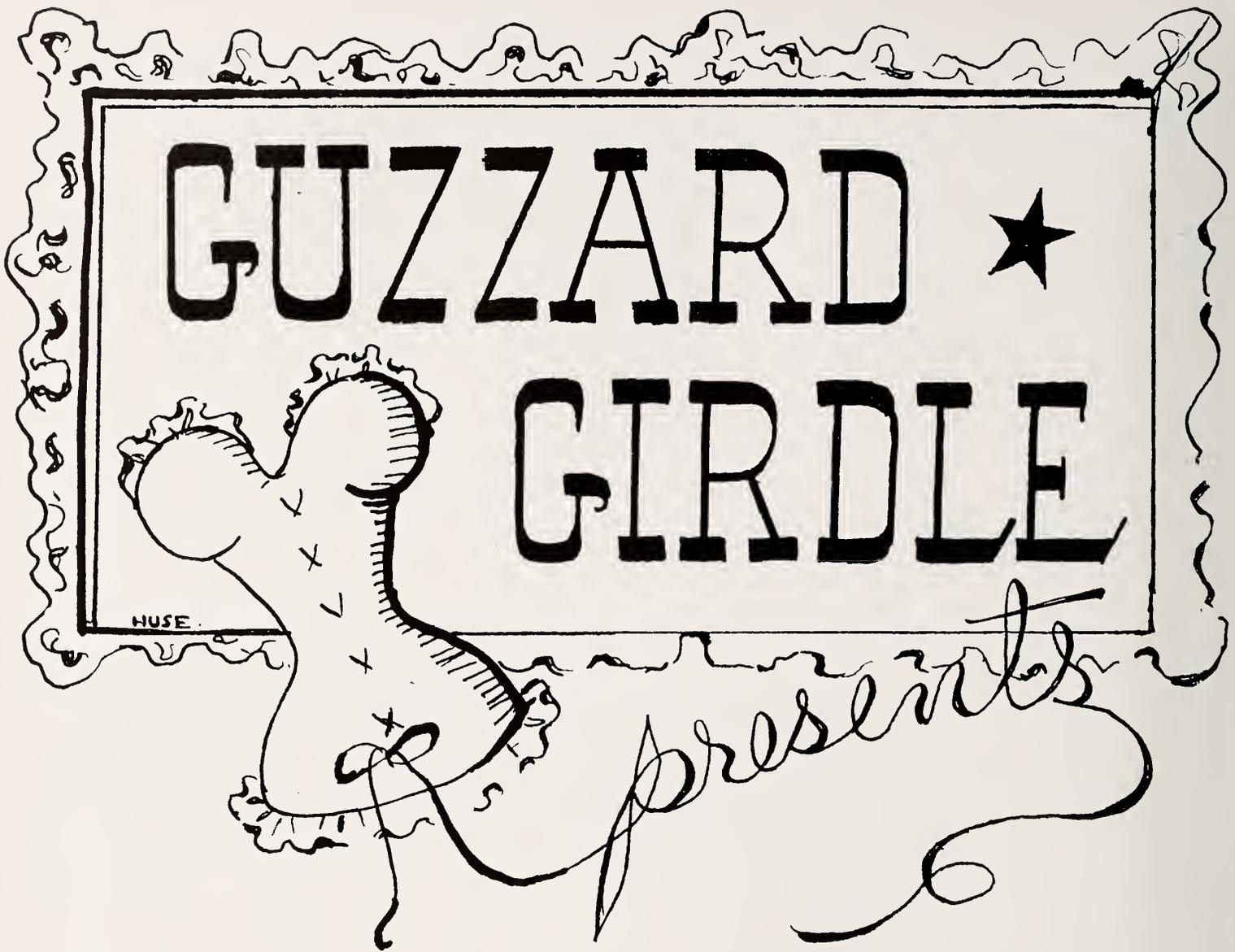
A dog story for dog days, Wayne Kernodle's busy typewriter gives out with "Caesar By God" which we think sees Kernodle at his best. . . .

The tragedy of A/C Dilbert Nuthatch finds its way into Mag print in a fitting In Memoriam article which should please the Spencer gals who really got attached to the little founding. . . .

Art Soybel's "The Righteous Jive" gives fast music addicts something to ponder, as he reviews the best in "le jazz hot."

Art work this month was done by Al Kaufman, and the cartoons are by Don McKinney.

Tyler Nourse did the photographic work on this month's pin-up—if you can call it work. . . .



An original scriptease by the versatile  
Mary Louise "Gadabout" Huse

MUSIC. *Theme song—an organ version of "I've Got Those Blue Ridge Mountain Blues."*

ANNOUNCER. Presenting the thrilling story of "CAROLINE THE CO-ED" brought to you Monday through Friday by the Guzzard Girdle Company, makers of bigger and better foundations.

MUSIC. *More of the same thing.*

ANNOUNCER. Lad-ees. [*Voice has an intimate "I'll let you in on a big secret" quality.*] Are you troubled with B.F.B.? Bass Fiddle Bulge! If so, try girdles by Guzzard for any fat Buzzard. Listen to what happened to Mrs. J. Hawley Smith of Carrboro, North Carolina, who waddled home to mother after 15 years of married bliss!

MUSIC. *Two bars of "Mister Five by Five."*

MRS. SMITH. [*Plenty of snorts, sniffs and shakes in her voice as she sobs.*] I

never want to see that anthropoid ape again. Never!

MOTHER. [*Her voice has that soothing quality of a riveting machine going through hard pavement.*] Now stop crying, Mabel. What's Edgar done *this* time?

MRS. SMITH. [*Still sniffing and snorting.*] [*Director's note: A towel held in front of the mike may be needed at this point.*] He had the nerve to say I looked like a cross between Kate Smith and a Flying Fortress. . . . And now he's trying to starve me to death!

MOTHER. [*Triumphant tone.*] Why, is *that* all? Why didn't you say so in the first place? You can fix that situation in a jiffy. Go right down town and buy yourself a Guzzard girdle. Why, once you're in it . . . you'll never take it off.

MRS. SMITH. Aren't they awfully ex-

pensive? You know I can't afford to . . . !

MOTHER. Why, not at all dearie. Especially not when you consider that you can buy one and be bound down for life. You'll be a different person. Look at me. I haven't been the same since [*Throaty giggle.*]

ANNOUNCER. [*Butting in.*] That's right, Lad-ees! Why give up your favorite Super-Duper ice-cream sundae with plenty of thick whip cream and chocolate syrup, when you can be sylph-like in a Guzzard Girdle. Get a lift with a Guzzard, lad-ees. Buy one today at your nearest hardware store.

MUSIC. *The same damn theme.*

ANNOUNCER. [*Breathless, excited as he lowers his voice.*] And now for today's story. While Caroline was interviewing the Free Frenchmen at the Pre-Flight School, she discovered a huge bomb sizzling under a couch at Navy

Hall. In another second the entire building would have been blown to bits, but, mustering up all her resources and taking careful aim, Caroline spit squarely and firmly on the fuse. Completely exhausted from her courageous effort she staggers into the office of the Daily Bar Wheel where editor Fat Pill is dictating the next day's editorial. Her private secretary, Hairy Ghoul, is sitting on her lap elaborately arrayed in the newest thing on the market . . . the Swoon Swim Suit. Fat Pill is speaking . . . [Loudly.]

FAT PILL. I am not writing as Fat Pill, editor of the Daily Bar Wheel, but as Fat Pill, student and woman.

We must squelch these saboteurs in our midst. You, and you, and YOU are responsible for allowing these dastardly attempts on the lives of our cadets. Yes people . . . you and You—

SOUND. *Door bangs open.*

CAROLINE. [Breathless, panting, trembling.] I got your story Fat, but now they've locked up poor Wilbur in the infirmary.

GHOU. Nothing contagious, I hope.

CAROLINE. [Voice trembling.] Oh, you don't understand. Wilbur isn't sick . . .

FAT. What's he doing over there then? You'd better watch out for those nurses. I soon found out why Hairy was spending so much time at that infirmary.

GHOU. Gad, when that little blond took my pulse, my temperature and blood pressure went sky-high . . . wow, she was a hot number.

CAROLINE. [Ugly voice.] SHUT UP. [Then her voice sweetens and the tremulous quality returns.] Poor Wilbur has been accused of trying to blow up the Pre-Flight School . . . just because he was seen carrying a bomb around all afternoon.

FAT. That's tough kid. I never would have thought Wilbur would be guilty of sabotage.

GHOU. Tsk, Tsk.

CAROLINE. But you've got to help me save him. You know he's as innocent as a new born babe.

FAT. Yeah? Well, crawling around the Pre-Flight School with a bomb under his arm doesn't sound so innocent to me.

CAROLINE. I don't know what he was doing . . . but I do know that Wilbur is harmless. I've dated him steady for three years and he hasn't tried a thing.

GHOU. That ain't harmless . . . that's stupid!

FAT. Well, I'm sorry Caroline, but King Leer, leader of the P.U. mob, has already given me instructions to smear Wilbur from one end of the Bar Wheel to the other.

CAROLINE. Oh dear, Pore, pore Wilbur. But I'll help him. If it costs me my diploma. 'Cause he's the man I love.

MUSIC. *Weird, full of premonition and pathos.*

ANNOUNCER. And a broken-hearted but determined Caroline rushes out into the stormy night to find Wilbur, the man she loves.

SOUND. *The damndest wind howling you ever heard . . . a blizzard. Fade.*

CAROLINE. [Wind still racing around. She whispers.] I must find some way to help him. I'll go to the infirmary . . . now!

SOUND. *More wind, rain.*

ANNOUNCER. In the meantime, at the other end of the campus, King Leer, Nazi collaborator, is conferring with the Jap spy, and head doctor of the infirmary, Dr. Worthead.

SOUND. *Clinking of glasses . . . glug, glug.*

WORTHEAD. [A laugh that sounds like a mixture of Mrs. Roosevelt and Gildersleeve.] Here Leer, old sock, have a drink.

LEER. Hau-Kay. [A few more glug, glugs.] To the Fuehrer . . . Heil Hitler . . . Hirohito [Sighs.] ah . . . thees cough syrup ees not bad . . . not bad.

WORTHEAD. Yes, a hundred proof . . . straight from the Emperor. . . . But listen Leer, are you sure this lunkhead, Wilbur Yokel, is securely tied. We cannot risk his escaping . . . though I doubt if he's smart enough to do us any harm.

LEER. Ach, yes. But that girl Caroline. She ees the one we must fear. Three times now she has spit on the fuses of our bombs. . . . What aim . . . what accuracy.

WORTHEAD. Yes, a dangerous woman and if she finds that we were the ones who planted that bit of TNT . . . well . . .

LEER. But she doesn't suspect us yet. We must destroy her before she does.

WORTHEAD. But how? We could electrocute her with a heating pad . . . the way we handled the Dean of Women.

LEER. No, we must theenk of some-theeng else.

SOUND. *Hysterical laughs from distance.*

LEER. Dear Lord! What was that?

WORTHEAD. Oh don't be so jumpy, King. It's the Playmaker ward. . . . They all think they're Scrooge in Proff's Christmas Carol.

SOUND. [Door creaking . . . hollow, woman's voice.] Calling Dr. Worthead . . . Calling Dr. Worthead.

WORTHEAD. Come on in Hyacinth . . . and stop that infernal moaning. Leer . . . this is my private nurse.

LEER. [The wolf coming out in his voice . . . the pointed-ear tone.] How do you do? Glad to see yuh!

WORTHEAD. I said private nurse, Leer. Your relations with her are to be strictly business . . . understand.

LEER. Beezness . . . Oh sure. That

hau-kay with me. Meet you after the broadcast, babe.

HYACINTH. Pull your eyeballs back in the sockets, fathead.

WORTHEAD. Enough of this. What do you want Hyacinth?

HYACINTH. There's some dame outside. Wants to see you.

WORTHEAD. Ye Gods. Is it my wife?

HYACINTH. Nah. Some gal named Caroline.

LEER. Carolina? Hot damn. She's here . . . playing right in our hands.

WORTHEAD. [Sinister laugh.] Ah hah. Bring her in Hyacinth. You see Leer, people are dying to come here. [Another laugh.]

[Note: that last was a kick line.]

MUSIC. *Wild as hell.*

ANNOUNCER. And poor noble Caroline is being led into a trap . . . the big booby. . . . How will she be able to overcome these nasty saboteurs. Will they get what they want? How will she rescue her lover, Wilbur, who is locked up in the measles ward. Listen tomorrow morning . . . same time, same station . . . and same situation, for another thrilling episode of "Caroline the Co-ed."

And now lad-ees, we have your old favorite, Fran Deaf-an-dumb, to tell you about something you'll all want to take advantage of. . . .

FRAN. [Her voice is fortyish and Guzzard girdlish.] This morning I'm soooo happy to bring you the news you've been waiting for. [Pause.] The Guzzard Girdle Company is offering you . . . absolutely free . . . a beautifully bound edition of Ma Kernodde's Blue Ridge Recipes. This cook book contains all of Ma's latest triumphs . . . such as greaseless pork chops, Catfish a la King and that famous dessert, Wormy Apple turnovers, where you use the fruit and the worms . . . the latter providing protein in your diet. Now all you do Lad-ees, is to enclose one string from a Guzzard Girdle and one dollar to cover postage to the Guzzard Girdle Co. . . . Harlem, New York, and we will mail to you absolutely free a copy of this famous book.

ANNOUNCER. And remember Lad-ees, if you have that tired, run-down feeling that comes from carrying too much weight around, try a Guzzard Girdle, made of the finest galvanized steel. Since steel is being used in the manufacture of war materials, you may find your dealer has difficulty in keeping a complete supply, but just try to hold yourself together the best you can until he can accommodate you.

The Guzzard Girdle comes in the three handy sizes. Big, Bigger, and Huge. Don't delay. . . . Get one today and you'll be slim the Guzzard way.

MUSIC. *Same theme . . .*

ANNOUNCER. This is the Mootual Broadcasting system.

THE END



# A People's Symphony

By SARA YOKLEY

the orchestra, holds the attention of the audience from the moment he comes on the stage. Tall, blonde, distinguished, he hides power and intensity behind a rather casual approach. When he picks up his baton the orchestra becomes alive, spontaneous, the voice of assurance that art is flourishing in North Carolina.

Perhaps Dr. Swalin's success as a conductor comes from his broad outlook. He believes that a musician should have a wide educational background and has worked toward that end for himself. Not a high-brow who looks down his nose at the music of today, he is, on the contrary, greatly interested in the creative aspects of American jazz. He thinks that it has contributed much to the development of instrumentation, that it is a sign of healthy progress.

At rehearsals Swalin is exact, insistent, but always patient. If he wants to demonstrate to the orchestra he will grab the nearest violin and play a passage as it should be played. His personal charm and enthusiasm for his work make the orchestra want to do its best. "Well, that wasn't so bad," he'll say, "but now, let's play it all together."

The orchestra is home town talent made good. From the many sections of the state talented artists have come, artists of quality with a love of music. Singly they are good musicians, but in their own localities they could never play in an orchestra. By banding together the superior talent of an entire state, skimming the musical cream off the top of a population of 3,500,000 people, the symphony has been molded into a high ranking orchestra.

Behind the disciplined appearance of the orchestra of 60 persons are as many individualities as there are instruments. The people never see each other except on the days before a concert, for they live in the various corners of North Carolina. Some are students, others writers, factory workers, stenographers, housewives. Over three-fifths of them are women. "Since Pearl Harbor we have lost more

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**Students, writers, factory workers, stenographers, and housewives . . . come from the four corners of North Carolina to bring music to the people. Here is the story of a Big Idea.**

OUT of the sandhills of North Carolina, from its newly industrial cities, its mountains and its villages has come an orchestra. The state which ranks as the most liberal and progressive in the South is trying out the cultural muscles of which it has long been boasting.

During the bleakest year of the depression, 1932, the North Carolina State Symphony was organized. In March of that year seventy-five people gathered in the Carolina Inn, talking of gloomy current events. Two men walked into the room and began to present their ideas. They had a plan, and the country's greatest depression was not going to call their enthusiasm to a halt.

"What we need is a new idea," said Colonel Joseph Hyde Pratt, "a new source of recreation that takes the daily load off our minds."

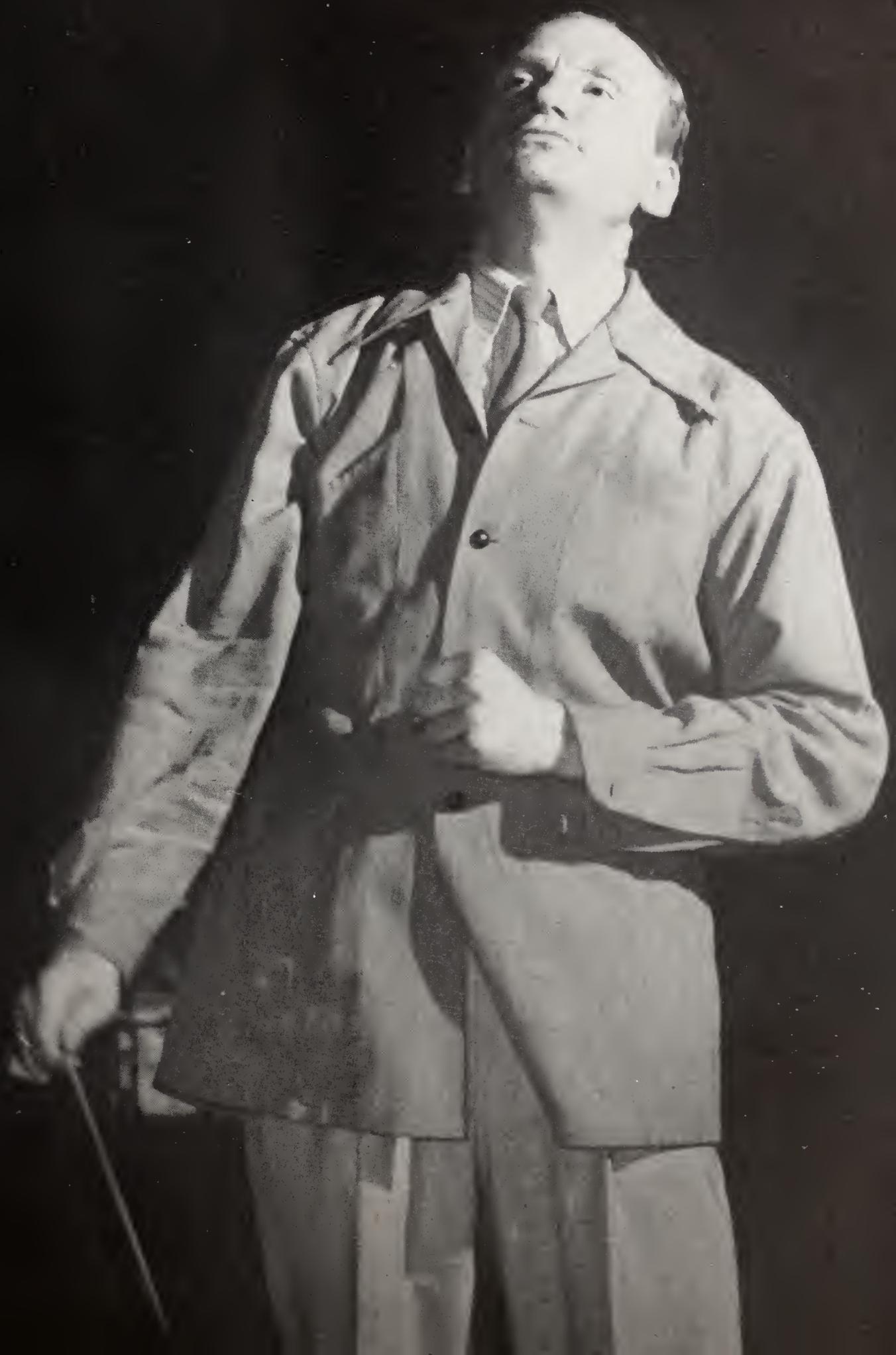
"People are restless these days; they are more receptive to new ideas," said the other man, Lamar Stringfield. "What we need is a symphony. It will give employment to musicians and contribute to the cultural activity of the people."

And that's how the symphony started. Colonel Pratt became president, Stringfield became conductor and an orchestra began to form. On May 14, 1932, in Hill Music Hall the first state symphony orchestra in this country made its debut. Since that time it has given over 250 concerts all over the state.

During the first ten years of its life the symphony was an orphan, protected by the few who were interested it is true, but nevertheless, an orphan without a home. In 1942 the state legislature adopted it and gave it an allowance of \$2,000 per year. The black side of the symphony's ledger began to look better, too, when symphony committees were established in communities throughout the state.

A symphony orchestra is not made up of instruments alone; it is a flesh and blood affair. Its personality comes from its members, and particularly from the conductor.

Dr. Benjamin F. Swalin, the present conductor of



**“Willie Pearl is ruining my disposition . . . my health . . . my whole outlook on life. Harry, you’ll have to fire her today.”**

**But Harry had other ideas. . . .**

# THE MAG

## A Story Out of the South

### Time Skips a Beat

OPIE CHARTERS

EMMA JOHNSON walked from the kitchen in great haste. She was angry, so angry that she marched to the study and made herself sit in an easy chair to recover her poise. She smoothed her auburn hair with nervous fingers and heaved a helpless sigh. Willie Pearl had done it again! She had ruined another satin slip—burned a hole right through the middle of it. She had blandly left the iron lying on it while she went to answer the doorbell. And Emma had come in in time to see Willie Pearl folding up the fine pale blue satin with the brown-fringed hole burned in it. Such surges of annoyance came upon her that she had to run out of the kitchen to keep from saying what she felt. It seemed as if she were always upset, and Willie was the one who had kept her that way all these years.

She was staring fixedly into the desk lamp when Harry strode into the hall at lunchtime. He was whistling. She looked out of the corner of her eye at a short, stout, black-haired man of forty who had just had a haircut.

“Yoo-hoo,” he called to her from the doorway. “How’s my honey?” Emma was still angry, and she didn’t want anyone to call her honey. Besides, Harry was particularly irritating just after he had had a haircut. She flung her head nervously and tried to sound rational.

“Harry, sit down, for heaven’s sake. It’s that negro that we’ve got in the kitchen. Do you know what she’s done now? She’s burned one of my satin slips, one of those that Sarah gave me for Christmas. Just left the steaming iron lying on it—steaming iron!” she hissed.

“Oh, Emma, hush,” the man said disgustedly and picked up the morning newspaper. “What’s the difference? You’ve got plenty of clothes to cover you. Anyone could accidentally burn something.”

Emma began to talk fast. She stood up. “If you had to stay in the kitchen watching over her, directing her all morning, you’d be in a temper too!

Willie Pearl is ruining my disposition—my health—my whole outlook on life. Harry, you’ll have to fire her today.”

Harry sat up straight. “I’ll have to fire her? What have I got to do with it? You handle your maid trouble and leave me out of it.” He was sulking behind the newspaper. “And besides, I like Willie Pearl. She’s goodhearted and she has always been thoughtful of me.”

“You like her. Yes, you like her. I’d like her, too, if all I did was to eat the food she cooks, and speak to her at breakfast in the mornings. I can’t stand it another day, I tell you. I can’t stand it.”

Behind his paper Harry did not flicker an eyelid. He seemed to be reading intently.

In the kitchen a fat, black negress stood over the stove stirring the soup. Her eyes were large and dark, and their aimless gaze roved about the room. The steam from the hot soup came up into Willie Pearl’s face and brought beads of perspiration to her smooth black forehead. Her cotton dress, a confusion of faded reds and yellows, was partially covered with a stained white apron. Her shoes were dusty, brown oxfords, cut out at the sides “to ease them aches.”

Willie Pearl dipped a brimming spoonful of soup out of the pan, blew upon it, and poked it into her mouth. Then she plopped the spoon back into the pan and stood dreamily looking at the floor as the tip of her tongue made a leisurely circling trip around her thick lips. At that moment she heard Mrs. Johnson’s hasty steps and began to stir the bubbling liquid.

Emma walked over to the stove. The kitchen was very silent. Mrs. Johnson raised her eyebrows and glared at Willie Pearl, who continued to stir and look down at the stove.

“Willie Pearl, Willie Pearl, look at me!” Mrs. Johnson commanded. “Mr. Johnson is here. Is lunch ready?”

“Yes’m, I reckon,” the colored woman answered and removed the pan from the stove. She shuffled over to the cabinet and poured some green asparagus soup

into two white bowls. When she picked them up to carry them away, two round green rims of soup were traced on the white enameled surface where the bowls had stood. Willie Pearl shifted her eyes from the cabinet and hurried into the dining room.

\* \* \*

In his high-ceilinged oak-panelled study Mr. Ralph Pritchard Hitts sat in a stuffed leather chair and yawned. His thick, pale hands rested over the arc of his stomach, and his face, with the firelight flickering on it was a picture of sensuous contentment.

“Father, you’d better go to bed early tonight,” stiff-backed Mrs. Hitts commanded from her desk on the other side of the room. She was a tall woman with a long, thin neck, and as she sat before the account book, closely scrutinizing the figures which lay before her, the many lines of her forehead were accentuated by the light on the low desk. The lines were caused by excessive eyestrain, for Mrs. Hitts suffered from a severe astigmatism, but she was too vain to wear glasses. She was too proud even to admit that her eyesight was faulty, and in order to prove her reading ability she went through the formal procedure of reading the newspaper aloud every evening to her husband and son. When she had finished she always took the paper to the fireplace and watched the flames devour it. This, however, was only one example of the complete domination that she held over the household. She was like an Amazon beside her husband, and when she spoke to her son he slouched on one foot and hunched over, as if her strength made him weaker. Her word was law, and her statements were never doubted by her weak-willed, colorless husband, nor questioned by the twenty-year-old son, Pritchard, Jr.

Mrs. Hitts continued. “And as you know, tomorrow is Sunday, rent-collecting day. I hate to think of you and Pritchard, Jr., going over to Negrotown so early in the morning in this

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# PRESENTS

The roar of the Boston Elevator  
... the tumult and push of human-  
ity and a waiter who loved show  
business.

But Anne couldn't help him. . . .

## A Story Out of the North

### This Poor Player

DAVE HANIG

IN THE twisted network of streets that run the lower part of South Boston live a swarming breed of humans. Under the ancient Elevator clatter crash the trains. Under the sheet metal of noise Tremont Street lives by day in a semi-darkness and yet by night is garish and harsh with the lights of restaurants, cramped movie houses, open music stores where a loudspeaker blares out a stream of jazz only to be lost in the hurl of the Elevator trains. Men and women move along the pavements, across the old cobbled street in a slow monotony.

Yet over at Groggin's Alley if you lift your eyes up to the second story window you'll see boxed plants with tin corrugated to the sides. If you look over a fence you'll see in the half-darkness neat rows in a garden plot. And you know that the Polacks live in the neighborhood between Groggin's Alley and Tremont Street. Coming out of Groggin's you'll find yourself near a hairpin turn. Walk up the narrow street and the dull hum of the Elevator only means that you're ending up exactly from where you started. There's a crowd of young men standing near the newstand and by the south entrance to the Elevator cars. Across the way stands the White Castle hamburger shop.

Towards eight o'clock one evening the white-tiled shop was empty. The boy behind the counter held an ammonia rag in one hand and a small pail in the other. Methodically, he wiped down the glistening aluminum doors of the refrigerator. This was Charley. Charley with slumberous, heavy-lidded eyes and a dark-olive-tinted face. Tall and thin he moved somehow with an innate grace.

In a few moments he would finish a ten hour shift that had sent him moving back and forth in that slow, deliberate way of his behind the counter. In a few moments the clattering half-world of Tremont Street with its glittering shop-lights strung like a cheap necklace across the south side would claim him.

Charley moved his head up towards the round clock over the doorway. He seemed lost for a moment as though in slow belief that time could trickle so casually. With the ammonia rag still in

his long fingers he gazed out the shop-window at the passing flow of walkers.

Then the thin line of his mouth moved in a half-smile. His eye had caught a bob of red detaching itself from the crowd, swinging through the heavy door into the shop. Charley turned to the aluminum doors with his rag.

"Charley?" The voice behind him seemed child-like as though mockly hurt.

Charley threw the rag into the pail and placed the pail under the counter. As though she had been there all the time, Charley crooked his long, thin body as he bent over the bright, marcelled head of the girl in front of him.

"Hi'ya, Anne." His heavy-lidded eyes took her in. Anne, who looked like a groomed child. Her eyes, like dark elderberry grapes, sparkled out of a round face tapering illogically at the chin. She was in a scarlet suit to-night with white ruffles frothing out at the lapels. Charley ran his eyes over the full, firm bosom, the diminutive size of her.

"Gee, I didn't think you'd notice me. I saw you looking out of the window." Her voice was high and thin.

Charley smiled. "I'd know you in a thirty-foot chorus, sugar."

"Did you see the show, Charley, did you, huh?" she raced her words together in her eagerness.

"What do you think?" answered the slow-speaking Charley.

She laughed. "When you getting off?"

Charley looked up at the clock. "Right now. Be with you in a minute." He ran an affectionate finger down the side of her nose. She watched him amble into the back room. Instinctively her hand went to her handbag (scarlet to match) and withdrew a compact. She snapped it open and angled her head from side to side to catch her reflection in the compact mirror. Satisfied at what she saw she looked up to find a pair of grinning eyes surveying her. Anne became disconcerted for a brief second. Then she laughed with a touch of panic.

"Oh, Peewee. How are you to-night?"

The short, fat-faced boy had come in from the backroom to take his place behind the counter.

"Depends on you, gypsy."

Anne flushed. "I wish you wouldn't call me that."

"No? Why? Ain't you in show business?"

"Yeah, but it's the way you say it. Like maybe I was . . ."

"Nah. I don't mean nothin' by it. I seen you over at the Palace," he leaned on the counter facing her, "you're good, gypsy."

Anne touched the white ruffles of her blouse with absent fingers. She was obviously pleased.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah." Peewee turned his head towards the closed curtains of the backroom. "You wanta know something? I can do you a favor."

Anne watched him curiously. "Yeah?"

Peewee spoke quickly, eagerly.

"Every chance I get I go to them burlesque shows. When the Capitol brings them headliners in from New York I'm in the front rows watching. And I seen a lot of movies, too. Yeah, you bet I do. Anne, I ain't gonna work here all my life. I been studying show business."

Anne watched him. Watched his fleshy face and mouth and eyes. Confused she watched him. She noticed his eyebrows raised in his excitement.

"I'm gonna be a press agent, Anne."

He waited for her reaction. She knew that he expected her to answer. "That's swell, Peewee, but . . ."

"I seen you dance, gypsy," he broke in, "I seen you dance and you're light on your feet." Then softly, "And you look good, too."

And at that moment Anne felt sorry for him. She could see him stand in a hundred lines waiting for the boxoffice to open. She could see him before the posters with girls' legs kicking out at him in their scanties, and an intolerable ache throbbed in her. Nor could she tell him of the hundred men-boys in cheap suits arguing, shouting, cajoling the hundred harassed little managers for a week's billing, a one night billing for their talented clients, or the not-so-talented ones waiting for them in rented rooms.

And each night since she had come to

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## IRK! - IRK!

A/C (Air Cadet) Dilbert was a whitebreasted Nuthatch. About a month ago he was found on a paved sidewalk a small huddled mass of feathers by Dot Schmuhl and Dot "Smokey" Brown. The girls had snatched Dilbert from the jaws of Death in the shape of a gray cat. With the pulsing bit of life in their hands they made their way to the Zoology building where they treated the bird, gave the girls a diet for him and classified him.

Three weeks after Dilbert achieved local fame over at Spencer. The pet rules were put aside for him. He took over the girls' quarters, nestled down in the shoe bag that hung in the closet and became a distinct personality.

Though the diet called for ants, unsalted peanuts, prunes and the like Dilbert acquired a gourmet's taste for milksoaked bread or whatever dainty morsels Brown and Schmuhl could dream up. He assumed a lovable tyranny over the lives of the two girls. He "irk irked" whenever he became hungry; he "irk irked" whenever the girls were busy. He even took over their social lives. Escorts on a weekend who never knew the classification of young Dilbert assumed that that "male" was cramping their style. Who was this Dilbert that had half of Spencer gushing their love and admiration? Who was this Dilbert that intruded into clandestine conversations? When they discovered that Air Cadet Dilbert was a

whitebreasted nuthatch their disgust couldn't be measured.

The local fame of Dilbert spread to other dorms, sororities. Once when the unpredictable Dilbert was taken for a visit to a local house he soared up to one of the treetops and looked down on the anxious up-turned faces of his two mistresses. In desperation the girls hauled out a rubber water hose to wash Dilbert out of the tree and as usual the surprising Dilbert decided to flutter down to his owners.

One day last week Air Cadet Dilbert who had been rescued from a gray cat soon after his birth met an ironic death by a similar cat when he was pounced on and done away with. No human being could have received more genuine grief than did this lovable, ridiculous nuthatch who, in a month's time, had shown personality and traits to make him distinctive. The room he had lived in for four weeks, the empty shoebag, flowered and gay, hung empty in the closet. No one had much to say.

If Dilbert had been only the protege of two girls it would be a personal sorrow but to those who knew him it becomes a public loss. The bird had become like no other bird. And so the Mag is more than willing to pay tribute to another passing "character."

Air Cadet Dilbert came into the world dramatically, lived amidst excitement and left as quickly as he came in.



"DAMN!, STEAK AGAIN!"

# CHAPEL HILL?

-McKinney-



"WELL, THAT MAKES \$500 I'VE SAVED SINCE JULY!"



"HOT DAMN!, MONDAY!"



"..... IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I HAD A DATE, WITH ALL THE BOYS IN THE SERVICE, AND SO I THOUGHT I'D CALL YOU UP...."



"DUE TO THE DIFFICULT WORK LATELY, THERE WILL BE NO DRILL THIS AFTERNOON."



**D**URING the years of his life which psychologists refer to as adolescence, a fellow in a moderate size town will accumulate many things. Among these there will be a staggering number of dogs. There are days when a dog will just naturally follow a boy home, but his mother has just lost a bridge game, and the dog is turned down cold, along with a childish bottom that is turned up hot. On such days it is better not to let a dog follow you home if you want to keep it. But since my mother was a fairly good card player, having learned to play poker on a fishing boat, it was generally safe for us to bring home a pup or two. In a one child family the habit of bringing home a dog is not a major calamity, but when there are six children in a family, all boys under fifteen and over three, sometimes the collective efforts are astounding. Between October 1927 and June 1928, a parade of twenty-seven dogs and a billy goat followed one or the other of us all the way to the front doorstep.

On one of her lucky days, when my mother had just won a fly swatter and a string of yellow beads at bridge, this little brown dog I met at the ball park followed me all the way home after I had carried him for a mile and a half. It was incredible, this new friendship; he only tried to get away from me twelve times and bit me only twice during the journey. It was easy to see that he wanted to come along. Of course we already had four dogs; a collie named Rex, a fox terrier who balanced a wiener on her nose by the name of Fritzie, a black dog with one ear split down the center like a pair of trousers that we called Patee, and one that we got the day before that hadn't been named or classified yet. But they were all females.

When we walked in through the back door it was hard to keep Caesar's presence a secret because the other dogs got wind of him and came yelping and doing things around in a circle the way dogs get acquainted. My mother was just gloating over the bridge prizes and eating the last of the chicken salad sandwich she had swiped at the party when we walked in, Caesar and I.

"Oh, what a marvelous little dog," she gushed. "Which one is this?" It was apparent that she thought it was one that we already had and I didn't want to make her unhappy in her hour of glory so we let it go at that. The horrible truth was not known until dinner. In the middle of the blessing all the dogs broke loose and came tearing through the dining room, evidently in a dog game of some kind. Father thanked God for the meat and then proceeded to give the dogs hell. After they were all separated he realized there were now five instead

of four. He stuck a fork into the pork roast and glanced around the table, pursing his lips unfondly at each of us. Finally he decided I was the guilty one.

"Well?" The tone suggested a very good answer would be advisable.

"Well . . ." I began.

"Oh let the boy have a dog if he wants to," my mother cut in. "Every boy needs a dog to grow up with."

"Do they all have to have one. Why can't they go in together and have one among them," the tired old boy answered.

"Oh don't be such a sticker, Ed," my mother said. "Cut the meat and we'll talk about it after dinner."

We talked about it after dinner with me getting in one word, which was "Please." My brothers were in favor of keeping him too, and since we had a family vote on everything, the dog stayed. That was the night my father threw away his books on "How to raise a model family."

But to get back to Caesar. He was a brown sort of dog with a very belligerent attitude which the other dogs in the neighborhood challenged. At first he really didn't get the Caesar until about a week later when he had soundly beaten or thoroughly scared every dog in the neighborhood. It wasn't that he was so good at fighting, but he was so ugly that he must have frightened them to death. But that wasn't all of his name. The rest of it came when my father asked what the dog was to be called.

"Caesar," we answered.

"Caesar . . . by God," he said in amazement.

"Yessir," we answered. So from then on we called him Caesar By God, to please my father.

Caesar outlived the girl dogs and finally became the canine master of our house for eight whole months. During this time he conquered the territory of Douglas street, on which we lived, and then extended his domain over an area as far as the schoolground on the north and the grocery store on the south. As a consequence, several people as well as dogs began to hate him intensely. Caesar sensed this hatred, but it seemed to give him a great deal of pride to walk stiff legged by their houses while they cowered behind a bush or an empty trash can. The dogs, that is; the people threw rocks at him and called him nasty words, one of which my father told Mr. Trimble, who lived next door, he shouldn't use if any of us were with Caesar By God.

Mr. Trimble was probably madder at Caesar By God than any man or dog in town. Every time he saw the dog or even heard him, his face would get blood red and he would spit several times. It got to the place that we learned to bark like

Call it a case of puppy love but we couldn't decide if it was whimsey or if Author Kernodle was dead serious. We'll let you decide.

# Caesar By God

By  
WAYNE KERNODLE

Caesar By God and we would get behind a shrub and bark just like him just to see Mr. Trimble get red and spit. I bet he spit enough in eight months to fill the entire Grand Canyon of Colorado. Finally Mr. Trimble could stand the situation no longer. He began to buy special fighting dogs and train them to mix it up with Caesar By God. I remember at least four of them, but best of all I remember a big English bull he bought. Every afternoon when he got home from work he would go out in his back yard and train this dog. His wife almost divorced him on account of it. But he wouldn't give up. One morning about ten o'clock, this bull dog got loose and met Caesar point blank rounding the corner of our house. It was the greatest dog fight our neighborhood had ever seen. There must have been at least two hundred people who got to see it, including the Baptist preacher who prayed for the dogs and everybody who was sinful enough to watch. But now and then he would glance out the corner of his eye to see if the prayer was working. I

(Continued on page 23)

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AND NOW . . .

JANE RUGGLES

Spring whispers:  
To the colors of promise  
the green of hope  
the lavender of patience  
the red of courage  
the orange of strength  
the white of valor  
the blue of peace  
and the yellow of joy.  
Spring whispers  
and whispers  
And now it is a sacrilege  
these puny wars of men.

TIME IN THE GARDEN

PAUL RAMSEY, JR.

Time in the garden hangs in the  
air  
Still, almost motionless, balancing  
there.  
The old man is stone carved from  
stone:  
Has no heart, no guts, nor any  
bone,  
And yet his head is bowed in  
prayer.  
The stone figures, three, lined by  
the wall,  
Gargoyle and gargoyle and peace-  
ful saint  
Bring old time in to strangely  
question all  
That greenly newly grows, bears  
human taint.

And is this all memory then, or  
second sight?  
The shadows on sun dial obscure  
the light  
And almost can  
Make hours not pass.  
What time is it then? What time?  
Ask the stone man,  
ask the grass.

The feeling of time from inwards  
Is not defined by clocks  
Nor watches, nor steeple bell.  
To the sailor, perhaps by leeward  
leanings  
and by ocean swell.  
To the working man  
Time is the memory of whiteness  
and newness stealing.  
To the hunted man is fear of  
brightness.  
Time is the not revealing.  
Ay, time is not tabulated by sec-  
onds or hours  
But quick on the bird's wing,  
Gentle in snow.  
in my garden are stone faces and  
flowers.  
How does your garden grow?

WEST OF THE MOON

JANE RUGGLES

It was  
a pretty little love.  
Of no form  
or substance . . .  
like cotton candy at a circus.  
Delicate . . .  
intangible as a cloud,  
or a soap bubble  
floating  
in the sunlight.  
I never knew  
or wished to know  
from whence it came  
or where  
it would go.  
I only knew it was . . .

IN PASSING

Two people  
Making  
One shadow  
In the moonlight.

PLEASING CONTACTS

JERRY DAVIDOFF

To think profoundly,  
To thrash problems roundly,  
To intellectualize  
Beyond one's eyes:  
To live a world above The World  
While things secular are furled;  
Thus can full satisfaction be won,  
But kissing girls is so much fun!



GIRL OF THE MONTH . . . Slender, green eyed Eleanor Carroll lives  
out on the Country Club Road and is a cross  
between Ilka Chase and Betty Hutton. A Math  
major, at that. Further info: 5' 8", Pi Phi.



# VENI, VIDI, VICI

By SUE BRUBAKER



Tom sat down and offered Milly a cigarette. She watched his face and his eyes met hers for a moment. . . .

MILLY spread the white skirt of her evening dress so that the folds fell in a great semi-circle around her knees. She pressed one bare shoulder against Bob's rough coat. The crowd of faces around the fireplace seemed far away to her—almost from another world. They had started singing "I Love You Truly."

Milly sang, her husky voice giving intonations that had not been meant for that particular old-timer. But Milly was of the new generation. Her life consisted of one party after another, even in wartime Chapel Hill. And she respected nor man, nor woman, nor old-time songs.

Beneath half-closed lids she glanced at the boy beneath the black, tousled hair, who sat on the other side of her. She looked at the girl sitting beside him.

"Gee, he's smooth," she thought dreamily. "But I can't go around with Bob forever, just to be around Rex. It's impractical. Why in heaven's name can't he break down and ask me for a date?"

But she continued singing, and pressing her shoulder against Bob's. After all, one man who dates you is worth two who won't date you. And besides, where Bob is, Rex is, too, so it isn't so bad.

It was getting late, and the party began to break up. Girls crowded into the next room to get their coats. A beautiful spring day had turned into a cold, full-mooned evening, and evening wraps felt good to girls in strapless evening dresses.

Milly and Bob walked with Rex and Beth. They headed for the arboretum. Walking slowly, hand in hand, they remarked how the leaves had come out, watched the full moon between the overhanging branches. Milly's cold hand pressed Bob's warm one, but she was not listening to what he said. She was listening to the crunch of gravel behind them, being sure that Rex and Beth did

not stop somewhere in the dark. But the footsteps crunched steadily, and the murmur of voices continued. Everything was under control.

All four sat under a big tree and smoked. Milly began to shiver, and edged up against Bob for warmth. Her fingers were like ice. She looked at Bob, and saw that he was not wearing gloves. She turned to Rex.

"Rex," she said in as pathetic a voice as she could muster, "let me wear your gloves—my hands are soooo cold." Rex took off his gloves, and handed them to her. His hand brushed against hers for one brief moment, then was gone. Milly put on the big woolen gloves. They were still warm from Rex's hands.

Every evening, even a beautiful one, must come to an end. Milly lived in one dorm, and Beth in another, so the party separated and Milly found herself in front of her own dormitory alone with Bob.

"Thanks for the lovely evening," she was saying. "I had a WONDERFUL time. You're such a good dancer, Bob."

"Milly—" and he hesitated.

"What is it?"

"Well, it's just that we've been going together for some time now, and you don't know how much it's meant to me . . . having a girl like you."

"It has been fun, hasn't it, Bob?"

"Yes, Milly. But I want it to mean more than just fun. I want you to wear my fraternity pin."

Milly's wide eyes did not leave Bob's face. Her voice was light, and her answer came too quickly—"But, Bob, don't you think it's more fun just being friends? I mean, you of course, want to date other girls. I like you so well. I just don't want us to change. I don't want us to get serious or anything like that."

"But I don't want to date other girls." His voice had a pleading quality that made her cringe, "I am serious about you, Milly."

She laughed. "Bob, let's not talk like that. . . . It would just spoil everything."

She was laughing at him. The pleading quality was gone as he answered, "Look, Milly, I've already got two sisters, so don't give me that line. I want you to wear my pin . . . if I don't mean enough to you to consider it seriously, we may as well break up right now. Do you want it or don't you?"

"No, Bob. I don't want your pin."

Looking at her for a moment, he seemed about to say something, but he turned and walked down the path. Milly stood on the dorm steps, staring after him.

"Now I've done it. Well, I've still got one more chance, and I'll have to make that one good. Rex has to come for his gloves, and this time Bob won't be around. Milly, it's time to don your war paint."

Early Monday evening, the house phone rang, and Rex's voice asked Milly if she would bring his gloves down to him. Of course she would, and she was so sorry he had had to come for them. She'd be down in a minute.

Half an hour later, Milly entered the parlor.

As she walked in, Rex noticed the halo of light dancing about her blond head. Milly watched the expression in his eyes, smiled self-confidently. . . . The project for the week was nearing completion. Sitting down beside him, she carefully crossed her legs, and began. "Wasn't the dance fun the other night?"

He looked into the laughing green eyes. Taking her hand he lifted her out of her chair, saying, "Let's get something to eat."

Once outside, he turned her. "Look, I know it's a little late to ask you, but will you go to the dance with me next weekend? I've been wanting to ask you for a long time, but you were dating Bob and—"

"Why, I'd love to go with you, Rex."

They started walking. It was a cloudy night. Milly took Rex's arm.

In the Pines they ordered and Rex talked about his courses, his family, the Hill, and his wish to be in the Fleet. Milly listened quietly.

They were almost ready to leave when a boy approached them. "Hi, Rex," he said, "I haven't seen you in a long time. I haven't been around the house very much lately."

"Hello, Tom. Milly?" Rex said, "I'd like you to meet Tom Reese. Tom, this is Milly Carter. Have a seat. . . ."

"Thanks, Rex."

Milly looked at Tom. He was tall, and wide shoulders bulged under his tan tweed coat. Even his face was big, and his short-clipped hair added to the impression of strength. But his smile was slow and shy, and contrasted strangely with his bigness, giving him an air of boyishness.

Tom sat down, and offered Milly a cigarette. She took it, watching Tom's face as she leaned over to light it. Tom's eyes met hers for a moment, then left her gaze as he lit his own cigarette.

They finished soon, and got up to leave. Outside, it was raining. Water poured down the sidewalk. A torrent,

Milly thought, and typical of Chapel Hill.

"Oh, dear." Moaning, she lifted her green eyes to Tom. They were wide and pleading.

"Tom, do you suppose you'd let me wear your scarf around my head?"



Mother: "Did you use the thermometer like I told you when you bathed the baby?"

Nurse: "No, ma'am. I can tell without that. If it's too hot the baby turns red and if it's too cold he'll turn blue."



"I hear you have a keg of beer in your room."

"Yes, I keep it to gain strength."

"Any results?"

"Oh, marvelous. When I first got it I couldn't move it, and now I can roll it around the floor without any trouble."



*"A gorgeous young creature from Venus  
Who spent all her time playing tennis,  
Played the game rather peeled,  
And the form she revealed  
Made her court work a masculine menace."*



"Wuz dat yo' bes' girl fren'?"

"No, jes' necks bes'."



Wee Willie Winkle,  
Ran through the town,  
Up stairs, down stairs  
In his night gown.  
Air Raid Warden, probably.



Where have been keeping yourself, beautiful?

What makes you think I've been keeping myself?

—*The Log*

Two aristocratic looking gentlemen were discussing their family affairs one day. One was worried about the conduct of his son: "I don't know what to do with him. He went out with a girl about a month ago and caught trench mouth from her."

"That's likely to happen to any young man," said the other.

"But it's bad. He gave it to our maid—and then I got it and gave it to my wife."

"Say, you better do something. Good Lord, may be I've got it now."

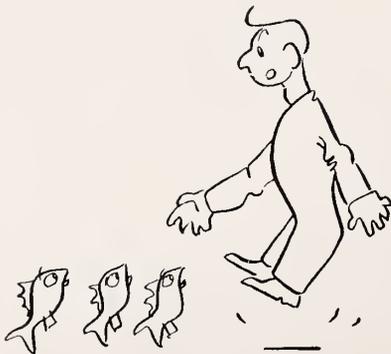
Mary had a nifty dress;  
'Twas short and sweet and airy;  
It didn't show the dirt at all,  
But gee how it showed Mary.

—*Pathfinder*

Mrs. X, who has two sons in the Marines and a daughter in the WAC, was visiting a farm when she came upon a youth of draft age milking a cow.

"Young man," she asked sternly, "why aren't you at the front?"

"Cause there ain't any milk at that end, missus," was the calm reply.



She: "Darling, are you sure it's me you're in love with and not my clothes?"

He: "I don't know. Test me, darling."

Sultan: Bring me a girl.  
Servant: Very good, sir.  
Sultan: Not necessarily.

"But how on earth did you come to get so completely intoxicated?" asked the judge.

"I got in bad company, your Honor. You see, there were four of us. I had a bottle of whisky—and the other three don't touch the stuff."



Coop Barber: "You say you've been here before. I don't remember your face."

Student: "Probably not. It's healed up now."

# JOKES

Little Gladys, who had attended Sunday School with considerable regularity, surprised a fond parent by announcing her intention of absenting herself.

"But why?" persisted her mother.

"Well, mother," said the child with resigned patience, "I have been going now ever since I was a child; and all they talk about is the Ten Commandments. I feel as though I'm getting in a rut."

—*Pepper and Salt*

Her clothes were so designed that she always was seen in the best places.

"Yes, mother, Albert did kiss me last night, but I sat on him for it."

Sergeant: "Do you serve women at this bar?"

Bartender: "No, you gotta bring your own."

Grandma says: Holding a boy's hands used to be an offense; now it's a defense.

The wife was always antagonized by her husband's going out at night. His departing words, which especially angered her, were always, "Good night, mother of three."

But one night, she could stand it no longer, and when he took his hat, started out the door and called cheerily, "Good night, mother of three," she answered, quite as cheerfully, "Good night, father of one."

Now he stays home.

—*The Pelican*



Here's an oldie that's always good: Dr. Hugh Hampton Young, famed surgeon, attending the unveiling of a bust of himself at the University of Virginia. After the ritual, a young lady approached (she was a perfect Miss America) and so cutely gushed:

"Doctor, I hope you appreciate the fact that I have come 50 miles to see your bust unveiled."

"Madam," the doctor said, bowing gallantly, "I would go a thousand miles to see yours."

Do you sleep with your windows up or down?

I don't sleep with my windows at all.

The modern miss is weak in the rays. . . .

Visitor: "How can you tell the ganders from the the geese?"

Farmer: "Oh, we never worry about that. We just turn them out and let them figure that out for themselves."

## Add Jokes

A fussy, overbearing lady entered a crowded street car and began mumbling noisily over being compelled to stand. After edging everyone about for a time a young man tapped her on the shoulder and asked, "Madam, you are standing on my foot. Would you mind getting off?" Bristling, she retorted, "Why don't you put your foot where it belongs?" "Don't tempt me, Madam, don't tempt me," he countered.



The army intelligence tester was interviewing a young inductee who had given the answer "Shoot Japs" to the question: "What do you like to do best?"

"What do you like to do next best?" inquired the IQ officer.

"Make slingshots to shoot Japs with," the draftee answered.

"And what do you like to do next best?"

"Take girls' bloomers off," replied the inductee.

The IQ officer was visibly bothered, took off his glasses, rubbed them. Finally he demanded, "And then what's your idea of what to do?"

"Make slingshots from the elastic to use in shooting Japs," he replied.

## A PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

(Continued from page 6)

players due to blessed expectations than to the draft," the orchestra says jokingly.

Actually getting together to rehearse is one of the symphony's biggest problems. Its members come from as far east as Greenville, as far west as Cullowhee, 70 miles beyond Asheville. Between concerts they rehearse in sections. When the date for a performance draws near they meet for several days of constant rehearsals, then give a concert.

One of the most progressive features of the orchestra is its children's series. Free matinees for children are performed in any community which arranges for the regular concert appearance of the orchestra.

Packaged in gay wrappings and much tinsel the symphony makes itself attractive to children. A big orchestra is an exciting thing to watch, for the visual side of music is as appealing to children as the

auditory. To demonstrate the parts of the orchestra, Mrs. Adeline McCall of Chapel Hill and Dr. Swalin have worked out a quiz program among the various sections of the orchestra. The percussion section is introduced and asked to beat out the rhythm of a familiar piece of music. The brasses in turn try to play the tune that goes with the rhythm. By the time the contest gets under way the children are sitting on the edges of the seats, their interest thoroughly aroused.

The state symphony orchestra arose from the soil of North Carolina like warriors from the seed of dragon's teeth. A mass of musicians spread from the coast to the mountains became in a few months an army of talent. Regardless of its artistic merits, however, an orchestra has got to live. And in this day and time it takes money.

The normal budget of a big symphony orchestra ranges from \$100,000 a year upward. Yet our state symphony struggles along on \$2,000 a year plus donations. To assure its own life, to establish itself permanently, it needs increased appropriations to provide for transportation, facilities and salaries. For all his toil Dr. Swalin has not received one penny for his work as conductor. Yet musicians often find it convenient to eat.

Football today is no longer regarded as a college sport for boys who like to get a lot of exercise. It is an advertisement, and as such fits into the realm of big business. Undisputedly, it is good advertisement for a university . . . it appeals to the people. But so does good music. The North Carolina State Symphony obviously needs a home. At present it is something like the proverbial traveling salesman, and that is not a healthy kind of life to lead.

The University could use a symphony whose home quarters were established on the Carolina campus. Here in the geographic and cultural center of the state it could rehearse. Here it could give a series of concerts for several weeks in the winter. Here it could find a home and settle down to more organized work.

The state symphony orchestra brings to the surface the cultural possibilities of North Carolina. It puts before the people mental, artistic food. And people are more liable to eat when the food is before them. This University plays a similar role in the life of the state. An understanding between both institutions would seem definitely beneficial to both.

This is not a suggestion that the orchestra become Carolina property, like the library or the Arboretum. But it could become associated with the University. Like a native son it could return to the village and find itself more stable by having a place to call home.

Before the North Carolina Symphony orchestra lies a great future. Before it lies the chance to reflect to the outside world the talents, the possibilities of the state that created it.

## Times Skips a Beat

(Continued from page 8)

icy weather. You both must wear your overshoes. And remember, daylight-saving time goes into effect tomorrow, so you will lose an hour's rest tonight. Perhaps we should all retire early. But I must not forget to set all the clocks forward one hour."

Mr. Hitts smiled slyly. "Collecting rent-money isn't an unpleasant task for me Frances. I rather enjoy it. I always feel as if I've had a successful week of work when I have the money in my pocket."

Pritchard, Jr., awakened with a start from the mental foggiest that was quite usual with him, especially after a heavy dinner. "I don't enjoy it. Why do I always have to get up every Sunday morning and go over to those nigger houses with you?" He was a pudgy young man with watery, blue eyes, and he spoke in a whiny voice. "Can't we go some other day? I like to sleep."

"Of course not. We must go son," Mr. Hitts spoke very seriously. "I have gone for twenty years, ever since the first day that your mother persuaded me to buy the lots and houses. I tried going on Monday one week and found that all the negroes had spent their pay or given it to the revival. I know from experience that Sunday morning at six o'clock is the only time we'll find them at home; they go to work at seven. Besides, they depend on us to get them up in time for work on Sundays. Why, our visits are a kind of tradition with them."

Mrs. Hitts nodded her approval. "You see, your father is not thinking of himself. He is considering his renters. He would dislike to see them all late for their jobs on Sunday morning." Mrs. Hitts rose and walked erectly to the old-fashioned clock that stood in the corner of the room. It was nine o'clock. Frowning to see the place, she inserted the clock key and set the hands at ten.

\* \* \*

With the intruding sound of a knock on the door, Alpharetta, Willie Pearl's daughter, stretched a lanky leg, opened one eye and closed it again. Willie Pearl roused herself from sleep on her cot and lifted her weight on her elbow.

"It's dat Hitts fambly come to get dat rent. Ain't we niggers neber gwine get no peace? Dey eben come after usens in de night-time." Willie Pearl got out of bed in the darkness and found a heavy, brown shawl which was evidently her substitute for a bathrobe. Alpharetta began to snore.

"Dat's right, honey. Doan' let dem

white folks bodder you. Oh, mah poor corns!" She fumbled for the oil lamp. By this time the knocks were louder, and impatient voices could be heard outside. Willie Pearl lifted the lamp and searched for the doorknob.

"Mawnin', Mr. Hitts," she said, and the lamplight showed her face framed by a crown of white rag curlers that stood out like stiff fingers.

"Good morning, Willie Pearl," Mr. Hitts said in a cool voice. He did not need to explain why he had come. Pritchard, Jr., stood shivering against the porch rail.

Willie Pearl shuffled back across the floor, her flannel nightgown leaving a freshly dusted path behind her. She reached for the tin sardine box on the shelf and brought it down, holding it tightly. She opened it and counted three dirty paper dollars that smelled faintly of fish. Mr. Hitts had come halfway across the room, his palm outstretched toward the money. Willie Pearl sniffled and mutely gave it to him. Twice he counted to three, and then tucked the money into his billfold. Pritchard, Jr., was asleep on the porch when his father came out.

Willie Pearl looked out of the window through the broken pane. "It sho' looks dahk outside to me. But if Mr. Hitts have come, hit's time to wake from re-tire-ment 'cause dat man's always heah atta co-rect time. Alpharetta, Alpharetta, honey, open yo' beautiful eyes and see de light." Alpharetta knocked her head against her pillow and stuck one black leg out from under the cover.

By the time Mr. Hitts and Pritchard, Jr., had visited all of their renters and were driving their Cadillac from the dirt road onto the pavement, Negrotown had awakened. It was a huddled mass of grey-streaked houses with yellow lamplight shining from every window. Now and then a black figure came out of a door and started down the middle of the road.

And as Willie Pearl was frying a "streak o' lean, streak o' fat," Alpharetta was telling her in a shrill, high voice, "That white lady of mine does de most irritating things. It's jes' plain-ly disgusting. There's one thing I refuses to do and that's wash windows. She'll jes' have to hire a colo'ed boy to do de manual labor. I's simply not strong enuf. Is I, Mamma?"

"No, Alpharetta, honey. Youse jes' a baby. A mere baby."

\* \* \*

Dawn was faintly coloring the hori-

zon when Willie Pearl put the coffee pot on the stove in the Johnsons' kitchen. She got out the dishes for the breakfast table, and then pulled a stool toward the stove so that she could sit and watch the coffee boil.

Upstairs, Harry Johnson awakened to the sounds of tingling silver and clattering china, and Willie Pearl's shuffling feet. It was so dark that he had to turn on the lamp to see the clock. Six o'clock! What an ungodly hour for Willie Pearl to come to work, he thought. Why, she always came at seven, and on Sundays she was usually late. Emma was still sleeping peacefully. He closed his eyes and tried to go back to sleep. Willie Pearl continued to bang pots and pans as if she were actually trying to wake them up. Harry couldn't go back to sleep. He never could after he had once awakened. Besides, he was angry and nervous and extremely irritated with Willie Pearl—with Emma, too, because she could sleep through the noise. He lay there for nearly an hour, storing up his annoyance. At last he decided to awaken his wife—so that she could share his misery while somebody slashed knives and banged doors downstairs.

"Emma," he growled, "Emma, wake up and listen to that blasted noise downstairs."

Emma woke up smiling. "Good morning, Harry. Why, what's the matter, dear?" He was sitting up in the bed.

"Don't you hear? Can't you smell? Willie Pearl is cooking breakfast. Cooking breakfast at this hour on Sunday morning—and what's more, she's been at it since six. Anybody who dares disturb my sleep at dawn should be fired. Yes, she should be fired! Immediately. This morning is not too soon. You'll have to fire her today, Emma."

Emma continued to smile, and she spoke sweetly. "I'll have to fire her? Why, Harry, what have I to do with it? You handle your maid trouble and leave me out of it." She stepped out of bed and walked to the window to breathe in the cool morning air. "And besides, darling, I like Willie Pearl. She is always so thoughtful of me."

Harry was tightening his jaws. "Emma, don't act like a fool. Turn around and look at me. Can you think of any possible explanation. . . ." The phone rang.

"Hello," Mrs. Johnson said coolly. "Why, hello, Sarah. Yes, Willie Pearl is here. Mattie is there? Is that so? Have you talked to Ida? Well, I declare! I wonder why! What could have come over them? Sarah, do you suppose they've changed? Nothing like that has ever happened before. You

know how slow Willie Pearl is. What? I just don't know. This is the oddest thing. Yes, yes. I'm glad you called. Goodbye."

Emma looked puzzled. "Sarah says that she saw the lights in our kitchen and decided to call. She said that she thought it was so strange because Mattie is there, too. So is Ida's cook. The entire neighborhood is disturbed."

Harry leaped out of bed. "All I can say is they should all be fired. Probably got drunk last night and haven't got over it." He turned on the radio and continued to mumble. The news announcer was signing off in crisp, distinct tones: "The weatherman reports that the temperature will be fair and colder today—temperature extremes ranging between 20 and 25 degrees. But one word of warning, ladies and gentlemen, before I conclude this program. Before you go to bed tonight, don't forget to set your clocks ahead one hour, because—as you all know—on Monday morning the entire nation begins life on daylight-saving time.

From the hall downstairs a slow, thick voice called, "Breakfast's ready, you all." The Johnsons did not reply. Willie Pearl raised her voice. "You all, yo' breakfast's ready." Still receiving no answer, Willie Pearl turned from the staircase and shuffled back into the kitchen. "I guess dat radio's so loud dey just can't heah me. Deh's probably kind of tired, anyhow. I guess maybe dey needs a little somethin' hot to wake 'em up." She went into the pantry and brought out a bright blue tray painted with red geraniums. She poured out two cups of hot coffee and filled the rosebud sugar bowl. She found a bottle of fresh, thick cream in the refrigerator. Willie Pearl smiled at the color and fragrance of the tray when it was assembled, and holding it proudly before her, she started up the stairs.

Mr. Johnson heard her coming, and when she arrived at the bedroom door the man flung it open. His angry words were held back by Willie Pearl's gleaming smile. Although his face was covered with shaving lather and he held a razor in his hand, he didn't look fierce to Willie Pearl; but she did notice that he wasn't looking happy. However, she felt wonderful herself. "Mr. Johnson, I jes' thought that you might do with a lil' coffee to wake you all up and make you feel right spry."

Harry held out his hands for the tray. His expression became almost pleasant. Mrs. Johnson called good morning from the day bed on the other side of the room. She seemed pleased, too. Willie Pearl grinned and turned

"Waiter, are you sure this ham was cured?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it's had a relapse."

Lady: "Why are you so excited, little boy? Can't you sit still?"

Little Boy: "Lady, is that any question to ask a gentleman?"

Called: Is your mother engaged?

Little Boy: I think she's married.



They had been sitting in the swing in the moonlight alone. No word broke the stillness for half an hour until—

"Suppose you had money?" she asked. "What would you do?"

He threw back his chest in all the glory of young manhood: "I'd travel."

He felt her warm young hand slide into his. When he looked up, she was gone.

In his hand was a nickel.

An inscription on the tombstone of an army mule named Maggie: "In memory of Maggie, who in her lifetime kicked one General, four colonels, two majors, ten captains, twenty-four lieutenants, forty-two sergeants, 454 privates and one bomb."

With the advent of the peroxide shortage, many men are amazed to find that they have been preferring brunettes all along.

away, giving her shoulders a shrug.

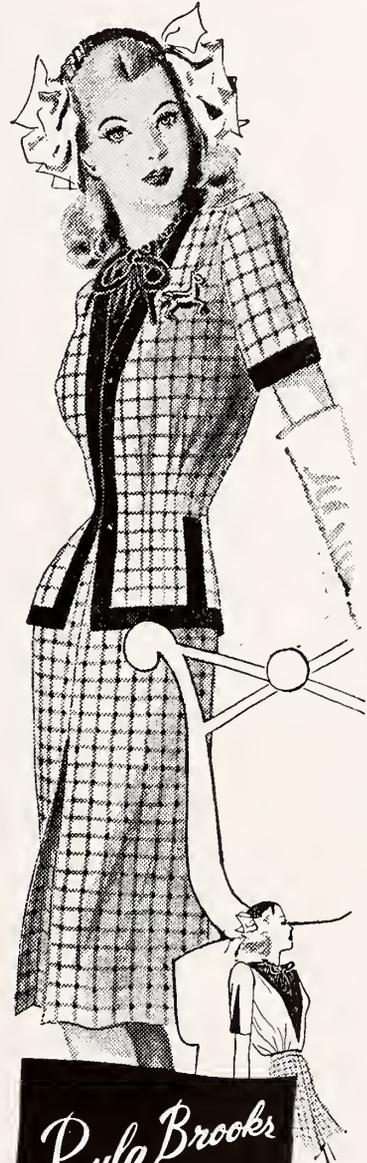
After she had gone, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson looked at each other.

"Well, Harry, why didn't you fire her?" Emma said.

"You know I couldn't do it just then. Not after this!" He held the cheerful tray before him.

Mrs. Johnson laughed. "Oh, Harry, dear, you're such a mouse. Come on, bring me my cup of coffee. And—watch out! Now look at you. Move your head. Your shaving cream is dripping right into my coffee."

*"Mandarin Miss"*



*Paula Brooks*  
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# The Righteous Jive



By ART SOYBEL

**L**OOK out you cats and you chicks! the hot music of America is really jumpin' these days! and all those ickies that aren't hip to the righteous jive are missing a lot of solid sending on the new platters that have been coming out for the past few months and will continue to come out in the future.

One reason for all the new Jazz records which have come out in the last few months is the fact that Papa Petrillo, head 'gate of the American Federation of Musicians, has lifted the recording ban and now platters are coming out in full swing. The record companies realize by now that quite a proportion of the population is interested in real jazz more than ever before and not merely in com-

mercial schmaltz.

In order to give you an idea of the calibre of the new records I will list a few of the best records that have been issued in the last few months.

Two new platters by the Duke of Hot, Duke Ellington, are: *Johnny Come Lately* backed by Main Stem and *Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me* backed by Chloe. Both records are superb. J. C. L. and M. S. are new compositions by the Duke and are both very exciting records. Ben Webster's tenor work on Main Stem is worthy of note and Rex Stuart plays well on both sides. *D. N. T. Y. H. F. M.* is in reality the same disc that was released a few years ago under the name of *Concerto for Cootie*. The entire recording

features the magnificent trumpet work of Cootie Williams (who, by the way, took first place in the Esquire jazzpoll this year). The composition was written by the Duke specially for Mr. Williams. *Chloe* is a Duke treatment of that old standard tune and this side shows how the Duke can take an ordinary pop tune and make it into a piece of art. Ben Webster's solo on *Chloe* is again very fine, showing his flexibility by being able to play both sweet and hot music to perfection.

Colman Hawkins has made two great sides for Signature Records. *Star Dust* being the better of the two. Although Colman isn't what he used to be on the tenor sax he is still one of the best tenor men in the music racket. He is still con-

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sidered the all time great on his instrument.

The Esquire Jazz band, comprised of the winners of the Esquire poll, have cut four sides under the commodore label. They are as follows: *Mop Mop*, *My Ideal*, *Esquire Bounce* and *Esquire Blues*. All the men, who play on these records, do very fine work. The lineup is as follows: Al Casey on the guitar, Art Tatum on the piano, Colman Hawkins on the tenor, Cootie Williams on the trumpet, Edmond Hall on the clarinet, Oscar Pettiford on the bass and Big Sid Cattlet on the drums.

That famous tenor man, who was featured for years with Count Basie, Lester Young, has made two records for the Keynote label. The four sides are: *Sometimes I'm Happy*, *Afternoon of a Basiette*, *Just Me*, *Just You* and *I Never Knew*. On these sides is displayed the remarkable bass work of Slam Stewart, the only bass man in captivity who bows his bass on the hot solos. He is really something to hear. No one should miss these great sides which feature the drumming of Sid Catlett, the piano of Johnny Guinarie, and the tenor of Lester Young.

The King Cole trio has just released one of the best combined Jazz-novelty records that your columnist has ever heard. It is on the Capitol label and is entitled *Straighten Up and Fly Right*. There is some mighty tasty piano by King Cole, some fine guitar by Oscar Moore and swell bass work by Red Callander. The other side is also very fine and is entitled *I Can't See for Lookin'*.

There are many more of these fine records that I could list for you now but the task would be endless. My suggestion to all of you cats would be to drop around to the nearest record shop and dig these platters for yourself. I am confident that you will like them if you haven't as yet heard them.

\* \* \*

If there are any questions about

Jazz music in your Mind you can get the answers to them in a fine book that has just been written by that famous Belgian authority on Jazz, Robert Goffin. The book is simply titled *Jazz* and it tells the history of jazz as well as the mechanics of the art.

•

He: Let's create a disturbance.  
She: You'll marry me first.

•

Sweet But Not So Gaudy: "I dread to think of my twenty-fifth birthday."  
Ed: "Why, what happened?"

•

Annie Rutz, daughter of the local candy storekeeper, is the Virgin Mary in this year's production of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. She is the first blonde Virgin for a century.

•

He: "There's a reason for my liking you."  
She: "My goodness."  
He: "Don't be silly."

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## CAESAR BY GOD

(Continued from page 13)

am not sure whether it was the preacher's prayers or Caesar's footwork that finally caused the bull dog to lose his balance. At any rate, he won and my mother invited everybody in for coca colas and cookies after the fight. The story got in the papers along with a picture of my mother binding up a wound on Caesar's tail. About a month later Mr. Trimble sold his house and moved over to Sunset Hills, where dogs and people were more cultured. He gave the bulldog to his wife's brother who lived in the next county.

The only time I remember that Caesar By God took a licking was when he tangled up with a billy goat that was chained out on the ball field across from cur house. But he even got some sort of victory out of that. The goat didn't fight according to dog rules and caught Caesar in a full charge that sent him sailing through the air. After being hurled through space a half dozen times Caesar gave up trying to conquer the billygoat and trotted off home. But anyhow he had learned to do a running one and a half flip in the air, and did it once for a newsphotographer who put his picture in the paper again. He always got something out of an experience like that.

There was one peculiar thing about Caesar that none of us ever understood. He liked to eat coal, especially if it were real black and shiny. He would turn down bones and dog biscuits if he could get a nice piece or two of coal. This may have had something to do with his ferocious nature.

Unfortunately Caesar did not exercise enough care in his selection of enemies. As a consequence he had a disastrous falling out with the town dog catcher, Mr. Lock. Caesar and Mr. Lock broke off friendly relations one Easter Sunday morning just before the church hour when he mistook the left trouser leg of Mr. Lock's new white suit for a poddle dog and ripped it up considerably. From then on, it was an insane race between the dog catcher, Caesar By God, and my mother. They were always hiding from each other or trying to find one another, or something very disconcerting. The dog catcher finally won. He caught Caesar off guard one day while he was watching me play tennis and shot him coward like from the back. It was a low trick because he got Caesar while he was admiring my beautiful forehand lob. At the same time Mr. Lock fired the shots this car backfired out in the street and I didn't see Mr. Lock, nor hear Caesar By God yelping.

My oldest brother found out about it though and he was pretty mad about the

(Continued on page 24)

A Mississippi steamboat was stopped owing to a dense fog. A nosey passenger inquired the cause of the delay.

"Can't see up the river," said the captain laconically.

"But I can see the stars overhead," the passenger came back sharply.

"Wal," said the captain, "unless that loose boiler busts we ain't going that way."

Frosh: "I don't think I deserve a zero."

Prof.: "Neither do I, but it's the lowest mark I'm allowed to give."

Well dressed man, cigar in hand, falling through the air from an airplane: "Gad! That wasn't the wash room after all!"

### THIS POOR PLAYER

(Continued from page 9)

Boston and had met Charley she had found this intense fat-boy looking at her and had thought what every woman thinks when she sees a man staring at her. Now she knew. Yet she couldn't express this new-discovered wisdom. She herself liked the show she was in, but it wouldn't last. None of them ever did. It would be last curtains to-night.

"Well, what do you say, gypsy?"

She had looked away from him, but now her eyes sought his.

"Well . . . Peewee . . ."

"Hey," broke in the voice of Charley, "what's goin' on here?" The two started guiltily.

Peewee, embarrassed at the interruption, moved away. Charley, fully-dressed now for the evening, sauntered to the front of the counter and sat down beside Anne.

"Peewee, you good-natured ton of lard, what are you tellin' my gal?"

"Oh, Charley, now don't be that way," began Anne in a high voice. (If only Peewee didn't feel shy in front of Charley.)

"Ahh!" snorted Peewee loudly as he began to busy himself with the pie shelf. Charley looked at Anne with a slow secret smile.

"Peewee, you take the shift to-morrow night like a good egg."

Peewee turned with anguish in his face. "But Charley, I got tickets for that show uptown."

"I know . . . I know," demurred Charley slowly, "but you don't expect a newly-married man to work on his day off, do you?"

Anne couldn't look at Peewee as she and Charley walked into the Elevator clatter of Tremont Street.

THE END

"Are you the boy who took my order?" asked the impatient gentleman in the restaurant.

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter politely.

"Well, I'll be darned," he remarked, "you don't look a day older."

First—"Whatcha looking for?"

Second—"My pocketbook."

First—"Where'd you lose it?"

Second—"Down the street."

First—"Why ya looking for it here?"

Second—"More light."

First—"Oh."

—Pelican



Knock, knock.

St. Peter: "Who's there?"

Voice outside gates: "It is I."

St. Peter: "Go to hell. We have enough English teachers in here now."

"I don't like the way that blonde actress across the street dresses."

"How does she dress?"

"In the dark."

—Boulder

Pledge (at dinner table)—"Must I eat this egg?"

Brother—"Yer darn right!"

Silence—

Pledge—"The beak too?"

### CAESAR BY GOD

(Continued from page 23)

dog being shot like that because he said if Caesar had had the gun it would have been a different story. He didn't like the idea of a cop shooting a dog under any such odds as that. So my brother went up to Mr. Lock's house and hit him on the nose a couple of times and knocked him over the porch swing. My mother was very proud that my brother was so strong as to be able to knock a policeman over a porch swing, so she made him a chocolate cake to eat while he was waiting for the trial to come up. It cost about twenty-five dollars, but everybody was on my brother's side because nobody liked Mr. Lock. As my grandfather said when he visited us the next Christmas, "If a man doesn't like a dog there is something bad wrong about him."

During the trial we kept getting all sorts of mail from people about how they admired my brother for knocking the policeman over the swing. It must have got in all the papers, because my brother got a check from a man in California for fifty dollars, to pay the fine and buy another dog. This was the last time Caesar By God got his name in the paper, but we have several pictures of him in the family album. He looks nicest when his ears are sticking straight up. I guess he was the most interesting dog we ever had . . . he sure was a fighter.

THE END

There was a young lady named Banker Who slept while the ship was at anchor.

She woke in dismay When she heard the mate say, "Now hoist up the topsheet and spanker."



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