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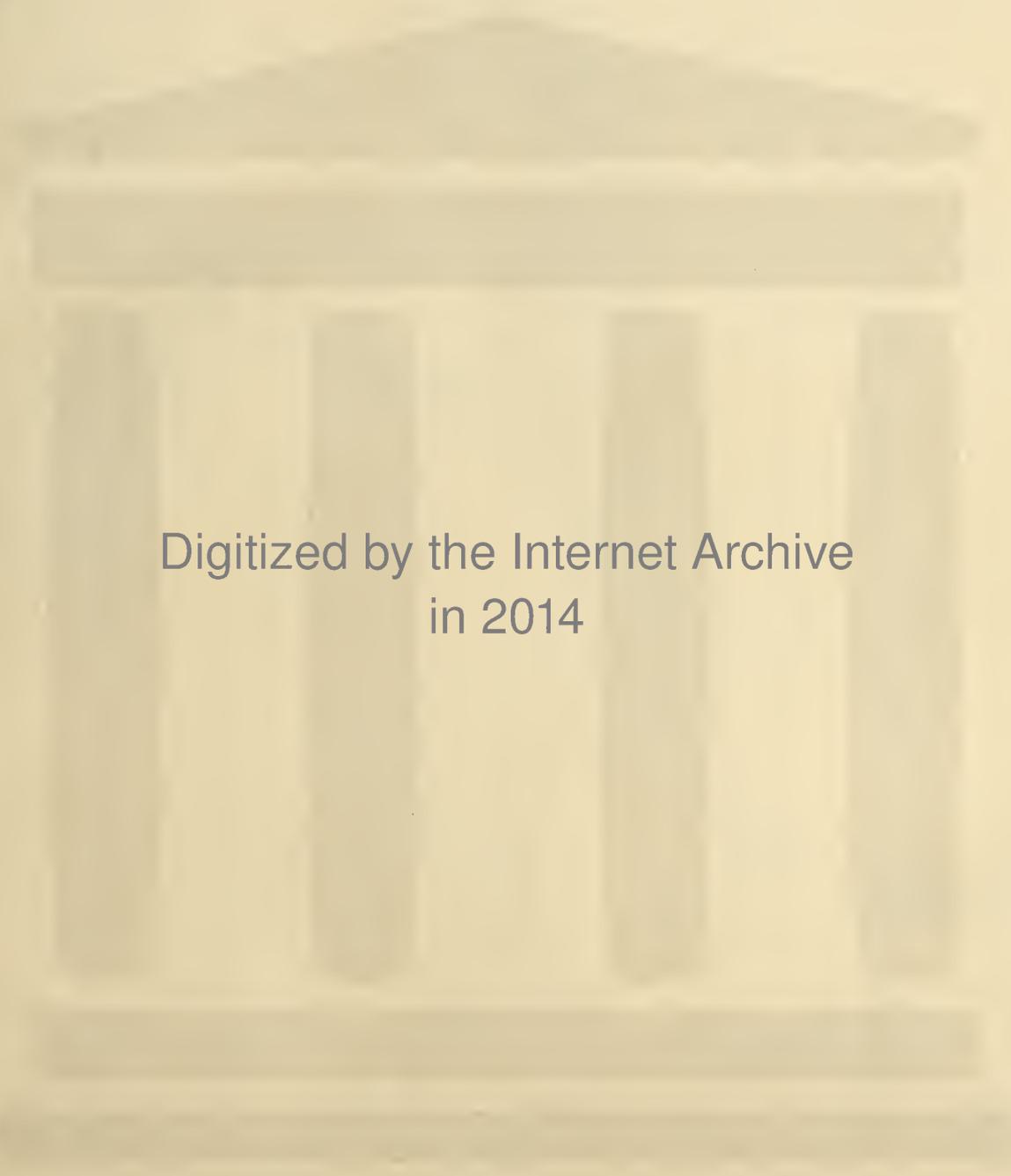
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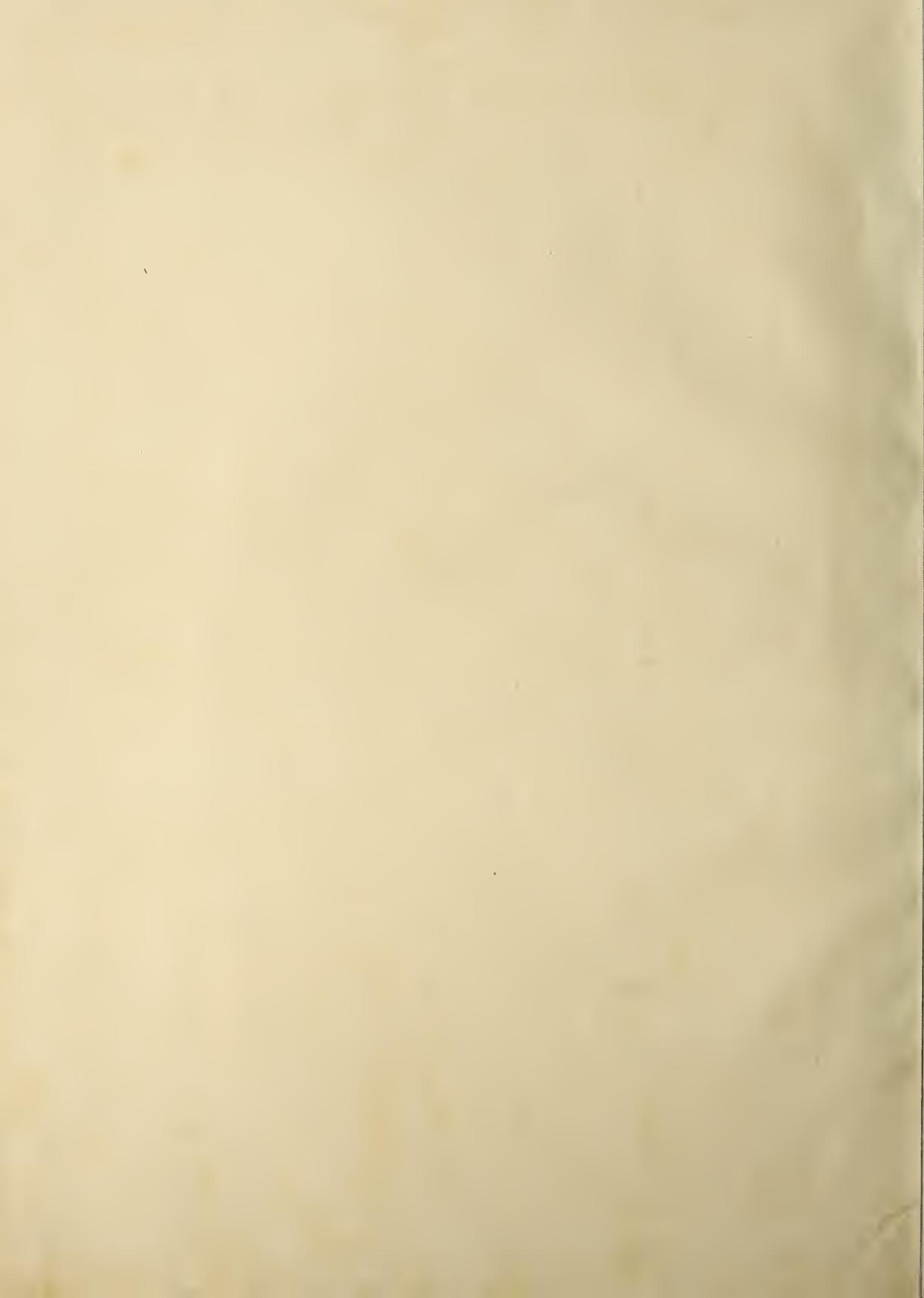
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The Carolina
MAGAZINE

see MAD RUSH page 5

October 1947

"Experience is the Best Teacher!"

in aerial acrobatics—
and in smoking too,"
says **ROSE GOULD**,
aerial sensation of
the Big Top



ROSE GOULD HANGS BY HER HEELS — WITH NO OTHER SUPPORT AND NO NET — IN A STUNT THAT MAKES EVEN VETERAN CIRCUS HANDS BLINK!



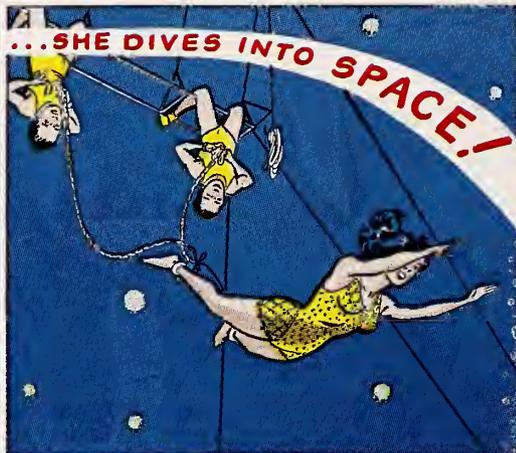
SHE'S 75 FEET UP — WITH NO NET BELOW! IT'S THE MOST DARING AERIAL ACT I'VE SEEN YET!



YES, SHE FELL ONCE — CABLE BROKE — THIS IS HER FIRST APPEARANCE SINCE

SHE'S GETTING READY FOR THE DIVE NOW

FROM 75 FEET UP — WITH NO NET...



...SHE DIVES INTO SPACE!



— STOPPED BY THE WIRE — STUCK AROUND HER ANKLES — ONLY THREE FEET FROM THE GROUND!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



I'VE SEEN THRILLING PERFORMANCES, MISS GOULD — BUT NOTHING TO MATCH YOURS

HAVE A CAMEL — AND TELL US HOW YOU DEVELOPED THOSE STUNTS

I LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE... JUST AS I LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE THAT CAMEL IS THE CIGARETTE FOR ME



I SMOKED MANY BRANDS DURING THE WARTIME CIGARETTE SHORTAGE — CAMELS SUIT ME BEST!

Rose Gould

Featured aerialist of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus

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T FOR THROAT...
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Varsity

CAROLINA MAGAZINE

The University of North Carolina Periodical of Campus Life

Published Since 1844

October, 1947

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FICTION

SUMMER INTERLUDE	James Rathburn	8
IT'S TIME FOR SNOW	Alan L. Smith	9
A LOT OF NOISE	Janet Johnson	11
IN THE DARK OF THE MORNING STAR	John Lawler	14
THE JOURNEY	Louise Stevens	17
RITUAL	Bob Sain	17

FEATURES

THE MAD RUSH	Yarborough, Barker	5
HOW TO WATCH THE TAR HEELS	Sink, Carmichael	12
MAN OF THE MONTH	Gibson, Baxter	16
CAROLINA PARADE	Heffner	18
FASHION	Barbara Dalton	38

HUMOR

FRESH FROSH	Jack Niles	10
NOW IT CAN BE TOLD	John Davis	20

POETRY

WAITING: THE REDCAPS	Cid Corman	8
PORTRAIT OF J CHRIST	Cid Corman	8
THE STRFET	Frank Groseclose	39
SINCE WHEN	Frank Groseclose	39
TRANSLATIONS FROM PAUL VERLAINE	James Patty	39

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CIRCULATION

Owen Lewis

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The first sincere smile of sorority rush week was registered by cute Camilla Jonas when she received her bid to pledge. Photo by Wilson Yarborough.

OUT of the tumultous events at the Armistice signing at Reims two and a half years ago came a stinging challenge when a clever German remarked that some of the Western Allies were making peace with the wrong people. This typical jewel of Prussian arrogance has proved the Western allies to be greater fools than their former enemy in the aftermath.

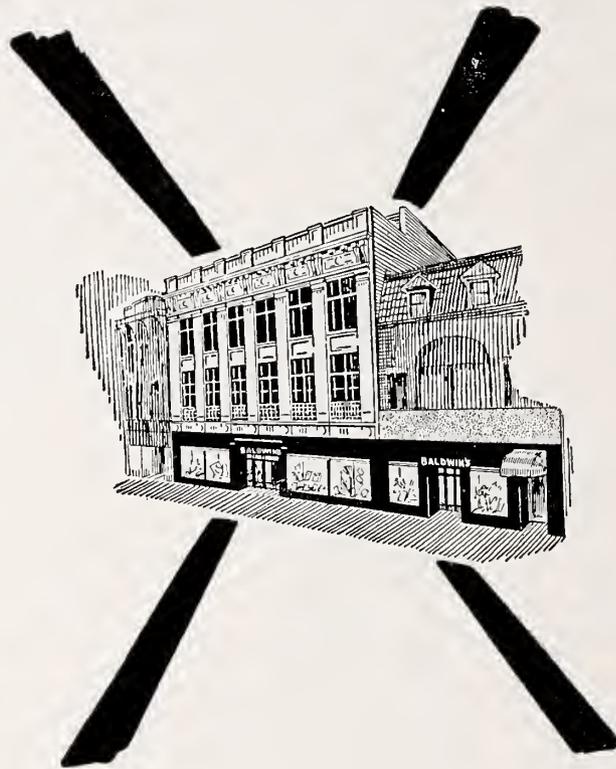
Our country right or wrong becomes a bewildering concept as nations jump from one extreme to the other. Sensible international understanding is difficult without the education necessary to accomplish order among the confused people of the world searching for the light of truth. Their hunger for order can only be alleviated by intelligent and rational people.

Warnings of revolutions in the threat of utter despair are rampant as Europe faces its most miserable winter. While food shipments will fill the immediate gap, education must foster European leadership toward progress in the future.

The WSSF drive on campus this week is designed to help. In face of the devastated existence which students, like you, in other countries have to endure your conscience should force you to be generous on their behalf. Europe must have educated people to bring the nations back to normalcy. Fail them in this respect, then other forces will take hold unscrupulously and repeat the scenes from which you thought you had just escaped.

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marks the Spot where University men and
women find what they want*



* The Store of Specialized Shops . . . in Durham



THE MAD RUSH

The Sound and Fury signifying Sorority Rushing at Carolina

Photographs by Yarborough and Barker

AS IT must to all Carolina coeds, the sorority angel passed over the heads of the University's prayerful and expectant batch of fresh females. On almost all doorjambes, the angel left glad tidings. When the final bated breath was expelled, the majority of those interested in going Greek had gotten just where they wanted to be.

By the end of rush week, both the angel and disciples were extremely happy to return to their normal routine of doing things. If there is a paradox in the whole system designed to pack a house with pledges, it is the anxiety

on the part of both rushers, and rushees. Those already behind sorority doors spend a enervating week anxiously assembling gimmicks and gimcracks sufficiently potent to "help new girls decide what they want to do." For their part, would-be women of the Greek world trot out best dress and manners, hopefully make the rounds of Alpha Delta Pi, Alpha Gamma Delta, Chi Omega, Delta Delta Delta, and Pi Beta Phi.

All of which may seem much like wasted energy. Some anti-social skeptics wonder if parties are the best method for helping fresh (if not fresh-



GUIDED by a sorority woman of good intentions, this rushee walks in with her eyes closed.

Faces were new . . .
but expressions
the same . . .



Winking . . .



Thinking . . .



and Nod.



PART of the '47 contingent ignores an ancient warning: "Beware of Greeks bearing gifts."

man) coeds decide with which women they wish to spend the rest of their natural-born collegiate lives. But emotions as well as rationalism have always played the major part in deciding the way a girl goes. Actually, neither has done too poor a job.

This year there were very few tales of disappointment. The old chestnut of the gal who left school when not pledged was too hackneyed for even the most bitter foe of sororities. The truth is that often both values and detriments of the groups are overplayed.

For UNC's 6500 males the most interesting phase of sorority rushing comes when the sisters slap on greasepaint, knock themselves out trying to amuse the rushees. This year, entertainment held tight to its amateur and amusing level. Nothing radical was instituted. Still barred from the houses during rush week was the week-end wish of every woman at every party: Men.



EVERYONE turns Topsy to greet rushees at a Saturday party. Sorority-staged extravaganzas ended the week's action.



TWO amateur actors call time out for relaxation. Shows were brash, under-rehearsed and ingenious but well-received at each House.



THIS Greek chorus sang of sororities to very willing listeners. New coeds pondered the message, made their decisions, then prayed.



TWO "sisters under the pin" turn their backs on the Mad Rush for another night as curfew rings for the day's activity.



WEARY sororityites find classes the toughest part of the routine. Many a professor noted drooping heads realized that a cherished Carolina institution was having its yearly fling.

Waiting: The Redcaps

By CID CORMAN

Three shadows long behind the darker shapes
of men: one, pockets quietfingered, falls
against a steadying silent balustrade,
his face pondering the weight of dust
that crowds the sunlight's entrance overhead;
one, hands deepinside his trousers, fills
an arch of darkness where only trains impede
the progress of allnight: he probes the tunnel
for bright tracks far on, but none are given
him to see; one, nearest us, with arms
laced behind his back, looks to the coming
of men's faces, looks with sunlight in him;
but, bearing discrimination's red-round hat,
each expects a cold gratuity.

Portrait of J. Christ

By CID CORMAN

so now: taking the mandible from the garbage-pail,
in anatomical resurrection, let us build
his body, imagining a pair of cheeks upon
these hollowed bones, bloodlike with life, and in
the empty orbit, two eyes caressed by quiet tears,
a nose upon this space: jewlike, long and thin;
then let us hang the green excruciated body
on the cross, and there, stapled against the sky,
a specimen of ingenious manhood put to pain,
examine madness inch by inch, measure the hot
latitudes of faith, and after the tabulations
all have been recorded, then shall we unpin
the antique bones, restore them to the litter, proud
for science-sake, thinking death alone has died.

Summer Interlude

by James Rathburn

NINA was lying on her back, face into the Louisiana sun, and the sky was ringed about with a circle of clouds. The talk of sex and green eyes was cut through by shouts and loud explosions as bodies hit the water in awkward shapes and feet flying into space. In the distance, piercing through the miles, came the hooting shriek of passing trains, blended now and then with the lower blasts of river steamers slowly moving over the mud of the Mississippi. The train would be hitting at the earth as each set of wheels went up and then came down to rise up again. Approaching, the hitting would slide into the shuffling choo of escaping steam.

All of this was cut short by a wet foot slipping into Nina's outstretched hand. As she grasped the ankle, the surrounding noise and confusion faded away; and with their leaving, she knew who it was. She opened her eyes, and it was Jake. They were alone at the pool, only the slapping of water against the side remained from the previous harangue. Jake reached down and grasped Nina around the wrist with a soft circle of fingers. She rose up silently beside him.

The lockers were deserted; gone was the old man at the gate. The fighting children had disappeared. The clang of the metal doors as they were pushed shut rang quietly through the air. Nina and Jake dressed and met in the empty court, dropping their keys on the vacant desk.

Outside in the park, only the raucous croak of the locusts and the whispering beat of pigeon wings greeted them. The magnolia trees with their early buds were standing still in the absence of any pushing wind. The slight breeze which scuttled the leaves around their feet was slowly swaying the hanging moss from the grasping fingered limbs of the cypress trees. The ducks noiselessly waddled to the water of the small lake where the single black swan pushed out to the center.

They looked into the carousel as they passed; the glaring lights were out, and in the half darkness, the horses muttered to each other and stamped their hooves at the rotten floor boards. The two camels had moved together and stared at the other animals who, in turn, ignored them.

Coming into the quiet street they were met by the little dog who lives no one knows where. He reached up in his usual fashion and embraced Jake's leg with his forepaws. Jake scratched his head and gently shoved him down. This time he did not follow, but sat back on his rear and simply watched them down the street.

The houses were silent behind their heavy barricades of tropical greenness. Not the silence of keeping still, but the silence of absence; for ahead of them had gone two giant hands, peacefully reaching into each house and lifting out the quiet forms of the people. Out of their afternoon beds, from over their stoves or tables, up from the cool cellars, and down from their hot attics, all of them away and quietly so.

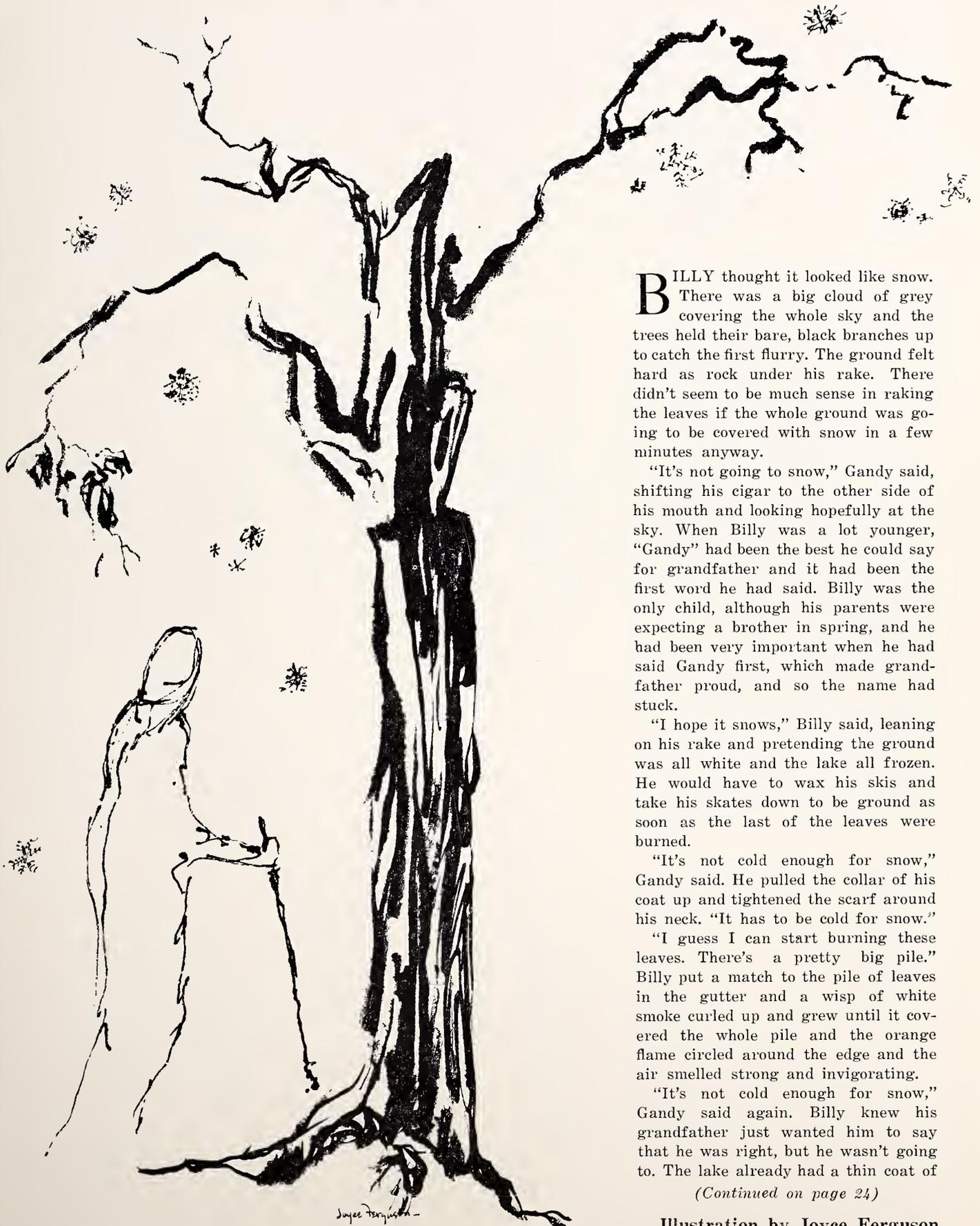
They were alone in the city, in an untimely dawn air, and if they had cared to look to their side and away into the distance, they would have seen the curving shoreline of Texas mingle with the sands of Mexico, and offshore the rolling blue water; the long ragged stretch of Atlantic beach; the leveled plains rising to slope up a jagged hill into peaks; the more than hot desert rocks; the inward beat of the Pacific coast; and the empty cities surrounded by the human deserted farms where cattle lowly chewed. If they had stretched their vision beyond the confining waters and glacial cap, it would have been the same. The earth was empty of people as they quietly moved down the street, turned the corner, and disappeared.

Behind their disappearance, the same two giant hands went along the empty streets and filled the world again with human forms. The stilled engines rose to life, the grease splattered in kitchens, the sweat dripped in the hot air, and covers were thrown in tossing despair. The pool's level line of water was disrupted once more with falling figures, the brown camel returned to his regular place in front of the black lion, while the horses stood noiselessly in their patience to be mounted.

Over the distance came the movement of the trains and the slow roll of the steamers' blast, and beyond, the distance again.

It's Time for Snow

by Alan L. Smith



BILLY thought it looked like snow. There was a big cloud of grey covering the whole sky and the trees held their bare, black branches up to catch the first flurry. The ground felt hard as rock under his rake. There didn't seem to be much sense in raking the leaves if the whole ground was going to be covered with snow in a few minutes anyway.

"It's not going to snow," Gandy said, shifting his cigar to the other side of his mouth and looking hopefully at the sky. When Billy was a lot younger, "Gandy" had been the best he could say for grandfather and it had been the first word he had said. Billy was the only child, although his parents were expecting a brother in spring, and he had been very important when he had said Gandy first, which made grandfather proud, and so the name had stuck.

"I hope it snows," Billy said, leaning on his rake and pretending the ground was all white and the lake all frozen. He would have to wax his skis and take his skates down to be ground as soon as the last of the leaves were burned.

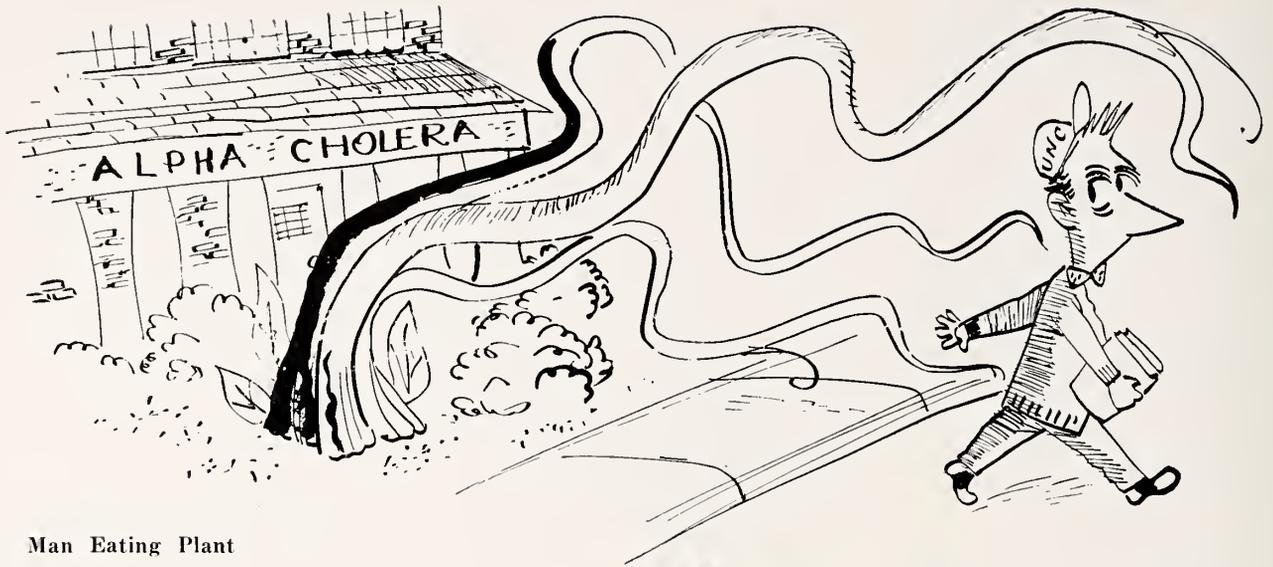
"It's not cold enough for snow," Gandy said. He pulled the collar of his coat up and tightened the scarf around his neck. "It has to be cold for snow."

"I guess I can start burning these leaves. There's a pretty big pile." Billy put a match to the pile of leaves in the gutter and a wisp of white smoke curled up and grew until it covered the whole pile and the orange flame circled around the edge and the air smelled strong and invigorating.

"It's not cold enough for snow," Gandy said again. Billy knew his grandfather just wanted him to say that he was right, but he wasn't going to. The lake already had a thin coat of

(Continued on page 24)

Illustration by Joyce Ferguson



Man Eating Plant



FRESH FROSH



"and I really did lose my identification card!"



Phy. Ed.

Niles

A Lot of Noise

by Janet Johnson

THE street light in front of the high school flicked on. Day had reached that dusky shade. The boys gathered as usual on the slope in front of the school. From this point they could watch as the lights along Main Street came on at uneven intervals.

Jimmy was late on this particular evening. Kicking a pebble down the sidewalk, he slowly approached the meeting place. With one last long swing at the little rock, he lifted his chin an inch and grinned indifferently as he came near the boys. Yep, the gang was already deep in the usual "bull session."

Conversation faded to a murmur as Jimmy joined the crowd.

"Say, Grimes, how's your old man's business? Hear he's selling the furniture store." Tom Williams was a skinny fellow Jimmy never had liked much anyway.

"Yeah!" Jimmy's voice immediately took on a defensive note. "So what?" "Just wondering."

Jimmy found a grassy spot halfway up the embankment and sat down.

"Heard Pop say Mr. Grimes was 'round today blowin' to him about some sort of a new idea. Wanted Pop to invest. But Pop said he was too busy for such tom-foolishness."

"There must always be some rolling stones." John always had an unrelated remark which he called "philosophical."

Jimmy was quiet. He gazed intently at the street light. Tiny bugs flew around and around the bulb. He knew that he ought to say something. But it was hard to explain a man like his dad.

Dad had so many wonderful ideas. Plans for new inventions, tremendous enterprises. Jimmy felt a surge of excitement just thinking about them. Why, last week Dad set up an amazing new heating system in the basement of the store! It was on account of Mama and Marion that he had to go on with just ordinary business. And it was on account of doing plain ordinary work that he drank so much. He had to have some way of knocking out those ideas that bothered him all the time. Dad had once explained it all to Jimmy.

He propped his chin on his knee to keep from sliding down the hill.

"You fellows of course couldn't understand all about it. Business and all

that. But Dad has a better than ever idea. He's going to remake the old Forster building over into a modernistic theatre and run the pictures himself. Nothing but A-1 films." Jimmy got excited talking about it.

"Aw!" Fred was skeptical. "He must've been drunk when he dreamed that one up. Who ever heard of that kind of a theatre in a dump this size. Be swell if he did, though."

Walking home half an hour later, Jimmy thought about how swell it would be. If he just didn't always have to be explaining about Dad to the gang. . . .

Several months passed and Jimmy had little time to spend with the boys. For one thing he was awfully busy running errands for the workmen over at the Forster building. But now the old building was no more and in its place stood a cream-colored cement structure. It looked more than a little out of place on the same street where no one had bothered to remove the old hitching posts in front of the hotel. As he ambled toward the high school, and the street light, Jimmy was thinking about how different it looked from the rest of the town.

It was late autumn now, and the gang had more than ever to talk about. Football season had taken over the conversations.

But the group was silent when Jimmy joined them. All eyes were on the glittering marquee over the new theatre. Its glitter was all the more because of the quiet lights of the other buildings.

"Some joint!" Fred shrugged his shoulders toward the theatre. "Your folks getting rich?"

Jimmy was quiet. He gazed intently at the street light.

Of course the theatre was a good deal. Of course. It was doing real well for a hick town like this one. And Jim remembered that Dad had been in the best spirits since the new business opened.

"Hear the team's going to take on the Louisville Tigers Friday night. Not one of the conference games, though."

Jimmy was glad someone had changed the subject. When the gang broke up, he whistled as he walked back toward the cream-colored building.

For two weeks Tom Williams could not meet with the gang. He had an abscessed ear. Jimmy managed to keep

his Dad and the new theatre out of the conversation for the whole of the two weeks.

The day had been tough for the Grimes family. Jimmy wanted to get away. He wanted to be with the gang when they made a few predictions on the local eleven.

When he reached the crowd gathered under the light in front of the school, he lost some of his enthusiasm. Tom was back with his same old smart-alec smile and a wad of cotton in his ear.

"Say, how's the movie business, fellow?" Tom must want to be friends. But his next words withdrew any such intentions.

"Heard your old man's not doing so hot. Pop says he's blowin' more than ever about something."

What could he tell the boys? Jimmy looked up at the street light. There were no bugs flying around the bulb.

Last night's dinner table conversation still rankled in Jimmy's mind. Dad had been feeling glum for the first time in several weeks. And of all times for Marion to be in a silly, giggly mood! But that was just like a girl. Somebody had called that afternoon to ask her to the Fall Frolics out at the American Legion Hut.

"Damn pie tastes like you put molasses instead of sugar in it." Dad was fuming.

"Now James, it's just that I used frozen peaches instead of fresh fruit. Please don't be so disagreeable, dear." Mom used her best "Be a good boy, now!" voice on Dad.

"Disagreeable? And who wouldn't be disagreeable in my shoes? Work all day, come home to this dinner, a simpering daughter, and a kid who needs a haircut."

Jimmy rubbed one fist behind an ear.

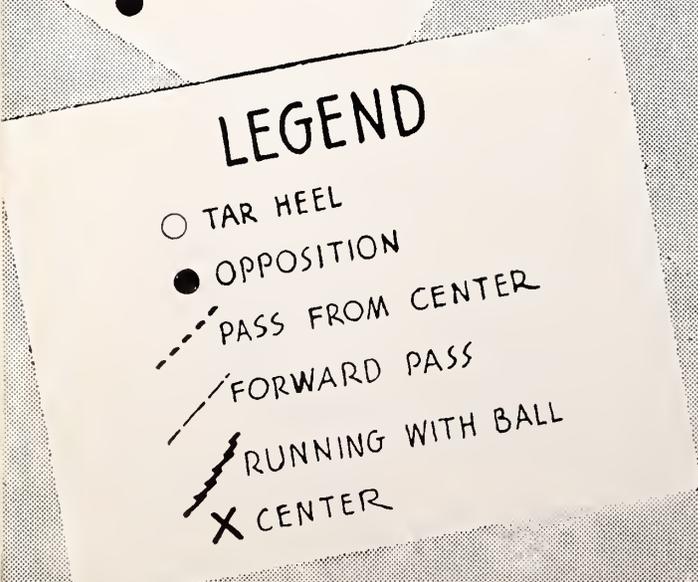
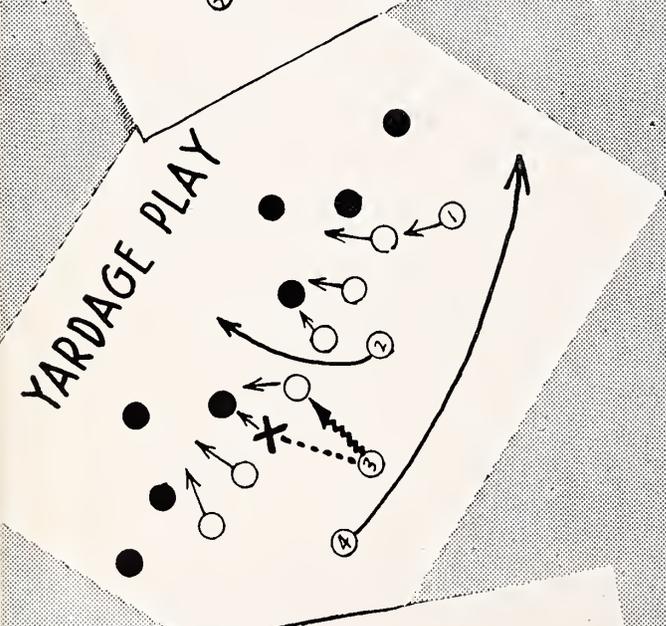
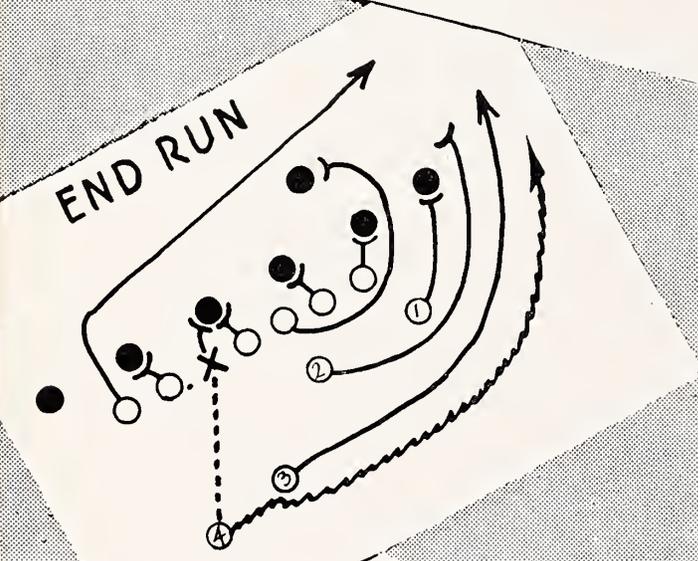
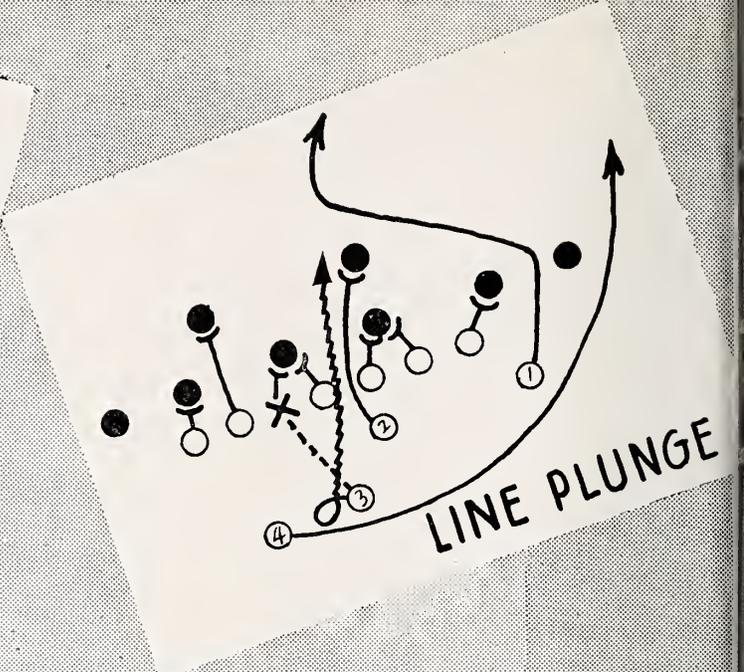
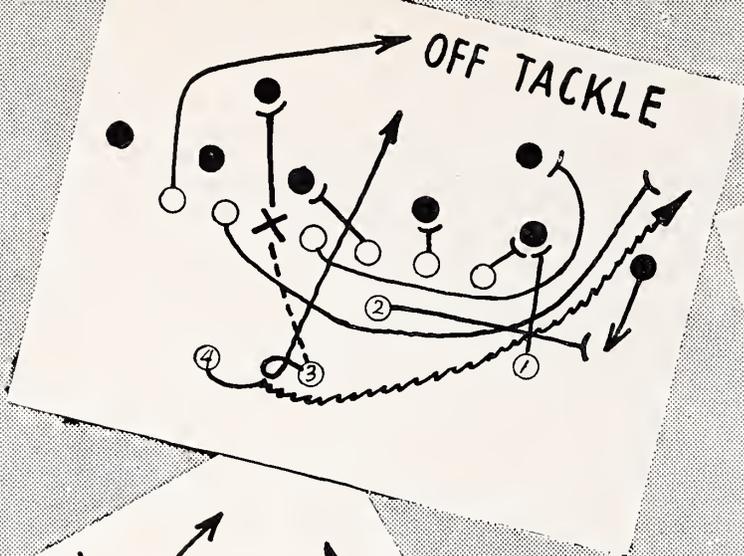
Dad continued, "Everybody concerned with his own business. Nobody interested in my ideas. Looks like I could find a little appreciation here!"

Marion giggled nervously.

"Well, it's the truth! This whole damn town has no imagination. Can't recognize a good idea when they see it. Always keep a man with something new on his mind down."

"Well, maybe this will make you see my side. And you might as well know the worst right now."

(Continued on page 35)



HOW TO WATCH THE TAR HEELS

WITH hundreds of thousands of football fans yearly pouring into the nation's playing arenas to watch their favorite grid aggregation, the great American fall sport has reached a point of complexity where the average fan just doesn't realize what he is paying for when he plunks the weekly admission price down on the ticket counter.

Modern football has become a science, with the old run, block, tackle theory, giving way to precision formations where accent is placed on deceptively fast attacks and contrastingly different deliberate power offenses.

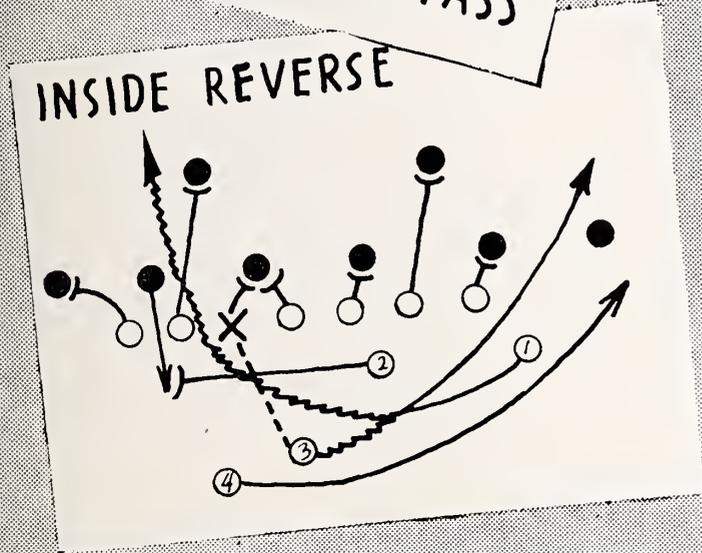
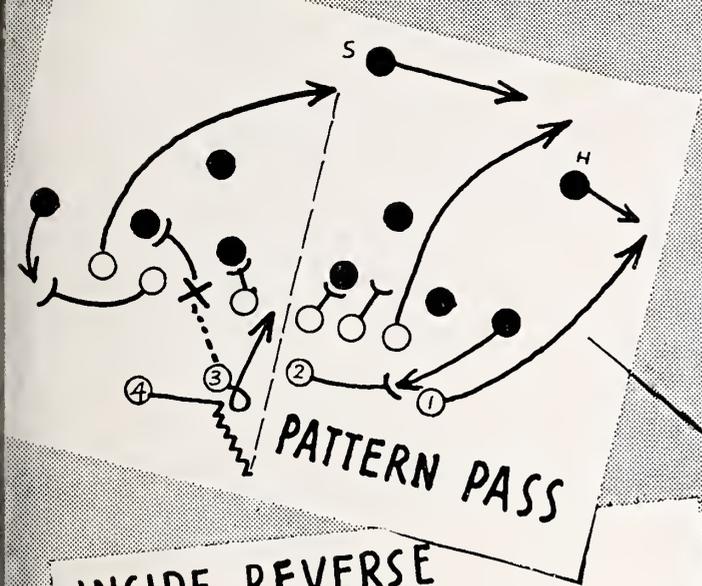
Here at Carolina, the Tar Heels incorporate a power-type attack that is nationally known as the Snavely modified single wing. It operates primarily for the sake of power—the ability to put the most blockers in front of the ball carrier—with deception a secondary endeavor. All plays originate from a left or right formation with the use of an unbalanced line, the two guards being placed on the same side of the center, and the wingback (No. 1 back) spread about two yards outside the strong side end.

The quarterback or blocking back (No. 2 back) is situated behind the strong side guard and tackle, and because of his advantageous position to check defensive posts, calls plays and signals. The other two backs, the tailback (No. 4 back) and the full or plunging back (No. 3 back) are placed almost directly behind the center, the fullback up about a yard, and both in position to receive the ball from center.

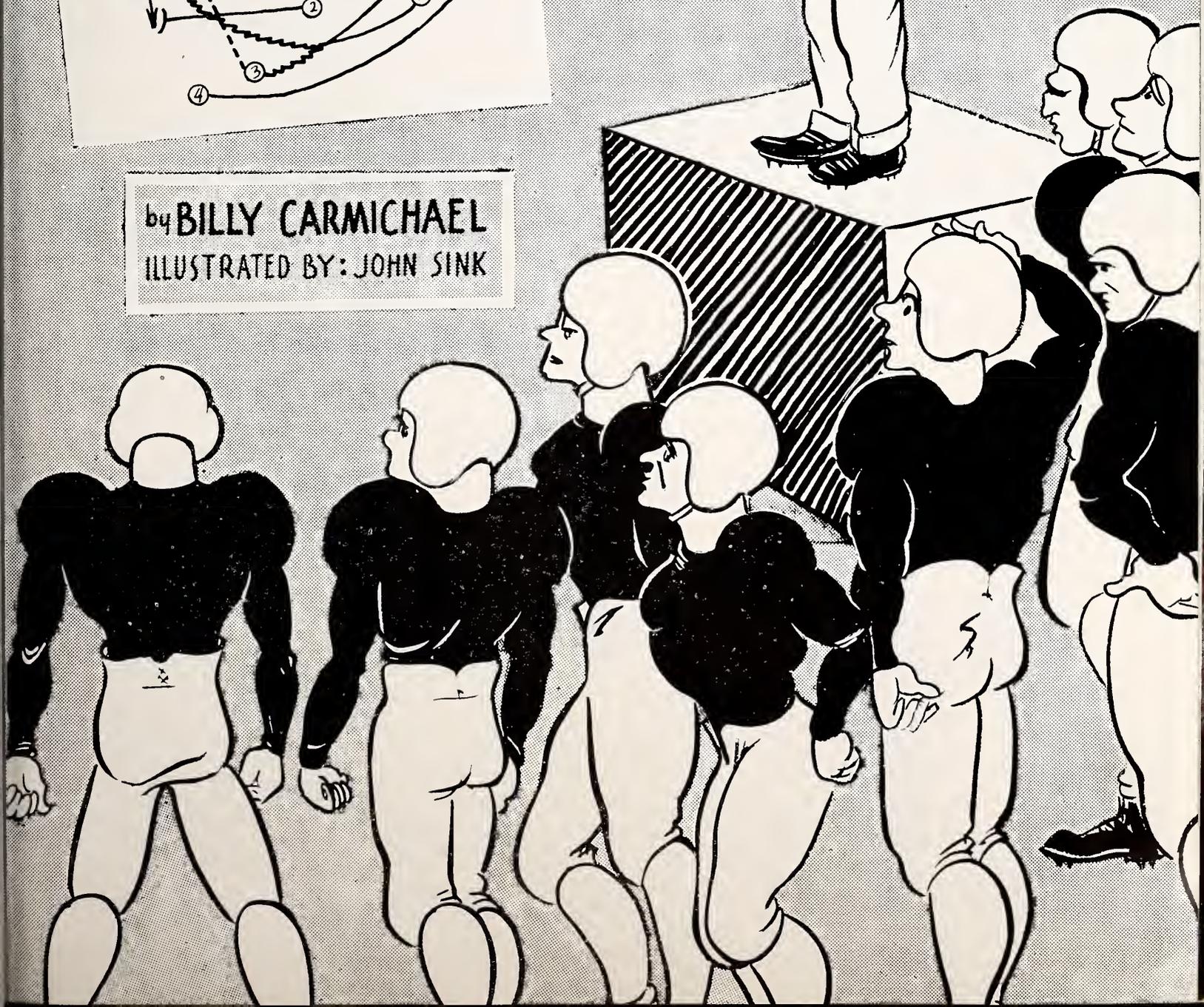
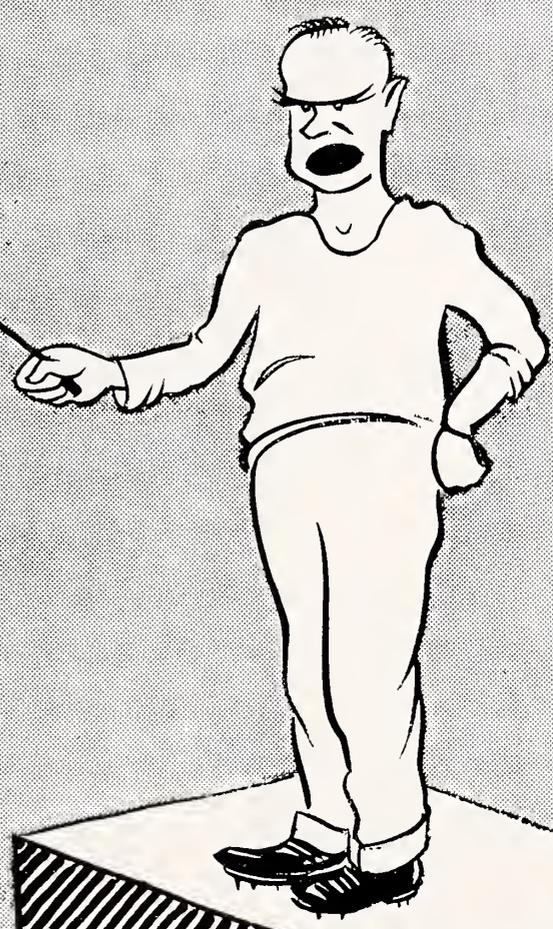
In this formation as in the majority of others, all plays are run in series. This means the Tar Heels have numerous cycles of plays all of which originate in the same manner, but in progress attain a different objective, for the point of forcing the defensive players to commit themselves to a disadvantageous position from which to stop the play.

Take a look at the first of the basic play diagrams. This is an off-tackle smash with the tailback doing the running. On the snap the ball is centered to the fullback who spins

(Continued on page 27)



by **BILLY CARMICHAEL**
ILLUSTRATED BY: **JOHN SINK**



In the Dark of the Morning Star

Story by John Lawler

Illustrations by Bill Harrison

LONELINESS had become a part of me. After a year, I still did not speak to the desk clerk. He knew me and always had the key waiting by the time I crossed the floor, but I never spoke to him. In my room I read most of the time; novels and magazines, and six papers every day.

When I wasn't reading I sat quietly, without waiting. The telephone on the wall never rang, but it was never more than a few seconds away from ringing. Perhaps the sound of ringing moved through time at the same speed as the phone, and the phone never quite caught up with it. Misshapen echoes often reached my ear, sounding like syllables of my name, but, from the street and the hall, no one called. I knew what time is, unmeasured. Every moment was filled with it, and I moved, immobile and irresistibly, through an essence of nothing. Time does not exist, but I did.

I had begun to suspect that I was a little strange. No one else seemed to have it. All the people I saw were busy. They hurried and talked and ate, and it seemed that loneliness could never have touched them. I passed people in the streets and they did not know me, and I did not know them. Without a sense of waiting, I felt that someone would step from the crowds and call my name. Of all those people, someone must have known me.

I will never know what became of that year. I know that I participated in many incidents, for no reason, and without deciding to participate, but I can remember only the routines. It seemed that I was reacting to things correctly, but I could not be sure of this any more than I could be sure that I was reacting at all. While my immaculate privacy had begun to enchant me, I knew a deep

and quiet longing for friendship. I felt a tender sympathy for every man, and there was no one whom I would not have helped in any way, if only I could have received a message.

Yet, had someone spoken it, the words of my name would have sounded strangely. They would have taken their place with all other sounds which glanced off my consciousness. An insidious withdrawal into myself was becoming complete. Nothing entered, and what had been there was evaporating; except self. And I think I know now that it is nothing.

II

After a year, I had to get a job. It was a surprise, one morning, to realize that my money was giving out. There were numerous ads in the Tribune, and I circled one because the salary was fifty dollars, and no experience was necessary. The ad mentioned "welding counter" and a New Jersey shipyard. I went right over.

I stepped off a trolley at the end of the bridge, and stood in the cold sun in front of a huge sign, "Federated Shipyards of America." The trip over from the city took an hour, and I read my paper all the way, without thinking of the job. Now, the officious sign discomfited me. It was surely a waste of time. I didn't even know what the job was.

The yard was grimy and huge. The sun glared back from the concrete and grit, and I had to squint hard. Ships stood straight up, ponderous and towering on their ways in various stages of completion, for half a mile, blue sparkles of light flashing from their sides. Great skeleton cranes, unbelievably tall, groaned along on their tracks, stopping to hoist massive sections of steel plates aloft to the decks of the ships. Black dust, and a throbbing, metal cacophony of sounds crowded the air. Someone pointed out the employment office for me.

It was very simple. The clerk asked me to fill out two forms. He spoke my name inquisitively as he wrote it on a small card, "Athos McCarrin? See Mr. Ryan in the white shack in front of way eleven, he'll tell you about the job. Let me know if you take it."

Mr. Ryan wanted to know if I were afraid of height. The job was to check the welding on the ships, and I had to climb over every inch of them to do it. He asked me which shift I preferred, and I told him the twelve to eight. There would be less work going on at night, and I was afraid that too much noise would bother my head.

I was to start that night. I had to be at work by eleven to give the men their time cards. At ten o'clock, wearing an old suit and my parka, I walked to the subway station.

I was well qualified for the job. I was agile, and high places never bothered me. The foreman introduced me to the other weld-checkers, and I listened quietly to their conversations, while we waited for assignments. Finally, I went outside with the man who was to break me in.

His name was Vladimir Streich. Earlier, he had approved of me rather sardonically because I had pronounced his name correctly. The other men annoyed him by calling him Valdamer. I followed him to way three and up the gangplank as he outlined the work for me. We were given the locations on the ship of each welder and, twice every night, we had to find them and measure the amount of welding they completed. The first thing I would have to





do would be to memorize each part of the ship according to its frame number. When I could visualize the ship by its frames, I would be able to go to the exact spot where each man was working.

We walked forward and went down to the first level. Vladimir cautioned me against looking into the blue flame of the welding arc. The ship was almost completed, and would be launched in two weeks. The welders had many clean up jobs to do on small bulkheads and special machinery. We had to cover the whole ship and then retrace our steps again to be sure that we missed nothing.

The welders were mostly big men, gruff and friendly, and rarely clean shaven. They all had something to say about me when Vladimir stopped them and inquired about their work. "Who's your friend?" "Well, we got a new racket boy. Hope he sticks to his job better than you do." "What have we got here? Picking them kinda young, aren't they. How old are you, kid?" They were so dirty that I was surprised to find them so friendly. The job would be interesting.

Vladimir had a few things to say to me as we covered the ship from bow to stern. "Don't be too friendly with them, they'll try to rob you every time; and don't be afraid to tell them off. You just put down what you see, and don't listen to them."

It was ridiculous. They were big, gentle oafs, perfectly harmless. Vladimir was suspicious by nature. I did not believe what he said about the welders.

Later that night, Vladimir said that he had missed someone. We went back to the section behind the second engine room. Vladimir lowered himself through a small hole in the first deck, and I followed him. We were in a water tank which was divided into three sections by bulkheads perforated with four inch holes. Someone shouted fiercely at us at the top of his voice, from the next section.

"Hey, get the hell out of here. How can I get any work done. So—it takes two of you now. You two get the hell out of here before I knock you right through that bulkhead."

I could not help smiling at the preposterous tirade, although Vladimir didn't smile. We squeezed through an opening into the next section of the tank. Sitting on a propped up board was a small, well built man with a red face and shining eyes. He was casually smoking a cigarette, and eyeing us contemptuously.

"What did you do?" Vladimir asked him.

"What do you think I did? Do you think I waste my time like you? Over there, and down there, and over here."

(Continued on page 28)

Line Saver

by Charlie Gibson

AS FAR back as 1921 there were registration problems. Pity a certain hopeful of that year on his first day at the University, standing four hours in one line, getting only another freshman or two away from a window for class cards, and having that window slammed in his face at lunchtime; then losing his place in the re-opening stampede, waiting two more year-long hours, and finally being told that he was in the wrong line entirely. Pity young Ed Lanier.

The same Ed Lanier he is who twenty-six years later, as the efficient head of the central records office in South building, probably knows more about the enigma of registration than any other man in the University. The Ed Lanier in the inevitable bow-tie, the constant hurry, and the A-model Ford. In such a state of semi-baldness that he could never conceal the horns the student body accused him of having last year, Ed Lanier it was who originated the so-called "Lanier's Lottery."

Coming by his dislike for long lines naturally, Lanier happened to decide last February that registration could be simplified. Why not try a system of preregistration in which students list their subject preferences near the end of one quarter in advance of their next term's work? The idea might mean a few more miles of paper files for the staff in central records office. Wasn't Lanier himself already directing the student loan office and the scholarships committee in addition to his registration headaches? Still, preparation of class cards and schedules prematurely should waste less time at the beginning of every session, kill several lines, and take some of the load off the students' minds and feet. Wouldn't that simplify registration? Lanier thought so and, presto, he tried it.

Next came a storm of squawks, yelps, hoots, roars, boos, and boo-hoos that completely drenched "that guy Lanier." Yes sir, any one who intended to rob the student of the hours and professors that least interfered with his social life was certainly all wet. Through attacks by campus publications, through probes by student government rep-

(Continued on page 22)

Illustration by Lucie Baxter



The Journey

by Louis Stevens

LETTIE was sitting on the porch step when his brother, Murray entered the yard. He had been waiting for almost an hour. Murray smiled at Lettie and started through the front door when Lettie's high-pitched voice stopped him.

"Murray, I know something you don't."

Murray had been working all day in the meat-packing house at the bottom of the hill. He was tired and cross, but he managed to smile at his younger brother.

"You do, Lettie. What is it?"

Lettie smiled and his lower lip began to protrude. His blue eyes were shining as they always did when he had a secret.

"I'm goin' away."

Murray let the screen door slam after him. Lettie heard his voice from the living room.

"Sure you are, Lettie. Sure you are."

Lettie frowned. It was always this way. No one ever believed him. No one ever seemed to care. But he would show them all—today. He rose from his position, spat into the dust and marched defiantly into the house. Murray was sprawled in the big leather sofa, which, although it was beginning to show signs of wear, commanded the small room.

"I am goin' away, Murray. You wait an' see." Murray lit a cigarette and flipped the match into the fireplace.

"Sure you are, Lettie. Now run outside and play."

"I get tired of playing, Murray. I don't know what to play any more. I already played everything there is."

Murray glanced at his brother and knew he was on the verge of tears. He didn't like it when Lettie cried.

"You said you was goin' away, Lettie. Where?" Lettie's expression changed. He was happy again.

"I can't tell where, but a long, long way." He giggled and began to dance around the room. He heard his mother's voice from the kitchen.

"Lettie, stop that runnin' around. You'll make my cake fall. Go sit on the front steps till I call you to eat." Murray threw the cigarette into the fireplace. He rolled over on one side and closed his eyes.

"Do like mom says, Lettie."

The younger boy glared at his brother, then at the kitchen door. He whirled and marched through the front door. Murray heard his heavy steps on the porch. Mrs. Jones came into the

living room. Her face was flushed and a wisp of hair had fallen into her eyes. She was wearing an apron.

"Murray, don't go fallin' asleep. Its almost time to eat. Go out on the porch and talk to Lettie. He's by himself all day long."

Murray rose to a sitting position on the sofa.

"Aw mom, not now. 'Sides, he's off again. He's goin' on a trip this time."

Mrs. Jones looked in the direction of the porch and smiled.

"I know, Murray. He's been talkin' about that all day, poor boy."

Murray was like his mother only he was more practical.

"Look mom, for the kid's own good, ya' oughta' put him in that school. Its not such a bad place. They'll take good care of him." Mrs. Jones turned on her son.

"You shouldn't say that, Murray, ever. Lettie's all right. It's not his fault." Somehow Murray knew it was no use to argue with his mother.

"He oughta' be in that school, mom."

Mrs. Jones started back into the kitchen. She paused at the door.

"No, Murray, no. I won't send him to that Institution. I don't care. I won't send Lettie there." She disappeared through the swinging door. Murray could smell the heavy aroma of onions. He got to his feet slowly and ambled towards the front door. Lettie was lying on his back on the porch, his awkward legs propped against the railing. He was smiling.

"Lettie, time to go wash. Supper's almost ready."

Lettie winked at his brother. His eyes were shining.

"Ain't got time, I gotta' pack. I'm goin' off—an' I'm goin' tonight."

Murray shrugged his shoulders and joined Lettie on the porch. He flopped in the old rocking chair and lit another cigarette.

"Why you goin' away, Lettie?"

Lettie jumped quickly to his feet and began to caress the railing. He began to talk, so fast that he couldn't form all the words. Murray didn't understand all of what he said. He never tried.

"I'm goin' away from here—for ever. I'm goin' on the train—tonight! Way away where I won't have to play all the time," he giggled, "an' I'm gonna see lots of things, big cars and big houses an' creeks an' animals an' fish, all kinds of fish. The yellow kind I

Ritual

Soft, a gentle brownness of pubic stubble, the sunburned grass coolly pushed gently on her naked insteps, the faintest tickle climbing up through her calves, her thighs, lodging light and sugary in her abdomen. Flat, boy-straight and innocent her body glowed gold standing there on the summer-night hilltop feeling the warmth of the moonlight and looking far down the long and gentle slope to the flat black of the lake with its moon-strip of yellow. And all the coolness of its depth rolled up and tumbled in clouds of damp gray mist.

The bird dog Spot, black and white by day, a moonlit splotch tonight, pawed with careful toes at the woman's foot and moved a dry red tongue cross light blond hairs on her ankle, whining softly, looking up at the slim still figure. The woman moaned in response, softly from beneath her breasts, and looked at the sky, moving her head back and feeling the silken weight of her hair sliding cool across her shoulders.

"Shet up Spot"

The dog whined.

"Shet up"

And slowly she moved her feet and down the hill she moved and the dog moved slowly behind her, nose to the grass and paws clumsy and splaying right and left slowly. Edged by ragged black of trees the lake flat-surfaced and calm lay waiting. The black ragged edging on pines jabbing up from the flatness and scraping the smoothness of the night sky.

Halting and standing lifeless still and straight on the margin of the lake the woman waited and the gray splotch of dog padded to the edge and poked with his nose the cold tense blackness of the lake's stiff surface and the ripples rolled out and out and across the lake and slapped gently the other side. And the woman walked still and slim and boyish-straight her belly in on the margin of grass.

"Aingo come" she told the dog.

The dog's rock-bruised paw scratched with gentle little catches across her foot.

"He aingo be here tonight"

BOB SAIN

(Continued on page 37)

CAROLINA PARADE

6 Times a Week

With Southern editor Barron Mills commanding the Daily Tar Heel, its editorial page speaks in a lazy drawl. Whereas last year's Bill Woestendiek had often harbored rabble rousers among his columnists, Mills was slogging down the middle of the road with writers whose sheer ability centers in the yawn department.

Whatever had been their faults—admittedly emphasized by vanity and beer consumption—such columnists as Eddie Allen brought reader response. To date, Mills-edited polemics have vied with each other in saying nothing, using two or three columns to do it.

In every phase of college opinionioning, Mills has yet to get a competent first team into the type-chase. With one exception (and that the vague condemnation of Nell Battle Lewis's Raleigh-paper smearantings) editorials lack depth, vigor. As for columnists, they fall into two equally ineffective categories: 1) would-be world beraters who crib their explanation of the globe's ills from yesterday's New York Times, 2) chummy tattlers substituting bull-session semantics for crisp writing and interesting style.

An attempt to cover deficiencies by use of syndicated political cartoons proved futile. Reflecting the company they are keeping, the drawings too have been poor, certainly a comedown from now-inaccessible Maudin of last year.

Only live spot in the page two carcass came with return of Earl Heffner and his "I'd Rather Be Right." Heffner is no Allen when it comes to phraseology, but he has clear concepts about matters of prime importance under the control of the college population. Perhaps he could lead the way out of the bewilderment. If not, Mills' edit page would still be running a poor last in reader interest, far below the leaders: Lil Abner and the crossword puzzle.—J. K.

Price Tricks

Spurred by President Truman, an ultra swank beanery hopped on the food conservation program. No meat on Tuesdays. But for its customers, a nice substitute. Asparagus on toast.

Price was no matter. As a vegetable, asparagus without toast sold on Mon-

day for ten cents. Tuesday it changed its cuisine connotation, became a meat substitute as a slice of toasted bread was added with a bit of sauce. Price thirty cents.

General consensus of students was, "Gimme the 10-cent vegetable asparagus and a nickel piece of toast." Impossible to get on Tuesday, it would have cut the price in half.

Gone to the Dogs

Sad-eyed Dan, even more of a mascot than Rameses, is gone. Rumors of his death soon sent neophyte journalists to typewriter row. Purpose: To write his obit.

But Dan, described by Jud Kinberg as his chuggalugging crony, may not be dead.

Filled with wanderlust last summer, sleepy Dan took to the roads. He must



Alumnus†
Too much beer

be dead thought students. But Dan returned, stayed five days only to learn that the open road beckoned.

Through with his masters, Dan, apparently armed with a doctor of canine philosophy and an economics degree may have gone to the dogs.

Eternal Problem

University Veterans Association President Hugh Wells, taking cognizance of a Georgia Tech building program for veterans, got his dander up recently. His idea: Why doesn't UNC erect a large apartment house for ex-GIs and their families?

Sardine-like students shrugged at the plan. A good idea they thought. But confidence was lacking that administration officials would be able to consider the project.

Cold

Professors and teachers alike entered the temporary classrooms procured from Camp Forest, Tennessee last year and now erected. Ready for occupancy said the administration. Necessary for occupancy said the record 7,528 enrollment. Not so thought students and profs.

After the lunch hour, a warm autumn sun provided necessary temperature changes. Prior to that time, the uniform for classes was overcoats.

Why?

The heating system was installed. Radiators were in their customary places. But warmth was absent.

Contractors who were to have the buildings complete by October 1 cursed the pipe shortage which prevented the connecting of radiators to the heating plant. Student irritation was more emphatic.

The Daily Tar Heel took the issue to heart, inquired why. The administration explained. No fault there. Just a pipe shortage. So students looked to the infirmary, contemplated an epidemic of colds and flu. For the infirmary, a housing problem looms should the contractors be unable to procure their pipe before winter arrives.

Declares War

Student Body President Tom Eller may rightly be called a Crusader.

During summertime, the prexy burned his fingers with debates in state newspapers concerning the presence and power of alleged campus communists.

Enlightenment for nonresidents of Chapel Hill was Tom's intent, but general consensus among observers off campus pointed to one fact: nothing accomplished save the resurrection of old, unproven, quasi-libelous charges against Carolina.

Wiser after a quarter in office, Eller opened the fall quarter with concentration on the problems of orientation of freshmen and new students of higher classification, academically speaking.

Came the Georgia game and its retinue of ticket scalpers and gamblers with the parley cards. Students and outsiders, according to Daily Tar Heel and United Press Reporter Bill Sexton, speculated profitably. Local officers attempting to stem the tide, found

CAROLINA PARADE

some speculators had Federal licenses to sell tickets. Reports indicated that pasteboards brought as much as \$17.50 each. One student allegedly made \$40 in less than an hour.

"This must cease," decided Eller. Student government action was contemplated. Students were reminded that speculating was against UNC codes.

Doubting Thomases expected that the evils would continue in spite of Eller's honest attempts. They pointed to the continued presence of parley cards in defiance of his commands.

Obviously, the problems were too big for Eller and his governmental aids to eradicate alone. Complete assistance from the student body was needed. An appeal to honor seemed likely to help somewhat, should be of value for students possessing high personal integrity.

While only time will tell whether he will meet with more success than he did in his one-man educational crusade during the summer, the president deserves orchids for efforts to preserve what the sceptics would refer to as "campus ideology."

Strange Company

Debates for the most part were academic as world dignitaries dropped in on host UNC for the Collegiate Council of the United Nations.

Flurries of excitement were created by several instances. Most notable: Yugoslav Ambassador Sava Kusanovich who stepped from an airplane at the Raleigh-Durham airport carrying "Tito's Imperial Communism," the book which the New York Times fired into an international issue.

"I'm not a Communist," quoth the ambassador as he assailed his muchly-thumbed green edition.

A self-described Socialist Democrat, Mr. Kusanovich is Tito's No. 1 errand boy in the U. S., and Tito looks to Moscow for orders, to the capital of Communism. Not a Communist? "What's in a name?" queried Shakespeare, said some observers.

Village Fear

Meanwhile, in Victory Village the tragic experience of a young mother inspired caution born of fear in the hearts of veterans wives as the community was startled by an unsuccessful rape attempt. Lawmen moved in fast with bloodhounds to take up the

trail, but it had been destroyed by incensed men roaming the woods seeking the culprit.

Although not Confucius' saying, a bromide reminds us that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

With this in mind, the ex-GIs who head the more than 300 families in Mudville might look to their mayor for leadership in establishing a nightly guard tour to augment police patrolling.

Spoken Too Soon

Carefree Roland "Foo" Giduz, Graham Memorial publicist who would go to college all of the time rather than devote some hours to classes, laid early claim to the Incurable Optimist title.

Back in school after a summer jaunt down Mexico way, Foo looked to New Year's Day, shot a request to the powers that be at the Mid-Winter Athletic association in New Orleans for ducats to the Sugar Bowl game next January 1.

The reply, lengthy and detailed, boiled down to one sentence—"You aren't a stockholder, bub. No tickets."

Joining Foo in gridiron dreaming was the professor who before the Texas game on Friday looked at his full class, berated them. Quoth the professor, "You've got the best football team that money can buy. Why aren't you in Austin supporting it?"

In retrospect, a campus wag sardonically said, "Sure as death and Texas, it will take miracles to get UNC into New Orleans New Years Day."

Then Wake Forest's stinging victory obliterated every Tar Heel hope. The Big Team was no more.

What was wrong with the Tar Heels? "Overfootballing" explained Coach Snavelly to indignant fair-weather friends. Sports writers filled columns. Fans theorized for hours. Only the dopesters seemed to have the game beat.

Parking Problems

Numerous automobiles on campus and inconsiderate owners created an even more acute headache than that which was present last year.

Bynum hall's parking area daily was overcrowded. Students parking their vehicles early, went to class, returned later to find other cars parked in the drives. Jams were a customary sight.

Threats were made by irate owners blocked in by thoughtless and selfish parkers. Smashed fenders seem possible should the practice continue. Legally, such action might be wrong. Morally, it could be condoned.

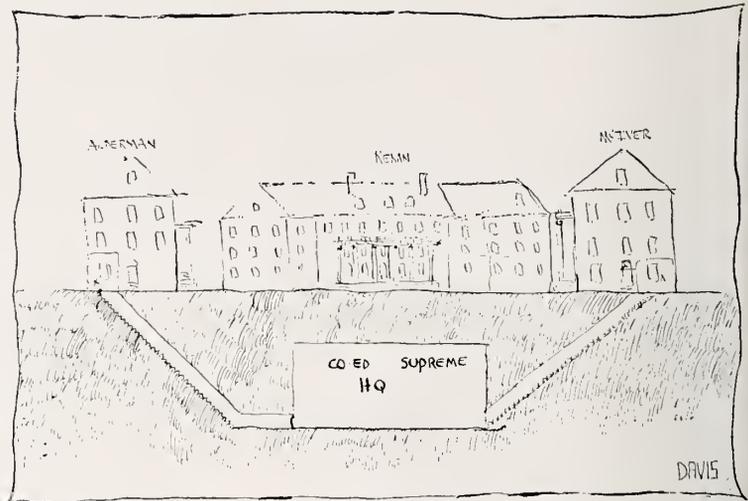
The remedy. Action by student government. Tickets and stiff fines from Chapel Hill law enforcement officials.



Parking Problem: Here to Stay
UNC crowded like the Rock

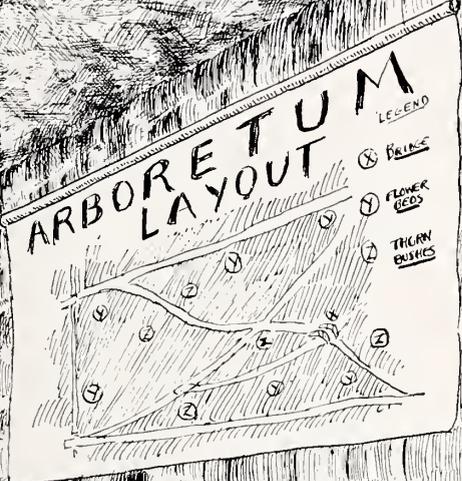
Now It Can Be Told!

For the past few months rumors have been rampant about the existence of a clandestine Co-ed Headquarters situated somewhere on the campus, supposedly underground.irate males insist that this headquarters serves as the dissemination point for propaganda and equipment used by co-eds in the unending battle of the sexes in which the girls seem to be obtaining the upper hand lately. Acting on tips received via anonymous telephone calls a concealed shaft leading to this hidden rendezvous was uncovered in the Arboretum. A staff artist in female attire smuggled his way into their headquarters at greatest possible risk. Through his personal observation the accompanying diagram was achieved, the first ever to be published of this top-secret, strictly hush-hush, rocky rockery of muliebrity.



Co-ed Headquarters can only be approached through two known entrance channels.





SUPPLIES

APPEAL TO THEIR VANITY

KIT 'EM AGAIN

HARDER

HARDER!

LAST CHANCE

FRAT PINS

DANCE BIDS

EMPTY'S

STILL

FASHION PLATER

IN

Lanier

(Continued from page 12)

representatives, through one-sided open forums, Lanier held his ground and stuck fast in the mud thrown at his idea. He still happened to believe sincerely that registration could be simplified.

This past month the crucial test came, was seen, and conquered complaints. Lanier suddenly has support and compliments to bathe in, frankly wondering about the whole thing, "Won't folks ask me how much a bribe I pay for all this publicity?" After being convinced that no bribe is expected to entice a choice for Mag Man of the Month, he insists that his was not a one-man show. Before the applause goes too far, perhaps to the extent of a student demonstration insisting that his name be neonned across the front of Memorial hall, this new-found genius begs credit, too, for Mrs. Eileen Burton, special registration secretary, and Dr. E. C. Markham, sparkplug of an advisory committee on registration which has made the decisions all along.

Why the second uproar? An improvement has been conceived for the benefit of every future University enrollee, an improvement which is particularly soothing in the present campus state of crowds and congestion. Registration, to everyone's surprise but Lanier's, happens to have been simplified. In Woollen gymnasium a highly planned set-up gave those who preregistered this past spring and summer as decent hours and as choice instructors as they usually got and also let them pass straight through all processing almost at a walking pace—a far cry from 1921.

In those twenty-six years the boy became the man, slightly bald-pated but more and more a Carolina fan. Had any premonition of his Chapel Hill destiny been given to the babe born on July 19, 1901, in Metter, Georgia, there can be little doubt that Edwin Sydney Lanier would have made his Cracker-state parents hark the sound of a Tar Heel-to-be. Young Ed was a farm boy although he phrases it for himself as "an agriculturist, a specialist in milking cows and plowing."

Coming to the University with a secret determination to be a lawyer, he was here only a matter of months before joined the Philanthropic Assembly and winning that year's annual debate against the Dialectic Senate in a garrulous partnership with another freshman, Myron "Spike" Saunders, now secretary of the University's alumni association. At debating Lanier earned one of the oratory monograms the University awarded in those days. He wrote for this very Carolina Mag and was also tapped for the Golden Fleece, highest campus honorary order for men, before receiving the Algernon Sidney Sullivan award for all-round service to the University. Lanier says he was a "full-time self-help worker." Possibly, he admits, Dean D. D. Carol, who endured him as a pupil in the old Commerce Academy, would more likely deem him only a part-time scholar, too.

Suffering what he termed "financial hallucinations," Lanier left the University in 1924. He attended a teachers college in Athens, Georgia, as a prelude to the six years in which he taught American history and mathematics and coached in the Thomasville Baptist orphanage's high school.

Then in 1930 he had an offer not only to return here to the University but to quench his ambition to be a lawyer. Chancellor Robert B. House asked him back in the position of

self-help director with the understanding that he could spend half his time in the law school, working four years for the normal two years' degree. This arrangement ended abruptly when Dean M. T. Van Hecke concluded that making Lanier a lawyer would be a full-time job for anybody. Chancellor House counteracted this shock with an offer as regular director not only of student help but of central records and all the *few* little problems of registration.

Today Ed Lanier sits in a large, complex office located on South Building's third floor, probably located there purposely to have three flights of steps jade his enthusiasm for running about at his work constantly. All his chores keep him so busy that he is usually as hard to find as fifty-yard-line tickets. Law? Well, he will never argue a legal case now unless perhaps he might someday speak in his own defense at an attempted murder trial should some student take drastic offense to the registration idea he conjures up next. Out the nearest South Building window he has pitched a lawyer's aspirations. Out the same window and not in ashtrays he has tossed many finished but lighted cigarettes—an idiosyncrasy of his which may have made several people hot-headed at their unknown attacker in that vicinity of Cameron avenue.

Lighted cigarettes, though, will never become the most famous Lanier tradition as long as he has the 1931 A-model Ford in which he bolts to and from work to perform a civic duty as a member of the Chapel Hill Board of Aldermen and the Baptist church. "That A-model Ford," he insists, "is the best automobile in this town. I carry a heavy towline at all times to pull around broken-down Buicks." He got his "new car" in 1941 to replace an early war casualty, one very undependable Studebaker. The well-known Ford gad-about-town is a point of rivalry between Lanier and Father F. J. Morris of the Catholic Church, the proud owner of a 1921 Franklin. In fact, both men maintain that their jalopies are not on speaking terms and will not patronize the same filling station at the same time for their wash jobs.

What Lanier is not quite so proud of is his golf, a game at which he often makes a good bowling score, somewhere between 100 and 150. Whenever he escapes South Building, he goes eighteen holes with such students as Ken Black and John Dillon. "Of late," Lanier says, "Dillon has gotten too good to let me play with him. He keeps breaking 100."

His main hobby, besides the reading he gives priority over sleeping, is spending time with his family. His two children are Nancy Helen, six years old and entering grade school this year, and Edwin, Jr., an eighteen-month-old who got his first pair of overalls this month. Both will be University-bound by 1965. His wife he met, wooed, and won in a style that does credit to South Building, that lovenest where she once worked, too, as secretary to Chancellor House. Their wedding came on Thanksgiving Day, 1934, when Ed was turkey-happy. They drove off in an ancestor of their present A-model Ford. Mrs. Lanier, the former Nancy Herndon of Durham, is the daughter of a Roxboro minister who has missed only two Sundays in thirty years in a pulpit. That makes Ed Lanier one man who even brags about his father-in-law.

Ed Lanier is, too, human.

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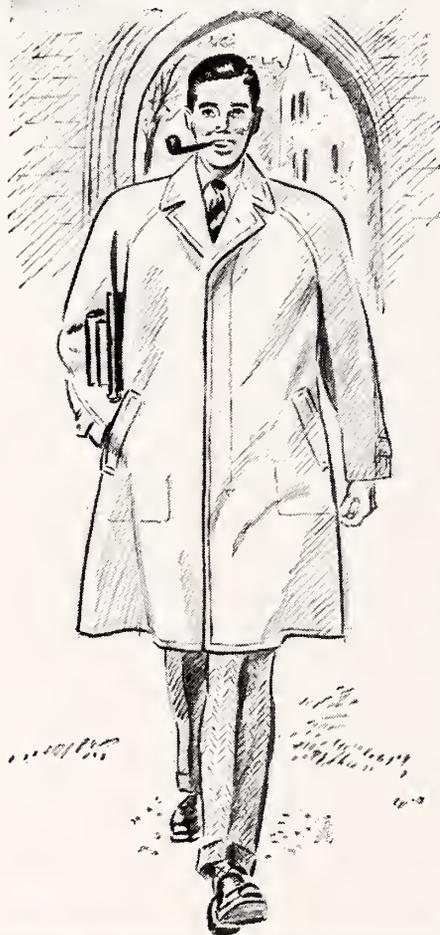
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Time For Snow

(Continued from page 9)

ice and everybody in the fifth grade knew it only had to be thirty-two degrees for freezing and the thermometer was down to around thirty. But if he told Gandy that, he'd probably say it was a cold wind blowing on the thermometer or it was broken or something, so he wasn't going to bother and he wasn't going to agree with him either.

Gandy got off the front steps and threw his cigar in the fire, sniffing the air contentedly. He liked the outdoors. He spent almost all his time during the warm months puttering around the yard and chasing the dogs and the neighborhood kids off the grass and counting the little fish in the stream. His room had more windows than any of the other rooms in the house, but it wasn't quite the same as being outdoors. He looked at the sky again.

"You missed some of the leaves," Gandy said when he'd finished looking at the clouds. "You have to rake twice. The little ones run through the rake."

"I'll come back to those," Billy said. "If I don't put these on the fire, they'll blow away again." He wished Gandy would go in the house. If he didn't like the way it was being done, he could do it himself. But his mother had told him that Gandy was too old to do anything strenuous. He didn't see how raking leaves would be strenuous, but Gandy was getting awfully old. The leaves would probably never be raked if he did it. He guessed he could get the yard raked in the time it took the old man to come down the stairs.

"I wish it would hurry up and snow," Billy said. He said it to be mean. He knew there was some reason why his grandfather didn't want it to snow. He couldn't understand why though. He had some of his best times when it snowed—skiing, skating, snow fights.

"The paper said cloudy today," Gandy told him. "They didn't say it would snow today."

"They didn't say it wouldn't snow." Billy pushed another big heap of leaves on the fire that covered all the flame and made the smoke billow up. Gandy stepped back and breathed in the smell.

"I'll bet you it does snow," Billy said, looking significantly at the heavy cloud.

"That's not a snow cloud," Gandy said.

"There's no such thing as a snow cloud. Any cloud will snow if it gets

cold enough."

"When you've seen as much snow as I have, Billy, you can tell a snow cloud from the other kinds. Some clouds rain and some clouds hail and some snow and some don't do anything, they just move around in the sky. Those up there won't do anything unless the wind changes and then they'll move away. I think we're going to have a change in wind in a few hours."

"Miss Nichols in school told us that a rain cloud is the same as a snow cloud. It just has to be colder than thirty-two degrees."

"Miss Nichols hasn't seen as much snow as I have." Gandy moved close to the fire again. "When she's as old as I am, she'll know a lot more than she does now."

"She reads it out of books."

"Haven't you seen anything in print that wasn't true? What about all the newspapers that said Dewey was sure to be elected, and he wasn't."

"And all the times the paper said it wouldn't rain and it did—or else it snowed."

"There's no point arguing with you, Billy. You're determined to see it snow and you won't listen to sense." He walked over to the flower bed where he had planted tulips last spring that had never come up. He had worked hard on the garden so that the tulips would make the yard pretty in the early summer. He'd hoed it every day and pulled up every weed that even came within yards of the garden. Billy's mother had said he'd pulled up the tulips too, but he was afraid he'd planted them upside down. He had been terribly disappointed.

"You didn't rake over my garden, did you, Billy?"

"No I just raked around it. Do you want me to take the leaves off it?"

"Just leave them there. They'll keep my bulbs warm during the winter. Maybe they'll get themselves turned around and come up next spring."

"If they wouldn't last summer, I don't think they will next spring."

"I hope they will. They'll make the yard very pretty. I hope the snow won't kill them."

"Maybe we won't even have any snow this winter. Last winter it hardly snowed at all." When Gandy talked about his tulips, Billy felt sorry for him. Maybe that's why he didn't want it to snow. Billy remembered how it was when he was only just starting school and Gandy didn't used to mind the snow so much and even watched him skate down at the lake, but that was before he planted any tulips. He hated the tulips for not coming up after Gandy had

worked so hard on them every day since it was warm enough for him to be out. Even after it was too late for them to come up anyway.

"I think it will snow this winter," Gandy said. "But not yet. Later it might."

"Don't you think you ought to go in the house. It's awfully cold out here."

"No, I don't feel cold. I can stay out for a while longer. I like to be outdoors. It's healthier outdoors than it is indoors."

Gandy was still looking at his bed of tulips. Billy had stopped raking. He felt sorry for his grandfather. He didn't care about flowers, but he knew somehow the way Gandy felt. It wasn't so much the tulips. It was something bigger than tulips. It was like wanting to be captain of the baseball team and practicing all year and then not being able to even hit a ball when the time came.

"Maybe you can plant some more next spring."

"No, I don't think I'll be planting any more tulips next year."

Billy's father opened the front door and said dinner would be ready in about half an hour.

"Let Sandy out," Billy said.

Sandy pushed his black nose around the edge of the door and ran down the steps without further coaxing, his tail wagging so furiously that it almost made him lose his balance. He ran to the burning leaves and sniffed contemptuously. He jumped up on Billy, trying to reach his face with his long

tongue. Then he did the same to Gandy. Gandy laughed. It sounded more like a rattling hiss because he wasn't wearing his teeth. The dog rolled over and dashed at a stray leaf, then very sedately started slowly walking up the street. It was understood between the old man and the dog that it was time for their walk.

Billy watched them moving away. He hadn't realized before just how old Gandy was. He wondered if Gandy knew he was getting so old. He looked up at the sky. He hoped it wouldn't snow.

Most of the leaves were raked. He scraped together the small ones that clung to the grass and put them on top of the hot black ashes. Sandy trotted up the sidewalk and waited on the front porch. Gandy was still coming back. They never went far any more, but the dog was always impatient when they started back. Billy let him in as Gandy sat down on the front steps again.

"You won't tell your mother if I smoke another cigar, will you, Billy?" He glanced at the windows.

"No, I won't tell. You're old enough." Billy wished after he'd said it that he hadn't made the joke. He wondered if Gandy minded, but the old man just chuckled.

"Yes, I guess I'm old enough, but your mother doesn't think so." He chuckled again.

The wind shifted to the north-west and blew some of the neighbor's leaves into the yard.

"Damn the wind," Billy said. He knew his grandfather wouldn't tell that he



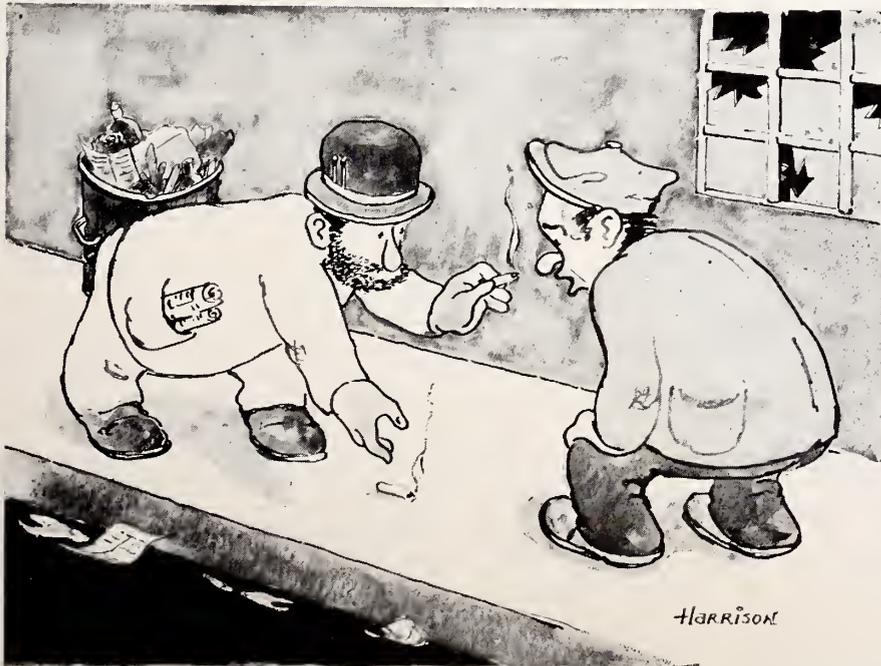
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had sworn. They had an unspoken agreement not to tell on each other. "Why couldn't the wind blow our leaves in their yard?"

A large flake of snow fell on the sidewalk in front of Gandy. He watched it slowly melt, the cigar twitching in his mouth.

"See, it melted, Billy. It's too warm for the snow."

Billy knew the first few flakes always melted when they came down by themselves, but now he was ready to fight it back too. Even with unreasonable-ness. He prayed secretly that the wind would change back again.

"I think we're going to have an indian summer," Billy said. He wouldn't look up at the big cloud. They could still play football if they had an indian summer. He liked football better than skiing anyway. Maybe the wind would blow the clouds away now that it had changed. He saw that Gandy was watching them and blowing his cigar smoke up in the air to see which way it went.

Billy went back to his raking. The fire had gone out so he raked the leaves back in the neighbor's yard. Suddenly he felt sad for all the leaves. He'd never considered them before. They had been so nice and green all summer, catching the sunlight that the tree



"Junior, how many times must I tell you to stop banging on that piano?"

needed to live. Now the tree didn't need them anymore and had let them die and turn brown and be burned into nothing but a black ash that the wind blew away. The tree would never remember the leaves it threw away this fall when it came back to life again in the spring. He leaned on the rake handle and watched the trees, the long branches

reaching for the snow and daring it to come, because the life of the tree was down in the warm roots.

A gust of wind flung some of the leaves back in the yard again.

"Damn!" Billy looked to see if Gandy had heard him. Gandy got up slowly and went into the house. The first snow had begun to fall.

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Watch the Tar Heels

(Continued from page 12)

and hands off to the tailback moving toward the right; then completes his spin and starts into the line. Meanwhile the offensive left guard and tackle have pulled out and are starting across to lead the interference through the hole. The hole at the same time is being formed by the right end and wingback, doubling teaming on the defensive tackle, a single wing principle, as the blocking back charges outward to take the defensive end toward the sidelines. The rest of the offensive linemen hold out the remaining defenders with the right end moving down the field towards the defensive safety man.

The tailback now has cut back into the hole, following the guard who goes after the line backer and the tackle who must get the defensive halfback. The play, if successful to this point, is now goalward bound.

Now move to the second basic play, the line plunge. At the onset, the backfield action is the same, with the fullback spinning toward the moving tailback, but this time faking the ball, he completes his spin and drives back through the middle. The blocking assignments charge this time with the center and left guard, moving one defensive guard and the right guard and tackle taking out the other. The blocking back precedes the fullback through the hole to get one backer, and the left tackle moving out to get the other, with the ends going down the field.

A third play of this cycle is the wingback reserve, the next of the diagramed plays. Here is found a new innovation of the Snavely mastermind, the mouse trap play. The play begins as the preceding two, the ball snapped to the fullback, who fakes to the tailback and drives towards his own right tackle, handing the ball to the wingback meanwhile moving around to the left from his starting position, who drives into the weak side tackle hole. Here occurs the trap, with the defensive tackle being allowed to bull in at will only to be suddenly erased from the side by the blocking back as the ball carrier passes just beyond his reach. The rest of the blocks are generally the same, with the center and guard doubling up on the defensive guard while the offensive left tackle moves up field to get the backer. This play was a consistent gainer for the Tar Heels in the Sugar Bowl when Georgia overshifted to stop Justice.

Another of the Tar Heels' leading running plays is a simple end run, somewhat designed to break a runner such as Charlie Justice out into the open where he is most effective. The play begins on a direct snap to the tailback who drives a few steps in to fake an inside play and then breaks wide to the outside. Key block on the play, if it is to gain, is the turning of the end inside, a job assigned first to the wingback, and then in the event of initial failure, to the blocking back and the fullback. The sooner the end is removed from the play, the further the gain will be, if the tailback can cut upfield before being run out of bounds.

When a few short yards are needed in a situation such as a third down try for a first down or a goal play, the Tar Heels use what is called a goal line play. Here the ball is snapped to the fullback, with all the linemen from tackle to tackle charging directly ahead supported by the blocking back, and closely followed by the ball carrier. The effect should be good for a yard or two even when the going is roughest.

When the running attack is not up to par or when the defense is stacked against ground plays, the logical shift



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is to a passing offense. Tar Heel passing can be divided into five separate groups: pattern, optional, running, individual, and screen.

A pattern pass is such as shown in the diagram. The offensive right end moves out into the area behind the defensive left halfback, while the wingback goes into the area in front of the same halfback. This forces the defensive safety man to move across to cover the deep receiver, and leaves the deep middle open to the left end moving directing up the field.

The optional pass is based on the same principle—putting a receiver in front of, and behind the secondary defender with the passer throwing to the man not covered. Along the same line is the running pass where the defensive halfback is forced, on a wide play, to drop back to cover a receiver, or come up to make the tackle on the ball carrier.

Individual pass plays are as they sound, play on which a receiver such as Art Weiner depends on his individual speed and ability to outclass a defensive back. The screen pass is a special play where defending line are allowed to crash through, the ball being looped over their heads to a close up back who moves up field with six or seven potential blockers.

All of before-mentioned are but some of many plays that the Tar Heels use in an afternoon's encounter, for they have numerous others in their bag of tricks together with variations on what has already been shown. Yet a comprehension of these basic plays will give the fan an idea of what to look for and to expect. Especially watch such key men as the blocking back who plays an important role on every play, and of course, to follow the ball, watch the full and tailback who originate each scrimmage. The more football you know, the more you will enjoy it, especially when the Tar Heel offense goes into high gear.

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Morning Star

(Continued from page 15)

He pointed to every bit of welding in the tank. It would have taken two men a week to do. He looked with disgust at Vladimir, and then winked slyly at me.

"Don't be funny," Vladimir said.

"Well, if you're so smart, you tell me," the welder said.

Vladimir ignored him. He knew by the fresh powder marks what the man had done, and he proceeded to measure it. The welder watched him carefully as he placed his tape along the weld. Vladimir marked a figure in his pad, and the welder pointed to a spot that had not been measured.

"How about that? Four feet, it's a double weld."

Vladimir ignored him again, and crawled into the front section of the tank and pulled himself up to the first deck. Before I pulled myself up, the welder motioned to me through the perforated bulkhead. He shook his head slyly, and gestured toward Vladimir with his thumb.

"What a comedian," he said. "Gave me eight feet too much."

"Be careful with that guy," Vladimir said after I had squeezed through the hole. "His name is Mendor. He'll try to get more footage than he deserves. You'd think he was building the ship all by himself."

At seven o'clock, we returned to the office. We had had to do a great deal of climbing and crawling into small tanks and tight places. I was tired and sore, but optimistic about the job.

During the next two weeks, I tried to memorize all the hidden places on the ship. When it was launched, I was given the new one on way three to check by myself. My foreman said that the best way to learn them was to stay with one from the time the keel was laid until it was launched.

When spring came that year, I had been working four months.

III

Things hadn't changed much. I made the same mistakes. When I got over being tired, I would sleep less, and spend much of the day as before. I read and day-dreamed, and did nothing. It is a time that is lost. When you remember things, they become clear, and you can wonder how you could have made so many mistakes, seeking nothing and learning nothing.

Things changed on the job. I was on my second ship on way three. I knew the ships well and could do the work without hurrying. Then, they decreased the number of welders on the night shift, and there was less work to do. Time moved in between hurried incidents. I could sit down and wait, or stand up and study the sky and the way the light came during morning. But how can we learn what to do with time? The passage of time can be always, when you wait for it to come. And then, when it has come, you will still be waiting, and you will know that the great decisions do not change things very much.

The new ship was beginning to take form. There was the keel, the bulkheads and the frames, and side plating reaching almost to the main deck. All the welders were working on the stern. There was a small fire in a ten gallon bucket on the keel. The noises of slamming, clattering steel came in the darkness from the other ways. I

was sitting on the keel, gazing into the fire, my mind not moving, conscious only of the flame.

"Hey, Junior, what are you looking so sad about?"

I looked up. It was Eddie Mendor, the welder I had met on the first night.

"Oh, that's my natural expression," I said.

"Now, you know it isn't your natural expression, Junior."

"What do you care if it is? I told you it was my natural expression, so it must be." I was trying to talk back to him.

Mendor had a bluff, and humorously pretentious way of talking, as though he were delivering a speech, or trying to scare you. Every night when I checked his work, he insisted on making me stay and talk to him, although he did most of the talking. One minute he would threaten to knock me through the bulkhead if I didn't sit down, and the next he would give me a lecture on the evils of welding, or the shipyard, or the cost-plus-ten, or why I should get myself a girl. He asked me many questions about myself, and, though I had tried to be evasive, he knew a great deal about me. I don't know why, but he was worried about me, and thought he had the answers to my troubles.

He was examining me again, shaking his head reflectively.

"You know, Junior, you don't have to live in New York. You could get an apartment in Jersey City, and not have to waste all that money on care fare. It's a lot cheaper living over here than it is in New York."

"Don't worry about it," I said. "I like New York."

"But you don't like living alone in that cheap hotel. You don't want to live by yourself like that, it isn't good for you. You ought to move over here. I've got some people I want you to meet, and some girls. You know, you ought to start having dates, and have fun. You shouldn't look sad all the time."



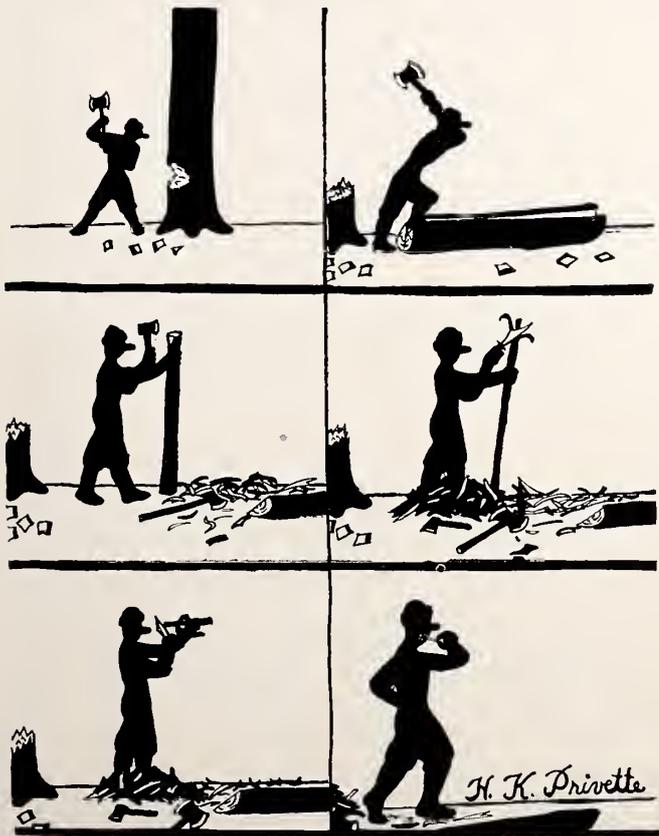
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"Who looks sad all the time? I was just looking into the fire. Do you want me to grin all the time, like a hyena?"

I had tried to put him off the track many times, but it never bothered him. He knew what was good for me, and he always said what it was. He was trying to take me in hand, and there could be no resisting.

"I know what's the matter with you. I used to feel the same way. You don't know what you're gonna do. I used to worry all the time about the future. You know, Junior, you should learn a trade. Go to a trade school, and learn how to tear down automobiles."

I winced at the idea. I knew I could never be a mechanic. Mendor was in dead earnest. He looked at me carefully, and then smiled slyly, and leaned forward.

"You know, Junior, I'm not gonna be a welder all my life. I've got some money saved, and after the war, I'm gonna build a gas station. I've got a good location picked out that I can buy cheap. I'll clean up after the war. We could make a lot of money, Junior; a couple of hundred a week."

"Sounds pretty good," I said, but he knew that I wasn't enthusiastic.

"Junior, you shouldn't be afraid to get your hands dirty. That's how you make money; with your hands. You've got to be a specialist, and when you learn how to fix automobiles, you can make plenty of money, and stop worrying about the future."

"Who's worrying about the future?"

"You know, Junior, you can always get married and settle down, and live your own life. Did you ever think of that?"

I tried to laugh it off.

There were other times when he lectured me about being sad. He was persistent, trying to insinuate a convincing and practical philosophy into my mind. I would tap him on

the shoulder, and he would stop welding steel and take off his helmet. He joked and laughed most of the time, bragging outrageously, or making fun of me, telling me to pick up a nice woman, that I had to learn some time.

"You know, Junior," he would say, "I was just thinking about you. There's a nice girl who works in the ice cream parlor on Fulton Street. Her name is Mary, and she's real nice. Why don't you stop by there some night and talk to her. Be real nice. Ask her when she's off, and get a date with her. She could really teach you a lot."

He would come upon me standing somewhere in a corner of the ship, or sitting on the stern with my feet over the side. I talked to most of the welders when I checked them, and they were all friendly, but only Eddie Mendor tried to decide my future for me. It was remarkable how well he succeeded.

One night he told me that he was organizing a baseball team, and that he wanted me to play on it. I had played a little in the infield, and was anxious for something to do, so I took him up on it. The team members were all welders, except me. I played second base, and Eddie shortstop. We played in the morning after work against other teams from the yard.

It was wonderful. The competition was intense, although the wager on each game was only a new baseball. You had to be alert all the time or get hit in the face by a line drive. Pretty soon, I started to imitate Eddie in yelling encouragement to the pitcher. I even outdid him. I started to abuse each batter as he came up, and Eddie had to warn me to take it easy before I had my block knocked off.

"You better lay off these electricians, Junior. I thought that last one was gonna come out after you."

I couldn't hit well, but I was fast on the bases when I got on. I hit two homers all season. On each one, I dented

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the plate grinning with joy, but they were my only good hits. I couldn't have played on the team at all, if Eddie hadn't been captain.

We had wonderful times after the games. The sandlot diamonds were dusty and hot, and, after three hours of playing, you could get terribly thirsty. I had never liked beer, but one glass of that cool and mellow beverage, under such conditions, made me an addict. And it was wonderful to drink with the men. I tried to keep up with them, but I was a child among them. It never took me long to get silly drunk, and they got a great kick out of it. Eddie would put his arm around me and brag about his star ball player. I considered myself one of the guys. There was no sane reason why Eddie looked after me the way he did. He knew that the results were encouraging.

I came to know many of the welders, so that, during work, there were several to chat with about the games and the beer sessions. I had less time to sulk during the nights; and, finally, none during the day. Even when there was no game scheduled, my time was occupied.

Eddie began having me home for breakfast. He lived in a big house in Jersey City, on the avenue the trolley used every night on my way to work. He lived with his wife and his mother, and his young brother. The house seemed rather empty, but two other brothers had been drafted.

His mother and his wife were very nice to me. The first morning I met them, they were like old friends. I didn't act so reserved when I was with them. We ate big, wonderful breakfasts of eggs and black-market bacon and hot rolls, with cups of thick coffee and cream.

It was part of Eddie's plan. He had everything figured out for me. He knew he could stop making me look sad all the time.

One morning, after we had drunk three cups of coffee, and were smoking contentedly, the major strategy occurred. Linda was cleaning some dishes, and Mom Mendor was sitting across from us.

"Athos," she said quietly, "why don't you move out of that horrid hotel and move over here?"

"Oh, it's too much trouble trying to find an apartment," I said, and I glanced over at Eddie.

"I don't mean an apartment. You can come and live with us. A fine young man like you needs a family, and a home. It must be terrible living over there in New York by yourself."

I hadn't expected it.

"I couldn't do that. Thanks a lot, but I couldn't just move in on you. You have enough to do."

"You wouldn't be any bother. This big house is empty without Jim and Henry. You could sleep with young Tom. We wouldn't even know you were here."

"I certainly appreciate it, Mrs. Mendor, but I just can't take advantage of your generosity," I said.

"Now, Junior," Eddie said, "stop worrying about us. You wouldn't be taking advantage of our generosity. Mom wouldn't have asked you if she didn't want to."

Linda smiled over at me and said, "Come on, Athos, we've got plenty of room, and we'd love to have you."

Mom Mendor said, "I hate to think of you living all alone in that hotel. The change will be good for you. Besides, you wouldn't have me worrying about you all the time, now, would you?"

"That settles it, Junior," Eddie said. "You go right over and pack your things, and move in with Paul."

This is a story of "HARRY'S"—one of the older eating places of town! A place that has been accepted as a student must! A place for which the graduates have fond memories—of good times. It has become a shrine—a tradition! "Let's go to HARRY'S" is on every lip! For a student to say "HARRY'S" to his girl friend is like a caress!!!!

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The spirit of HARRY'S—thru it all has never changed—a hearty welcome to everyone. The place itself has changed but little. It's the only place in town with a "BRASS RAIL"!! If all the people who have placed their feet on "The Rail" were laid end to end—they would undoubtedly reach—for another Beer!!!

Of all who have come to HARRY'S—statistics show that 100% are people—or—students.

As for the present owner—when born he was so surprised he couldn't speak for close to three years. Raised in Virginia—bred in New York—so doesn't know if that makes him a Rebel, a Damsyankee, or what!

Seriously tho—HARRY'S is noted for its friendly atmosphere—its wholesome food—and good beer. One of the meeting places in town.

I was deeply moved, and embarrassed. The idea was absurd, I could never accept it. I wanted to cling to the old introverted way of loneliness and privacy. Any change would be out of the question. It would have meant tearing out firm roots. You always hate to change or destroy something which has become a part of you, even when you know it is harmful. For an instant I resented their generous intrusion into my private dilemma.

They let the subject drop. Eddie said something about baseball, and told how Junior stole second the day before, and knocked the shortstop over and almost had his head handed to him. That, too, was part of the plan. There was no hurry. At night when we met, he would chide me a little, and in the mornings when we weren't playing, I would often go home with him for breakfast and long talks. Sometimes I stayed over and went to work with him. He was patient and all-knowing. He let me make my own decision.

IV

It was late August in the shipyard, a year before the war ended. The sky was clear and dark, and the morning star was shining with intense and active brilliance, alone in the east. The quiet before dawn seemed to overcome the noises. The river moved slowly and silently by, and the bank on the other side was a black mass of land. Above the shipyard, on the bridge, I could barely hear the lone trolley rattling across.

Morning is a miracle every day, and I loved to watch its rebirth. The stillness is fearful and immense, and confiding. It is as though you were participating. A great miracle is thrilling when you are aware of it; and, on that August morning, I sensed something like inevitability, or an excited sadness, or quiet joy. An emotion was accumulating within me which I had never known before. Perhaps it

was because of the change. I was a little wary of moving in with the Mendors, but the idea of change was exciting.

I was sitting on the stern of the destroyer on way three. It was growing rapidly. All of the side plates had been welded, and thin strips of main deck clung precariously to the hull. Long, two-by-ten boards were being used as catwalks to connect these strips. I heard Eddie coming up behind me, and he sat down. Our feet dangled over the side, above the river. He lit a cigarette, and the match went out before it reached the water.

"Well, Junior," he said, "what are you thinking about this time?"

"Nothing much."

"You're not sad again, are you? I thought I told you not to be sad."

"No, just wasting time."

"The trougle with you is you should have gotten a date with Mary. All you have to do is be nice to her. Just smile at her."

"Why don't you stop trying to make a whore-chaser out of me?"

He was offended.

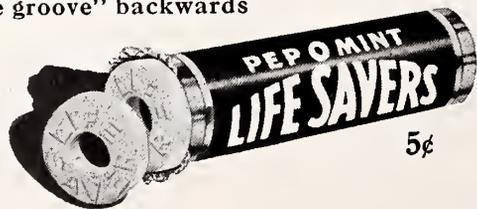
"She's no whore, Junior. She might not even like you; but if you're real nice to her—"

Are you EVOORG EHT NI*



You might be—if you love onions *and* men too! They just don't go together, Honey! Unless, that is, you keep your breath sweet with yummy Life Savers. Then, you're *in the groove* right. You can go on loving onions, men, and of course you'll love Life Savers, too.

* "In the groove" backwards



Best joke submitted by Winston Beam, Box 717

A schoolboy writing a composition on Queen Elizabeth said: "Elizabeth was a Queen and a virgin. As a Queen she was a great success."

A box of Life Savers will be given for the best joke submitted each month.

"Yeah, she might give me something nice, like the clapp," I said sarcastically.

"Don't be silly, Junior—"

"Oh nuts," I said. "Say, when are you leaving?"

"Next Wednesday. I'm gonna take a few days off and loaf around a little."

"You seem to be doing your share of loafing right now."

"Well, now, Junior, there's no sense breaking my back the last day, is there? Besides, you don't seem to be working up a big sweat, looking at the stars here."

I laughed as he looked at me with that sly grin of his.

"You know, Junior, I don't know if I should trust you with Linda when I'm gone. Maybe you're not as innocent as you act."

"I'm not," I said. "It's a good thing your mother and Paul will be around all the time. Besides, it would be your own fault. You're a damn fool for joining up with the Marines. You want to be a big hero, don't you? Think you're gonna win the war."

"Now, you know me better than that, Junior. You know I got my draft notice. What's the difference; I'd rather be in the Marines than the Army."

"Well, Linda doesn't feel very happy about it."

He smiled, and said, "Well, she'll be crying on your shoulder, so what are you complaining about."

"Dammit," I said, "if you don't want me to move in, just say so. I don't like the idea anyway, now that you're leaving. It looks funny."

"Now, don't get mad, Junior. You just move all your stuff over today, and don't worry. You got to get out of that crummy hotel, and stop living like a hermit."

"Well, it looks funny," I said.

"Don't be silly, Junior. I'll take you over after work, and you can pile your things in the car."

"Okay, Eddie," I said. I got to my feet and stood there watching for the sunrise. In the east there was a faint lightening, and the morning star flamed in white, high above the horizon.

Eddie flipped his cigarette away, and it made a spinning, red arch before it fell into the water. He rose to his feet, and we walked up to the gang-plank. Eddie spoke to Mike, the fire guard.

"Mike, I want you to take good care of Junior for me. You keep him cheered up for me."

Mike laughed.

"Okay, Eddie, I'll take care of him. You really leaving today?"

"Yeah," Eddie said. "We got to get this war over fast, so I figured I better get in it."

We laughed, and Mike said, "I guess if the Japs find out you're after them, they'll probably surrender," and we laughed again.

"Well," I said, "I've got to go below and check on the rest of the locations. I'll see you later, Eddie. Are you in the same place?"

"Oh, sure, the starboard water tank, aft of the engine room. Whenever they find a tight job they give it to me. They'll have to find another sucker now."

"And who has to climb into all the tight spots every night, to make sure you've been working?" and I pointed my thumb at my chest. "You guessed it."

"Oh, Junior," Eddie said. He looked at me incredulously. "You've got the best racket in the whole yard, except Mike, here," and he stuck his finger into Mike's ribs.

I bounced down on the pegs of the gang-plank, and looked back when I reached the bottom. They were still talking. Eddie didn't care much about working on his last night.

I went into the shack below the way, and began to check my figures to see if I had missed anyone. A half hour later, I was still making out my summary form, putting in all the locations, and leaving out the footage. Three men were in the shack, arguing about something. I was trying to concentrate on my summary. I didn't pay any attention to the ambulance pulling up to the way.

"See," one of the men said, excitedly, "just like I was saying. It's dangerous working here."

One of the men left the shack to find out what had happened.

The man continued, "Why, more men were killed in defense plants than in the Army, Navy and the Marines, before D-day."

"Don't act crazy," the other man said, "that's impossible."

"Well, it said so in the paper," the first one insisted. "More men killed in defense plants than in the service, before D-day."

"That's impossible. Look at all the men we lost in Africa. Why Paul Dobrinsky's kid was killed in Africa long before D-day."

"Well, it said so in the paper."

"And how about the Philippines? Thirty thousand; and Guadalcanal, and how about all the guy's shot down over Germany. That's crazy, we lost plenty of men."

I listened to the morbid argument. The man was actually bragging, and his friend was not to be outdone.

He said, "Why there are lots of ways to get killed right here. How about that guy who fell off the mud-sucker over in the wet-basin. He was dragged right under, didn't have a chance. Besides, it said so in the paper, didn't it?"

"Don't believe everything you read," the other one said. "It said in the paper that the Dodgers would cop the pennant, but they folded, didn't they? Ha, you can't believe everything you read in the paper, can you?"

"That's different. Besides, those Cards got too hot. Anyway, there's lots of ways to get killed around here. And lot the company cares; they've got their cost-plus-ten. You won't catch me climbing all over these ships. No thanks, I'll stick to the shops. There's a lot less accidents in the shops."

I couldn't listen any longer, so I went outside. The man who had left was coming down the gang-plank, and I looked at him inquiringly.

"Some welder," he said, "deader'n a kite."

I hurried up to the deck. Mike looked worried. The crane had moved close, and was bringing up a long basket to be lowered into the hold.

"It's Eddie, kid," Mike said. "I guess he didn't notice the center line wire across the plank. Tripped over it, and landed on that damn machinery."

"Eddie!" I could think of nothing more to say.

"I'm real sorry to see this happen, kid, 'cause I know you and Eddie was such good friends, and Eddie was such a great guy, always kidding around."

I mumbled some word. Inside of me something began to revolve. I could not think clearly.

"I was only talking to him a minute ago," Mike said. "We were just standing here talking, and when he started to leave I told him to watch the wire, but he just laughed, and I guess he didn't see it, and he stumbled over it and fell on all that machinery. They should mark all those wires."



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I tried not to listen. The sun was just below the horizon, sending ponderous motes of light into blue space. The morning star was still there. Some of the clouds on the horizon were still black, and some caught the rays and were pink and white. The river was shining in the new light, and the other shore was clear. You could see the trees. On the bridge, the traffic was getting thicker. Most of the cars still had their lights on.

"Funny," Mike said, "he was just talking about his wife. Saying what a great wife she was, and how he trusted you because you were such a kid. You know, I guess I'd hate to have to tell his wife."

It is strange how the sky changes. The west was still dark, and the sky was becoming lighter, gradually, toward the east. The clouds were all white, and the morning star was gone. The edge of the sun had appeared, flaring, blood red, outlining the sky-scrapers of the city in the distance. I would have to tell his wife.

Eddie's body was covered inside the basket as they lifted him gently out of the hold. Someone was riding the crane hook to keep the basket from tilting. They carried him out of the hold and high against the pale new sky, and lowered him slowly, and put him in the ambulance to take him to the morgue. The news had spread quickly, and workers were gathered below and on the deck of the ship and on the ship across the way.

Smitty, the welding foreman, came over to me.

"Junior," he said, "could you tell his wife for me? There's no sense calling this early, and you know her better than I do."

"All right," I said.

He was relieved.

"I'm sorry to see this happen," he said. "And on his last night, too. Doesn't that get you though. Well, maybe he would have got it in the Marines. That's a rough outfit, you know. Well thanks a lot kid. There's no sense calling this early, and I guess you know her better than I do, don't you?"

"That's okay," I said.

V

I finished my report early and left. It was seven-thirty. The sun was relatively high already and there was a mild glare. People were coming in from the road in increasing numbers. The long line of trolleys waited for the men of the night shift and I walked up to the first one in front of

the bridge. It was empty and we had to wait for more riders.

I sat facing the shipyard. The blue flashes of light sparkled from the sides of the nearest ship. They hadn't stopped welding yet. What could I tell her? She was so sweet and this thing was so awful. There was no reason for it. It was stupid and futile. Of course, I couldn't move in now; I'd have to stay in that damn hotel, and it would be terrible coming back to the yard without Eddie.

She would be fixing his breakfast now. What a rotten break this was, fixing breakfast for a dead man. I still couldn't think of what I was going to tell her, but there was still time. I watched for the blue flashes. They were supposed to hurt your eyes, but from this distance it was all right. The blue flashes had stopped.

The trolley began to fill quickly with loud and rough men. I could not think with their raucous noise. The trolley jolted to a start and I tried desperately to think. The man next to me spoke in excited Italian, gesturing frequently and bumping his arms against me. The trolley rattled and swayed violently as it gained speed. Linda, something terrible has happened. It would sound cheap, and she would know right away.

"Did you say something?" the Italian said. "Ha, he is talking to himself."

I could have crushed his thick skull. A couple of the men laughed with him, and I was red with impotent fury. How could I think with these fools jabbering away like idiots? The foreign scum. I tried to ignore them, and they talked again in Italian.

I put my head into my hand and tightened the muscles of my face trying to think. It was useless. There was too much noise, and the car was rocking and shaking, throwing the Italian against me. What made the fool conductor go so damned fast!

The trolley stopped at the corner near the house. I thought I would get off at the next corner and drink a cup of coffee, and think about what I could tell her. The trolley started, and I looked out the window to see the house. As we came abreast of it, I saw that she was standing in front of the steps. I was panic stricken. I couldn't hide.

She was looking into the windows of the trolley, and she saw me. She waved, motioning me to get off, and pointing into the house. I waved back at her and tried to smile, pointing toward the city. The trolley continued for several blocks before it stopped again. I got off at the end of the line, and took the tubes to the city.

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SALES

SERVICE

A Lot of Noise

(Continued from page 11)

Mom pushed a hairpin back in place. "We're moving. Moving up into the rooms over the theatre. And what's more, I'm going to need you to all help me run the show. I've thought it over. Mom in the ticket booth; Marion takes 'em up; and Jim up in the projection room. Beginning tomorrow."

Silence followed the announcement. Marion finally broke it with a small wail.

"Not Fridays, too, Dad!"

Dad ignored her.

"I've already got a proposition on this house. If it goes through, we move out the first of the week."

Marion sobbed aloud.

"And I'll have no baby foolishness about this, young lady!"

Jimmy sighed and looked away from the light. He found it hard to focus his sight on the boys' faces. Should he tell them now or wait and let them find out themselves?

"Not doing so hot? Who says so? Most interesting business in the world, let me tell you! Why, our whole family's going into it. Even moving into the building. Drop around sometime and I'll show you how we run things."

The family was settled comfortably over the theatre. The five rooms were not so bad after all. The place was new and Mom managed to arrange things in an interesting way. Of course, it was tough giving up afternoons to help around the theatre. Marion complained a lot. Mom pretended she enjoyed getting out and seeing people.

But Dad wasn't as settled as the rest of the family. He had a bigger than ever idea. And he drank a little more to make himself stick with the picture show business. Now he wanted to start a sort of country club. He had already picked out a site and was trying to interest folks in investing.

The weather was too often bad now for the gang to meet in front of the school. So they changed their hangout to the bowling alley across from the theatre. Jimmy was again too busy to spend much of his time in "bull sessions."

One night after supper, Jimmy strolled across the street. The gang was discussing Miss Scott of the ninth grade. It promised to be good. The best one was about the day when she got so mad at the boys in ten o'clock geometry that she broke her yard stick across the desk and then went out of the room with tears running all down

across her rouge.

"Old bat don't have the sense God gave a nigger." Fred made his decision. Jimmy agreed.

"Way she talks she tries to make you think she does, though."

"Some folks just cover up their ignorance with a lot of noise." John's usual philosophical remark was given in a voice even higher than usual because he had a sore throat.

Jimmy left before the gang started on old lady Linker who had one section of the tenth grade. He happened to think he might be needed in the projection room. Crossing the street, he nearly bumped into Morris who was making his evening rounds. Yep, just a lot of noise. . .

Jimmy banged the street door and dashed up the stairs in his usual three-at-a-time manner. When he opened the living room door, he stood for a moment panting and dazed after his mad dash. It took time for his eyes to become accustomed to the bright interior and his ears to become aware of the sounds that greeted him. There was a crash and then the sprinkling sound of breaking glass.

"Jimmy! Close the door!" Mom's

voice was thin.

Marion looked his way and then fled to her room.

Jimmy sucked in his breath sharply. He jumped when the corner china cabinet toppled.

Dad, his face an ugly crimson, was slinging a hammer around the room. He seemed intent on breaking every crushable object. Or maybe it wasn't his Dad! Not this drunken fool!

Mom motioned Jimmy to follow her. They closed the kitchen door behind them.

"Darling, don't blame your dad too much. His ideas are just too big for this town. And he can't take it when people laugh at them. That's the reason for his drinking like this."

"But Mom, what will we do?"

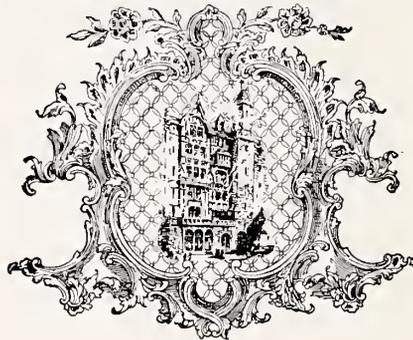
They heard another crash from the living room.

"People in the theatre will be up in a minute to find out what all the noise is. We need help and quick!"

Morris was probably still standing down on the corner. Jimmy ran down the back steps and kicked open the street door. Even while he was running, his eyes caught the street light down in front of the high school.



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The Journey

(Continued from page 17)

caught in the creek, an' striped ones an' long kinds that look like snakes, an' kinds that blow up all over. An' I won't play 'cept when I wanna'. That's why I'm goin' away." He added very slowly and calmly. "You wanna' come too?" Murray blew smoke at the sky and wished that it was time to eat.

"Naw Lettie, I don't think I can. I gotta' work tonight, but I'll tell you what!" Lettie sprang to his brother's feet and began rubbing his chubby hands over Murray's dirty shoes.

"What, Murray? Tell me what."

"I'll walk down to the train with you after we eat. How's that?"

Lettie jumped to his feet.

"No, no, Murray. I gotta' go now. The train's comin'. I 'aint got time to eat. I gotta' go pack." With that, he ran into the house. Murray heard him on the stairs. He shook his head sadly and flipped his cigarette into the yard. He was sorry his mother was a stubborn woman. He resolved to get Lettie committed to the Institution himself. Lettie was twenty two, almost twenty three. 'Perhaps it was too late'. He heard his mother's voice.

"Murray, Lettie! Are you washed yet?" She came to the screen door.

"Mom." Murray didn't know how to say what he was thinking. "Mom, what are we gonna' do about Lettie?" She smiled. She was not a practical woman.

"Nothin', Murray, nothin'. You go down to the crossin' with him. He wants to catch the train."

"Mom, are you serious? You can't mean that. Are you gonna' let him run away?" Mrs. Jones laughed, then Murray understood.

"It's the 5:15 that'll be comin' through. Go down to the crossin' with him." Then she was gone again. Murray was relieved. He didn't know quite why. He shouldn't have worried. Tomorrow he would talk his mother into sending Lettie away. 'It was the best thing. Tomorrow!'

"Murray, Murray are ya' ready to go?" It was Lettie with a shoebox tucked tightly beneath his arm. "Are ya' ready to go?"

Murray rose and placed his arm around his brother, who was four inches taller.

"Sure Lettie. Lets go. Better hurry or we'll miss the train."

Arm in arm they walked through the front gate and turned in the direction of the railroad tracks. Murray stole a

glance at Lettie and suddenly knew that his brother was completely happy—for the first time in his life.

"Write to me, Lettie."

"Huh?" Lettie was too preoccupied with the prospect of his journey.

"Write to me."

Lettie heard the far away whistle of the 5:15.

"Sure, Murray." He always pretended he could write. It was a fascinating game between the two of them. "Lets hurry."

They broke into a run, Lettie in the lead.

"Hurry, Murray, hurry."

They waited in silence. Lettie was breathing heavily, and then, Murray was sorry he had come. The whistle shattered the stillness of the late afternoon. It was closer this time. Lettie began to jump up and down. He was perspiring and his trembling hands could barely hold the shoebox.

"Its comin', its comin'." He grabbed his brother's arm and pointed to the thick clouds of black smoke, which had just blossomed over the pine trees.

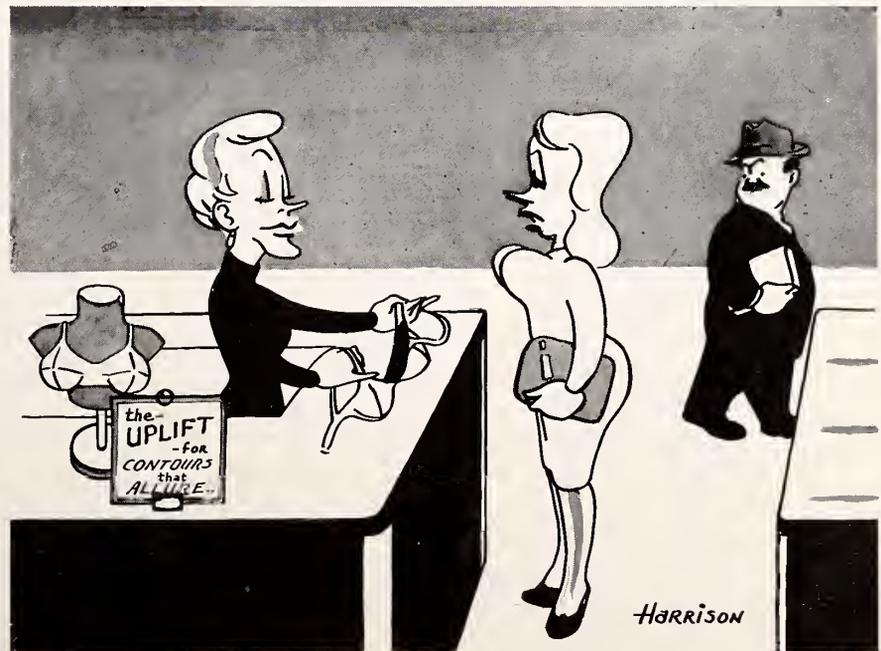
"Lettie!" Murray started to speak but changed his mind. 'Later.'

Then suddenly, the train came into view. Snorting, roaring around the bend in the tracks. Lettie was jubilant. He waved his arms and screamed. . .



A moment of flashing steel, shuddering rails and flying cinders and then, as quickly as it had come, it was gone. A faint, final whistle as the coal dust settled over the rails. Murray looked up at the sign beside them. It merely read: *Danger—Railroad Crossing!* He turned in the direction of home and started to walk, slowly. Lettie followed without a word. His bright eyes now blinded with tears were fixed on the ground. He didn't understand.

"It didn't stop, Murray. . . It didn't even stop."



Haven't You Something Without the Lift?

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Seafood,
Fresh
Vegetables

**University
Service
Station**



Odus Pendergraft
Proprietor

FASHION: Feminine View

HARK! Look! What goes there? Ah, yes, it's one of those Carolina coeds who has gone all out for the latest trend in fashion. She seems to have been rumaging in her Mother's discarded clothes of the early twenty's, for I don't believe that knitted suit is her own handiwork. However, the Ingenius coed is probably capable of such a feat, but the time element prevents her from doing so. In class yesterday I noticed that she was wearing a Gibson girl blouse and tie, tucked in an extremely long skirt which seemed not the least bit cumbersome. After years of sweaters and skirts it is a welcome change.

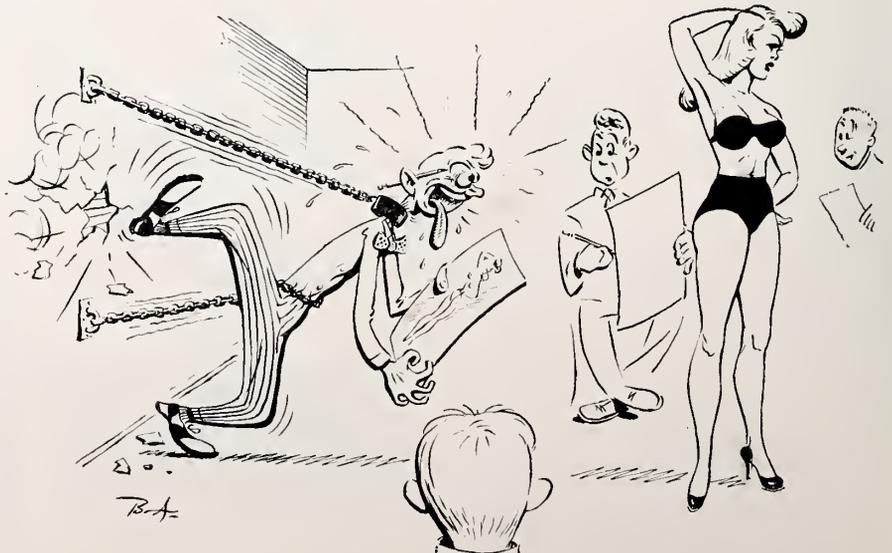
It looks as if what is called "new" in fashion is really "old". The fact is college girls of today cannot remember what garments were passing by them twenty odd years ago. If they had noticed they would have seen satins and velvets that are now cut in chic five o'clock dresses hanging in most any closet of the well dressed lady. Although the designers are working basically on some old ideas they also put new touches in their work. The natural shoulder and the tiny waist are receiving special emphasis.

As in the past, acceptance of any sudden change in fashion is not wholehearted at first, but with time the old looses its firm hold, giving the new complete sway.

BARBARA DALTON



FASHION: Masculine View



Translations From Paul Verlaine

by James Patty

Autumn Song (Chanson d'Automne)

The autumn winds
Like violins
Sob and moan;
They wound my soul
With their long dull
Monotone.

Choking and pale,
I hear the bell
Tolling deep,
And call to mind
Years left behind,
And I weep.

And I am blown
By winds that moan
Full of grief
Hither and yon—
Now here, now gone,
A dead leaf.

Since When

By FRANK GROSECLOSE

Since when did I disdain all chairs
To seek the monkish grace of boards,
Shut all the windows, close the doors,
To arbitrate with squares,

Ignoring auguries of hell,
The brimstone anguish of that fire
Which, inwards, kindled unaware,
Makes kindred of us all?

A cold precise mathematic me
Is surely guarantee in steel
That I will never quit my cell
Phlegmatically;

Yet, postulate in purity,
Bisect clean-limned upon this law,
I think unpredicated joy
Of warmer geometry.

It Weeps Within My Heart

(Il pleure dans mon
coeur)

It weeps in my heart
Like the rain on the town,
What langorous dart
So pierces my heart?

O sweet noise of the rain
On the ground and the roofs!
To a heart full of pain
O the song of the rain!

It weeps without reason
In this heart that grows sick.
What? Was there no treason?
This grief has no reason.

Yet worse is the pain
For knowing not why,
Without love or hate's stain,
My heart has such pain.

The Street

By FRANK GROSECLOSE

Perhaps you know the avenue I mean,
A not unfriendly thoroughfare between
Erected stone of frenzy and despair
Where silence drips in silence to the
bare,

Immobile, mute, uncalculated deeps,
And where the mind, descending, sleeps
Upon no couch and has no dream.
There hangs suspended, frozen in a
scream,

The cry that cycled into icy air,
Its pain behind, below; only its rare,
Sweet, acid music etching into ear.

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Name

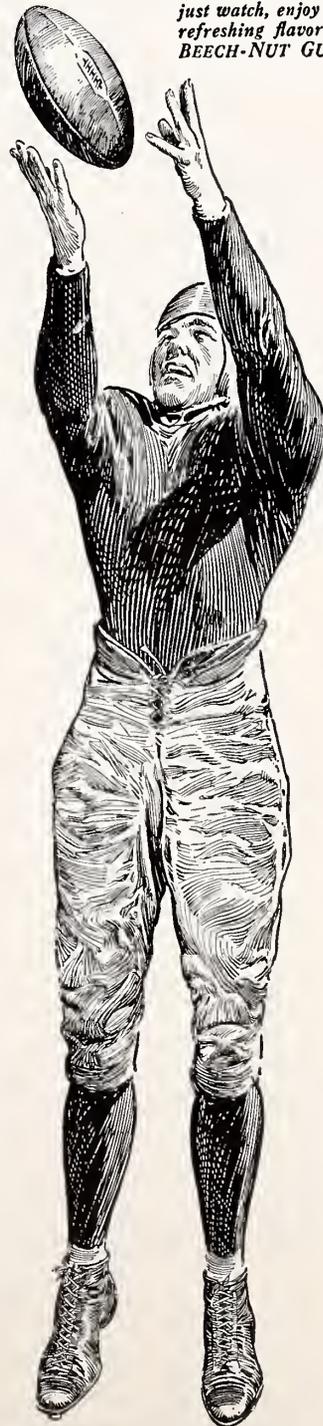
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The very next day you may receive a de-luxe radio-phonograph combination and a nine-room prefabricated house. It won't be from us. We'll just send you money if we feel like it. Easy Money, too.

Little Moron Corner

Mohair Moron, the upholsterer's son, was found huddled up and shivering in his refrigerator one day. He explained by saying, "I was th-thirsty for a P-pepsi-C-e-ola and was t-told it should be d-drunk when cold. Now I can drink it. I'm e-c-c-cold!"

You don't have to be a moron to write these . . . but it helps. \$2 for each accepted we'll pay you, and not a penny more.

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year we're going to review all the stuff we buy, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

\$100.00

—HE-SHE GAGS—

If you're a "he" or a "she" (as we suspect) writing HE-SHE jokes should be a cinch for you. If you're not a "he" or a "she" don't bother. Anyway, if you're crazy enough to give us gags like these, we might be crazy enough to pay you a few bucks for them.

* * *

He: Give me a kiss and I'll buy you a Pepsi-Cola . . . or something.

She: Correction. Either you'll buy me a Pepsi . . . or nothing!

* * *

He: When a man leans forward eagerly, lips parted, thirsting for loveliness, don't you know what to do?

She: Sure, give him a Pepsi-Cola.

* * *

He ghost: I'm thirsty. Let's go haunt the Pepsi-Cola plant.

She ghost: That's the spirit!

* * *

\$3.00 (three bucks) we pay for stuff like this, if printed. We are not ashamed of ourselves, either!

GET FUNNY... WIN MONEY... WRITE A TITLE



“

”

This is easier than taking candy away from a baby. And less squawking. Maybe you don't want to be rich, but just force yourself. You'll like it. And, if we like the title you write for this cartoon we'll force ourself to give you \$5. Or if you send us your own cartoon idea we'll up it to \$10. For a cartoon that you draw yourself, we'll float a loan and send you \$15 if we print it. Could you expect any more? Yes, you could expect.

CUTE SAYINGS of KIDDIES

(age 16 to 19 plus)

A famous sage has said that people are funnier than anybody. If that were true, all you'd have to do would be listen to what the kiddies are saying, write it down, send it in, and we'd buy it. If that were true. It might be, for all we know. We haven't the slightest idea what we'll ac-

cept. Chances are it would be things like these unless we get some sense.

“My George, who will just be 17 on next Guy Fawkes Day, had his appendix removed last month. When the doctor asked him what kind of stitching he'd like to

have, George said, 'suture self, doctor'.”

“Elmer Treestump says his girl Sagebrush, only 22¼, brings a bottle of Pepsi-Cola along on every date for protection. She tells everybody, 'that's my Pop!'”

\$1 each for acceptable stuff like this.

CHESTERFIELD IS MY FAVORITE
CIGARETTE AND ALWAYS TOPS
WITH MY GUESTS

Dorothy Lamour

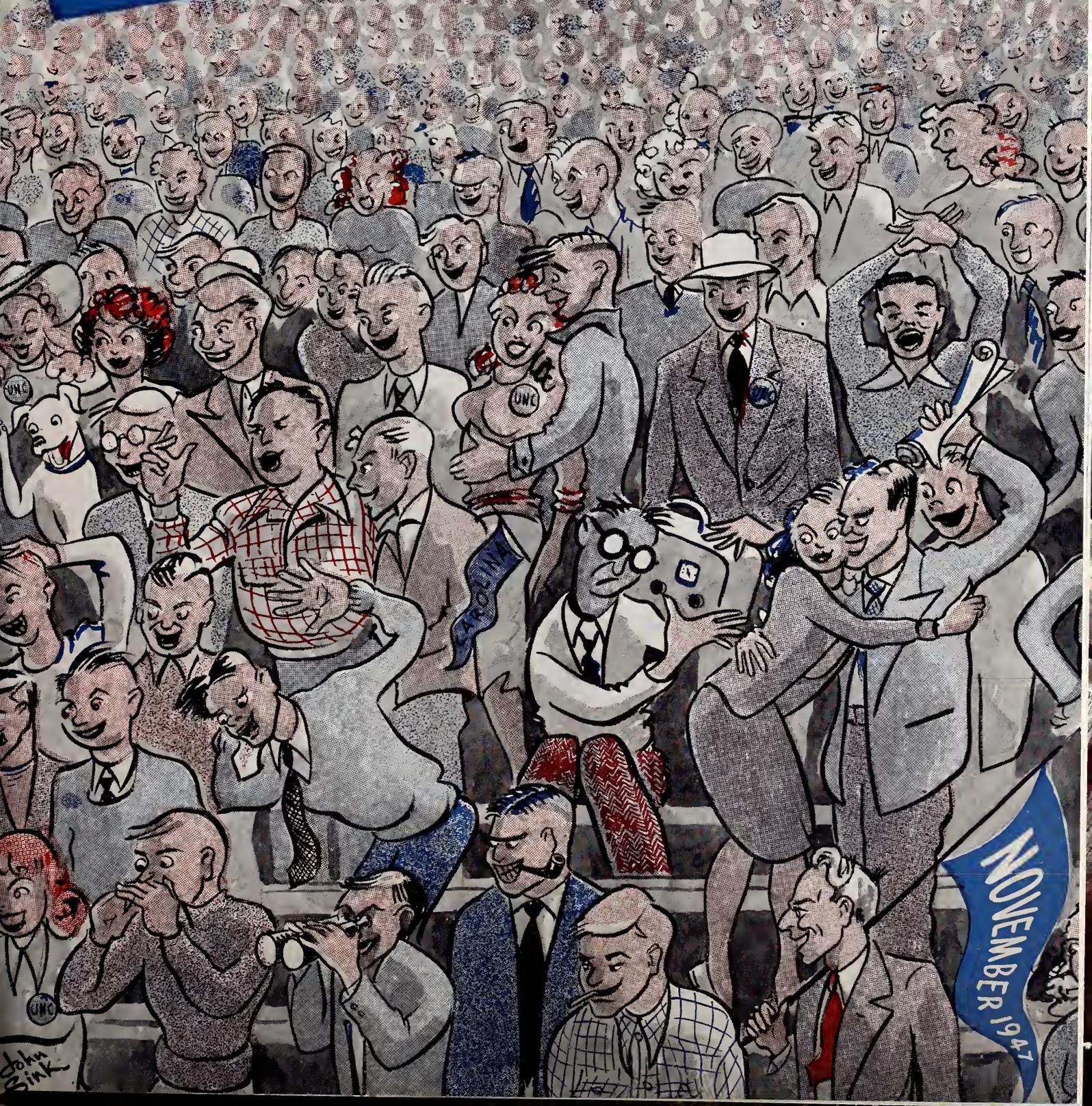
STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S GREAT PICTURE
"WILD HARVEST"



ALWAYS BUY

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The Carolina MAGAZINE



NOVEMBER 1947

John Sink

“EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!”

Clear That Jump! "Pat" Hackett (in the saddle) has had years of experience in riding and training jumpers. She knows her cigarettes too (see below).

— in jumping a horse or choosing a cigarette,

Says NOTED SPORTSWOMAN
"Pat" Hackett

The wartime cigarette shortage was a real experience. Of all the brands I smoked, CAMELS suit me best!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!

Your "T-Zone" will tell you

...T for Taste...T for Throat... that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

● Not many women can match "Pat" Hackett's experience with horses, but millions can match her experience with cigarettes!

Remember the many brands you smoked during the wartime cigarette shortage? Whether you

intended to or not, you compared brand against brand...for Taste...for Throat. That's how millions learned from experience...in taste, mildness, coolness...in quality.

Try Camels. Compare them in your "T-Zone." Let your own Taste and Throat...your own experience...tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!



According to a recent Nationwide survey:
MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS
than any other cigarette

When 113,597 doctors from coast to coast—in every field of medicine—were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!

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Mr. Carolina Gentleman:

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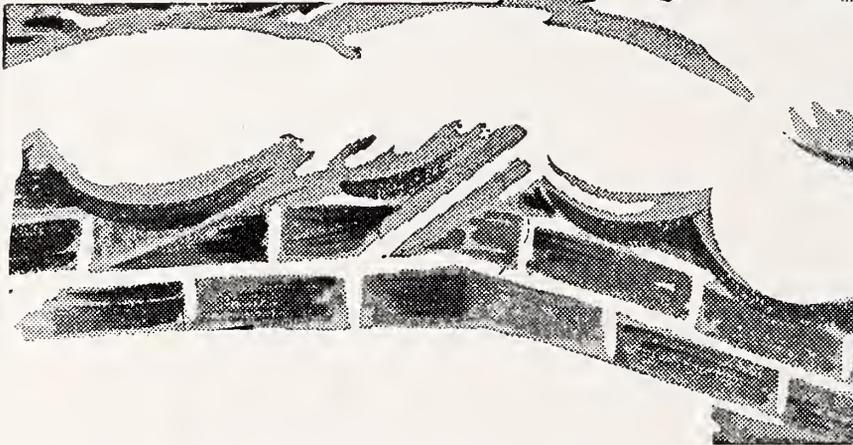
KAPP'S MEN'S SHOP

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The Wishing Well



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You Can Win \$10 in Merchandise

Every week until Christmas, the Varsity will sponsor a Wishing Well. Two or more people each week are eligible to receive their Christmas wish. Varsity Wishing Well will operate thus:

- Obtain a blank from the First Floor or Ladies' Department on the Second Floor.
- Write on the blank the thing you desire most in Varsity merchandise, in addition to your name and local address.
- Deposit your blank in the Wishing Well.
- Once each week, two (2) wishes or more will be taken from the Well at random.
- The two lucky wishers will receive the articles they desire, free, if its value is \$10 or less. If the value is greater than \$10, then \$10 will be deducted from the purchase price.
- Employees of the Varsity, or their relatives, are ineligible to participate in this contest.

Varsity



CAROLINA MAGAZINE

The University of North Carolina Periodical of Campus Life

Published Since 1844

November, 1947

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FICTION

THE AMBER SHEEN	Jean Davis Brown	9
THE MIDDLE WAY	Kenneth S. Rothwell	12
TWO HUNTERS	Harold Suits	13
MORE EXPERIENCE	John F. Kenfield, Jr.	16
FANTASY: IN SHORTENED PERSPECTIVE	Bob Sain	21

FEATURES

PLAYGROUND—UNC	Yarborough, Gibson	5
MAG MAN OF THE MONTH	Charlie Gibson	11
FROM RAGS TO RICHES	Bookie Jabine	14
COVER	John Sink	

HUMOR

PIGSKIN PICKET	Billy Carmichael	10
----------------------	------------------	----

POETRY

TRANSLATIONS BY JAMES PATTY		8
HARMONY OF EVENING	Charles Baudelaire	
BEAUTY	Charles Baudelaire	
THE VISION OF KHEM (I)	Heredia	
THE CORAL REEF	Heredia	

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Owen Lewis, c/o Daily Tar Heel.

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NOTHING seems harder to explain than the lethargy which swept the Carolina campus in the immediate post-war years. Lack of interest disintegrated many a campus organization which enjoyed immense pre-war popularity. Student activities diminished into nothingness. Publications cried for men even though top notch journalists swarmed the campus. The experienced and hardened veteran selfish in his ways after devoting many of his valuable younger years to the common cause of the nation, sure of his own purpose, had begun to dominate Carolina life.

With the beginning of this year's rushing the change came about in a most abrupt manner as critical fraternities faced new groups of boys who seemed insignificant compared to the men welcomed in previous years. The experience of the competitive war world depending on the survival of the fittest proved a radical difference. As the "new" freshman ranging in age from sixteen to eighteen roamed about the campus and the houses, disappointed veteran brothers failed to realize that a new generation had finally taken over. The post-war era had finally arrived.

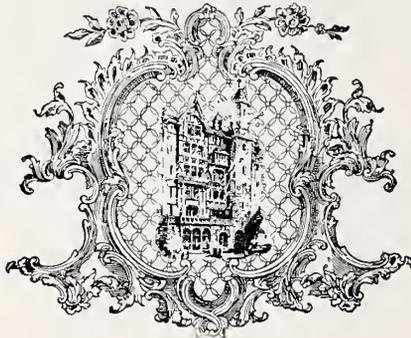
The pre-war popularity of student organizations appeared. The Carolina caravan too became a reality again as Tar Heels streamed into the capital city by the thousands acting in the same foolish ways that had dominated typical college life in years before.

Not only has the old way of life returned to Carolina, but it has been evident in other colleges as well. Only the modern touch has been added. Instead of painting rival campuses it has become a practice to occupy the competitor's radio station.

Will these boys lacking maturity and experience find the right sort of training in college now, when the universities have begun to throw away the last traces of war? Are these boys prepared to meet a future where the United States has proved itself not only as the material monarch but, also, as a political leader? New incentive is growing among the not so fortunate nations to equal, surpass, and even upset the throne of the United States. After all we must not fall behind again.

Since pre-war training seemed good enough to beat the supermen, we look with encouragement to the revitalization of the United States college campus.

Notice



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Playground - UNC

A photographic inside story by Wilson Yarborough

AT THE END of the central quadrangle of University classroom buildings stands the library—a study in quiet, gray marble. This hall of all learning is the one place on campus to combine interest of the Y court with the silence in which scientists could hear their atomic bombs drop.

The library, U.N.C.'s leading rest resort, offers many recreational attractions. There are collections of cartoons and coeds for amusement, long flights of steps and heavy books for exercise, deep leather chairs and deeper reference tomes to cure insomnia. Capable librarians and student aides are on hand to administer knowledge in the least painful doses and to answer questions on every subject from archeology and botany down the alphabet through yogi and zionism.

When the present library was built there in 1926, its original architectural plan went uncompleted. To accommodate an enrollment of 2,282, the building, even with the

back wing which designs called for still missing, offered ample room for students of that era who pondered the evils of prohibition and the coming of bobbed haid. Today after the enrollment has tripled itself to 7,528, when students should consider the evils of the "new Look" and the coming of world peace, the library stands yet unfinished.

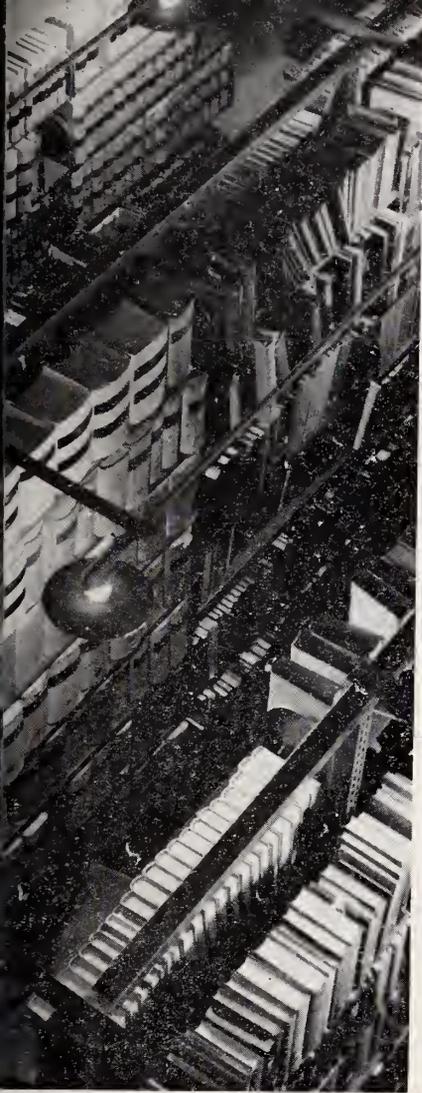
With the library's back literally to a wall, a glass wall, this season's empty seats are as scarce at its crowded tables as in Kenan stadium. The library suffers from buckling, bursting shelves and has a morgue of over 100,000 books left lying dead and casketed in storage crates along its public corridors. The solution to such inadequacy demands simply the addition of two wings and an enlarged book-stack, as initially planned, to double the present capacity. The cost is estimated at \$1,500,000, including no frills but allowing for the best utensils for both work and study—those two incidentals that pass the time away between dances and football games in the land of Tar Heelia.



Believe it or not!



Browsing



Sea of Knowledge



Assembly line for mass education

It's a Dog's Life

Many of man's best friends make the University library a first-class kennel, sleeping wherever a mongrel's peace is least likely to be kicked about. On life's sad and boneless days there seems to be no better place to wait to be petted by a coed.



"We'll be as close as pages in a book"



Harmony of Evening

By *Charles Beaudelaire*

The hour has come when, swaying to and fro,
Incense escapes from every fragrant bloom;
The evening swirls with music and perfume;
O mournful waltz, O languid vertigo!

Incense escapes from every fragrant bloom;
The violin quivers like a heart in woe;
O mournful waltz, O languid vertigo!
How sad, how fair the sky's great altars loom.

The violin quivers like a heart in woe,
A tender heart that hates the vast, dark Tomb!
How sad, how fair the sky's great altars loom.
Drowned in his curdling blood, the sun sinks low.

A tender heart that hates the vast, dark Tomb
Recalls each spark of dead years once aglow!
Drowned in his curdling blood, the sun sinks low.
Your image like a monst'rance lights my gloom!

The Vision of Khem

By *Heredia*

Noon. The air burns and under the dread light
The old slow river rolls its leaden tide;
Relentless Phra veils Egypt far and wide;
Day plunges from the zenith's blinding height.

Huge sphinxes, with lids parted day and night,
Their flanks bathed in the golden sand beside,
Follow with steady gaze, mysterious-eyed,
The obelisks that soar in endless flight.

Like a dark speck against the calm white sky,
Far off, a flock of circling vultures fly;
The immense flame puts man and beast to sleep.

And, silent in the glow of burning sands,
Moveless amid the warm joy, drowsy and deep,
Baying the sun, a bronze Anubis stands.

Translations by James Patty

Beauty

By *Charles Beaudelaire*

I am fair, O mortals, as a dream in stone,
And each in turn is wounded at my breast
Which fills the poet with a mute unrest—
His love for me eternal and unknown.

Sphinx-like, enthroned on the sky's azure deep,
I am white as is the swan, my heart is snow;
I hate all motion which disturbs my flow;
And never do I laugh and never weep.

Poets before the carved magnificence
I seem to draw from proudest monuments
Will spend their days in studyings austere;

For spell-like over these adoring wights
I hold clear mirrors which make all things fair,
These my wide eyes with their eternal lights.

The Coral Reef

By *Heredia*

The sun beneath the waves, a strange aurora,
In the abysmal coral woodland shines,
Which, in its tepid basins, intertwines
The blooming fauna and the living flora.

And all things, tinctured with a saline aura—
Windflowers and moss and algae in thin lines—
Cover with somber purple, in rich designs,
The tangled sea-floor of pale madrepora.

Shaming enamel with his splendid scales,
Across the coral limbs a great fish sails
Through lucid shadows, languid and at will;
Suddenly, with his flaming fin aswirl,
He leaves near the dim crystal, blue and still,
Ripples of gold and emerald and pearl.

THE Amber Sheen



By Jean Davis Brown

SUN penetrated the room in narrow horizontal bars where it escaped the grasping slats of the blind. Fingers of light touched Keith's face, gently at first, then with harsh insistence. They flicked across her chin, pushed at her closed eyelids, and grappled with her tangled hair. She opened her eyes and sat up suddenly for she had just remembered. Today was the day. She pushed back the down comforter, swung her legs over the side of the bed, and moved quickly to the window. The polished floor gleamed coldly and sent a chilly shiver through her body. She pulled up the blind and looked out. It was a beautiful day; a perfect setting for the occasion. Frost,

the night before, had covered the lawn with a thin white glaze. On the trees shadows played in and out of the dark ridges of bark and each branch was outlined with a fine scratch of white. There were a few scattered piles of leaves about the yard; but most of them had fallen and Joe, the colored boy had burned them. Only the big maple in the front yard retained the splendor of early autumn, glinting and sparkling with an amber sheen as the sun pierced the open spaces among the branches and touched the wet leaves. The maple was their tree, hers and David's. And David was coming.

Keith stood there a moment, letting the wonder of it soak in. The words

beat a little pattern in her head, "David is coming, today! David is coming, today." And they would talk, and eat, and listen to music, and take long walks together. They would laugh and be childish and silly and sentimental; and they would be together. She was so full of happiness that she thought she must work until she could no longer think or feel, but the words of the pattern kept coming back.

She pulled the window down until there was just a crack to let in air. "Today," she thought with the other part of her "is the day to get those

(Continued on page 26)

Illustration by Lucie Baxter

PIGSKIN PICKET

By
Billy
Carmichael

With all the talk going around these days of subsidized

and commercialized football complete with highly paid and

endowed football players, it doesn't look to be long until the

day when the American labor unions, which will organize

anything, start out on the college gridgers.

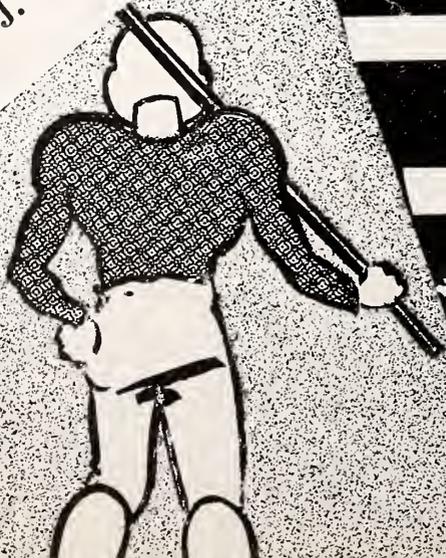
It will all begin with a player demonstration at some

large school, the players demanding better wages, better

living and playing conditions. Probably a sit-down strike

(Continued on page 20)

VARSAITY
UNFAIR
J. V. Local 126



Accounted For

by Charlie Gibson

SO FAR NO one has made bricks without straw, washed a blackamoor white, squeezed toothpaste back into the tube, or made a coed admit that, as far as Scotch and women are concerned, the best is imported. However, mortals may yet see an age of miracles. Witness to that fact is the Carolina Mag's finding for this issue's man of the month a member of the University administrative personnel about whom, according to all known records, there has never been a single entry of student complaint.

This prodigy is Harry A. Kear, a University accountant. In the Student Activities Fund Office Kear audits and accounts expenditure statements for various campus aggregations. His job is to tally what who spends where why and to set the fiscal boundaries of campus enterprise. Today he computes sums amounting to over \$400,000 for thirteen fraternities, one sorority, the Athletic Association, Publications Union, Playmakers, and Student Government, to mention only a few representative groups from approximately fifty organizations. Figuring all this, crediting his ease and accomplishment, debiting long hours and mental strain, it balances that Harry Kear is a man who deserves this month's salute to square accounts.

What does he look like? Any day stop by the office on the second floor of Graham Memorial at the head of the steps opposite the Daily Tar Heel headquarters, and see for yourself. Harry Kear will be the little man busy behind a ledger or an adding machine—the short, quiet, white-headed man in vest and shirtsleeves. Inevitably he will be sitting there behind a desk, counting, estimating, calculating. The picture of calm efficiency by contrast with other lubberly fuss and stir thereabouts, Kear will seem a more quiescent eddy caught in a rowdy whirlpool. Although the odds are that he will sit mindful only of assets, liabilities, receipts, profits, and losses, he may just happen to look up and grin at you good-naturedly.

In that grin you might detect a friendly symptom that Kear is about ready to take one of his rare ten-minute breaks. Then the mechanic who computes money matters might become the man who mirrors calmness but congeniality, understanding, and courtesy. Hang around, and tell Kear your next English theme definitely depends on his life story. That may be one way to trick him into talking. After a Coke from one of the machines recently installed in Graham Memorial, maybe he will chat a bit about the armed forces, football, and Washington, N. C.

Born of February 17, 1891, in Van Wert, Ohio, Harry Kear stayed Yankee only long enough to graduate from high school. Then while he was spending two years at the University of West Virginia and joining Beta Theta Pi fraternity, his family moved south to Washington, the eastern Carolina town which Kear adopted as home. There he worked first in a wholesale company and then in business for himself as a distributor for the Gulf Refining company. There he met, wooed, and married Annie Laurie Baucom, a schoolteacher from Raleigh. Between chores as an Elk, a high ranking Mason, a steward of the Methodist church, a National Guardsman, and vice-president of Washington's Rotary club, there for the first time he found two new loves. Mrs. Kear had as her competition for Harry's interests football and accounting.

The Washington eleven needed a good coach in 1911 and 1912 when high school football was first coming into its own in North Carolina. Harry Kear was their man. He, his squad, and plays which sound very modern put the iron into many of the state's first earliest high school gridiron contests, the Washington pampack winning all their games in 1913. Yes, 1913. That was the year when

(Continued on page 31)





THE MIDDLE WAY

from the picket line there came a shout

of defiance. The state guard lieutenant turned from the public address system to the major standing beside him. He shrugged his shoulders.

"See, Harry, they won't budge. What can we do?"

The major stared through the wire fence around the parking lot at the knot of strikers across the street. Their attitude annoyed him. After all when he had asked them to move, well, they should have moved. A tomato sailed over the fence and splattered on his thirty-five dollar trousers. The picket line roared with laughter.

"Ted!"

He shouted at the lieutenant.

"Ted! take your gang and chase those strikers out of there."

"You mean move 'em by force?"

"Damn right I do!"

"Hey, Harry, wait a minute . . . we're just supposed to keep order . . ."

"Do as I say . . . they brought it on themselves."

For a moment there was silence. They stood staring at each other. Then both of them started talking at once but their words were lost in the noise made by a passing truck. The truck was one of many, loaded with troops, that had all day passed up and down the street which was the no-man's land between the strikers and the militia.

When the telephone had rung that morning the lieutenant had been at home grading the papers of his math class at Midville High. His wife had answered it.

"Ted," Marcia said, "it's Harry Blockson."

Naturally he had dropped everything because Harry Blockson besides being chairman of the Midville school board, and therefore the man to whom he owed his job, also happened to be his commanding officer in the state guard. He'd only been too glad to help Harry organize a state guard unit for home defense when the federal government had called up the national guard. Marcia for some reason

(Continued on page 18)

Illustration by James Moon

Two Hunters

by Harold Suits

I KNEW that John was troubled that day as soon as I saw him. He was coming across the field toward me, moving in a half run over the short dry clover with his blue shirt and blue pants flopping and jumping and his bare feet appearing and disappearing and then appearing again in the clover.

Deep in the south, far out over the trees, there was a sound of thunder, and he had almost reached me. From under my hat I could see him trying to smile, and his brown face and his bare feet. And as I lay on my back and watched him come, the long steel barrel of his rifle wavered and swung from the motion of his hands.

And then he reached me. His dull blue pants were standing in front of me and I saw the dust that covered his feet and ankles.

"It's going to be a bad storm," he said and sat down beside me. "Look how the clouds are gathering."

I looked to the sky where his finger was pointing. Over the woods the black clouds were moving in.

"There," he said, "you can see it's already raining in the south."

We could see the dark rain falling and drawing nearer.

"You want to stay here until it comes?" I asked him, and turned my face toward him. His face was still damp and I was sure that he had been crying.

"Yes," he answered. "Do you?"

"Sure."

"It was so quiet when I came through the woods I could hear the creek," he said.

"The wind'll start blowing before the storm," I told him. And the first breeze blew across the field then, while down below us in the woods the wind was blowing through the trees.

"I saw the sparrows going into the woods," he said. "Did you?"

"Yeah. Some are still flying."

Over our heads the sparrows and other birds were flying away into the woods.

"Look at them go," he said. "There must be nearly a hundred."

"I've been watching them," I told him. "There's more than a hundred."

The woods surrounded us completely, but nearby in the field there was only the clover which had long lost its blossoms and was ready for mowing, and the bushes with their round tops. And the clouds all the time were moving out of the south. We could see the bright flashes of lightning and the thunder was becoming always louder.

Some quail and killdeer ran along in front of us, making little startled cries in their throats.

"I brought my new rifle," he said and held it out to me.

I took it from him and I could tell that it was a good rifle.

"I saw you coming with it."

"How do you like it?" he asked.

I drew the bolt back with my hand and looked inside at the chamber. It was clean. The stock was new and strong and well shaped to fit the shoulder. I drew it up and the half-moon shape fitted perfectly against my shirt. The barrel and the trigger works and the breech mechanism were as oiled and polished, and there was a cartridge clip which fastened itself into the underside of the stock beneath the breech. It was a Marlin rifle and the first one I had seen like it. The lightning flashed high over our heads as I handed it back to him.

"How do you like it?" he asked me again.

"How much did you pay for it, John?"

"More than twenty dollars."

"It looks all right," I told him.

"You can hit with it, too," he said. "I've been shooting with it all day."

The thunder sounded above us and all the clouds were blowing across and converging over our heads. It was already raining in the woods to the south.

"Did you come to go hunting?" I asked him.

"That's what I want to do."

"We'll have to wait until the storm's over."

"Sure, that's all right," he said and he was looking a little queerly at the gun.

As the rain moved over the woods and began to fall in the field, we got to our feet and ran into the woods. Inside under the trees it was still dry, for the leaves were thick and heavy. But we could hear the water as it descended toward us, falling slowly from leaf to leaf. We were sitting under a dogwood tree and listening to the rain, and it was growing dark except when the lightning flashed. With his hands folded and his face slightly off shape he began to look closely at me, so much so that once I started to ask him what was wrong, only to see him turn away again. Then the water began to reach us. It was running off the wet leaves above our heads and it came down on our necks and shoulders, and running under our collars and shirt sleeves and down our arms to the ground, it

began flowing off in little streams. The rifle was getting wet and we tried to keep it covered up, but there was no use to try. So we sat there in the rain until the storm blew over.

But the storm blew over quickly and the rain stopped. Under the trees the water still fell in drops from the leaves, and it would have been dryer in the open field but we didn't go there. John was trying to clean the rifle with his handkerchief.

"I don't want it to get rusty," he said.

"Did your daddy buy it for you?"

"Yes. But he'll never let me use it again if I let it get rusty."

"It'll be all right if you rub it off," I told him.

He was rubbing it hard but every time he got it dry some more drops of water fell on it. So he gave it up and put his handkerchief back in his pocket.

"Can we find anything to kill?" he asked me.

I nodded. "The squirrels always come out after a rain."

"We'll go kill some."

"I didn't know you wanted to go hunting," I told him. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"I forgot about it," he said quickly, but I didn't believe him.

"You won't be able to do much with just a rifle."

"This shoots pretty good," he said. "I was just trying it out before I came."

I looked at him. "You never did shoot a squirrel with a rifle."

"You remember," he said. "Last year, on Christmas day."

I shook my head. "That one was in a nest. You never really shot one."

He sighted over the gun barrel up into the trees and said quietly, "I think I could hit one if I saw it."

The clouds were blowing away and sunlight was shining through the wet trees.

"All right, if you want to go I'll show you the way," I said, and then led the way deeper into the woods. John followed me and carried the rifle. He slipped a cartridge into the chamber and then the gun was held ready in his hands.

Along the branches of the highest trees the squirrels began to run. We found a path which led to the creek and we crossed the creek, and on the wooded hill before us we could hear the green nuts falling from the tree

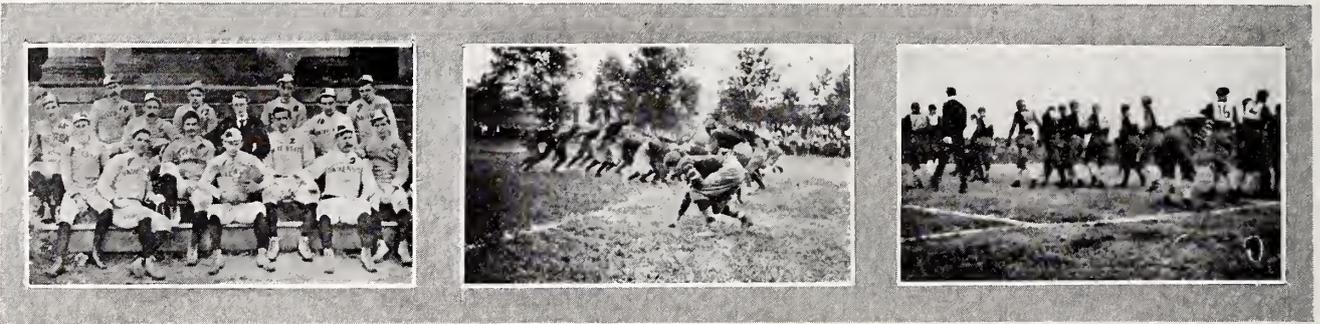
(Continued on page 23)



From Rags

A portion of the 3,000 spectators watching the 1910 contest between Carolina and VMI. Chapel Hill playing fields have changed but it was on one such as this that the alleged first forward pass was thrown in a game with Georgia in 1895. The end who caught the ball passed from a bewildered punter ran the length of the field for the winning touchdown which a more bewildered official (probably Gabe Hill) failed to declare illegal. Not until 1912 were passes authorized.

Carolina's gridiron greatness is rooted in primitive beginnings

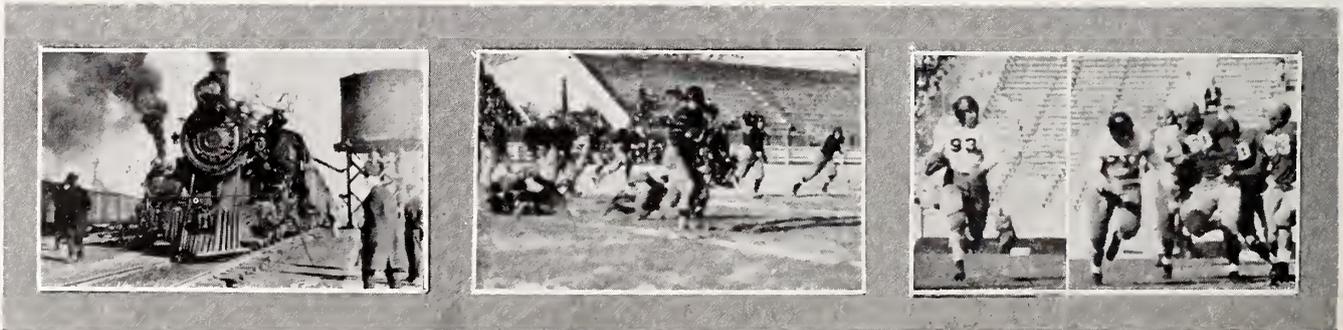


In the first picture of a Tar Heel team, baseball-like uniforms were worn by Carolina footballers of 1891. Scheduling only two games, both were dropped, one to Wake Forest via forfeit and the other to Trinity by a 6-4 count. Holding the pigskin is team captain George Graham.

Wake Forest and the Blue and White of 1914 line up for a scrimmage. The Deacons are on the offensive. Note the outmoded crouch of defending Carolina linemen, particularly the left end who is without the protection afforded by modern headgear. Carolina won the game before a sparse crowd.

Taking the field against Virginia in 1914, the Tar Heels are wearing numbers for the first time. They consisted of ten inch squares of cloth sewed on the backs of jerseys. The game was played in Richmond and the Cavaliers, then chief rivals of Carolina, emerged with a 20-3 win.

Modern technology revolutionizes all phases of Fall's favorite pastime



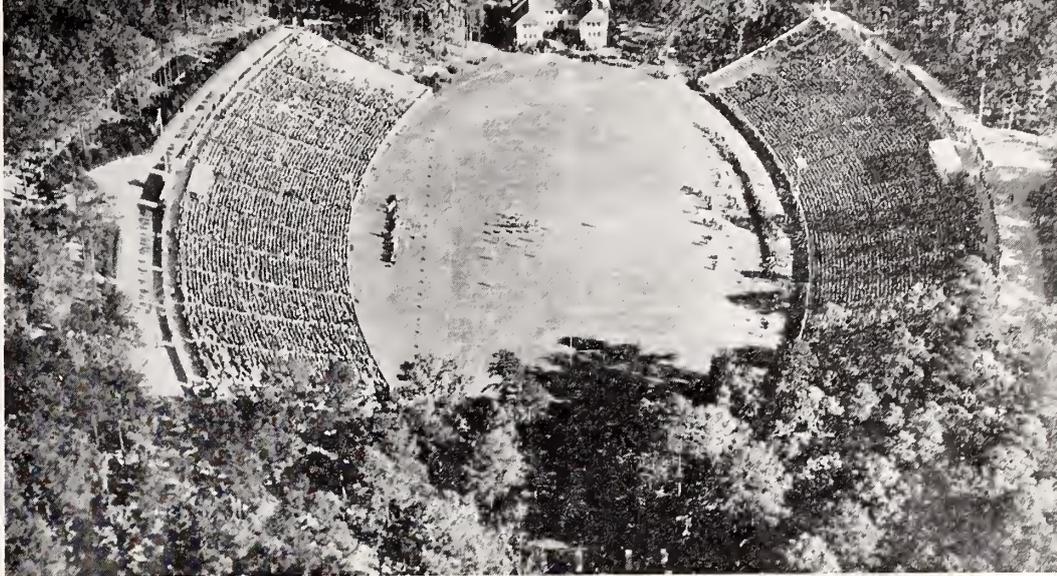
Football caravans are not new to the Carolina football scene. Tar Heel fans leave Richmond following a 7-0 victory over Virginia in 1916. Banner flying from the top of the engine indicates the score. This year, it is estimated that close to 3,000 students made the trip by car and train to the Maryland game.

With the empty stands of Emerson Stadium for a backdrop, a freshman identified simply as Scales makes an end run for the Tar Babies of 1917, the only year Carolina was not represented by a varsity team. Blue and White football squads no longer use Emerson Stadium.

Crowell Little, now backfield mentor of the Tar Heels, runs back a punt against the Vols of Tennessee in 1939. Carolina won the game, 14-6, before 12,000 spectators, while over 40,000 turned out this year to witness a victory over one of the weakest Neyland coached teams in years.

To Riches

Kenan Stadium, declared by many to be the most beautiful gridiron site in America, houses Saturday throngs of over 40,000. Although football is the main drawing card, many come to watch and listen to Carolina's colorful marching band, others visit to see old friends or just have a good time. Football has become big business for tiny Chapel Hill. UNC athletics thrive on its profits as well as the community.



Stars shine as the Tar Heels emerge from the cloud of obscurity



Andy Bershak played end for Carolina in 1935, '36 and '37, made All-America in his last season.



George Barclay, All-America guard in 1934, now is line coach under Jim Tatum at Maryland.



Paul Severin, another flankman, was named on many 1940 All-American teams.

WHAT with the exploits of one Charles Justice and the 1947 Tar Heels drawing crowds to Chapel Hill like ants to a picnic, sporting people and laymen alike are beginning to take notice of the rags to riches career of Carolina football.

Hardy oldsters can recall and callow youths can read of the record breaking season of 1922 during which 68,500 fans watched the Blue and White perform. But today this figure is surpassed in two games and if stadia were larger it could be doubled at one contest with Duke. As athletic officials admit such a throng at \$3.50 per is obviously not alfalfa.

In order to glean such a harvest of greenbacks the guiding powers of university football policy must make quite an outlay of the same. Through the medium of the educational foundation high priced football talent has been brought to Carolina. With stars on the campus, various publicity organs go into action—pictures distributed, copy swamps the desks of the nation's sports editors, and the

(Continued on page 30)



Although synonymous with Carolina's ascension to gridiron greatness, Charlie Justice seems no different from the rest of the students as he takes his place in daily campus life. The roots of our football greatness still remain in the student body.



THE whistle pierced the crisp autumn air in long blasts, signifying the end of practice. "Right men, let's go, let's go! Gather around and make it snappy!"

Fifty-six men in white practice jerseys converged on the coach from several points on the large field. They were talking as they gathered around Coach Watts, a strict disciplinarian and most of them were to be in conversation anyhow. Heavy breathing and an occasional whisper was about all anyone could muster during the momentary wait for the stragglers.

As the last man hobbled up the coach's voice boomed. "Okay, that's all for today! Everyone takes a rest around the field. You two boys who were hurt, make a report to 'Doc' Hanes. I want Jones, Flannery, Sell, McMann, Stevens, and Rubinski to stay here. The rest of you can start running—, and no loafing!"

The six men left standing around Watts wore expressions of concern. They all knew what was coming. They had escaped this twice before. Jerry Rubinski was the only one who had tears.

"Well boys, this is the toughest part of my job."

The coach's stern countenance lost some of its harshness and his voice became friendly and understanding. "You all know that I'm allowed to keep fifty on the squad roster. My decision to cut you six has been a hard one to make. Perhaps I've made some wrong ones. You've all worked hard and deserve plenty of credit for it. Stevens, you and McMann are too light for varsity football. Frank Flannery, I want the possibility of your getting hurt on my mind. You other four are big enough, but you need more experience. I hope you'll all play ball with the J. V. team. Be back with me next Fall—. That's all. Oh, your equipment tonight before you leave."

"Well," said Jerry when they were out of his presence, "at least we don't have to run that damn practice tonight. I'm walkin', and I'm takin' my own sweet time."

The intense anger Jerry felt as he walked to his room had not abated while taking a shower and the sympathetic remarks of his former

MORE EXPERIENCE

only seemed to accentuate his bitterness. But as he stepped out into the chilly twilight and began the long walk to Quonset 14, rage gave way to utter discouragement. His shoulders sagged and the hurt inside made the bruises of the scrimmage ache more than ever. He had purposely dressed slowly in order to be the last to leave. Now he could walk back alone.

The sharp aroma of burning leaves was in the air, and off to the east the sky's deep purple brought the first evening star out of its daylight seclusion.

Sunsets here weren't like those back in Pittsburgh. Jerry had never paid much attention to sunsets back home. They were always obscured by smoke and dust, and in the constant bustle of city life one didn't bother to stop and gaze at a sky framed by roofs of tenement houses. Here it was different somehow. There was plenty of room to breathe and think. Everyone seemed to know everyone else. Each passers-by had a cheery "Good morning" for him, whether an acquaintance or not. While walking from class to class there was something about the atmosphere that pleased him. You couldn't put your finger on it, but it was good to be a part of this whole scheme of learning. Somehow, even the ivy-covered brick walls of the buildings seemed impregnated with knowledge and tradition.

The coach's words worried the edges of these pleasant thoughts, "—You need more experience!"

The geniality of the townspeople and students was really only a superficial gesture, he thought. They had been nice because he was a football player. A football player is everybody's friend in the fall. Now he couldn't even be called a football player. He was just another student. Well, after all, that's the real reason for coming to college, isn't it? The scholarship wasn't for football. Graduating fourth highest in a class of over six hundred had done it. He remembered his father in one of their few intimate talks: "Son, you know a lathe operator doesn't make enough to buy groceries for six, pay the rent, and send a boy to college too. It's up to you." That was two years ago now.

Then had come the long hours bent over a book—; setting up pins at Reilly's two hours every week night. Then

too, summers hadn't meant vacation. Instead, it meant going to the shop with Dad—; learning a trade. The foreman said he was coming right along too.

Once again Watt's obituary derailed his thoughts. Yes, he was perfectly willing to admit the real reason for the two years of pushing himself at every turn. He had wanted to play football at Midwestern, and Midwestern didn't give scholarships for football. Now the bottom had dropped out of everything. All that work for nothing.

Walking now between the long rows of Quonsets someone's radio, barely audible through the walls of corrugated steel, was playing Perry Como's "Surrender." That had been "their song." How many times had he and Marie sat together on her front porch last summer listening to the same recording on her hand-crank victrola? He knew every scratch on the record by heart. He recalled their long talks just before he had left. She had seemed a little sad. The thought of her tears was comforting. But also she had been very happy for him because of the wonderful opportunity he was getting. That was the thing he liked most about Marie. She never cared about his being a football player. She liked Jerry for himself, not because he was the high school's best athlete. Yes, she liked football, and had wished him luck at Midwestern. She had even said it might be possible for her to leave business school long enough to come down for a week-end just to see him play. He shuddered at the thought.

He automatically turned in at number 14 and kicked open the door. At the far end of the hut a portion of Doc Simmons' body was dimly visible through a row of double-decker bunks. He was studying by a bed lamp—the only light in the place. He didn't look up as Jerry slammed the door. Without a word Jerry began walking toward his bunk. He had taken three steps when his shin crashed into the corner of a foot-locker.

"Goddammit!"

"What's the matter?"

"Aw, these ex-Guadalcanal ex-Marines who have to leave their damn foot-lockers in the middle of the aisle just be-

(Continued on page 27)

by John F. Kenfield, Jr.



THE
RENDEZVOUS



RENDEZVOUS FOR TWO

Dinner
at
MAX'S?



I'd love it!

He has such good steaks.

UNIVERSITY CAFE

Next to Post Office

The Middle Way

(Continued from page 12)

had never liked it though. And that bothered him because he loved Marcia very much.

"Say, Ted," Harry was saying on the telephone, "there's trouble with the strikers down at the Hopkins plant. The governor's ordered us. Will you get down to the armory right away?"

"Yes, of course, I'll be right there."

"It's the strike, isn't it?" Marcia said when he hung up. He nodded his head and started upstairs to get into his uniform. He didn't want to talk to Marcia. Only the night before he had gotten into an argument with her over the right of people in war industries to strike.

"Listen, Marcia," he said as he went out the door, "there won't be any trouble. Our job is just to see that order is maintained."

She just looked at him and didn't say a word.

"Look, honey, don't you see? I've got to do this. It's my duty."

Her face began to relax a little. He went on.

"I don't like this business any better than you do."

"Oh, all right," she said, "go ahead."

Then she had smiled and had kissed him goodbye and had stood in the door for a long time watching him as he walked down the street feeling self-conscious in his ill-fitting uniform.

The truck had passed. The strikers on the other side of the street were silent. They stood watching the two officers. The major was the first to speak again.

"Look here Ted we're friends, aren't we?"

"Sure, Harry."

"Well damn it those people are a threat to us and the whole country."

The lieutenant didn't answer. He was looking across the street at the strikers. Out of the blur of faces he thought he recognized one of his former students. But he couldn't be sure.

"I wish I could be sure they were, Harry," he said when he spoke again.

"SURE? Have you gone crazy, Ted? Why they're just a bunch of dirty sabotegers."

"But some of them I've known all my life . . ."

"Well if they were any goddam good they wouldn't be in a picket line with a war on."

"I've taught them in school . . ."

"Well if this is what you taught 'em you did a lousy job. Look here, Ted, if I for one moment thought you were more in sympathy with that element than with the responsible citizens of this town I'd, well, I'd think twice before I gave you another job."

The lieutenant was silent. He wished Blockson would go away and give him time to think. He couldn't think anyway because the strikers had started chanting again, "One two three four, ten cents an hour more," and the noise confused him.

"Oh hell, Harry, I want to do what's right. Whatever you say, you're in command."

"That's the stuff, Ted. Now you're talking like a man."

He placed his hand on Ted's shoulder.

"Now listen, Ted, I want you to clear a path through that mob to gate 2. The company has got to get their

loyal employees in there within an hour to keep those furnaces from going out. You got it?"

Even as he nodded his head in agreement he was trying to think of something but it wouldn't quite come to him. The major slapped him on the back and turned away. Ted walked over to his men. He called them his "men" but actually most of them were students at Midville High with a sprinkling of oldsters from the local American Legion post.

"Look, men," he said, "we're going to form a large V, fix bayonets, and walk right through those people. I don't want any violence. They'll move when they see those bayonets."

"Are you sure, Ted?" one of the men in the rear rank cracked.

Everybody laughed. The way they laughed sent chills up and down Ted's spine.

They moved out of the parking lot to the sidewalk. When they reached the sidewalk Ted halted them and formed them into a V formation. Across the street the strikers drew close together and watched them.

"Hey, boy scouts, go home to mamma," one of them shouted.

Two of his men started to shout back but Ted told them to be quiet. After that the street was very quiet. Ted took his place in the V, behind the two men who formed the apex. He gave his men the order to fix bayonets. Eighty bayonets glinted in the sunlight as the men withdrew them from their scabbards and placed them on their rifles.

There was an uneasy stirring on the picket line.

Ted raised his arm and waved his men forward. His men began to move off the sidewalk into the street. He was careful to keep them from moving too fast. It wasn't a very wide street and he wanted to allow the picket line plenty of time to sweat out the bayonets. There was no sound except the scuffling of the soldiers' feet. The gap between the tips of the bayonets and the strikers grew narrower and narrower. He thought that surely by now the strikers would have scattered. But they hadn't. They stood there, huddled in front of gate 2 . . . gate 2 . . . the gate they needed for the loyal employees . . . loyal employees! Then it came to him what was wrong with what the major had said . . . the Hopkins company didn't have any loyal employees. Last night Marcia had convinced him of that. His men were within 10 yards of the strikers.

Then someone threw a rock. It curved over the heads of the troops and smashed through a store window behind them. On the left side of the formation three of his men broke ranks and dashed into the ranks of the strikers. Others followed them. Ted skouted for them to come back but they ignored him. Before he could do anything his entire company was out of control. He saw one of his men, a boy of 16, club a striker with his rifle butt. The striker opened his mouth and screamed but no one could hear him. Ted stumbled over something. When he looked down what he saw made him feel like vomiting. A striker, a young woman, lay at his feet moaning in agony. But he couldn't stop. The strikers were beginning to fall back away from the gate. His men were driving a wedge through their center. A wedge for the loyal employees . . .

Ted blew his whistle. Shouted.

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"Fall back, men! Fall back . . . back across the street."

He ran from one end of the line to the other.

"Fall back, men!"

He began to regain control. Some of the men straggled back. Others, uncertain, stayed where they were. They, too, were forced to drop back when the strikers, encouraged by the retreat, began a counter-attack behind a screen of flying bricks. Ted was the last to reach safety behind the fence.

The major was waiting for him.

"Ted! What the hell's the matter with you? You had 'em licked and quit . . ."

In front of everybody the major reached up and wrenched the bar off his right shoulder.

Ted twisted away. Then he hit the major with his fist as hard as he could. The major staggered backward.

Ted turned and started back across the street towards the strikers. He was going to explain to them what had happened and that things had just gotten out of hand. They'd listen to reason. He was sure they'd listen to him. It wasn't his fault.

A rock hurtled past him and cracked against a telephone pole. Then another and another . . . one struck his head. He was dazed. His vision blurred and the picket line seemed to fade away in the distance. Then it reformed, solidified, and rushed back towards him. A few feet from him it stopped and for a moment the faces were distinct. He tried to speak to them but the faces melted and ran together and from the stream of flesh there came only words of hate.

All he could hear was an animal roar as he turned and staggered down the middle of the street alone.

Pigskin Pickets

(Continued from page 10)

or walk-out will occur with the labor boys moving swiftly in, gaining the sympathies of the players, and demand the recognition of the union for the purposes of bargaining in behalf of the players with the school and alumni.

Of course, problems will immediately arise to wit: will the guards and tackles be in the same union with the halfbacks, or will each separate position organize its own, creating such outfits as Halfbacks Local No. 22? Then there will be the competition between the two great national brotherhoods to see which can gain the separate unions as part of their overall organization. Just picture a team with an AF of L backfield and a CIO line.

The point would then be reached concerning whether or not a team would have a closed shop or not, and whether scrubs and freshmen would be considered apprentices or full-fledged members of the Union.

Naturally, it is easy to see that many great teams will be wrecked by the whole setup. The linemen's guild will walk out en masse on the eve of the big game leaving some poor coach with the alternative of meeting their demands or filling the gap with 180-pound backs.

It will come to the time when 70,000 people will cram some stadium just to see the demonstrations before the game, between the halves, and who knows when else. Fans will get propoganda about the unions when entering the stadium instead of programs and the bands will spell CIO and AFL out at the half.

Surely, there will always be dissatisfied players and jayvees picketing the bench, and probably in this role, preventing non-striking gridders from getting through their lines and into the ball game.

The players should make all the usual demands. Higher wages because of higher living costs will be their main gripe, with working conditions such as the condition of locker rooms, living quarters, fit of the uniforms, and the food being secondary requests for improvement.

Then will come the problem of portal to portal pay—added stipulation for long rides to far away schools for intersectinal clashes which will arise as another condition to be faced. Players will refuse to make trips, or take the more drastic action of not coming out for the second half or refusing to leave the huddle once on the field.

The whole situation will demand mediation groups to settle disputes with nothing short of the President being needed to settle difficulties occurring the day before the Army-Navy game.

And sports writers instead of discussing the comparative merits of Charlie Justice and Johnny Lujack would write long columns on the effects of the Taft-Hartley labor law.

Sounds quite chaotic.

EXTRA CURRICULAR SUBJECTS AT

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Open 7 A. M. to 1 in the Morning

FANTASY: In Shortened Perspective

by Bob Sain

THEY were young people with the fat sheen of youth in their cheeks and on his shoulders and in the laugh of her breasts but their souls were thin because they were two who required nourishment of soul and that was a commodity not readily found even in the quiet mustiness of the village.

They had met one day on a grassy lawn and they talked with quiet regard for that which each found in the other because it was something close to nourishment and they did not want to frighten it away.

He had said:

My life had been quiet except for a few women and the time I was shot in the leg by a truckdriver who was aiming at another truckdriver. We were in the cafe and it seems the truckdriver I was with had been siphoning gas from the other drivers' tanks and they took it upon themselves to beat hell out of him which they were doing when we decided to run. That is when I was shot in the leg. That is what I am so far. I am a person who has been shot in the leg by an angry truckdriver.

She had said:

I had a father who drank. Sitting here I see him. Toothless, his bald head ringed with hair of pinkish-red and a face falling in folds to his soft fleshed neck, he lifts his glass and shouting, defies word and thought. He had hands that were big and pink and very soft that could caress or cuff and often did both. And I had a mother. I see her too. Drunk she stumbled at the door. Upstairs I waited. The whore was home. And from the street below rose shouts of goodbye. And so I got up from my bed and unlocked the door. The shouts died to mumbles and the sound of vomit slapping bricks.

And thus they had come to know one another and to love in a way that was not strange to either of them, for they had loved themselves in this manner for years past.

And they met at night, at night under the misty fog, the raw land curling and tossing, squirming in the quietness. Some power born from ugliness, built beauty from the rawness of the daytime land which was red and stark with cruel angularity as if seen forever by lightning flash. At night by the tree with the magnolia smelling bitterly of washed dust after rain they had met.

And he near tears had said:

Gods! Gods! Gods! Lords of picayunity, they wield the goad so slim and sharp. Am I so great as to merit their neat attention to detail? Simple things. Flies they drop in my wine. They interrupt my love play with a pointless knock at the door. That is what I have had. Attention to detail. Let my torments be large; bring on disease or death; but spare me the needle sharp goad.

And she had said:

First as children crawling, hands and knees, we climbed the gentle greening slope of knowing. And then finding feet beneath our knees we stood stumbling forward over pebbles and shallow gullies. Then the confident stride, pushing aside the brambles and the briars and moving forward with the staff of sex. And this will come. At last, with full strength, finding the summit and the land ahead is cold and hard and seeing pain and sorrow among the brightly glowing rocks below, we turned and make our way back down the side which we came up.

And since it was night their minds forgot and their bodies remembered love. And it is a summer night now with a black moon and a golden stream of earth-blood rippling through the stump grown swamps of the world. And breathless with ultimate wisdom of why, they lie and watch the sky bulging with its ebony moon. They are senseless both together and drunken he rises with the blood of the moon on his shining shoulders and cries aloud:

Great God of Bigness, big brother. I am Medea's brother! Hey! Cut me up. Off with an arm, a useless foot, to halt my father, Fate, who follows now in hot pursuit. Calypso, (he shouted, for he was drunk) wife of man, a touch of your wand makes us swine. Your drug is potent, oh woman voiced, your wand is magic and we grovel in tears. Oh woman voiced, goddess-eyed, touch me not. I am awake. I am your master. I've eaten the moly.

And she said:

It was on the mountain, dawn-cold and misty mountain, iron-veined and rock-based mountain, it was on the mountain before the sun had risen, before the yellow sun had set. It was on the mountain, tall-shouldered, strong-ribbed mountain, earth-born and life-filled mountain, it was on the mountain before the cell had broken, before the one had made the two. Words had fallen soft together, velvet counterpart of song, arms were clinging warm together, vale was short; mountain long. But soft as a sigh the sun had risen, and, like an eyelid, closed to bring the black. And no man loves.

But the moon died back of clouds and they were sane again. And they were calm.

He said:

A girl named Alice, with kidney trouble, kissed me one night in the back of a truck. And it was very cold that night. I shall never forget it. She had black hair and she was very short. She said she was part Indian and since this was in Oklahoma I didn't doubt her. We had a room in a boarding house. In the room the double tick of two clocks, one heavy, one light, beating the night, but in the day I went away and let them fight. But at night I came back and she was always there. A shoulder brown above white sheets, the hair fluffed lightly on the pillow, the impossible sleepy softness of her lips and her eyes were darkened, forgetful doors. She would wake and I would kiss her. The lips awoke. The crushed, purple lips like morning glories, with a soft wetness from the dew. She would sleep again and I would smoke til dawn in the single room with her regular breath six feet away. Reading Tagore and Lao-Tse and pages of grayness, line on line, til back of the shade day would come. The heavy air, the crickets' shriek, outside the night was cool, but there, oil from my hair on my fingers, I turned the gray pages and smoked til dawn. And on the wall the pictures clipped from magazines: a clown, a lakeside scene, a fishing village, four nude figures and three fishermen.

And she said:

I had a baby once. Pain, what purity in slicing delight. Yellow-faced and eyes afire on white they rolled me to the room and the hardness and the vicious white of the wall with odor of ether overall. And later my cries were cries to God in his own language. Why the baby? It had started one morning in a cafeteria. Pardon me, the young man had

said, I have a dream to relate. He had taken an egg from the metal tray and asked for a glass of grapefruit juice. It must be told before I eat, he said, and pulled at my sleeve. He asked for coffee without cream and paid his check at the end of the line. You see, he said. I dreamed I was dead. For thirty-six hours after that we were together and I never learned his name. But I had his baby.

And he thought without speaking:

When I was little. The boy sought dreams of beautiful women twisting his head on his pillow, begging faces to appear. He had found only broken, useless bodies and had turned his head away in fear.

She said:

It is time we got back to town.

He said:

Must I move? Come, life is very long and dreams are long and days are linked by the sun. And if I sit do I injure you? Or anyone.

She said:

Let us go. It is late.

It had grown cold and the trees stood stark in the summer night, limbs rattling, like chattering teeth, shuddering in the black wind.

He said:

Consider the cautious caterpillar and how he moves patiently and how in the end he dies beneath a heavy heel.

She said:

It will rain soon. You must come with me.

He said:

Should I? It is practicable? The mule doesn't move when it's stung; it merely waves its tail.

And the rain did come. Frightened, frantic rain, chased by gusty winds, green rain, bitter-smelling on slick black magnolia leaves.

So they rose and walked slowly in the rain to his room where they drank dark heavy beer from ice-tea glasses and grew warm by his electric heater.

He said:

I remember when I was born. Eighteen, I think. I was in a group of willow trees and I was too young for Spain which caused me to cry. The bearded willow trees gray in the blue dusk, were motionless, pleading. No sound, no breath or breeze. Oppressive, the heat was a blanket, heavy with sweat. And yet the names were moving in my mouth. Valencia, the quiet name. The vigor of Barcelona. The sickness of Guernica. The broken sadness of Madrid. I wanted dusty blood in rutted summer roads and dark men in caves. Again the willow trees cried out for motion, for a stirring breeze. But there was no breeze; the air was dead. And then I felt the hand, I'm sure. For there was a sudden touch and turning quickly I knew who it was and knew too he would be gone. So I did not see him but his touch was there and I began to pull my hair and running into the street I yelled in the darkness. But no one woke; the dreams went on.

She asked:

Are you afraid to move or to act?

And he answered:

I have much to dream and often I seem lost for too much dreaming and no motion. But I will not move and I only love when loving is passive with no effort. What's a world to save when as a vicious wave motion rolls up and rolls back to roll again? Must I move.

To this she said:

I love you.

And (smiling to himself) he said:

Lady, you are the fullness of the earth and the strength of your soul is great and there is in your body liquid depth as of quicksands in a warm, waiting swamp, and you are my love. Lady, you are the soft, strong mountain and you are the green hills and in your eyes are oceans of the earth and your arms have the strength of two boas, for you are my love.

They drank more beer and talked. Growing gay they say "Do we exist?" Lips twist words out that answer yes or no. Waxing wise, they surmise, "Really we are." And laugh too loud but bitterly and sad. Can Sartre sing a hymn to Hegel beat to death with the leg of a table?

The rain had stopped in the early morning so they went into the cool night and watched the streetlamps cry. Until soon they had reached a quiet road and there was no light.

She said:

I am frightened by the truth of this black night; the perfect black. I fear the lack of light, for this is truth: that all is night when light is gone.

And so he took her into the town and to a place he knew where there were people and where there was light and noise. The men played poker and the women were drunk.

He said:

I met a girl in here some years ago. We would leave and go to the church steps, the slow growth of love on concrete steps and in booths stained with beer. We met and talked the language of meeting with its "cannot's" and sweet inflections. Impressions hazed in the usual passion brought to being by thought and confidence. The duty fulfilled, the bedsheet blotched, we talked the language of lovers. But that was long ago.

She said:

Do you see that man? He is weak. He is an old man shuffling cards in a poker-joint, flipping up faces of queens and knaves and remembering how people looked and whether they were good. He is weak because he wants good.

He said:

It is good that strength is not in that man and yet can be seen in other men? Some must be weak so that all need not die to prove that all are strong. Some must bow while others rule and some must try while others do. And, of course, some must always fail.

They parted and were to meet but once again.

It was on the grassy lawn where first they had met. And it was just before a storm for there was a metal bowl of blackness set down on them, the sky was empty save for nervous lighting. Then the wind came strong, down from the north and roughly tossed oak and elm and long leaf pine. The clouds in blackness fatly bellowed forth. Then the moment when the black wind, dying, found the flat and empty land in pain. Breathless, the still earth, crying, awaited the promised rain.

She asked:

You have all that there is, haven't you? Is there anything else? I have nothing left. My brain is drained, my body dry.

He said:

I have what you had and you have what I had. And so there is nothing left. We each have nothing. We talked too long and did too much.

And after that they disappeared from the face of the earth because the well had run dry and the old woman was without milk after pregnancy.

Two Hunters

(Continued from page 13)

tops. Our feet were running softly over the leaves and the leaves were damp and noiseless as cushions. His hands were holding the gun and he was right at my heels as I led the way. The creek was going behind us now and we had reached a hill where many hickory trees were growing. The sparrows' feathers were wet and the titmice were singing among the wet branches, and the squirrels above were knocking down a hail of green nuts with chewed places on them. They began to fall all about us, and the red sunlight came through briefly from the west. I stopped and squatted down. He did as I did and we waited. Though the nuts were falling all around us, we couldn't see the squirrels, no matter how hard we tried. But I knew they would stay out until dark, and if we waited we would see one before then.

"You'll have to wait for them," I said to him. He nodded his head and held the rifle in his hands with the long barrel pointed toward the tree tops. The sky overhead was very clear now and it was cool and dark under the trees.

When the squirrels began barking he looked at me and raised the gun, but I shook my head.

We were sitting on the wet leaves and the moisture was cold to our skins. The leaves smelled like the ground they lay on and under the leaves were little white shoots which had been washed by the rain. The birds were flying about in the trees and he often started

up when he saw one of them, but each time I shook my head and pulled him back again by his arm.

The first squirrel we saw was a boar, lean muscled and old, and his hair was thin. He slid down the body of a tree, not making any noise at all, but we both saw him and when I touched John's arm the gun was already aimed. With the squeezing of the trigger the rifle gave a little explosion and a recoil, and the squirrel jumped to the ground and ran off over the leaves. A piece of bark was torn from the tree and the white inner layers lay open, shining in the sunlight. It was quiet after the shot.

He pressed close to me. "Did I hit him?"

"No," I said. "You hit the tree."

He was shaking slightly, and he didn't believe me.

"Are you sure I missed him?"

"You came pretty close, but you didn't hit him."

"I guess I scared the others away, too," he said.

"We'll follow this one," I replied. "Maybe you can hit him next time."

I led the way and we ran over the leaves after the squirrel. John still followed right at my heels, and he pushed the bolt up with his hand and jerked it back so hard I marveled that it didn't break. The empty cartridge case flew cut and landed on the ground. The clip threw another into the chamber, and he pushed the bolt back in place. I didn't see any of this but I could hear it all as he did it.

"Do you see him?" he asked.

"No," I told him.



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His voice was angry. "What are you running after, then?"

"He came this way. We'll see him again. What's the matter with you?" I asked him.

He didn't seem to hear me. He just said, "I'll hit him this time." So I shut up, and left him alone.

We ran along in the woods where the limbs were only high enough to pass over our heads, and we couldn't see into the bigger trees. Then his daddy's voice came to us, sounding like it was far away; but it came again and we both heard it and stopped running.

"What did you stop running for?" he asked me.

"Your daddy's calling you."

"No, he's not. I didn't hear anything."

I could see the fear in his eyes. "You know you heard him," I said.

His daddy's voice came again from a distance, calling him from a long distance like someone calling cows, saying, "John. . . John. . ." But John didn't answer him.

"Don't you think you better answer him?"

"I'll go home later."

"He's probably worried about you. Did you tell him you were going hunting?"

"He told me not to take the gun if a storm came."

"Then you better go back," I said.

But he didn't go back. He ran on by me and took the lead, and I followed him. John and I had been almost like brothers for a very long time. That was because it was always just we two, and there was no one else around who wasn't a little too old or too young to be with us. But I have given up this idea of brothers, now. John has his family, and I have mine. They never were quite the same. Yet, I always felt that I knew John as well as I would a brother. And I had never known him to run from his daddy before.

"I didn't hear anything," he repeated. And I was following right behind him. He ran like he wanted to get as far away as possible, but he didn't know where he was going so I caught hold of him and made him stop. He was so tired he could hardly breathe, so we sat down on the ground and rested. I could tell that he wanted to say something, but he just looked at me a little while before he spoke.

"Paul," he said my name as if he were afraid he would hurt me in some way. "Are you going with Nat and the others. . . when they go?"

I answered him quietly. "Going where with Nat?"

"I heard they were all going north to hunt for deer."

"They're going tomorrow," I told him. And I knew exactly how it would be, for I had been many times before. I would get up long before daybreak and dress and ride with the men north to the swamp country. And anyone who saw them would think they were deer hunters, because for a day they would walk almost endlessly, hunting over the swampy land. But after that first day the hunting would stop, or if the hunting season wasn't open they would fish in the river for a day and then stop. Because the camp we were going to wouldn't really be a hunting camp, but a big system of whiskey boilers and fires built on the sand right next to the river, yet built in such a way that someone going down the river in a boat might never see it. And Nat, who is our leader and who has more money than anyone I have ever known, would work all night with the others, storing the carefully wrapped cans of whiskey into the boot of his car, while I would stand guard for them, watching every object that passed by in the river and every light on the highway in the distance. I often would think how terribly important my job was. Also the other cars would be loaded, being made ready for the long trip back. But to everyone except the men and me were just a gang of hunters and fishers camping out on a river.

"The season won't be open for a long time yet," John said.

"They're going anyway." I told him.

"I know why they're going," he said in a whisper and moved over close to me. "You don't have to lie to me."

"All right," I said, because there wasn't any reason why he shouldn't know about it. We had talked about every trip since I started going. We had even talked about my going on the first one before the trip was ever made, when I wondered whether it wasn't wrong for me to go. And after making one of them, you feel like you have to tell someone about it. That was when I always found John and made him listen; until later, at times, he got so that he would come and find me so that he could hear all about it.

"You're going with them, aren't you?"

"Sure," I answered.

"I'm not," he said. "I'm not going."

"I didn't know you wanted to go." I said to him, but there had been times before when I thought I could see how much he wanted to go along with me.

"My daddy won't let me go. He says it's too dangerous."

I wondered how his daddy knew about it. But there would be many

other things that would keep John from going besides his daddy.

"It'll be a hard trip," I said. "You're not used to it."

He was looking at me. "You don't want me to go either, do you?"

"I don't have anything to do with it," I said.

"Everything's all right with you," he said quietly. "Because you don't have to ask anybody when you want to go somewhere."

I nodded to him and he looked so small sitting there with the rifle across his legs, though I knew he should have been as large as me.

"You can do anything you want to do since your daddy died," he said. And he was telling the truth. My daddy had been dead for four years. And though I must have been hurt by it then, I have forgotten all about it. I sometimes believe that I wasn't really hurt by his death at all, but that it just seemed that way when I listened to my mother and sister talking to each other about him. And later on I couldn't help but feel a little glad that he was gone, for after he died I gradually began to realize that I was free to do anything I wanted to do. I began dropping out of school very quickly, and I probably wouldn't have gone at all, except that I wanted to be with John. At the times I stayed out I hunted in the woods all day long until I was as skillful at it as any man I knew. And then the men began letting me go with them on their trips to the north. They paid me to do it, and I was one of them. John had never been.

"You know, you're free to do anything you want to do," he said.

"Maybe they'll let you go," I told him. But I knew he wouldn't be going, for he would only be in the way. He just wasn't the kind of person to go on such a trip, or to even want to go. I needed to have him waiting for me somewhere so that I could talk to him and tell him about the things I was doing. But he couldn't go along with me. That was just the way it was. It wasn't my fault.

"No, I don't think they'll let me come along," he said. "They didn't ask me."

I didn't answer him and he became quiet again.

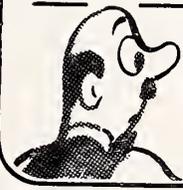
When we got up to go his daddy was calling and searching for him but we didn't turn back. The sun was falling away to the west, but we could hear the birds around us again and the green nuts began to fall. The moisture was falling from the leaves.

We made a circle and came back to the hill again. The squirrels were running on the limbs high above us.

John MARICOW



**"Nuts to those crackers!
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"Do you see the one we were following?" he asked. I shook my head and he became still. He didn't move until I touched his arm and pointed upward. He was putting the rifle to his shoulder, fitting it against his blue shirt and sighting with his head bent queerly over the gun. The shot cracked softly in the woods, and in the quiet after the shot he looked at me.

"I didn't hit him."

"You want me to try?" I said. But when I reached for the gun he drew it away from me, all the time looking upward.

Then, as we watched, the body of the squirrel fell from the highest branches and hit the ground almost at our feet, landing in furry ball. But it was still alive and was crawling away over the leaves. Its muscles were drawn and trembling, and the bullet had torn its stomach completely open. We got up quickly and followed. John was trying to pick the squirrel up, but couldn't. It was moving just fast enough to keep out of his reach and I saw that it was going away from him.

I wasn't close to John when he picked it up but I heard the soft thump as he hit its head time and again against

a tree. From where I stood it sounded as soft as hitting a little piece of cloth across your arm. It became still in his hands and he brought it back to me. He held it out to me and I could see that it was bleeding on his hands, and his hands were trembling, he was so excited.

"He's dead now, he said.

"He looks like the first one you shot at."

John nodded his head. It was an old squirrel, a lean boar that had thin reddish-gray hair, and his incisor teeth, like a mouse's or a rabbit's, were sharp and long. I took the squirrel and the warm inside of his body fell against my hand.

"He was hard to kill," John said.

"If you don't hit their hearts or break their backs they won't die."

"You want to carry him?" he asked.

"No, you carry him." And he held it in his hand again.

"Can we kill anymore?"

"No, it's too late now," I said.

"What can we do?"

"We'd better go home," I told him.

It was becoming darker in the woods.

"All right," he said.

"I'll carry the rifle if you want me to." But he kept the gun to himself, so I turned and led the way homeward.

The light was almost gone from the wet forest. His daddy was still looking for him, for we heard the voice again and it was nearby. We were close to the field again and right out there was where his daddy was standing. John caught my arm and stopped me. We squatted down in the bushes.

"My daddy'll be mad at me," he whispered.

"Maybe he won't," I said.

"Sure he will. He'll give me a beating."

"You can show him the squirrel. He ought to like that." I said.

John shook his head. The dead squirrel was hanging against his pants, and his pants were bloody.

"I told him I was going away with you," he was looking with wide eyes straight into my face.

I tried then as hard as I ever tried anything to tell him why he couldn't go with me, but all I said was, "What did you tell him that for? What's the matter with you?"

"I want to go along with you," he said then.

"You can't do that," I told him.

"I'll go with you and ride north to-

morrow."

"You can't. How would you go?"

"I can hide in one of the cars."

"That wouldn't do any good. They would find you. You know Nat won't let you go."

"I think he might," John said, and he turned and looked toward the field.

His daddy was walking outside at the edge of the woods. And he must have heard us for we saw him come to the entrance and stand there. The trees arched up high and made a great forest hallway and he was standing down at the other end away from us, his big body outlined against the open field.

He called John's name, not too loudly, but John didn't answer him. And then his daddy started walking toward us. I didn't think he could see us, but he was coming always nearer as he called. John lifted the rifle to his shoulder and braced himself on his knees. I was kneeling behind him and I could see his daddy's figure walking toward us in front of the gunsights. I saw John do it, and I couldn't do anything about it.

His daddy stopped very quietly when he had come halfway.

"John, you'd better come home now," he said. "Your mother's worried about you."

In the darkness John pressed the gun trigger to his cheek and his aim on the figure was becoming more steady. But then as his father came forward, he lowered the rifle and just knelt there waiting.

I slipped away and ran deeper into the woods before his daddy reached him. But I had to stop and look back, and I saw that John was standing up in the dark and his daddy was before him, watching him. I believed then that his daddy must have realized all the time what John was trying to do. And though he must have been terribly angry at John, he didn't beat him; and I think he must have been much more hurt than angry. He spoke to John but his son wouldn't look at him. And when they walked away, he dropped behind his daddy and still carried the rifle in his hands, holding it motionless as he walked.

I stood and watched them go away, and then I realized that it was night. I would have to go home now, for I knew that I would be getting up at day-break in the morning and I would be going north with Nat and the others. That was my job, and when I grew older I would be a man like Nat. But just for a moment I wished terribly that this evening was the evening before the first trip, and that I could talk

Amber Sheen

(Continued from page 9)

leaves burned. There's not much wind, so the fire won't spread, and it's cold enough."

As she dressed, textures came alive under her hand, cold silk, furry wool, rough tweed, and color assumed new proportions. "Yellow, of course. Yellow like the maple," she murmured as she pulled the woolen dress over her head, taking pleasure in the way it fitted her body and emphasized the hazel in her eyes. As she brushed her hair with swift strokes until it crackled with electricity, she wondered if there were any chrysanthemums left in the garden.

Kitchen odors, seeping through the half-open door at the back of the hall, greeted Keith as she came down the uncarpeted stairs, fingers trailing lightly on the smooth-grained banister. From the same general direction as the smell of bacon and coffee emanated a stream of reproachful language.

"Morning, Annie. What's this about Joe?"

"Oh, jus' that boy, Miss Keith, never aroun' when I wants him. Mos' likely out in back loafin' somewheres. . . You wanta eat your breakfas' in the kitchen this mornin'?"

"Hmm? Oh, yes, that'll be fine. Bacon this morning?"

"A piece or two your Mama hadn't used up."

Keith savored each bite. It hadn't tasted this way yesterday. It was a pity, she thought as she poured pungent liquid into a thin china cup. It was really a pity that it took something special like today to make one appreciate the beauty of an everyday, ordered life. It was a pattern, an exact, lovely pattern—like Bach. She sat back and looked out the window, alternately sipping coffee and drawing on a cigarette.

Keith thought that there must be a glow about her that had never been there before; and Annie didn't seem to notice any change. She left her sitting in the kitchen and went upstairs to clean. She could hear the heavy footsteps as Annie dusted and mopped. It didn't really matter; her happiness

(Continued on page 32)

to John about it and ask him if it was right for me to go. And I wondered for a long time if everything would have been just the same.

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More Experience

(Continued from page 17)

cause they were taught to do it that way at Camp Pendleton—. Say, where is everyone anyhow?"

"Eating. What you doin' here, Jerr?"

Jerry had been used to coming back to the hut after eating at the training table. Usually by the time he arrived there was a lively bull session in progress. He had been so completely absorbed in his thoughts while walking home that eating had not occurred to him. Doc's explanation regarding the absence of his hut-mates woke him to the realization that he had forgotten to eat supper.

"Oh, I—ah—was in a hurry to get through supper to-night and get down to work. Got a big quiz tomorrow."

That seemed to satisfy Doc, and Jerry, relieved that there was to be no more questioning lay down on his bed and rubbed his sore shin. He began thinking about his studious hut-mate.

Doc certainly seemed to be a nice fellow, but hard to know—always reserved. It seemed to Jerry that every time he saw his small bespectacled fellow student, he had a formidable looking medical book in his hand. Either he was reading it, or walking out with the book under his arm, heading for the Medical Building. He never talked about himself, but was always interested and willing to listen to what the other fellow had to say. He was old; at least old to Jerry, who had once heard him reveal his age as twenty-eight. That made him ten years Jerry's senior.

Jerry had always felt that Doc would be a swell guy and a real friend if only he could get to know him really well. He felt that this quiet little fellow would be the one person in whom he could confide and go to for advice. Jerry also felt that he had a great deal in common with Doc, because he too had been toying with the idea of becoming a doctor. He remembered Marie's last words before he had stepped on the train—; something about not forgetting to work hard so that he would be able to get into Med School—that his studies were the really important thing. The excitement and glamour of football had pigeon-holed the idea of becoming an M.D., but now Jerry thought it might be a good idea to talk to Doc about Med School. Maybe even tell him the real reason why he had arrived home so early. As he lifted his leg to roll off the bunk the door opened and six more inhabitants of "14" came in, quibbling over the prospects of Saturday's game. On went the lights.

"Yeah, but State's no pushover. I'll take 'em with seven points and call all bets."

"Okay, I'll take five of that gravy. Old Watts has really got the stuff this year."

Just then Monk Welch, owner of the foot-locker, and doubter of his Alma Mater's football prowess caught sight of Jerry.

"Well, well, if it ain't old Rubinsk, the Pollock boy wonder, who is probably dreaming right now of how he's gonna tear the State line to shreds. How'd you like to lay five on dear old Midwestern, kid? Can't lose, you know—, not if you get in the game."

Jerry muttered a "no thanks" and rolled over on his side. He had become used to Monk's incessant chiding and was usually ready with a sarcastic comeback of his own.

"What's the matter, kid? Where's that old school spirit? Did the old man work you too hard today? Somebody

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ought to tell him our young friend here just isn't old enough to bump heads with those other guys."

No answer. Monk paused, waiting for one. When none came he shrugged and turned back to the others. "Well, what do y' know—? Maybe the poor boy's all fogged up with that pre-game nervous tension. What say we have a few hands of Stud before we go to the show?"

"Count me out," said one. "You guys rolled me last night."

"Me too. I've gotta eat the rest of the month, y'know. Forty cents for the show is all I can afford."

"Hells Bells," said Monk, "four's not enough for a decent pot— Hey, Jerry—, how 'bout you? I saw that scholarship check you got this morning. Here's your chance to invest a little of it and maybe make enough to send some more of those air-mail-Specials to that one and only back in Philly."

"Pittsburgh," reminded Jerry for what seemed the hundredth time, "and no thank you."

"Okay, four's better than no game at all. Let's play on your sack, Herb."

"Always on my bed," sighed Herbert. "Every morning I have to knock a half dozen cigarette butts out of my shoes before I put them on—. All right, but for God's sake bring a couple of ash trays!"

Jerry had played poker twice. Twice he had lost. After losing eighteen dollars in his last indulgence he had resolved to quit for good. He liked poker though, and he lay on his back listening to the dealer call the cards as they were flipped around the bed.

"Everybody in? Here they come—. Little 'deuce—,' a 'lady' for you, J-Boy—, aha, dealer's control—. The ace bets a half."

Jerry listened to a few hands and then ambled over to watch the game. He was still stiff and sore, and the coach's words kept coming back—, "not enough experience." He needed a little diversion. He watched several more hands. In each one Monk had stayed to the end; calling the winner's best each time. His cards were running second best.

"What we need is new blood in the game," encouraged Monk. "Come on kid, get your feet wet. You can't lose much, and you *might* even win a little. Lord knows, you can't do any worse than me—; I'm `snake-bit.'"

Jerry battled with his conscience. He felt it would be almost a sacrilege to gamble with the money his scholarship had brought him. At the same time there was the urge to do something reckless.

"Okay, but just a couple of hands."

"Attaboy, kid, I knew you were a regular guy—. Deal our Saturday's Hero in, Bill."

Two hands were played. Jerry lost a little in both. The third he won. His expression remained the same after each hand. Monk lost heavily each time.

"Well, I'll be damned," said Bill in mock astonishment, "this guy's got the best poker face I've ever seen. Must be an old hand. I never saw a beginner fail to smile after winning a pot like that."

Jerry was forced to grin at this, and as he raked in the money, Doc, with the inevitable book in tow, walked by, giving Jerry a wink as he passed the game. Somehow, that wink meant a lot.

"Well, gentlemen, that's how it goes—," began Jerry.

"Deal the damn cards," interrupted Monk.

"Here I am, playing poker for the third time in my life—, and you say I have a good poker face. That's kinda ironic—. I've played four years of high school football in a pretty tough league, and yet Watts says I haven't had enough experience! Funny, huh?"

"What's the connection?" demanded Herb.

"I was cut today."

There was a short silence. The cards were dealt without the usual jargon.

"No kidding?"

"Jeez, that's too bad, Jerry."

"Tough break, Mac."

The game went on, all but Monk asking Jerry questions and sympathizing with him. Jerry won spasmodically, while Monk was forced to dig deeper and deeper into his previous winnings. Also, he was getting a little tired of Jerry's hard luck story.

"What say we can all this baloney? Kids shouldn't be playing football with a bunch of grown men anyhow. Personally I think Watts did the right thing. College football players today are rough—. A kid fresh outa high school's got no business playing college ball these days."

Jerry's temper was beginning to flare. "Oh yeah? What

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SALES

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makes you think that just because most of the players are veterans they can take it any better than I can?"

"Listen kid—, those guys have been through a war. They're older, and smarter—. See? You don't see your buddies die without growing up a little. They know how to handle themselves, and they're looking out for 'yours truly.' They aren't playing football for the glory of dear old Midwestern. I know, fella—. I got a helluva lot older in a mighty short spell on Iwo."

"Aw nutz! All you can talk about is the horrors of war, and what a man it makes out of you—. You know damn well I'd have been out there if I'd been old enough."

The game had stopped. Everyone was listening. Monk was in his element now. High school kids at college were his pet peeve.

"Damn'd if I can see why the Registrar accepts these high school brats now. The G.I.'s outnumber them three to one, and they have to be nursed along like babies. Why hell, kid, you're not even dry behind the ears yet—. I got a cat back home that'd lick that peach-fuzz off your face if you put a little cream on it."

"Is that so?" Jerry's voice was trembling with anger now. "How'd you like to step outside for a minute to see whether or not I can handle myself?"

"Hey, you guys—, we'll be late for the show if we don't get goin' right away," Bill put in quickly.

"Yeah," Monk said as nonchalantly as possible, "let's get out of this nursery before baby starts cryin'—. And remember this, sonny,—next time, think twice before you ask a Marine to step outside—. You might get hurt."

Jerry was trembling and beads of sweat dotted his forehead as they all filed out behind Monk. He said nothing. The words wouldn't come. When the door had closed behind the last man his head sank down on his chest and he uttered a low sob. Gradually the trembling stopped. He was tired—more tired than he had ever been before. Slowly he lifted his head and opened his eyes. On the bed were the cards, and the money he had won. He pocketed the money, picked up the cards, shuffled them twice, and then laid them down very carefully in the center of the bed. Painfully he pushed himself out of his chair, made his way to his own bed, and eased himself onto the yielding mattress. He lay on his back with eyes closed. The back of his neck where the sweat had run down, itched from the wool of the blankets.

Thinking—, thinking, wondering what to do—. For almost an hour he lay perfectly still, reflecting on the events of the past few hours. Then, with a jerk, he got up. It was all clear now. He began packing, and prayed that no one would come in for the next half hour. No one did. What to do about the trunk? Leave a note for Doc—he'd send it. If he hurried he could catch the 10:40 bus for Columbus and then take the first train out. He had won enough to pay most of the train fare.

Dear Doc,

I'd appreciate it very much if you would send my trunk to me C.O.D. Also, please tell the dean that I have left, and that I will send the scholarship money back here as soon as I reach home.

Thanks a lot, Doc.

JERRY RUBINSKI

P.S.: Monk can tell you why I'm leaving.

He folded the note carefully and took it to the little desk by Doc's bed. As he opened the folding top a black rectangular box fell from one of the cubby holes. In falling it had jarred partly open and Jerry could see a bright ribbon attached to a piece of metal. Curiosity aroused, he opened

the box wide. There was no mistaking the Distinguished Service Cross. He stood there a moment—, staring at it. A tremor ran through him. Quickly, he shut the box, replaced it, closed the desk, and lay the note on Doc's pillow. He hurried back to his own bed, made a last minute inspection, and grabbed his suitcase and overcoat from the bare mattress.

As he closed the door softly behind him he glanced at his wrist watch by the dim light from over the door. He would have to hurry, the 10:40 always left on time. He started briskly, the heavy bag banging against his right knee. Near the end of the quonsets his steps began to drag. The change in pace reflected his thoughts. Suddenly he straightened, and clenching his teeth hard, he resumed a lively step again.

Now he was on the campus. Fifty paces ahead was a street light. Someone had just passed under it coming his way. Could it be anyone he knew? The light in his eyes made it impossible to discern anything except the approaching person's silhouette. About five yards apart now. The other spoke—.

"Hi Jerry; where you heading? Let me give you a lift with that bag."

It was Doc.

Are you Maeb eht no*



You are, if you get tongue-tied when you meet a cute cookie! Or worse yet, if you stoop to "weather talk!" *Get on the beam* right, fellow! Start off from third base! Offer that choice bit of calico a yummy Life Saver. She'll be keen on them (and you).

* "On the beam" backwards



P. S. Just in case this friendship ripens—Life Savers keep your (and her) breath kissably fresh!

Best joke submitted by Ruth Mathieu, Box 717

"Do you know the difference between a popular girl and an unpopular one?"

"Yes and no."

A box of Life Savers will be given for the best joke submitted each month.

Football History

(Continued from page 15)

finished product—a crowd of over 40,000 on an average Saturday afternoon.

As football profits go, so go the fortunes of Carolina's athletic facilities, equipment for Woollen gym, basketball uniforms, soccer balls, ad infinitum. For without gridiron dollars, sports showing a minus on the ledger could not survive on a big time basis.

Big time was hardly the term to describe the debut of the pigskin sport at the university in 1888 when the team played a slightly less than rigorous two game schedule consisting of Wake Forest and Duke (then Trinity). No attendance figures are available for these games, but one couldn't be far wrong by saying that it was small, drawing only the curious.

In 1898 Carolina fielded its only undefeated team in history, going through a nine game slate without a blemish. The Virginia game (Carolina's biggest in those days) attracted 7,000 fans in Richmond.

Then came 1929, "the team with a million backs," which established an attendance record which stood for six years when Carl Snavely's first Tar Heel team almost got to the rose Bowl. 139,500 people took time out from Wall Street worries to watch the '29 Carolina team play.

With Snavely's 1935 club, one sees the first evidence of football's "arrival" at UNC as 149,500 fans paid their way into Kenan Stadium and other fields where the Tar Heels performed. Ranked No. eight in the country, that high octane outfit was the subject of lead stories on the sport pages of many of the nation's dailies. Had it not been for a heart-breaking defeat at the hands of the Blue Devils the men of Snavely doubtless would have played in the Rose Bowl, and Chapel Hill publicity men made sure the nation knew it, which partially accounted for the 47,000 spectators who jammed Duke stadium on that rainy afternoon.

From 1935 to the present the football fortunes of Carolina have ebbed and flowed but the largest crowds have remained fairly constant.

All important in the building of a nationally powerful football team are Carolina's numerous and faithful alumni to whom a bad season is as welcome as a scab in a coal mine. These men are willing to scatter kale pretty freely to entice young pigskin stars to attend Chapel Hill, so they won't have to apologize to others for a sorry Tar Heel club. Instead they can point with pride to a machine that has swept all opposition aside.

An undefeated team playing before huge crowds and against tough opponents is the hope of coaches, players, alumni, students, and everyone connected with Carolina athletics. And to this end the biggest factor is and will remain hard cash.

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Mr. Kear

(Continued from page 11)

Kear came with his team to play in the first state football championship when Washington's opponent was to be a Raleigh crowd coached by someone named Guy Phillips, who had succeeded another Raleigh pigskin mentor, named Frank P. Graham. Raleigh beat Washington in a close fight, but in the meantime Coach Kear had gotten his first look at the likable little college town in which the championship tilt was held—Chapel Hill.

Defeat and Chapel Hill he forgot for a while. His work alone absorbed his time, and he decided in the meantime to take a correspondence course in some subject that might benefit the striving young businessman—say, maybe accounting. That started things. By way of predestination, public accounting jobs came to him slowly; he first began to wrestle ledgers and cashbooks. Still, Chapel Hill was a war, a depression, and a decade out of his mind. 1914, and off he went to France in the first world-wide fiasco, an infantry first lieutenant. The boom of war, the crash of the depression, and then the lull of "back to normalcy."

It was in 1936 finally that Mr. and Mrs. Kear made the big decision that Harry go to work for the University of North Carolina's accounting department and study whatever courses he was interested in on the side. The University, although families were less in vogue those days, was even then a peaceful place for a man, his wife, and their seven-year-old daughter, Mary MacDonald. Kear liked the work and the place, and it was no time at all before his family began to sink its roots into Chapel Hill soil. Little Mary MacDonald was enrolled in the Chapel Hill grammar school, her parents had located a house, and all was looking well for the Kears. As a self help job, Kear himself was practicing his accounting in the business office. Things were running evenly, too evenly to last.

Another war erupted in 1941. The Student Activities Fund office had two of its clerks converted from U. N. C. into G. I. whirl and promoted their Harry Kear, appreciating him all the more since surely his age would keep him out of service. Count that as one conclusion badly overjumped. By March, 1943, Kear volunteered and was wearing khaki in the coast artillery. After special training he became a captain in the Harbor Control Unit in New York City. There he worked and chummed around with other officers who laughed with him at the discovery that he was ten years older than any of their fathers. Later he spent a year and a half transporting recruits to Europe and the Orient, completing seven ocean crossings. After arguing more than a thousand cases of special and general courts martial at Fort Mead, Maryland, he wonders whether he missed a legal calling. At this time Mrs. Kear, too, was doing her part with the U. S. O.'s Traveler's Aid bureau. "Mary Mac" was writing her father from Brenau Academy in Georgia, high schools in Blackstone and Petersburg, Virginia, and Peace college in Raleigh, telling all the news of her gallivanting from school to school year by year.

Now the three of them are together again, a Chapel Hill family if there ever was one. "Mary Mac" is a University freshman with musical inclinations. Kear spends his days at work, his weekends on nearby golf courses, his evenings playing bridge occasionally with the Mrs. as an ardent partner. Since the Student Activities Fund office personnel drudge on through the summer, a vacation is merely something Kear hears other people speak of often. He continues on and on, adding figures and years behind a desk in Graham Memorial.



Watch the December Magazine for the big race.

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STEWART'S

Durham

Amber Sheen

(Continued from page 26)

didn't need communication. Besides, Annie knew nothing of David; he was hers alone. She smiled secretly; no one else knew that he was coming. It wasn't long now, only the rest of the day. He was coming in the evening.

Keith finished her coffee and folded the paper on the kitchen table. She stacked the dishes in the sink for Annie and went across the back porch to the door. Joe was sitting on the back steps throwing his pocket knife at a stick a few feet in front of him. He jumped up embarrassed when he saw her and started mumbling excuses.

"Joe, how about raking up the rest of those leaves and burning them this morning before it rains again? . . . I'd like to stay outdoors myself; I think I'll help you."

Keith didn't rake very well. She stopped every minute or so to exclaim over a flower, or a twisted tree, or even without an excuse. She could feel it welling up inside her so that she wanted to scuff her shoes in the brittle bits of dead leaves that covered the ground. She experienced a most compelling desire to jump into the growing pile and lie there half-covered, smelling the brown must and hazy wood smoke, and laughing like a child. But then Joe said something, so she began to rake again in small swift arcs. . . . She and David had taken long walks in the fall, and he had laughed when she scuffed in the leaves, and pushed back her dark hair, and called her a child.

"That maple tree," complained Joe "just hangs onto them leaves like it wasn't never gonna let go. They'll be messin' up the yard after all the other trees has been bare ages!"

"Yes, I guess so," said Keith. But she stood there, looking up, thinking how it shone with the sun in it, and thanking the Lord that it had lasted so long, for now David would see it.

When she returned to the house, her hair was blown and tangled, and her face glowed from the cold air. She arranged the last chrysanthemums from the garden in a beaten copper bowl and put them on the table by the front window in the living room. Sunlight touched the flowers and brought the glow of the maple into the house. She stood back, delighted by the interplay of tone and color. Keith put her face against them, their soft uneven surface touching her skin. Just then the mantel clock struck eleven and Keith looked up. She still had to do the shopping in town.

She drove very fast. Cold air surged



through the car and took the breath out of her. She leaned back feeling the power of the motor, the way the car slid through space effortlessly, and caught herself thinking that this must be the sensation, the satisfaction of flying.

She took her time buying groceries, idly pushing the cart in front of her, selecting, bargaining, consciously savoring the business of it. When she had finished with the staples, she threw away economy and bought fine cheese and China tea which would be smoky amber in the gold encrusted mother-of-pearl cups. . . smoky amber flecked with jasmine petals. She knew she was being silly and impractical, buying tea because the color would blend with mood of the living room. "But occasional self-indulgence. . ." she thought and stopped. "Tea. . . that's for me, and steaks for David. Onions, peppers, garlic, sage from the garden at home. She guided the cart to the counter easily, wondering whether or not any of the people about her could sense her happiness.

"That'll be six fifty-two, Miss," said the clerk, and she counted out the change.

In the early afternoon Keith heard a car in the drive. When she reached the door she met the inquisitive face of Mrs. Reed who lived down the road.

"I just dropped by to see how you were getting along, dear."

"Oh, fine, Mrs. Reed. I have Annie to take care of the house and Joe to look after the yard, so there's really nothing to it."

"Yes, I always said you folks were so lucky to have those two, scarce as servants are now. . . . When's your mother coming home?"

"Sometimes the last of next week, she didn't say exactly. She's having such a wonderful visit, seeing all the people she hasn't seen in years."

She stood there talking, making polite inquiries, replying to stuffy platitudes. "Can this calm and everyday person be me?" she thought. "Can I be acting this way when every breath I take is an explosion? I can't stand being so happy. It can't last; it's too perfect."

"Look," she wanted to cry, "Look,

Mrs. Reed, can't you feel it too? Isn't it a perfect day? David's coming, Mrs. Reed, David!"

But Mrs. Reed never thought of the weather except as a conversation-piece, and besides, she didn't know about David.

"Well, I'd better be running along," she was saying. "Give my love to your mother, and if you need anything . . ."

"I will, Mrs. Reed, thank you. Come back."

Oh, it was a relief to be alone again, alone with her thoughts of David, alone with her happiness. She moved about the living room putting things in order, a pillow here, a book there. At last everything was just as she wanted it. She took an album of records from the shelf and stacked them on the phonograph. As she listened, she tried to hold the music back within her; but it slipped away from her grasp lightly. "This is the nearest I'll ever come to crystalizing happiness," Keith thought. "This is the nearest to solidity it will ever achieve." The poignance of the violins was real pain. She felt tears start in her eyes. "Always play Tchaikovski when you're happy. I've never realized before how close is the kinship between happiness and sorrow."

Keith sat there waiting. The daylight faded and the orange flames in the fireplace gained ascendance. Annie came in and drew the curtains and asked her when she wanted supper. But Keith sat still, a half smile on her lips. Her dark hair fell down in her eyes and she swept it back carelessly. The fire burned down to a few ashes and the Tchaikovski records played again and again. It was almost night. The clock struck seven, then a moment later Keith heard a knock at the door. She jumped up and called, "I'll get it, Annie," and ran to the door. The knob turned, and at last the door opened. Keith let out her breath gently and whispered, "David. . ."

The light from the hall shone through the open door; it moulded the outline of the girl standing there. It struck the empty stoop and the path beyond, and flickered on the yellow leaves of the maple in the front yard.

EASY-MONEY DEPARTMENT



Just like Social Security. Only quicker. Pepsi-Cola pays up to \$15 for jokes, gags, quips and such-like for this page. Just send your stuff to Easy Money Department, Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y., along with your name, address, school and class. All contributions become

the property of Pepsi-Cola Company. We pay only for those we print. (Working "Pepsi-Cola" into your gag, incidentally, won't hurt your chances a bit.) Dough-shy? Get dough-heavy! Or start a new hobby—collecting rejection slips. We'll help you out—one way or the other.

DAFFY DEFINITIONS

Here's a column inspired by one of man's most fundamental motivations—his primitive urge to make a buck. And why not?—a buck's a buck. Get daffy, chums.

* * *

Synonym—the word you use when you can't spell the word you want.

Pedestrian—a married man who owns a car.

Hangover—the penalty for switching from Pepsi-Cola.

Snoring—sheet music.

* * *

You've really got us to the wall when we'll pay a buck apiece for these. But that's the deal. \$1 each for those we buy.

GOOD DEAL ANNEX

Sharpen up those gags, gagsters! At the end of the year (if we haven't laughed ourselves to death) we're going to pick the one best item we've bought and award it a fat extra

\$100.00

Little Moron Corner

Murgatroyd, our massive moron, was observed the other afternoon working out with the girls' archery team. Somewhat unconventionally, however—instead of using bow and arrow, Murgatroyd was drawing a bead on the target with a bottle of Pepsi-Cola. When asked "Why?" by our informant, who should have known better—"Duuuuuuuh," responded Murgatroyd brightly, "because Pepsi-Cola hits the spot, stupid!"

\$2, legal tender, for any of these we buy. Brother, inflation is really here!

HE-SHE GAGS

Know a He-She gag? If you think it's funny, send it in. If we think it's funny, we'll buy it—for three bucks. We'll even print it. Sheer altruism. Take ten—and see if you don't come up with something sharper than these soggy specimens:

She: Why don't you put out that light and come sit here beside me?

He: It's the best offer I've had today—but I'd rather have a Pepsi.

He: Darling, is there nothing I can do to make you care?

She: D. D. T.

He: D. D. T.?

She: Yeah—drop dead twice!

She: Right now I'm interested in something tall, dark and handsome.

He: Gosh! Me?

She: No, silly—Pepsi-Cola!

Yep, we pay three bucks apiece for any of these we print. You never had it so good.

Get Funny . . . Win Money . . . Write a Title



“

What's the right caption? We don't know. You tell us. For the line we buy we'll ante \$5. Or send in a cartoon idea of your own. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

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The Carolina MAGAZINE



December 1947

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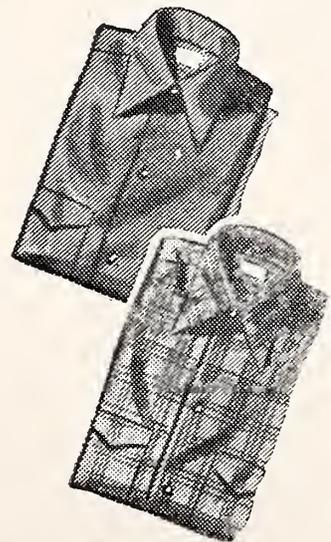
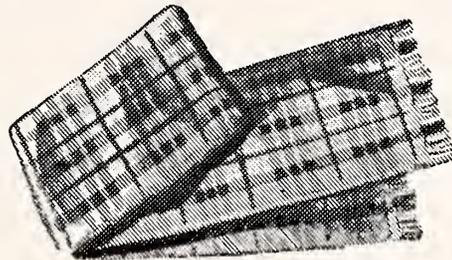
PRINCE ALBERT

SMOKING TOBACCO

Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco — for pipes or roll-your-own cigarettes — is America's biggest-selling tobacco. Smokers know it as the National Joy Smoke because it's so rich tasting, so mild and easy on the tongue. You'll enjoy giving Prince Albert—in the colorful Christmas-wrapped one-pound tin.



Kapp's and Christmas Go Together



Kapp's went into a huddle with Jack Frost recently and the discussion was heated. . .so heated in fact by Kapp's woolly, warm winter clothes that Jack is in full retreat. Come in today and pick the weapons for YOUR duel with the Nipper.

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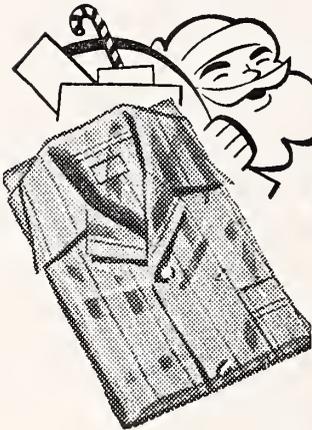


Last Minute **GIFT SHOPPERS** *Guide*

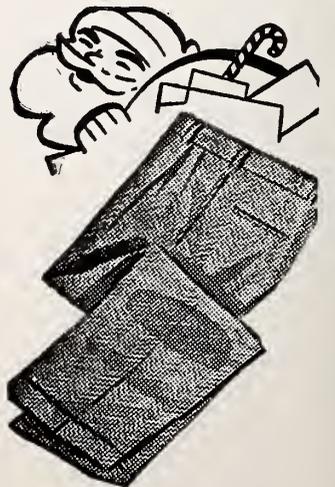
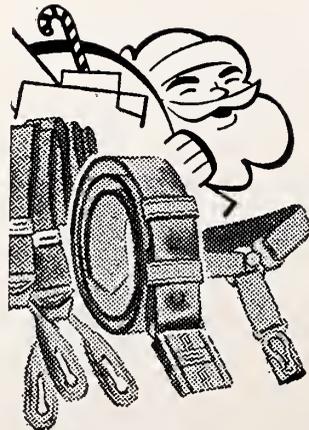
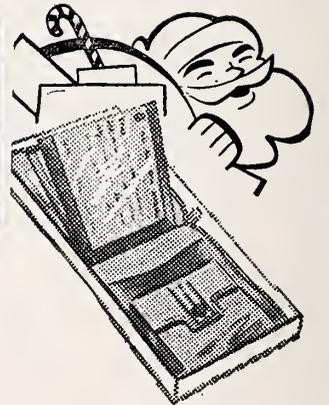


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CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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FICTION

THE SWAMP	William Sessions	7
THE HUNT	Z. B. Haislip	12
STAFF MEETING	G. S. Ballance	13
FIRST ACTION	Sam Hirsch	14

FEATURES

WHAT IS MODERN ART	Don Shields	5
MAG MAN OF THE MONTH	Billy Carmichael III	15
EDITORIAL		18
WINTER GLAMOR	Barbara Dalton	20
CAROLINA GENTLEMAN	Dick Nunis	21
OFF THE RECORD	David Arner	25
COVER	John Davis	

HUMOR

THE TERMITE COMES THROUGH— Yarborough, Gibson, McKinney	9	
SALUTE TO HUMOR	Charlie Gibson	16

POETRY

DISTANT FIFE	Arthur Graham Golby	19
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Happy New Year



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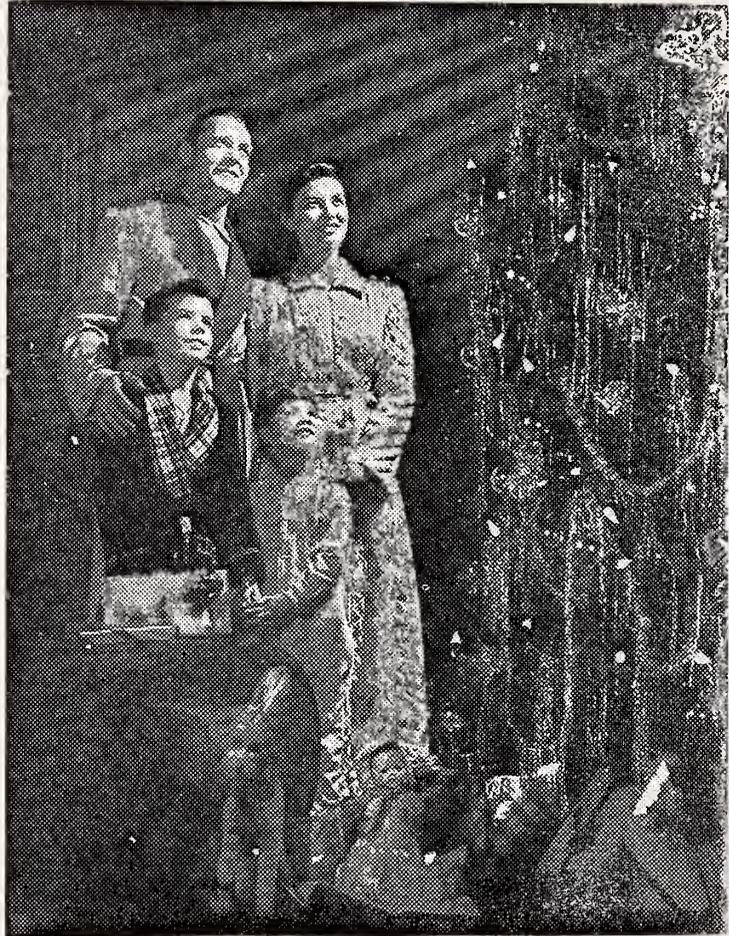
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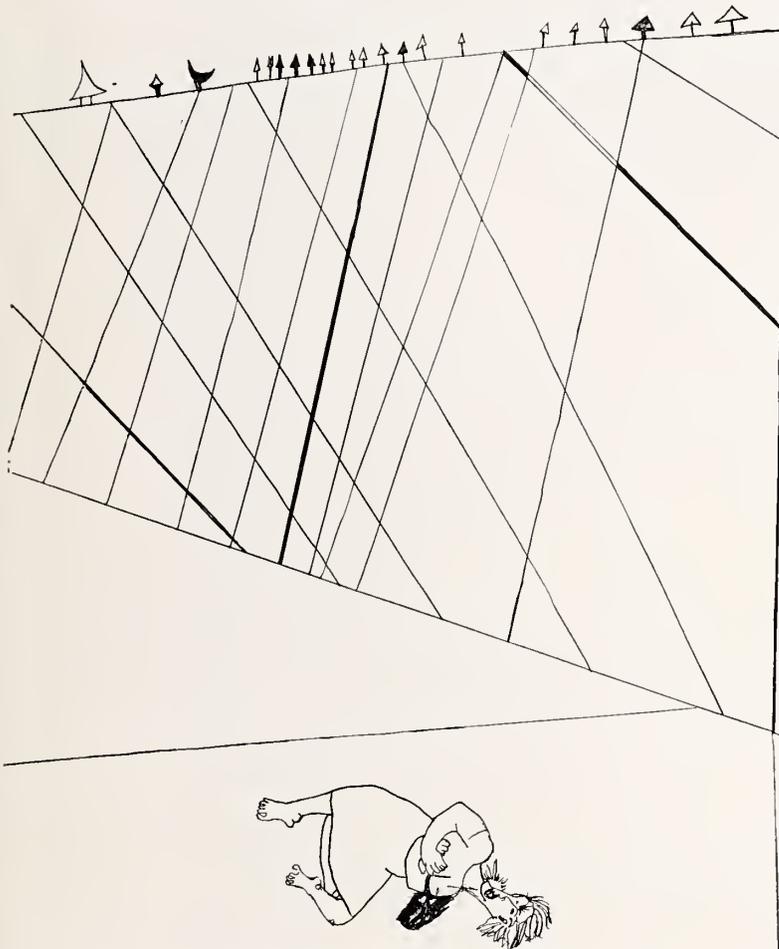
IS FOR EVERYBODY

And just because Christmas is for everybody, we have everybody's Christmas right here. Come revel in a glittering store-ful of gifts to delight everyone you know . . . from magnificent grand-gesture gifts to thoughtful little remembrances. Come find perfect gifts for family and friends, rollicking gifts for the youngsters, warm-hearted gifts for the home—we've planned them to fit every budget, arranged them to simplify your shopping, seen to it that each one will spread special joy on Christmas morning.

Ellis Stone

DURHAM, N. C.

Illustration by James Moon



"A fine example of the 'My-five-year-old-daughter-could-do-better' trend in art." DTH December 2, 1947.

"... To deride what one does not understand is easy; to comprehend the new and the strange is sometimes difficult but may be highly rewarding. . ."—

NY Times December 2, 1947.

What is Modern Art? by Don Shields

For thirty four years in the United States there has been a growing movement in Art which has somehow received the misleading name "Modern." Out of this development have appeared new methods and techniques in every art form. From coast to coast, dazzling museums have been built devoted solely to the display of this new Modern art.

Flourishing despite the cries of "fake," "ugly," and "childish," Modern Art has developed. Today it holds the respect of most serious art lovers. Part of the underlying essence to the movement is philosophical. Namely, there exists a growing tendency in American intellectual circles toward metaphysical thinking, influencing the artist to such a degree that when he views an object, he does not only draw it, but also depicts his inner feelings which the object vividly suggests. Because artists are individualists, all sorts and shapes of inner feelings have been splashed on hundreds of canvases. Even the most ardent Philistine must pause and wonder what it's all about anyway.

This explosive break-a-way from the stultified techniques of the Academies and the worn out subject matter brings new, strange paintings on the scene which might well be incomprehensible from the standpoint of subject matter, appearing in a chaos of zig zagging lines, jumbled colors, shapes and parts of shapes. They only make sense when an effort is made to understand the meaning and motives of the artist.

Trying to convince a faithless friend about the validity of Modern Art on any basis whatsoever is next to impossible. Modern Art is not a waste of anybody's time. Picasso received as much as thirty thousand dollars for the waste of time he put in on one single painting.

The thinking person must understand that Modern Art throws away the literal parroting of a threadbare subject. Instead he attempts to show not only the cause but the emotion as well. Too many people believe that beauty resides only in a beautiful subject. They miss catching the dif-

(Continued on page 26)



The Swamp

by William Sessions

WHEN Bertie woke up in the morning, the first sound she heard was the whippoorwill's call drifting out across the fields into her open window. There in the feather bed, suddenly becoming conscious of the bare reality about her, she seized the covers, threw them back with her narrow hands, and ran to the wooden opening in the unpainted wall. Here she paused a moment watching the dawn mist rise like some phantom from the swamp, pierced slowly with the growing sunlight.

"Bertie, Bertie!" Her mother's voice resounded through the silent room.

"Yes'm."

"Hit's near six. Your Pa's got that truck to make by seven. Hurry up and help me."

When she opened the door to the narrow kitchen, Bertie found her mother beside the stove, her hand moving the spoon in the grits in a slow rhythm. She watched the woman for a moment, and as she looked, thought how like her own lank body, her own thin face, her own shock of black hair were her mother's. But somehow where thirty years had eroded the woman into a vestige of what she had once been, twelve years had not yet robbed Bertie. Her mother saw this and its friction with the slow movement of the house and the family and the very element of time.

"Is he up yet?" Bertie said, sliding the apron about her waist.

"No." She answered then turned and spread some plates upon the table. "He was out too late last night. It ain't enough he's got a wife and five children at home. No, he's gotta get out, go down to the crossroads station and drink all night."

Bertie let the tremble in her mouth ease down her taut throat and settle quietly in her stomach. "It was hot last night, Ma. Besides, he promised us—"

"He promised us—" Her voice instantly mocked like the high notes of a fiddle. "All his life has been promises—promises about homes and money and good times ahead. And where has it got us? Farm mortgaged, and him with a jail term for attempted murder—almost killed that nigger last June over some woman."

Bertie turned to glance out the window at the last bits of swamp mist left over the fields. "At least he's saved his money since then, that night." She turned away to the table.

The woman lifted the grits pot from the stove and poured the slippery mass into a bowl in the middle of the table, her lips drawn tense. "He'd better be," she said. "He'd just better be. I'll do his work for him here. That's my job. But coming in like he did that night!" She touched her dark hair slightly. "Besides I ain't too old."

Bertie did not answer but began to set the table. For a long while the two said nothing, their silence filling the room like air in a balloon. The sizzle of the eggs in the hot grease floundered in the room and little streaks of smoke started to rise from the pan.

On the porch just outside the room there was a rustle, then a rumble of voice.

"Them boys," the mother said. "They're quiet like lumbering cows."

"Oh," Bertie sighed. "Are they going to school with me?"

The mother lifted an egg on to a plate. "I reckon so. If I don't get 'em to go with you, they won't go at all." She turned to her daughter and touched her long, black hair. "Besides, don't worry. You'll soon be outa that two-room school and into the big high school in town."

"If he lets me finish—" Bertie said slowly.

"He'll let you. I'll see to that. If he dares to stop you, I'll—I'll—" her breath began to gasp. A thin baby wail rose through the smoky air. The mother poised immediately like an animal on the alert. "Them boys. They've done woke up the baby. I could lard the living daylight's outa—" She started towards the porch.

"I'll go, Ma," Bertie said springing towards the door. "I'll change the baby for you."

The mother said nothing, merely turned and opened another egg into the greasy pan and watched the little streaks of smoke rise again.

The wooden crib where the baby lay, converted from some packing box, stood against the open window in one of the two front rooms. It was oblong, and the wood gave forth a peculiar, almost cedar odor in contrast to the damp smell that arose from the baby. Bertie lifted the little child and placed him on the big bed near the crib. As she began to change its clothes, the baby's lips began to knit together in a kind of aged determination, and its eyes were bulged like headlights on a car. The tiny arms and legs, already malaria-yellow, flexed and twisted in a strange rhythm of their own. When Bertie finished, she laid it back into the crib and heard its breath heavy and more laborsome now.

The baby was dying. Bertie saw that more clearly when she dropped its head back against the covers and watched the pupils of his eyes dart back and forth across the unpainted walls. The doctor had given it a year at most that Saturday afternoon when Bertie and her mother had carried the baby to town. She remembered the strange, broken look in her mother's eyes when the woman changed the baby's clothes the night after, and her savage outburst against the father's quarreling. It had started then. The baby's slow trek to death seemed to correlate a swift increase of struggle between the mother and the father, growing steadily, day by day, night by night.

A sudden premonition flew across Bertie's mind, and she turned quickly to the open window, the sun now beginning its bake upon the small tobacco plants left in the field. Half-formed thoughts frightened her, and she looked again at the baby. A fly lay still upon its forehead; a kind of fury rose up in her. She brushed her hand over the baby angrily to shoo the insect away, and then, the fly having lit upon another spot, she drew her hand to it and with a sudden jerk slammed her fingers on the insect. She squelched it in one stroke and tossed the remains onto the floor, wiping the mucous from her fingers on the faded dress.

That was death, she whispered to herself. A flick of light in the dark, extinguished in another flick. Put the baby in a wooden box, both dead. Then dig the hole out there in the fields, beneath the upsurge of tobacco plants, and drop it in. Slowly, silently, without any consciousness or passion, the baby and the box both turn to the earth about them, and like lovers, become one. Then again, slowly, silently, the jungle of the swamp crawls over them and the field, and over that the insects and the swamp animals, like the fly. And then, in a few years, only the

Illustration by Joyce Ferguson

sky above to tell that a man and woman breathed and loved and hated and killed here. And over the spot where the baby lay, complete oblivion like the slow movement of night.

Voices rustled in the back, the loud, harsh tones of her father confronted by the fiddle-like notes of her mother. Bertie turned and began to leave the room. The little child was asleep, its hand beside its malaria-yellow face, clutched, at nothing.

"Goddamnit, no! I don't feel like it. I ache. I ache all over. Like I had a worm gnawing at me." Her father was sitting beside the table, an empty, egg-stained plate before him.

The woman did not reply, merely motioned for Bertie to sit, then poured the grits into her plate. "You gotta work." She answered turning to the stove. "You know that. How do you expect Mr. Johnson to keep you hired if you keep on like this? One night right after another, drunk."

The man shifted in his chair. "Oh, don't start on that again."

"I got to. I got to start on something. You always forget you got five mouths to feed. And if you don't get any money on a Saturday night for them, they'll perish. Like that baby in yonder, they'll perish." Bertie saw her mother's eyes flash like matches suddenly struck. She stirred uneasily and glanced beyond the man silhouetted in his chair against the fields. The angry glare of the sun fell upon the dusty earth in a silent, steady, rhythmic pulse.

The man's face twitched slightly, bearded and massive, and his large eyes gazed for a moment at Bertie. "I don't like highway work," he said. "An animal or a nigger beats dirt and digs ditches like that. Not a man."

The woman's lips trembled slightly, then drawn together taut, she said: "Well, what do you like? God knows I don't know. You don't like to farm or to do store work. You say it cages you in." She stopped a moment, and her voice lowered. "That year when the big depression came, and we got married, you worked hard then. You plowed the land, fighting the swamp like it was another man until you won your crop. I would of worked all my life for you then." She moved closer to the man. "What happened, Ed? What scared you? What—"

The man rose. "Goddamnit, leave me alone!" He walked to the door and looked out. In the swamp beyond a whippoorwill called. "You're a thorn in my flesh. You and your fussing all the time."

"Thorn in the flesh," her voice mocked shrilly. "You're a fine one to quote scripture."

"Pa was a preacher." The man said, his lips puckered in a whine. "He wanted me to be one."

"And look at his son. A drunken sot, old before his time, making himself the fool before white men and niggers alike." Her hand trembled as she lifted Bertie's emptied plate and returned to her work above the stove. The man did not answer. From the swamp the whippoorwill called again.

"If you ever say that again, I swear to God I'll kill you." The man said slowly, quietly.

The woman continued with her work, her back turned. "You needn't threaten me. I'm not afraid of you."

As though he had not heard, the father said: "You understand? I'll kill you. Kill you just like I would a rat in the swamp."

"You needn't threaten me. When Bertie goes to school in town next year—"

"Bertie ain't going to any school in town."

"You say. But she is. I'll see to that. And when she does, I'm leaving. You understand? Leaving—you and this house and that dying baby in yonder and that swamp and—"

"Shut up!" The man yelled lunging towards her. "Shut up."

But the woman's voice went on, mumbling sounds incoherent and high like fiddle-notes. The man lifted his hand and slapped her across the face. The woman lurched and leaned against the stove to catch her balance. For a moment the man looked at her, then fell back into his seat beside the table and stared straight ahead into the sun glare on the fields.

Bertie heard her own mouth open in a cry and almost without realizing it, she sprang towards her father. She felt his heavy beard against her hands as she threw them against his face again and again. Suddenly her hands stopped, and clutching them, her eyes glaring into Bertie's, was her mother.

"Stop it, stop it, you hear?" The woman pushed her towards the door. "Go, go on now to school."

The man still sat there, his eyes caught by the sunlight in the dust.

"But, ma, he—" Bertie tried to break her grip.

The woman shoved her onto the porch. "If you touch him again, I'll kill you. Understand? If you touch him—" She did not finish but moved back into the room.

Bertie dropped her hands in dazed movement and looked after her mother and then her father still staring. Suddenly she turned, gathered her schoolbooks, and ran down the porch into the sandy road in front of the house. She kept running until finally the sand gave way and she slipped and fell. Rising, she looked up into the face of the sun, the circle of its fire running like the confusion in her mind. Somewhere in the distance a car horn honked, and in the swamp the whippoorwill called once more, received no answer, and flew up into the sky, out of sight.

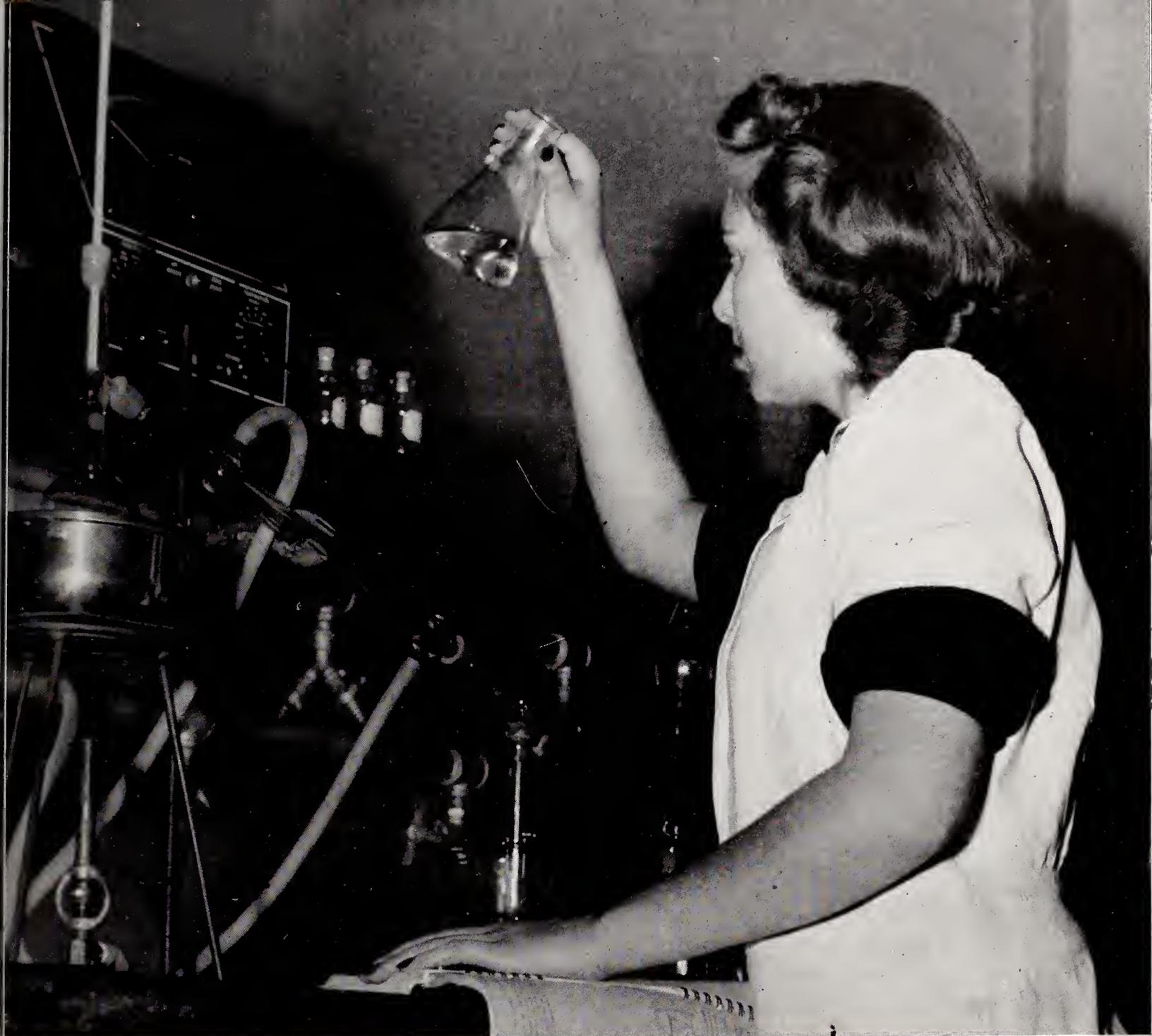
Bertie emerged from the small, wooden building and immediately broke away from the others leaving school, watching her brothers head into the woods towards the river. She crossed the scrubby yard and started down the road, her bare feet sliding in the warm sand. The sun had curved a semi-circle in the cloudless sky, and now, directly opposite from its morning position it held the fields in a hypnotized bake. The glare fell upon the whole countryside, even penetrating the recesses of the swamp with its steady pulse moving impersonally through space.

A tension ran through her long legs as she moved them slowly in the white-hot sand. It had stuck over her body the whole day, since early morning when she had slipped in the road coming to school. Half formed thoughts and images of the day rose in her mind. She still burned with the same confusion of the morning, but now a security, molded by time, tore some of it away. A shadow suddenly cast upon the road caused her to look up and find the swamp looming on either side.

A tiny wooden bridge ran over the swamp stream and divided the sandy road sharply in two. Faint tresses of sunlight dropped upon its faded structure. She paused a moment and leaned on the railing. Below her in the water, she saw small, colored fish swimming and over to the left a moccasin bobbing up and down like a rubber ball bounced on cement. Relaxing in the coolness of contrast, she started to move her black hair in a slow rhythm to the swirling water, her eyes closed as though asleep.

When Bertie first saw the four-room house, she sensed something wrong. The feeling grew as her feet unconsciously pushed ahead in the sand. No smoke came from the chimney nor did she see her mother washing by the artesian well, as before. The house merely shimmered life-

(Continued on page 28)



A laboratory technician in the University of North Carolina's chemistry department is shown above, preparing highly potent grub for the Tar Heel Termite during training for the big race. According to this attractive miss, the special diet is H_2PDQ —a blended mixture of a splinter off the Old Well, chips off the old block, a key from an Underwood typewriter, a snapshot of Betty Grable's limbs, a chord of the Nutcracker Suite, and a dash of Old Rocking Chair

The Bug Race: Duke vs Carolina

EVERYONE assumes that in the fall the college man's thoughts automatically turn to that great sport of stadiums and cheerleaders where a worm's place is usually in the peanut. This fall Fred Lasswell, the cartoonist whose *Barney Google and Snuffy Smith* is nationally syndicated, got a new idea.

Snuffy Smith, the well-known yokel in the polka dot shirt and the patched pants who looks as if he shaves as seldom as he bathes, would stage himself a bug race. All universities that wanted to could submit an insect for the glory of their various alma mamas.

The result? Immediately Snuffy had so many contestants on hand and elsewhere that he did not know itchy way to turn. Never before was there a race in which so many entries had to be scratched. Still, in each week's Sunday's comics the names of as many as possible of the mitey runners were announced.

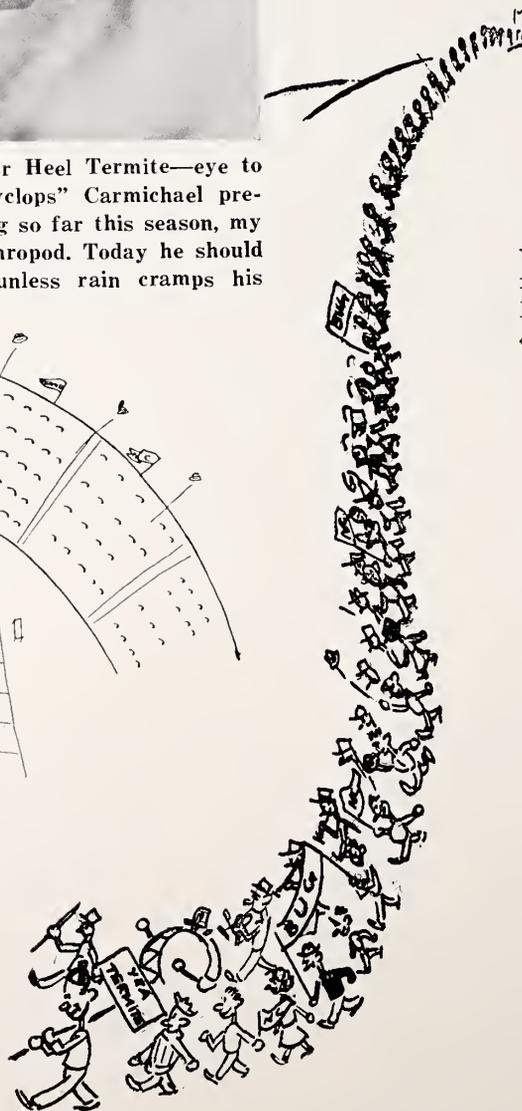
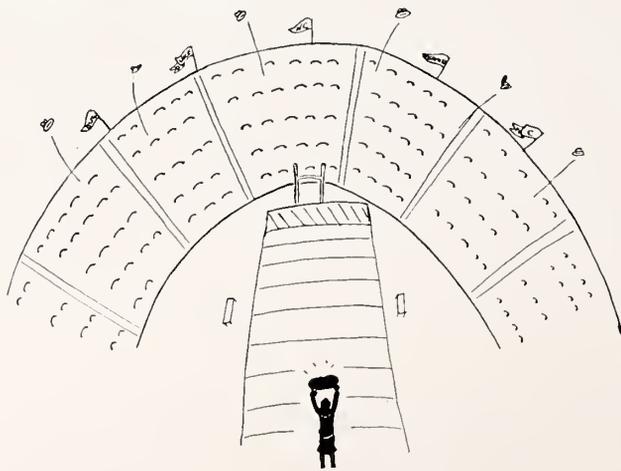
Finally Lasswell wished to select two of his most boisterous bugs for a run-off, perhaps to be nationally publicized. Because the editor of the *Duke 'n Duchess* and Lasswell were personal friends, Duke had its Blue Devil Bug invited as one of the finalists and good-naturedly dared Carolina to produce the Tar Heel Termite.

Photography: Wilson Yarborough, Jr.; Drawings: Don McKinney; Text: Charlie Gibson; in Collaboration with "Duke 'n Duchess," Humor Magazine at Duke University.

The Termite Comes Through



AFTER a pep-talk with his Tar Heel Termite—eye to eye, as pictured above, Coach “Cyclops” Carmichael predicted, “On the basis of his showing so far this season, my mite might make all-American arthropod. Today he should be in his finest sprinting form unless rain cramps his broken-field wiggling.”



There is the starting gun! The two bruisers are off down the track, the Blue Devil Bug and the Tar Heel Termite sprinting neck and neck, thorax and thorax! Now the Duke fans are gratified that at the ten-inch line their demon distancer is fleaing a head. Carolina supporters, on the other hand, are a bit pestimistic because their favorite did gnat get off to anything better than a crawling pace.

Wait! What is happening over there? Wonder what ales the termite? He seems to be lying flat on his back, injured and swimming in some sort of puddle. Uh—oh, it looks as if enemy sabugtage agents have thrown a bottle of Blatz at the Carolina entry. How can he beer such inJustice? The Tar Hellian, though, is not to be caught soaked, for he is up again and what a spirited runner! There the termite goes, whiskying off in circles while the Duke lightning bug streaks along on a bee-line straight for the goal.

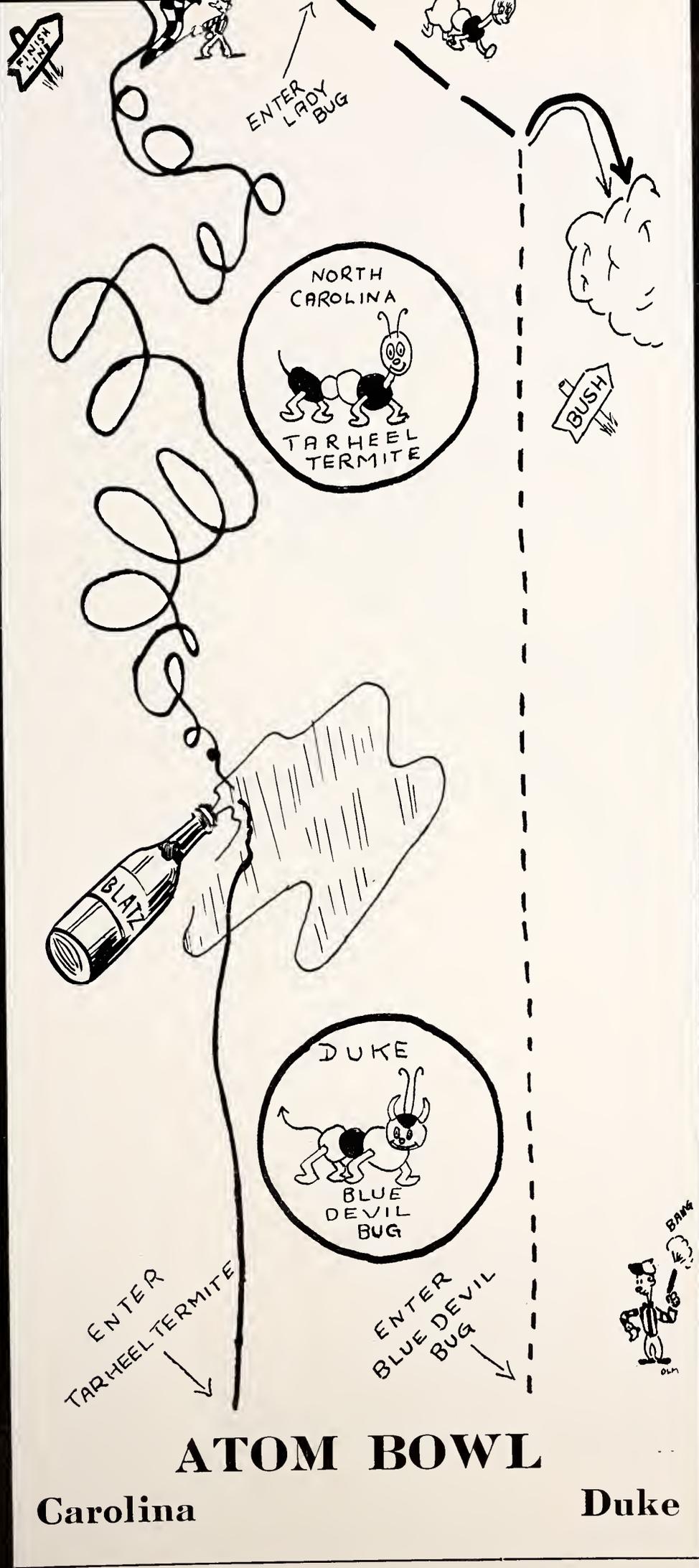
No, look again! Larva mercy! Onto the field comes that gorgeous little lady bug—Molly Cule. Now East campus’s cutest in insex is winking at the Duke runner, and that pore sucker obviously thinks she is racey enough for him; so he is forgetting the race here and heading for a bush at the far end of the field. If ever there was a locust, that’s a low cuss!

While Duke fans fret about their worm’s turning over a new leaf or two, Carolina rooters go wild when their idol staggers under the referee’s flag and across the finish line. Rah, Rah, blue and tight, the termite did come through!

*“Feel the bite of insect noses
Stinging black and blue,
Bringing Terrormighty’s forces,
Rooting ’N.C.U.’*

*“Hail to the swiftest bug of all!
Fast his wiggle wind!
Terrormighty, flying bolt,
Defeat all rivals thine.*

*“For I’m a Tar Heel born,
I’m a Tar Heel fed,
And when I die
I’m D. D. T. dead.
So it’s—
Rah, Rah, Terrormighty—mighty
Rah, Rah, Terrormighty—mighty
Rah, Rah, Terrormighty!
Rah, Rah, Rah!”*



ATOM BOWL

Carolina

Duke



BILL HARRISON

The Hunt

by Z. B. Haislip

HE'S TOO little," Paul said. "If we took him with us and something happened to him, we'd never hear the last of it."

"But he wants to go so bad," Mother said. "Al would look after him wouldn't you Al?"

Al mumbled something in reply, but from his position behind the door Peter couldn't make out what it was.

"Well, I don't think he ought to go," Paul said again. Peter sighed. He got up and crept out the back door.

The dogs were lying under the chinaberry tree, soaking up as much of the weak winter sunlight as they could. The little white dog jumped up and ran to meet him. He clawed at Peter's legs with a great show of ferocity. Old Red, the hunting dog, blinked his eyes without moving.

"They don't ever want us to go hunting with them," Peter said to the little dog. "We always have to stay around the house, just 'cause we're little. Old Red goes hunting all the time." Old Red stretched his jaws in a yawn.

"That's all right, Old Red. We'll go hunting sometimes and I bet we kill more rabbits in one day than you ever got in your whole life." The boast made Peter feel better. "Lets go see Aunt Fannie, little white dog. She'll tell us a story about some real hunting dogs." He started off at a run. The little dog chased around, behind and in front of him, barking steadily.

Aunt Fannie lived across the road. She knew lots of good stories. Peter's favorite was the one about Nero and Bruno, two brave dogs who saved their master from wild men. He wanted to name the little dog after one of them, but he could never decide whether it should be Nero or Bruno. As he ran, he pretended that he was the hunter. He took imaginary potshots at the surrounding wild men which were ordinarily pecan trees.

Aunt Fannie was in the yard behind her house. There was a fire under the wash pot and piles of clothes on the ground. Aunt Fannie was at the well drawing water. In spite of the Decem-

ber morning, sweat stood out on her black forehead.

"Here, boy!" she yelled as the little white dog charged into a pile of clothes as though he were flushing rabbits out of a bush. "Git dat dog out'n dem clothes! I ain't even washed 'em yit and he's gitting 'em dirty agin. Git him out fo' I kill 'em!"

"Wouldn't he make a good rabbit dog, Aunt Fannie?" Peter asked. He tactfully ignored her threat.

"Huh! Don't look to me like he good fo' nothing but to mess up de house." She chuckled at her joke. "You come at a mighty good time," she added more cordially. "You can help me tote dis tub over to de bench."

Peter jumped at the chance to smooth her ruffled feelings before asking her to tell a story. The tub was heavy. The cold water sloshed over on his legs. After a lot of panting from him and grunting from her, they got the tub on the bench.

"Don't you really like my dog?" he asked. "I'm going to make a hunting dog out of him, like Nero and Bruno." He was trying to lead up to asking for a story.

"He look bout like you do to me," she said. "You both runty and always messing around while other folks work."

"We ain't runty," he said. His pride stung, he forgot to try to get on good terms with her. "We're just little. I reckon both of us will get big someday."

"I don't know when dat day gone be." She groaned as she stooped to pick up some clothes from the ground. "Lawd God! Dat dog's tearing up a pair of your mammy's best stockings! Here you no-count dog, stop dat!" She picked up a stick and swung it around. "I'll kill him sho' nuff for tearing dose stockings!"

Peter darted in front of her. He snatched the little dog just as the stick came down. It caught him across the knuckles and hit the dog's rump. The dog yelped with pain and surprise. Peter ran for the pecan trees. The silk stocking, caught on the dog's paws and teeth, streamed behind.

"Well, you fixed that up," he said when they reached the safety of the pecan trees. He untangled the torn stocking. "Now Aunt Fannie's mad with us. I reckon you really ought to be beat." The little dog looked up and began to wag his tail. "But Al says you shouldn't ever whip a hunting dog so I guess I won't." The dog jumped up and down and barked his approval.

"Gee, I wish we could go hunting with Paul and Al tomorrow—even if I

(Continued on page 23)

Staff Meeting

by G. S. Ballance

YOU LOOK worried, Jim," Flight Officer Wiggins said as he stepped into the jeep. "More troubles?" Then, somewhat sympathetically, "Ray been on you again?"

"Well, . . ." began Lt. Shields as he stepped on the jeep starter. Nothing happened and Shields pushed again. "Doggone jeep!" he muttered. "Took away my good one and gave it to engineering. . . said they needed it more than we did."

A quick jab on the starter gave results. The engine sputtered and Shields pulled away from the parked B-25.

"Bell got your jeep, eh?"

"Oh, sure, sure," Shields replied as he pulled off of the taxi strip to let a plane roll past. After the dust had settled, Wiggins watched him wipe the dust from his thick-lensed glasses, replace them, and then drive slowly back onto the strip. "Every section comes before communications," the lieutenant continued. "I complain, but Major Raeford doesn't do much about it."

"Oh," Wiggins said, pursing his lips and nodding slowly, "So Ray has been chewing you again."

"No, Major Raeford hasn't said anything recently. But he's having a staff meeting just before chow." Shields was staring straight ahead, not even attempting to avoid the ruts in front of his jeep. He always drove like that, mechanically. He took the curves almost as fast as the straight stretches. "And," he continued, talking to himself as much as to his companion, "I'll probably get worked over then." There was a long pause. "Well," he laughed nervously, "war can't last forever!"

Wiggins glanced at the long slim fingers which gripped the steering wheel. Then he scrutinized Shields' tense face. Funny, he thought, how a guy's face wouldn't tan after twenty-six months of dust and sun in Africa and Italy. Sometimes he wondered how the kid had ever got in the Army; commission, too.

"You know, . . ." Wiggins began, then hesitated.

"Yes?"

"Oh, nothing; I was just thinking."

"Well, go on, man; go on."

"No. . . I'd better keep my mouth shut."

Shields glanced at him. "Now my curiosity's up. What's on your mind?"

"Well, uh. . . Jim, you'll hate me for this, but. . . oh, here's your tent!

Thanks for the lift! I'll catch someone up to the orderly room."

Shields had parked beside the pyramidal tent which served as the office for his communications section. He stared at Wiggins as the flight officer strode away. What had the man started to say? Whatever it was it could not have been complimentary.

Suddenly he bit his lower lip until the teeth sank in. Complimentary! The word did not exist in the Army! Shields had never quite recovered from the way orders had been barked at him that first day in the Army. Truly, he had observed, sergeants were not the kind of people he had known; and officers certainly were not gentlemen. After three years Shields had not completely adjusted himself to the army. It still seemed to him that practically all considerate and sober

men had somehow escaped the draft.

Even Wiggins had not been considerate that night recently after having too much vino. "Jim," Shields could still hear him saying thickly, as they sat in the tent after supper, "Jim, you tell me too damned many troubles. Oh, sure, sure, I know you argue with the Old Man about the way you're treated. . . and you're still a first louie." Here Wiggins had pointed a wavering finger at him, "But you. . . damn it. . . when you get mad. . . nobody pays attention to you! Stop letting Bell push you around! Aw, hell. . . goodnight."

Shields slowly got out of the jeep and started toward the tent. Whatever Wiggins had started to say a few minutes before, it could not have been more uncomplimentary than his drunken lecture.

(Continued on page 20)



Illustration by Dick Fullen

FIRST ACTION

by Sam Hirsch

“WHAT WAS that?”
Something shivered in the mist in the road ahead. 2nd Lieutenant Marc Allen leaned forward, pulled his field glasses to his eyes with one hand, gripped his mike in the other. His breath came fast and short. He swallowed hard. The tank eased slowly up the slope.

He pressed the button on the mike. “Gunner, target right. Dunno what. . . steady. . . on.”

The turret turned slowly right, the long snout of the .75 sniffing the air. The gunner, below, probed the side of the road with his sights. The tank tensed, crawled like a big metal snail. Marc felt suddenly exposed in the turret, although no more than his head showed. Beautiful target for a pot shot, he thought. Snipers like a head on a slow tank top. . . How many shots could a rifle put through the side of a head. . . ? What kind of a lead did you take if the vehicle is moving at . . . ?

He deflated when he saw what was moving in the road: a small brown and white dog poking in an abandoned mess kit.

His fist tightened on the button. “Never mind, gunner. Erase, erase. No target.”

He switched to radio and the C.O.’s brittle voice exploded in his ears: “What the hell you doin’ up there—sight seein’?! Let’s get this goddam show on the road!!”

The young, angular-faced second lieutenant blew his breath out through his clenched teeth before he answered. “Roger. Out.”

He switched back to intercom. “Driver, move out. The Captain wants us to quit picking daisies.”

The tank picked up speed, grumbled ahead. Marc leaned against the turret edge, quick eyes scanning the sides of the road, breath coming deeper, shorter, the helmet ton-heavy, shirt on his back wet, steel under his fist hot as the sun. He sneaked a quick look over his shoulder, saw the tank column



snaking behind him, took comfort from their squat support. The doughs marching on both sides of the Shermans looked like ants in the iron shadows.

This was his first long stretch in the leading tank. Three days in the point felt like three years. The fresh replacement of last week was a shadowy creature from a clean-shaven world, smelling of soap. Today his guns were aimed at bodies, not black dots circled in sights. This was the end he had been shaped for. Everything else belonged, but did not total until the finger curled back over the cold trigger and the bullet sang: die-you-bastard-die-for-your-country.

So far there had been no trace of the fugitive kraut; only smoke from black hulls, where the planes had caught him in flight, testified his presence. An occasional bloated face blew blond decay at Marc as he rolled by and death filled his nose with heavy, sweet nausea.

If only he could find something to shoot at. He had not fired a single shot since he had joined the outfit. All his guns were oiled, warm and waiting. He felt his pistol on his hip, imagined how his leather holster

would say *sslifffft* when he would draw: the hammer cocked, eager for its short trip forward, tapping fire out of the shell at the end.

A movement on the road: he stiffened, crouched down a little, looked through the glasses, tightened on the button, all in one concentration. This time he found men, not a dog, and he spat quick words into the mike.

“Gunner. . . target straight ahead. . . krauts. . . mow’em down!”

The .75 clicked into place with a twist of the power traverse handle, the gunner’s foot reached for the solenoid. In a moment the co-axial .30 caliber would chatter finish to the men in the road. Just a minute: they were waving their arms. What the hell, they weren’t krauts, they were Frenchmen!

“Gunner. . . hold your fire. Driver, slow down.”

Inside the tank the gunner swore and banged his head against the sight; the stocky driver double-clutched down with slow resignation; the assistant driver scratched his back; and the loader spit out his wad of gum, slipping in a fresh stick.

(Continued on page 21)

ALTHOUGH Webster's dictionary does not actively define the term—athletic coach—the average sports fan's conception of the phrase seems to be a rather rugged individual with or without accompanying cigar, who has been calloused by years of the profession, and who levies his hard and bitter attitude upon the players, with no sparing of loud tones and occasional profanity.

Tom Scott, current coach of Carolina's basketballing White Phantoms, just doesn't fill the bill. He is anything but rugged looking, instead sporting a medium build of medium height and an accompanying pleasing facial outlook that shows little of the wear and tear of his forty year life span. The cigar is definitely lacking, though replaced by an occasional cigarette, and the hard and bitter attitude isn't anywhere to be seen. As for the loud tones and profanity, they, too, are obviously lacking.

Yet, the players don't seem to mind, and on the contrary, have a high respect for their leader, as do his colleagues of the Tar Heel coaching staff. And what's more, Scott-coached teams win games, which is, of course, the proof of the pudding.

In place of all the usual coach characteristics, Scott substitutes a genial manner and a winning personality. His soft-spoken, disarming attitude softens even the toughest and aids in balancing and boosting the psychological feeling of basketball players which becomes quite a problem in a long tedious season when a team plays three or four times a week.

Scott, besides his coaching activities, likes to take a personal interest in his players. He constantly checks to be sure their work is at the correct academic level of the college, and if deficiencies exist, he is ready and willing to help correct them. He is a staunch believer in doing all he can for his charges, off the court as well as on.

Scott comes originally from Pittsburg, not the smoke-filled town in Pennsylvania, but from a much more delightful version to be found in Kansas. It was in Pittsburg, that young Tom was born, reared and began school. He went on to attend the local high school, where, though he excelled athletically in basketball, he also showed definite abilities in football and track.

Upon completion of high school, Scott took the next step of education to college, choosing Kansas State Teachers College which was and still is located in his home town. At college he majored in physical education and had his first aspirations to coach. Scott lettered four years in the cage sport at the school, being too light for football and not having quite enough time to devote to track.

Following graduation in 1930, the newly-made mentor set out in the cold cruel coaching world, successfully filling several high school coaching jobs in Kansas over a five-year period. It was at one of these schools, Halstead to be exact—the town made famous by the book, *Horse and Buggy Doctor*—that Scott met the girl he was to marry. That was in 1932. She was a music teacher in the high school, fresh out of college. They were married in 1935, and have two children, a boy, Tommy, age five, and a girl, Kristen, born last September.

In 1935, Scott became director of physical education in the city schools of Morehead, Minnesota. The following year he moved out to Concordia College located in the same town and there served in the capacity of athletic director, physical education head, basketball coach, assistant football coach, etc. According to Scott himself, he had more titles than he had work to do.

After two seasons at Concordia, Scott took another step up the athletic ladder. His new job sent him to Central

(Continued on page 27)

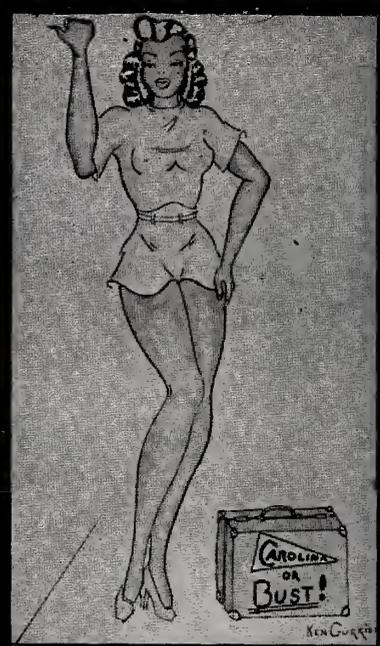


The Genial Gentleman From Kansas

by Billy Carmichael III

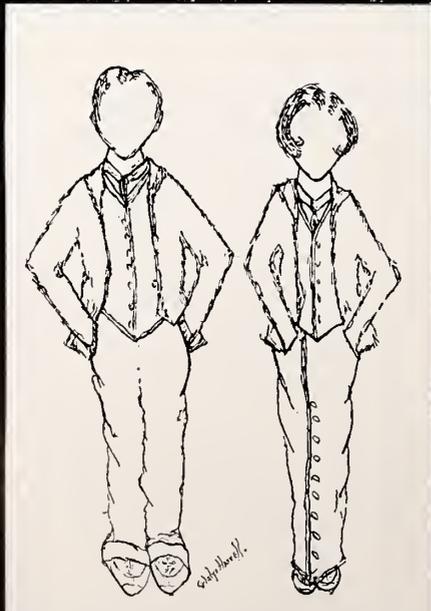


The Tight Before Christmas—Buccaneer, 1929

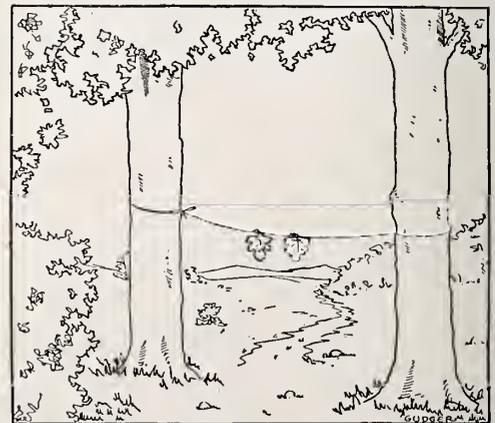


*To Hell with Carolina—
Tar an' Feathers, 1941*

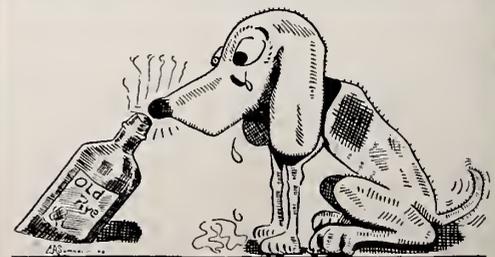
SALE



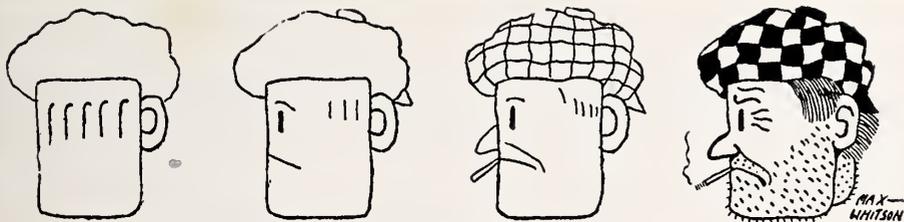
*Clothes Do Not Make the Man—
Boll Weevil, 1923*



The First Monday—Boll Weevil, 1923



His Masters Breath—Tar Baby, 1919



Evolution of a Mug—Tar Baby, 1921

HUMOR

BY
Charlie Gibson

What was the key to the failure of five humor magazines here at the University? Why did the *Tar Baby* melt into a sticky mess with a black name and the *Boll Weevil* die of insecticide? What happened to break up *Finjan* and force the *Buccaneer* to walk its own gangplank? Did the editor of *Tar n' Feathers* actually leave the country to work in South America for fear that those who read English would take the name of his magazine literally? All the questions about early campus wit, with a look at these eight representative cartoons and a review of the histories of Carolina's pioneer comic publications, can be answered at first guess

(Continued on page 28)



Pickup—Tar an' Feathers, 1941



How to "make" a Russian dressing—Buccaneer, 1941

A PEEK INTO PAST
 HUMOR AT U.N.C.

The Postman Rings Twice

Sirs:

I think you should be congratulated for the unique and clever manner in which your magazine is made up. Perhaps no other editor in the history of journalism has evolved the tricky technique of piquing reader interest by snipping the ending paragraph from each story before the publication goes to press. No end of cogitation was necessary before I saw through this pixyish gambit. The final edition for this year, of course, will be composed of nothing but old story-endings left over from the previous editions. Any reader possessed of sufficient foresight to save each copy can while away the idle summer months by matching the compiled story-endings with the appropriate stories. Damnably clever.

For a while a horrible doubt bumbled about in the dark recesses of my mind, but I dismissed it summarily as being improbable. I thought that you and your staff might have suddenly gone Arty on a predominantly bourgeois student body. That, however, would be too low a blow, since the esthetic Arty population—those sensitive souls who read Gertrude Stein as though she made (and they had) good sense, or go to bed with “Finnegan’s Wake” clutched to their palpitating breasts—could hardly exceed a tenth of the seven-thousand-plus students here.

You and I, of course, know that the general public reads the veriest trash . . . pulp pot-boilers. I can cite Collier’s or the Saturday Evening Post as outstanding criteria in this category. The secret, if any, is that people read mainly for enjoyment; they seek diversion which offers a mental release, not a continual demand for mental effort. The proof of this is the enormous volume of these magazines which the public consumes every week. The fiction contained in them can be read and understood by any ten-year-old whose head doesn’t come to a point.

Now, considering the student body as being representative of the reading public, let’s draw a few conclusions.

MR. HENDERSON:

We could hardly hope to match the eloquence of your writing, but in respect to the pertinence of your criticism which has been adopted among some of the students on campus, we feel that we owe a statement of policy by way of answer to your letter.

Because of the existence of a humor Magazine on campus the Carolina Magazine has unfortunately been to the other extreme in student opinion, namely literary. To the contrary, however, Magazine Editors have been striving to establish a lively, interesting Magazine readable to every student. Due to the fact that everyone does invest in the Magazine the Editors felt a responsibility toward presenting a publication with stories and articles appealing to a large variety of readers. However, the Magazine does not cater to the common and lowest taste in its aim to please everyone. Instead the Editors, feeling that the Magazine is representative of Carolina talent, have concentrated on printing top-flight material covering fiction, features, art, photography, and even humor.

Perhaps due to this consideration the stories appear to be at a higher level than the general run of public reading. To be sure it does take somewhat of an effort to read and UNDERSTAND some Magazine stories. But nothing worthwhile ever came easy to anyone. After all is not the reward on completing a good story so much greater than the indifference experienced in finishing an ordinary one?

A publication featuring stories with (a) a beginning, (b) a middle, and (c) an ending, will exert a strong popular appeal on the greater part of the students. Fiction on a higher level, with perhaps a little Wolfian hyperbole thrown in as lagniappe, will attract a smaller following. Purely Arty writing, however, will repulse most of the students, leaving them frustrated and disillusioned. The chances are that these students wouldn’t bother ever to open another copy of a magazine written in this last vein.

As you know, the magazines which feature fiction with the common touch enjoy wide circulation and a heart-warming bank balance in consequence. As the quality of the writing improves, the price of the magazine is raised commensurately to nullify the effects of lowered circulation. Having seen few, if any, purely Arty magazines on the newsstands, I can’t conjecture on either their circulation and/or prices. If, however, an Arty, or semi-Arty, magazine is distributed free of charge, then it can be said to have a wide circulation. The joker there is that anyone may receive the item in question, but doesn’t necessarily read it. Of course, it can be extremely useful for pressing flowers, especially if the paper is of the slick variety.

But we digress. I hope I haven’t raised any doubt in your mind concerning the popular appeal of your magazine. If, on the contrary, I have, you could always ask for a vote of confidence from the student body.

As a parting request, I’d like to ask you to commend Bob Sain for the titillating bit of comic relief he wrote for your latest issue. By combining Thomas Wolfe’s ‘O! lost and by the wind grieved’ theme with the Steinbeckian ‘Faint heart ne’er laid fair lint-head’ theorem, all done up in a style which makes Max Shulman read like an obit writer, he turned out a real epic in humor.

J. R. HENDERSON

A board composed of different student interests selects the stories available to the Magazine each month seeking to please all tastes in their variety. Furthermore, in order to stimulate and insure greater campus readership the art staff contributes eyecatching, yet accomplished, illustrations thus hoping to draw even the laziest reader into each story.

As a student publication, it functions also as a proving ground for future career men and women in journalism. Therefore in its role as a laboratory the Magazine presents the best as done by the students.

Perhaps students might look with more encouragement to the Carolina Magazine if they realized that it placed among the first ten college publications in a poll taken by the National Scholastic Press Association. However, realizing that the shortcomings of the Magazine leave much to be desired several improvements are being planned as far as student cooperation will permit. Unfortunately we are students first, Magazine men second. With more time more could be accomplished, but under no circumstance can the Magazine ever approach the capabilities of the student body; particularly, if men with your flare for writing, Mr. Henderson, do not help. Men with your talents contributing their knowledge and understanding could accomplish a quick improvement for the Carolina Magazine.

THE EDITOR

DISTANT FIFES

by Arthur Graham Golby



Lean your ear upon the earth and listen . . .
Feel the rush of wind.
Feel the clay at your fingers.
Crouch low and listen . . .

to the dead percussion of iron parts on factory floors,
the roar of motors testing in the wind tunnels.
There is metal in the corn
and something of the half-track in the taxi-cab.

Lean closer.
Strain your muscles
Listen . . .

skeletons clacking on a heap of rolling cans
to junk of xylophones and broken strips of brass

Stand up now.
Rest. Be still.
Be where the horizon
Ends in a spray of blue.
Be silent.

**BEWARE THE EVIL MOUTHINGS
THAT THE DUMPY BREATHERS FUME!
WATCH FOR HALF-BAKED NONSENSE
THAT BREEDS AN EVIL DOOM!**

Staff Meeting

(Continued from page 13)

As the lieutenant walked into the tent, two men looked up from their rummy, then continued playing. "Did you men finish checking 029?"

One of them slowly looked up, then back at his cards. "Yes. Yes, sir, we finished."

At that moment a short, greasy master sergeant hurried in. "Hey, hey, you birds," he snapped, "we need a hand out here. Step lively boys, and you can resume your little game shortly!" Then he saw Shields. "Oh, hello, Lieutenant Shields. Using the jeep right away? I need it a few minutes. Thank you, sir; I'll be right back."

Shields smiled and slowly shook his head as the sergeant waddled out. What a man, he thought. Now, if he just had three or four more like Master Sergeant Jenkins. . . .

Shields heard the sergeant mutter something about inferior starters. The engine finally coughed and Jenkins skidded the jeep to a stop in front of the tent.

"Oh, say, Lieutenant, Captain Bell called; said he wants you to go over and see him at Engineering."

"Well. . . why. . . all right; thanks Sergeant Jenkins." So Bell wanted him to come over to Engineering? For twenty-six months he had done the things that Bell wanted, although the man was only the engineering officer. Bell got the best jeep; he and the armament officer had persuaded Major Raeford that they knew the best location for Communications. And now Bell, as usual, wanted him to come over to Engineering. Well. . . no use of having the captain mad with him, Shields thought as he started slowly out of the tent.

Looking up, he saw Wiggins getting into a weapons carrier which was going toward the orderly room. Shields stared at him for a moment and then glanced at the Engineering tent. Turning slowly, Shields walked back into his own tent. If Bell wanted to see him, let him come over here, he thought. As he entered the tent the telephone rang.

"Hello, Lieutenant Shields. Oh, Bell; well. . . oh, all right; yes, I'll come over." He hated himself for it.

As he walked into the old brick building which was used as squadron headquarters, an hour later, Shields was still thinking of the meeting with Bell. That darned Bell, he thought. Always wanted other people to do as

(Continued on page 31)

Winter

Glamor

With an overall chilling to the marrow of one's bones winter makes her delayed entrance. Evidence of her presence may be found on a bleak, grey, rain in the face sort of day, or a clear, cold, sun in the sky variety. At any rate she has arrived and will, no doubt, remain for a few months.

For protection against the penetrating cold, lengthy coats are in order.



Long coats first made their appearance on campus in the form of rainwear, the most outstanding being a water repellent corduroy whose merits are three fold. Rain or shine it looks good, and an inner lining insures warmth. Fitted dress coats have quite a chic appearance, but the swaggered great coat has a much sought after casual charm.

The trend is for bigness in coat accessories. Collars which button high under the chin, or merely turn up are an outstanding feature of this year's coat. Hoods of various types are also an important part. Sleeves have grown to monstrous fullness.

Evening wear has a wide field for expression this season, for with a better supply of material in circulation designers have been able to put out



eyecatching creations. Rich in texture and intricate in cut will be the gowns worn at formals. Brocades, velveteens, and satins take precedence over nets and chiffons. Colors will be rich warm shades, off tones, and metallic ones such as gunmetal grey, bronze, and silver.

This is the season for individuality, and with such a large variety of ideas to choose from the smart girl should be able to look her best with little or no effort at all times.



Text and Illustration by BARBARA DALTON

Carolina Gentleman 1948

On the male's side of fashion, things haven't changed as much around the campus as they have on the female's side. I imagine a lot of us wish our trousers were shorter (and girls' skirts too), so we could show our beautiful argyle Sox that our girl friend has knitted for us, or that we purchased (\$2.95 to \$5.00 per pair) from one of our local merchants—bless them all! Our young Carolina student below is wearing a pair of handsomely knitted dark blue and yellow argyles to contrast with his grey flannel slacks and blue blazer jacket. No doubt a lot of you men (and women too) have seen these dark flannel blazers, which have gold, silver, or mother-of-pearl buttons and think this is a new fad. This is far from a new fad for men at Carolina, for years ago our fathers wore the same style jacket. In northern Colleges and Universities the blazer is restricted to Fraternity men, who wear their Fraternity seals on the breast pocket. This jacket may be worn to many advantages: lounging around your Fraternity house, dating at the Rendezvous Room in Graham Memorial, attending a football game, and going to class in an informal dressed-up feeling. (Blazers retail from \$25.00 to \$45.00)



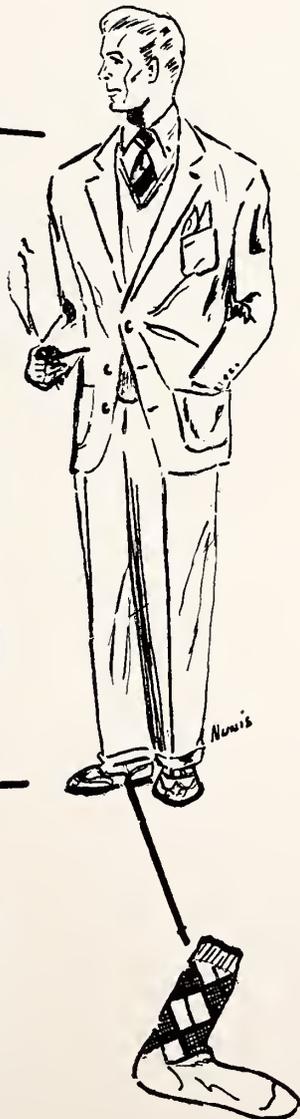
The shirt pictured above is not of the button-down collar style. It is an ordinary spread collar without collar stays. The buttons are a device called "Collar Bobs," which make every shirt a button-down if so desired. The "Bobs" are attached to the collar and shirt by means of a pin which is topped by a pearl button. This pin is inserted in the collar and shirt without harm to the material. The point on the inside of the shirt is covered by a second piece, which clamps to the pin shaft, holding the collar down in any position. (\$1.00 per set)

In contrast to his blue blazer, grey slacks (\$9.95 to \$27.50), and white oxford-cloth shirt (\$3.00 to \$5.50), he is wearing a dark red and blue silk rep-stripe tie. (\$1.50 to \$5.00)



The shoes are the ever-lasting Cordovan wingtip style. This design, with its thick, sturdy soles, is wonderful for all occasions except formal wear. The color is dark enough to look well with a dark suit, such as dark navy blue flannel, and yet tan enough to go well with a brown or tan suit. (\$18.95 to \$22.50 a pair)

*This merchandise is available in Chapel Hill.



Marc looked up from his glasses to see two Frenchmen cautiously advancing to the tank.

"Driver, hol dit. Let's see what these birds want."

He gave a quick hand signal to the tank behind him to stop, then waited above for the men to approach, watching them warily for some trick. They came alongside, jabbering at him with high excited words: a dirty old man with a small moustache and a feverish-eyed kid, both carrying ancient muskets. They spoke at once; from the gestures and a few caught words he made out their story. They had captured a "Boche" and wanted to give him to "Les Americains."... The kid dashed off into the bushes. He came right out, kicking at a young German soldier, whose hands were tied behind him, his uniform muddy, face stretched out of white shape. Here was the enemy at last!

Marc threw each Frenchman a pack of cigarettes. With laughing "Mercis" they snagged the packs and disappeared into the bushes. The shaking German stared into the wide mouth of the .75 that the gunner had playfully lowered. The strength flowed out of his knees and he dropped to the ground. He looked no more than sixteen his mouth hung open, breath rasped in his skinny throat, pale blue eyes bulged, sweat popped and rolled down his pimply face in one motion. His stubby fingers fluttered high over his head as his body shivered with terror.

Marc looked at the German boy: one petrified kraut. Quite a prize! What was he going to do with him? Maybe the C.O. had an idea. He flipped the radio switch.

"Blue Skies this is Three One. . . over."

The answer shot back, "Three One, goddamit, didn't I tell you to keep movin'? I got battalion on my tail for not makin' better time and it ain't makin' me happy. Come on, get the lead out! What's holdin' you up? Over!"

"Blue Skies, I got a kraut. What'll I do with him? Over."

"Put mustard on him and eat him with beans! I want this column movin' in thirty seconds or I'll get you the hell out of there. Over!"

"Roger. Out." He turned and motioned to the Infantry Sergeant standing a few feet away.

"Sergeant, put this Fritz on one of the tanks in the rear. We'll take care

Text and Illustration by DICK NUNIS

SEASON'S GREETINGS



from

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*Merry Christmas may best
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of him later." The non-com yanked the boy to his feet and ran him off by the scuff of his neck. The tank column moved out.

Tiny wheels were racing in Marc's head, a vein over his right eye started thumping, his collar itched his neck, his face felt tight. He blinked and arched his back several times. Seeing the live face of the enemy for the first time unnerved him.

Was this the vermin he was sworn to wipe out? Could this be the savage beast prowling in the jungle ahead, schemer behind the '88's sting, snatcher of empires, evil pounder of bodies into pulp? This the Storm Trooper kicking groins with the detachment of a surgeon; this the liar-braggart, this the brass-knuckled fist kissing the soft nose with a breaking sound? He wanted to kill, dammit, but not peach-fuzzed kids!

All the while these thoughts raced around in his head, he was busy tasting fear. Would this day end in sleep, or...? He could not finish the thought. He forced himself to feel the hot sides of the tank, the vibrations under his feet, the hard mike in his hand, his hip where the pistol rubbed; these solid known things gave him comfort and a center of focus. Meanwhile the sun lolled in the same sky, leaves twinkled in an easy breeze, all the summer world went about its business of growing, singing, living its vegetable way apart; only man crawled back into the ground, only the human brain worked out ways to destroy itself, only the five-fingered hand drew elaborate plans for wiping out the rest of its body. And through all this scrawny finger poked cold chills along his spine. He tingled with a feeling of doom, like waiting for a slap, knowing it was coming but not knowing when to get braced.

BABOOOMB!

Jagged lights dove against his eyes, bombarded him with splashes of yellow, red, blue, green, white.

BABOOOMB!

He heard the sound again: BABOOOMB!

He realized suddenly the Sherman was blazing. The gas tanks in the rear had been hit, and the crew inside was frantically trying to get out. Marc ducked away from the flames, hung back in the turret a dazed moment, then erupted from the top of the tank. He hit the ground, ran from the volcanic fire, hardly conscious that he was moving. Feeling it on fire, he rubbed his hand through his hair. He was surrounded with confusion: men running, guns firing, tanks turning around, ammunition in the burning tank popping, screams out of the center of the

flame etching themselves in bold relief against the tangle of sound.

He became aware of his hands. He looked at them curiously, saw the skin hanging in blackened shreds on the backs. The pain was fading in now, gaining momentum as the nerve ends burst into little stars of fire. When the full message reached his brain, he threw his head back, found himself running down the road in a daze, wanting only cool relief for his burns.

Out of his delirium one thought emerged: he had not yet killed! He had not fulfilled his function. No dead German joined the earth in end-embrace because his finger or mouth so ordered. Then what was this for, this running down the road looking for ice to put on his hands? What did the clamp mean as it shut off communication between his bowels and his brain? He had not fired one shot!

He looked up as he ran down the line, saw the prisoner sitting on the back of the last tank with the non-com. The German was laughing, talking to the Sergeant, showing him a small picture.

"That your girl?" The Sergeant whistled, then leered. "Some tomato, eh, Hans?"

"Ja! Ja! Greta, Greta." The German grinned. He had lost his terror; his round face beamed.

A sharp click spun him around to find a pistol aimed at his heart. His eyes flew past the gun into the burned mask, a quick flush mounted his pasty face, and his hands, holding the picture, froze in mid-air. The Sergeant jumped off the tank, quickly putting the huge steel bulk between them.

Marc held the gun in his blistered hand. He tried to concentrate on the last thought that had been in his mind before he saw the young German: he had not killed—he had not fired a shot. His gun was in his hand. A long minute unfolded. He raised the gun slowly to fire, to kill, to complete his mission! His charred finger squeezed on the trigger, when a piercing, agonized scream rose out of the burning tank behind him.

He shuddered at the sound. The gun fell out of his hand. He turned, ran down the dirt road.

"Medics!" he sobbed. "Medics! Where are the goddam Medics?!"

*Over cocktails, glances seem so
sweet,*

*How will they look over shredded
wheat?*

The Hunt

(Continued from page 12)

had to take my air rifle." He stretched out under a tree. The little dog lay down beside him and rested his head on his paws. "I'm their very own brother. Looks like they'd want me to go with them sometimes. They don't even treat me like a brother." The little dog shook his head and grunted. "They treat me just like I was an orphan. I'll bet that's what I am—just an old orphan somebody gave Mother to raise." Tears of self-pity came to his eyes. "Just a poor old orphan that nobody wants. Everybody's always picking on me."

The little dog leaned over and licked his face. Peter tried to hold him off but the dog squirmed all over him.

"Hey, stop! You're tickling me!" Peter laughed and rolled over. The dog bounded after him, barking.

"Peter!" he sat up.

"Peter!" It was Mother calling. He looked around for the stocking. He picked it up and stuffed it into his pocket before he answered.

"I'm coming!" He turned to the dog. "Now you better behave yourself or I might beat you—even if you are going to be a hunting dog."

Mother was standing on the back porch. "Where in the world have you been?"

"Nowhere." Peter stood on one foot and fingered the stocking in his pocket.

"You stayed a mighty long time to have been nowhere," she said. "You better start getting some wood in. Daddy says he thinks it's going to snow tonight."

"Yes'm." He shifted to his other foot. "Are Paul and Al going hunting in the morning?"

"I reckon so. Why?"

"Nothing." He kicked at the ground. "I just kinda wanted to go with them. I want Al to help me train the little white dog to run rabbits."

"Well, we'll see." Mother smiled. "Now start getting the wood in. We'll need a right smart if it snows."

Peter whooped and ran to the woodpile, calling his dog. "Oh boy, little dog! I bet we go hunting now. When Mother says 'we'll see' she means business!" Singing at the top of his voice, he filled his arms with the biggest pieces of wood he could find.

At the supper table that night, Peter squirmed in his chair while the blessing was being said. As soon as Mother finished the "Amen" he turned to Al.

"Al," he said, "can't I go hunting with you and Paul in the morning?"

"Can you shoot a gun?" Al asked.

"Yes. Daddy showed me how last week. I know all about the safety and everything."

"You might get hurt," Paul said. "You could get shot before you know it."

"I'd be careful," Peter said. "I wouldn't get shot or anything." He toyed with the food on his plate.

"What do you think, Daddy?" Al asked.

"I don't know." Daddy looked at Peter. "I reckon he ought to start hunting sometime. Think you could kill a rabbit, son?"

"Yes sir," Peter said. "I sure think I could."

"Well," Daddy laughed, "I reckon you ought to let him try, Al."

"Let him go with you," Mother said. She reached over and patted Peter's hand. "He's getting to be a big boy now."

"How about it, Paul?" Al said.

"I don't care," Paul said, "if he'll just be careful. I don't want him to get hurt."

After supper, when he went out to feed the dogs, Peter patted the little dog's head.

"Going hunting in the morning, little dog! We're going to kill a bag full of rabbits!" The little dog and jumped up on Peter's knees. Old Red regarded the two haughtily and went on eating.

Next morning he was awake before it was light good. He crept out of the bed's warm lap. The cold air struck him like a blow. Teeth chattering and hands shaking, he gathered his clothes in his arms and raced townstairs to dress before the fire.

Paul and Al were sitting in front of the fireplace, pulling on their boots. Daddy came in from the kitchen.

"Up mighty early this morning, aren't you, son?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Peter said. "I thought we ought to get an early start."

"You better dress warm," Daddy said. "It'll be cold in the woods this morning. And get your boots. Have you looked out the window yet?"

"No." Peter said. "Did it really snow?" He ran to the window and pressed his face to the still dark pane. He saw a white world, shining with the half-light of dawn reflected from a light blanket of snow. It looked as if a new world had been made overnight to replace the old one.

"Gee!" he said. He looked back at his two older brothers. They had always been the men in the family and he, the little boy. Today he was going hunting with them. He would be a man too. They would be three broth-



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The yellow package with the red oval

ers, all on equal terms. The world had really been made over for him.

"Gee," he said again. "Ought to be a good morning for hunting, hadn't it?"

"Breakfast is ready," Mother called from the kitchen door. She stopped Peter as the others went into the kitchen.

"Have you got on plenty of clothes, son? I don't want you to catch cold."

"I'm all right," he said. He didn't want her to talk as if he were a child who had to be looked after.

"You'll be careful, won't you? Do what Paul and Al says and don't get hurt."

"I'll be all right," he repeated. He slipped past her and sat down at the table with his brothers.

The dogs were waiting for them at the back door after breakfast. Old Red stood expectant and dignified. The little white dog jumped on and around everyone.

"Be still," Peter said to the little dog. "You got to be quiet like Old Red when you go hunting."

"He isn't going," Paul said. "He'll just get in the way."

"He won't get in the way," Peter said. "He'll help Old Red run rabbits."

"Like hell," Paul said. "He's not a rabbit dog, he's just a pet. You'll have to leave him here."

Peter patted the little dog's head. He looked at Al.

"Aw, let him bring the dog," Al said. "He won't bother any thing."

"All right, then," Paul said. "But you've got to keep him out of the way."

They started across the unmarked field. Their boot tracks left a muddy pattern on the snow. Old Red trotted out in front. Peter and the little dog brought up the rear. When they reached the edge of the woods, Old Red ran out ahead, sniffing among the underbrush. The little dog danced around him.

"Look at him," Paul said. "He'll throw Old Red off."

"He won't bother Old Red," Al said. He was right. The older dog ran back and forth, ignoring the excited smaller dog. Soon both of them were lost in the underbrush.

"Let's walk on a little ways until they jump something," Al said. "We ought to be able to track a rabbit in this snow."

Suddenly Old Red's deep bass broke the quiet air. They stopped and listened. The baying increased, deepening

in tone. Then to it was added the excited treble of the little dog.

"Listen to that, will you?" Al laughed. "The pup's hitting it right off." Peter grinned with pride.

"Let's run up ahead," Paul said. "Sounds like they're coming back this way." Peter tagged along. The shotgun was heavy on his arm. The wet branches of the underbrush slapped his face. Snow fell down his back.

"Wait," Al said. He stopped. "We might be able to get a shot if the rabbit crosses that clearing."

They waited. Peter's heart was pounding from the running and the excitement. He hoped it wouldn't keep him from holding the gun steady if he had a chance to shoot.

"We'll let you have the first shot, Peter," Al said. "Take the safety off and get ready to shoot if you see the rabbit come out of the bushes on the other side of the clearing."

"We'll get him if you miss," Paul said.

Peter nodded. He had his eyes fixed on the bushes and his gun poised. He was silently praying that he wouldn't miss.

Something brown hurtled out of the bushes. For a small fraction of time it stopped on the edge of the clearing.

The sound of the gun filled the woods.

"Did I get him?" Peter asked. Paul and Al were laughing.

"Nice shot," Paul said. He slapped Peter on the back. "You're a real hunting man now."

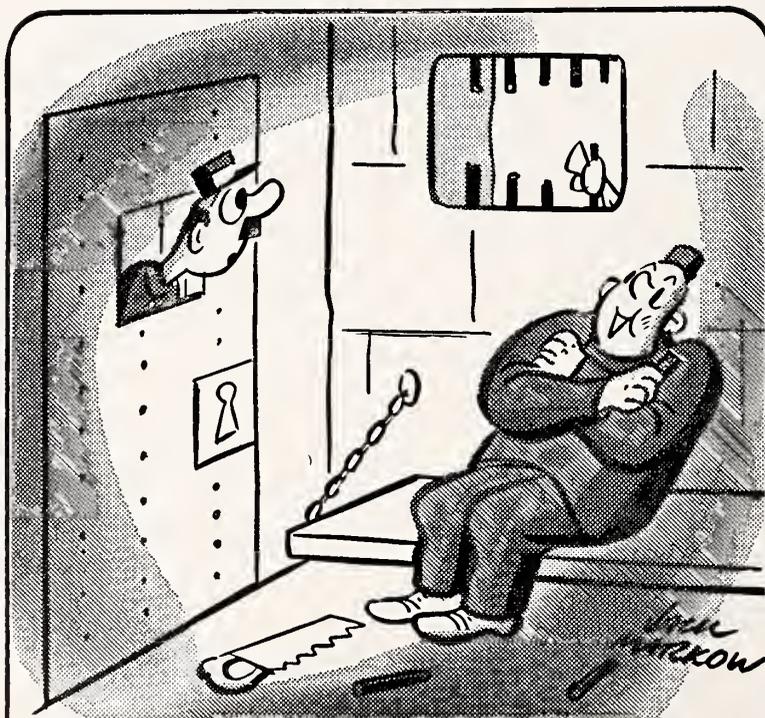
"Proud of you," Al said. "I reckon we'll have to get you a gun of your own if you're going to do this good every time."

Peter ran out into the clearing and picked up the rabbit. It was limp and blood covered. Old Red jumped up sniffing at the rabbit.

"See there?" Peter said, holding the rabbit just out of Old Red's reach. "What did I tell you?"

* * * *

The three little pigs were in Court the other day and the Judge asked them what they had done. The first little pig says, "I wuz makin' bubbles in the mud." The second little pig said, "That's why I'm here, I wuz makin' bubbles in the mud too,"—and the third little pig said meekly "I'm Bubbles!"



"I merely stepped out for some Dentyne Chewing Gum!"

"It wasn't the confinement that was getting me down, Guard—it was doing without Dentyne Chewing Gum. Boy, how I missed Dentyne's keen, long-lasting flavor. Helped keep my teeth nice and white, too!"

Dentyne Gum—Made Only by Adams



AS ANY RECORD manufacturer will testify, recent years have seen such a boom in interest in classical music that the issuance of any new work that has never seen light thought the center hole of a disk or the re-recording of a standard and well-loved work is surrounded with much fan-faring and publicity blurb sheets.

There are several do's and don'ts that should be reminded to the buyer entering the record shop. Buy what you think the recipient will enjoy and love, not your favorite symphony; the field of music is wide enough to account for all tastes. Check through every record of the album to see if any record is scratched, warped or worn; any respectable dealer will allow you this privilege and be able to give you an album free from any defects, as far as he receives them in his stock. If possible, listen to the entire set on a decent demonstration model to find out whether the sound and tone of the music is satisfactory to you. Many sets issued now are re-releases from old master disks that have lain on the shelf for years; while artistically better in many cases than newer versions, the chances for better technical reproduction are reduced.

The thing that bewilders so many prospective record gift givers is the enormous variety of composers, symphonies, sonatas, oratorios, operas, and so on through the many musical forms. Below are listed a few of the newer releases that should interest at least one of your friends:

The first results of the collaboration between



By David Arner

Columbia Records and the Metropolitan Opera Company is the issuance of "Hansel and Gretel," recorded right in the Met itself and in English. The two act fairy-opera by Engelbert Humperdinck was first shown in Weimar in 1893 and has proven itself to be a great favorite of young and old since that time. No previous complete recording has ever been made, except a series of excerpts in German, which has not been available for years. This set presents Rise Stevens and Nadine Conner in the title roles, both performing with charm and artistic integrity. Although some of Miss Stevens' Hansel diction is poorly projected, the records are technically a credit to the artists and the recording engineers. The chorus and orchestra of the Metropolitan are under the direction of Max Rudolph. Claramae Taylor sings the Mother, John Brownlee the Father, while Thelma Votipka does just about as sound singing as anybody in her doubling of the Witch and the Sandman. The translation used is by Constance Bache and is printed on a folder that accompanies the set. There are 12 12-inch records bound in two albums with a container. (Columbia MOP 26)

Eleanor Steber secures her niche in big-time recording with the Victor album in her production of three Mozart arias. She very ably does "Non So Piu Cosa Son" and "Dch vieni non tardar" from "The Marriage of Figaro" and "Martern aller Arten" (Tortures Unabating) in English from "The Abduction from

the Seraglio." These three popular and testing arias show her maturing approach to operatic singing. The records are well recorded with the RCA Victor Orchestra under the baton of Jean Paul Morel.

It has been said of Toscanini that for him "the microphone is an eavesdropper rather than a taskmaster." This opinion is well substantiated in Victor's recording of the Excerpts from Berlioz' Dramatic Symphony, "Romeo and Juliet" with the Maestro and the NBC Orchestra. The sections he has chosen are among the noblest and interesting pages of this exciting score: Romeo seul Tristesse, Concert et Bal, Grande Fete chez Capulet, and the Scene d'Amour. The extraordinary mood that Toscanini achieves in the last of these, its sorrowing eloquence and nobility are proof of the ability of Toscanini to bring a good score to life with a good orchestra. This set is also available on Vinylite, a process which greatly enhances its quality as far as reproduction, increase of fidelity, and increase of frequency range.

Many complete choral works are reaching the market this winter. Among the most monumental of all is the Bach "Mass in B Minor" recently issued by Victor. Bach was 52 years old when the work was finished after 8 years of composition. He dedicated it to Friedrich August, then reigning Duke of Saxony. There is no record of a complete performance during his lifetime, the first being in 1835, 85 years after his death. This performance is by the Victor Chorale and Orchestra under the direction of Robert Shaw. The soloists are Anne McKnight and June Gardner, sopranos, Lydia Summers, contralto, Lucius Met, tenor and Paul Matthew, bass. Many instrumentalists of note may be heard in the album, such as Oscar Shumsky, violin, William Vacchiano, trumpet, Robert Bloom and Bert Gassman, oboes d'amore and James Barrows, corno de caccia. The recording is superb throughout this long work. Shaw uses a smaller chorus than is usually associated with this mass. As a result, there is greater clarity and precision than one usually hears with a large choral work. The text is sung in

(Continued on page 32)



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Modern Art

(Continued from page 5)

ferent and often striking beauty that can be achieved from harmonic relationships of lines, colors, space and textures which exist often independent of the subject.

Others attack the “childish” and “incapable” drawing arguing that their fourth grade nephew can and does do as well, for nothing. On the contrary, the top Modern Artists are expert in all the technical and academic phases of Fine Art. The lessons of symmetry, balance, and composition have all been well-learned and mastered. But they have been deliberately discarded to free art from the strangle hold of dogma and formula. Superficial literalism has been junked for new expression in symbols which the art public soon found exciting and suggestive.

The person who is best equipped to explain modern art is naturally a Modern artist. So a real, live Modern Artist has been resurrected from his Chapel Hill garret, given a square meal and then questioned for some two hours or more.

His name is James Moon, a cadaverous art student from Graham, North Carolina. His slightly stooped figure is almost held together by ill-fitting conservative clothes his father might have worn. He moves about Person Hall slowly and almost unnoticeably. His face is serious, rather boyish and is usually frozen in a dreamy quietude. A beret almost goes unnoticed far back on his head. James Moon is likable and conscientious, but just don't rush him. Many questions gleaned from weeks of investigation and inquiry were asked the accommodating young artist.

Moon felt first that some explanation of the word “art” is helpful. Fingering a gold watch chain draped from his lapel slit to his handkerchief pocket, Moon drawled a calm explanation by pointing out:

“Art is a necessary activity artists find pleasure in doing for many reasons. They find that this activity expresses a creative urge that they neither can nor want to repress. Such an urge is timeless. I think it helps to give people a real grip on life.

“The main thing I try to put across in my work is myself. I put the joy I feel in colors and of using them together. Of course I am fond of observing and commenting on some of the Puritanical dogma that permeate today's society. I satirize them and try to give them a stinging interpretation. They sicken and amuse me at the same time, and I work to capture both feelings on the canvas.

“People work eight hours a day. Some more. Thousands of people are transformed into thousands of machines by the sameness of all their days. They are too tired and too strapped emotionally even to look at art. As a result, our “Folk Art” today, as Critie Waldo Frank put it, are the movies, the radio and the newspapers.

Moon continued to elaborate and reached the subject of the contemporary artist. We asked him what the impediments were that challenged the artist nowadays. This was what the young artist answered:

“People think all artists try to be bare foot and Bohemian merely to be arty. But they fail to understand that this situation is forced on them many times by downright poverty. In order to eat, many good artists become part time ‘pot boilers,’ that is, they turn stuff out rapidly to sell fast and certainly.

“Also don't forget that an artist must be a free artist. The artist usually has great difficulty reaching a public. His main chance is through a Dealer who is apt to exploit him unmercifully. They dictate his subjects, name his

price, and allot his cut. He must hurry, and sometimes resort to such dubious devices as photo copying. This practice is done commonly by the best magazine cover men like Alex Ross, Jon Whitcomb and the rest.

"Sure, some photographs are interesting. But even the best of them strike me as flat and unemotional. They are made by machines, not men. Artists are trying to express themselves graphically. The observer must view what he produces with an open mind receptive to everything new he sees which as a matter of fact isn't new at all. You'll discover in Modern Art motifs derived from the Greek and even African art of ages ago. Re-handling these ideas reflects the current dissatisfaction with the superficial treatment of surfaces in favor of a desire to return to the solid more primitive geometric forms. Jazz developed this way. Other and earlier cultures are being investigated. Three basic shapes of the cube, the square, and the circle and their adaptations mean utter simplicity and directness. The ideas of such artists as Ruth Reeves, Covarrubias, Picasso and Diago Rivera break down complex forms to the simplest expression."

Irwin Edman in a recent article has eloquently stated the meaning of art in a society:

"... a criterion of a civilization may be measured more by the status of arts than in any other way. A society may be called civilized when its life is marked for most of its members by order and vitality. A successful work of art is one which exquisitely combines spontaneity and discipline, movement and harmony. *The arts thus become ideal limits and suggestions to the liberal imagination of what society might be.*"

Modern art is here to stay. It has attracted the attention of the finest painters and the interests of a large audience. It fits into a high place in the culture of today. Modern art is a lusty and colorful voice of a lusty and colorful era.

Tom Scott

(Continued from page 15)

Missouri State College at Warrensburg where he remained four years until 1942 when he entered the service. At Central Scott fielded some of his best cage teams, and his reputation as a basketball coach began to grow throughout the midwest.

Scott was one of the first athletic men to answer the Navy's call for experienced physical instructors to condition Naval pilots. During his four year tour of duty, he served at several air stations throughout the country and at bases in Cuba and Puerto Rico.

He left the service in the fall of 1945 and returned to his old post at Central Missouri in time for the basketball season. At the conclusion of that campaign, Carolina was without a basketball coach, and Scott, having known several members of the Tar Heel coaching staff in the service, heard the job was open and applied for it.

He was one of the three candidates whom the athletic council finally narrowed the field of applicants to, and upon coming to Chapel Hill for interview, he was deemed the man for the job, was offered the post, and was signed.

On taking over the coaching reins, Scott introduced his set-offense plan of attack paired with a driving fast-break when the opportunity presents itself. The set-offense was something new to Tar Heel basketball fans, but it won games, so its popularity was immediately confirmed.

With him from the midwest, Scott brought Jim "Pappy" Hamilton, who turned out to be not only a star performer, but an expert teacher of the Scott system. Scott molded Hamilton into his last season's quintet, adding the resources on hand in the persons of Bob Paxton, Nemo Near-

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man, Norm Kohler, Jim White, John Dillon and others. The result was a winning team which was second only to powerful State College's Hoosier Hot-Shots in this part of the country.

Scott's greatest triumph of the season was the strategically planned rout of Duke in the early part of the year. Duke was never in the game, being almost completely neutralized by the clever execution of a brilliant piece of coaching and fans immediately began to recognize the ability of the heretofore unknown gentleman from Kansas.

Scott ran into a wall of public opinion during the season when he benched the perennial favorite of the Carolina crowd, Johnny "Hook" Dillon. Dillon, a 1946 All-American, wasn't up to par in early games and was replaced in the lineup by Nearman. Stories of dissension in the ranks and clashes of personalities were actively circulating, but later performances soon proved that the change was for the good of the team and the purpose of winning games, not a reflection of personal feelings.

The Scotts like Chapel Hill and the University very much and the feeling seems to be mutual. The coach, himself, thinks that he has never coached a finer group of boys than are now under his tutelage and adds this is a good example of the type of student you will find in the University as a whole.

As to the future, that of a coach no matter what the sport, school, or record, is always somewhat indefinite. Yet, if there is any stability in the profession, it may be right here in Chapel Hill; for from the looks of things, Tom Scott is settling down to the task of producing winning Tar Heel basketball teams for the present—and for the future, too.

The Swamp

(Continued from page 8)

lessly in the jungle sun. Even the pigs and cow in the pen beyond were hidden in their shed's shade, pervaded by the strange quiet.

Bertie glanced down at the baby, its hand beside its yellow face, still clutched at nothing, as she passed through the front room and stepped onto the back porch. She laid her books upon a chair and stood a moment, letting the silence of the house ebb about her as if a whirlpool.

Her eyes wandered over the porch, into the yard, and back into the porch again. There was no sight, no sound, only the open kitchen door at the porch's end and a faint smell of burnt meat in the air. She felt a sudden chill of fear.

"Ma. Ma." Her voice resounded on the empty porch.

The sight beyond the door was blurred by faint streaks of smoke that hung above the stove and a burnt smell that clung like a leech on the room. At first Bertie could not focus her eyes: images swam about without connection, without reality.

Then the figure of the father, sitting in the chair as he had in the morning, his face still gazed out into the fields, formed, then the egg-stained plate before the man, the cold grits pot on the stove, and finally the figure of the woman still and cold, prone on the floor, her lips open in some unanswered question, her eyelids closed.

Bertie bent silently over the figure and rubbed her hand slowly over the blue spot on the woman's left temple. "Ma, Ma." She whispered.

The man stirred slightly. He turned his heavy, bearded face to the girl knelt by the woman. His lips began to

pucker, and his mouth caught in a moaning sound.

Bertie started to speak, but her throat caught. Finally she said: "Pa?"

The man turned his gaze again to the fields. Then he rose. "The pigs," he murmured. "The pigs gotta be fed. She forgot to feed the pigs."

When he turned in the doorway, Bertie saw her father's face wrinkle and his reflecting eyes blur.

For a moment Bertie knelt there, still rubbing the blue spot, still smelling the burnt meat. She stared at the woman's black hair crumpled on the wooden floor, and the smell of smoke and meat became worse. It increased in a steady pound against her nostrils until finally she wanted to scream in agony. But instead she jumped up and ran to the open window, looking out at the sun beating on the tiny plants and the dusty earth and the black, quivering mass of the swamp.

Salute to Humor

(Continued from page 16)

much more easily than such enigmas as the identity of Miss Hush, Eisenhower's presidential intentions, or a coed's mind.

It was on October 18, 1919, that the *Tar Baby* arrived, maybe with high aims to put quips into the equipment for an all-rounded education. Only 18 pages at birth, the bouncing baby featured rather trite poetry, bawdy "he" to "she" jokes, well-drawn cartoons, and a photographic spread of the football team with the varsity coach on its first cover. In the beginning there were mostly exchanged wisecracks from other campuses with no original stories of any length until there grew up among the harbingers of humor a promising young lad named Tommy Wolfe. This heretofore unknown specialized, first, in three-act morality plays about such folks as a *Daily Tar Heel* editor called Despair and, later, in a series of confession letters from a crap shooting freshman to his girl back home under the title of "Pair o' Dice Lost."

Those were the good old days when an editorial campaign could argue the absurdness of upping the cost of milk shakes from five to fifteen cents, when the national fad was "cheek dancing" with the new shimmy steps, when the liberty of small enrollments allowed "booting the prof" as a term for choosing not to take courses under inferior instructors, when the University was raising Phillips hall and Trinity was still only the weeds of Duke.

Just when everyone was laughing at anything out of happiness over the end of "the last war," circulation could boom along with inflation. By 1920 every issue of *Tar Baby* had a guaranteed sale of 4,500 copies at newsstands not only in Chapel Hill but in most major cities of North and South Carolina and Virginia. That, the largest clan of paying readers of any Southern college undergraduate publication, seemed the answer to an editor's problems. Since this first funny book had been left to face its own debts with little if any financial appropriations from the University, more had to be done to support a new total of 36 pages than raising the price for each of the 15 issues per year from 15 to 25 cents.

Less money need be spent on campus photographic sections when the infant talking movie industry willingly furnished snapshots of its stars especially autographed with such sentiments as "To the *Tar Baby* with my love, Billie Burke." It made no difference if the pictures of these glamour queens grew so large that there was only room left on a page for advertisements and the interesting question: "Would Lincoln have been shot if he had been in a dark theater?" Advertisements, too, by all means could grow fiscally until tales of amusing campus occurrences became mere fillers. The muse of wit was made completely a commercial slave.

Originally the jokes in the *Tar Baby* were clothed in semi-innocence.

"He: 'What would you do if I kissed you on the forehead?'"

"She: 'I would call you down.'"

Then morals began to sag more and more by the issue until eventually obscenity was obviously the ware to be seen for sale. Along with the drop in decency came a decline in writing quality until the campus found itself begging humor loans from other schools, asking universities all over the state to submit material for publication. Even then wit ran dry all too soon until *TB* (a self-made brand) caught itself sickening without capable editorship or staff and with no will to live. An obituary was read over a pulpy corpse hardly three years old, and weeping was scanty among the student body that bothered to attend the funeral.

For only two years the levity faction of campus literati mourned the passing of their first, most sincere, and possibly all-time-best pun pamphlet. Then the *Boll Weevil* reared its proboscis in 1922, announcing itself as the second herald of humor and vowing, so help it, to trumpet cleaner notes. The horn tooting, though, had off-key echoes immediately. Illustrations in the *Weevil* turned out inferior to the *Tar Baby's*, Tommy Wolfe had been graduated, and circulation through the South was crippled permanently by haphazard management. Next, degeneracy became the vogue for the nation and the magazine. Women smoking and the shocking fashions that put the roar into America's '20's could head the list of deteriorating subjects for the *Weevil* in both cartoon and copy—even advertisements asking the male, "How did your garters look today?" There was more than one mistaken assumption in a comment that "Long skirts are here for two short seasons but will soon leave for two good reasons. They ain't kneded!" What was to leave for its own evergrowing boldness was one *Boll Weevil*, beheaded while still a juvenile delinquent at the age of two.

Then in 1924 the few remaining shreds of University dignity were pirated by the most openly rowdy mag in Carolina's entire closet of skeletons. That was the year of the advent of the infamous *Buccaneer*. With the daring of a real seafaring ruffian, the *Buccaneer* presented cartoons that soon proclaimed to anyone interested that since that was that, it would fly no false colors but its scoundrelous black to sail vulgarity into print without any pretense to be subtle. Its favorite practice became de-horsing Lady Godiva into coed situations. A large percentage of its female cartoon subjects suffered the public over-exposure of Europe's people today, and the result was almost as pitiful.

Occasionally a South building official who was frequently referred to as the campus chastity belt would raise an eyebrow in dismay over such goings-on and comings-off. As soon as the *Buccaneer* staff members feared that the deans would get them if they did not watch out, they would produce a purity issue to calm the high tides of resentment. The first illusion of naivete would be a cover depicting an old maid either in a rocking chair knitting little things for a dog or else over a sink washing her undies with Ivory soap and swearing to be "99.99% pure." In these issues the jokes were camouflaged to fool anyone under six who had never heard of the birds and the bees and had still managed to learn to read. Naughty slips were showing all too plainly behind flimsy coats of modesty.

"Gently he pushed her quivering shoulders back against the chair. She raised beseeching eyes in which faint hope and fear were struggling. From her parted lips the breath came in short, wrenching gasps. Reassuringly he smiled at her.

"Bzzzzzz went the dentist's drill."

Spttt went that dean a bit too viciously in 1934. Suspecting that he was about to spout fangs, the *Buccaneer* decided pseudo-purity this time would offer no solution. What was needed was a face lifting in policy, and the *Buck* with its reputation might as well try to make a new name for itself. Since *Finjan* was a word of dubious foreign origin meaning "a cup with a broken handle," why not pay questionable tribute to Carolina's dining halls? Thus *Finjan* was started with no interest more plausible than the reasoning behind its choice of a name. Its cartoonists were naturals as undertaking students while its writers must have become ditchdiggers after the dirt they uncovered. The only consolation for corn-green jokes was that the worst of them could be blamed on other university publications as exchanges.

"Coed: 'What do you mean, a town and that chorus girl are built alike?'

"Ed: 'Aren't both built with outskirts?'"

It would appear that nothing more hilarious happened on campus the whole year of 1934 than 900 students meeting en masse in Memorial hall to condemn war—an authentic laugh *Finjan* overlooked. Even before this rag's first birthday it was clear that more than a cup handle was cracked. The current ready-wit editor early in the game confessed honestly: "Insanity is upon us, and we are tempted to go out and tell people that we are Napoleon. What would be crazy about that? He gets less criticism these days than we do." Shortly thereafter *Finjan* called everything quits with a record of one year of inexcusable existence. Definitely a miscarriage!

The very next year die-hards resurrected the *Buccaneer* for its second childhood. A cover showing a pirate on crutches leaving reform school proved that blackguardism was back. For the next amazing 5 years indecorum reigned more than rain itself in Chapel Hill, the campus letting the *Buck* describe it as a Babylon where ladies drank home-brewed love potions and gentlemen never resorted to mere water.

"Ad: If the person who stole the bottle of alcohol from the cotroom in Phi Tappa Kappa fraternity yesterday will return grandma's kidneys to med student 'Slim' Chance, no questions will be asked."

Literary corruption this time caught on like a plague and lasted with the University in a filth fever until the *Buccaneer* actually reached 15—a ripe old age among the cut-up comics. Rumors heard in South building at last did not all concern Roosevelt and another term. Could it be so that the *Buck* did have an issue on the press to make the sexy *Gone with the Wind* strictly Sunday school material? Virtuous spies invaded the printshop and reported back to headquarters that if that particular issue came out, even Carolina's campus probably would blush a lasting red, eventually to be accused of worse things than Communism. Then the University administration made the brilliant decisions that two and two did make four, the world was round, and the *Buccaneer* was immoral. Action went accordingly. All copies of that issue were confiscated before distribution, and most were burned with their ink still wet. A few museum relics, though, are known, filled in sin and edged in single, ample evidence that the nasty old skull and crossbones deserved whatever fiery fate came its way in 1940 and the hereafter.

Still, enough not being enough, that same year the villainous pirate was again to appear on a magazine cover, stepping out of a barrel of tar and feathers. With that introduction, onto the campus descended *Tar n' Feathers*, the first attempt at tomfoolery to be backed adequately by financial appropriations in hopes that riches might make righteousness. The money went for the best and biggest photographic spreads the University had ever known, and then in two short years morals went, too.

"Doesn't that soprano have a large repertoire?"

"Yes, and that dress only makes it look worse."

By 1942 *Tar n' Feathers* sniffed at the wind, made a good prediction, and with a L-with-it attitude prepared its own extinction number complete with a cover full of dinosaurs reading *T n' F's*. In this massacre the Student Legislature raced South building for the honors, both agreeing that such shinnanigans reflected on U.N.C. All the frustrated editor's pleas that two garbage men had been called in to constitute a quorum of the legislators were in vain; for he was sentenced to abandon admittedly hard work and console himself, if he chose, with hard cider.

And who is to blame? Somehow all this might have been Noah Webster's fault for writing the dictionary above a humorist's intellectual level.

Perhaps aspiring would-be scribes with urges to write something bigger and wittier than their application blanks for admission to the University of North Carolina have often been misled by a certain definition. Since the word "humor" is explained as "that quality which ap-

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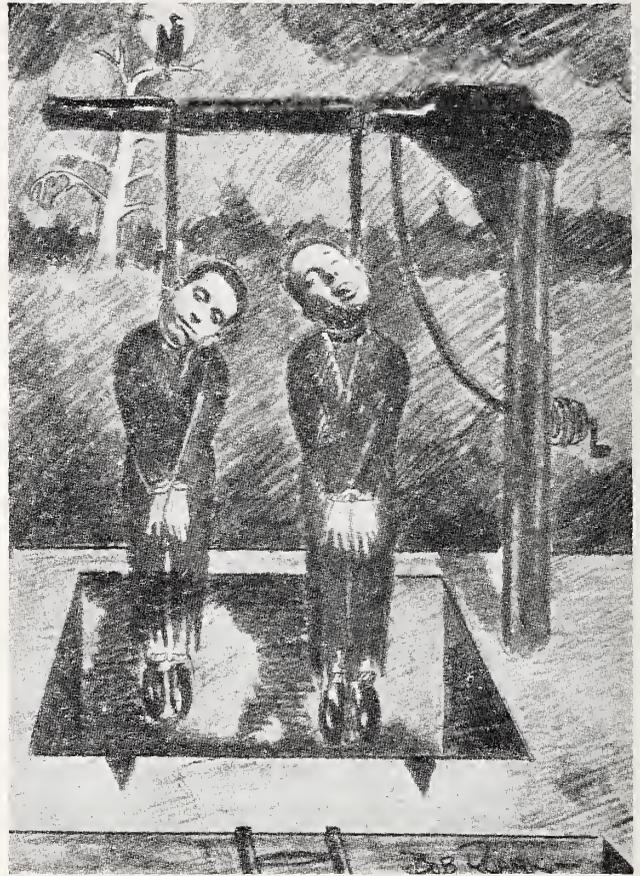
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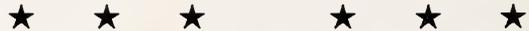
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peals to a sense of the ludicrous," these would-be Twains just misspelled the first syllable of that complex word "ludicrous" as L-E-W-D. Then not bothering to look up the distinction between cute and crude, between fun and filth, they must have hoisted headway into an attempt at base entertainment at all costs.

So salute to humor. Salute, yes, but not with the honor charge, not with 21 cannons. Save the homage until a campus mag is purged of sex smuttiness permanently, cleansed with fresher material on amusing predicaments that pertain more to students, bathed until its contents can be good-nauredly relayed to the family at home, washed to standards that will represent the character of the University favorably wherever it is circulated among other colleges and universities throughout the country.

The proper salute in the meantime?
Present water pistols.



Up-si-daisy, Hell, I'm hurt!

Staff Meeting

(Continued from page 20)

he wished. No consideration for others. Everybody knew he was the real line chief. . .but the man didn't have to be so domineering. Still, the Old Man thought he was great. . .so did most of the enlisted men. Well, Bell knew how to get along with people, Shields admitted to himself.

"Major Raeford in, Sergeant?" Shields asked the first sergeant.

"Yeah; yes, he's in, Lieutenant." He jerked his thumb toward a back room.

Shields tapped lightly on the door, waited, knocked again. Without waiting for an answer he pushed the door open and walked in. Major Raeford was seated at his desk, reading a detective magazine. He was a big, heavy-set man with bushy hair. Shields had learned many months before that his chief concern was flying, not administration of the squadron. But even at that, the man had his own ideas and could often ask embarrassing questions. Shields had catalogued him as stubborn.

As Shields walked in, the major looked up. "Hello, Jim. Others will be here pretty soon." He turned his attention back to his magazine.

"Yes, sir." Shields eased into a rickety chair. Wonder what the Old Man had in mind today, he thought. Shields had never liked these meetings; he

always felt like an intruder. Usually he sat by while discussions took place and decisions were made. Then he told Sergeant Jenkins to carry out any of the orders which pertained to Communications.

Trying hard to appear nonchalant, the lieutenant swung his chair around and propped his feet on a table. Tilting the chair back, he picked up a comic book from the floor and began thumbing through it.

The major, surprised, looked at him. "Shields! What're you trying to do, ruin those damn promotions on that table?"

Shields suddenly tensed; he felt his throat become dry. Slowly he moved his feet a few inches from the stack of papers. As communications officer, he was entitled to captaincy; he had long ago given up all hope of ever getting it. "Promotions, Major?" A long pause, then, "Oh . . . hell, I should worry." Shields felt, more than saw, Raeford's startled expression.

The lieutenant's temper had not subsided any when Captain Bell strolled in, glanced at him, and then spoke to the major. The armament, ordinance, and supply officers came in; a few minutes later the adjutant and the executive officer arrived.

"Well, boys," the major began, "we've got a new T.O. Some of you get more men, some less; some get a few promotions." Here he hesitated, glanced at the papers in his hand, and then went on, "And there're one or two other changes."

Raeford began giving details of the new changes in organization. After informing the other officers of changes affecting them, he turned to Shields.

"Jim, you don't have but a couple of changes: you get one PFC opening. Then. . .well, the new T.O. says your section chief is supposed to be only tech."

"Why, Major. . ." Shields paled; then the blood rushed to his face. A few drops of perspiration popped out on his forehead. "Surely," he tried hard and pulled his voice down an octave, "you must be kidding." Forcing a laugh, he looked at the other officers. "Did you fellows ever hear of anything so ridiculous?" No one answered.

"Jim, I hate it myself, but. . ." Raeford was saying.

"Look, Major," Shields interrupted, pleading, "that T.O. probably just applies to new outfits or squadrons who haven't promoted the communications chief to master sergeant. Surely they don't expect you to bust a man who's done work like Jenkins." The lieutenant was racing on, intending that no one should interrupt him. "Why without him, my section just wouldn't be what it is. You. . .you can't bust Jenkins."

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Major Raeford's face reddened. Leaning forward, he looked straight at Shields. "What do you mean, I can't bust him? And furthermore, if you stayed out there with those men a little, Jenkins wouldn't be so damned important. No man," he said banging his fist on the desk, "*is indispensable in the Army!*"

"Right," Bell chimed in. "And, Jim," he said, "Jenkins hasn't been cooperating too well with us lately. A little discipline wouldn't hurt your section."

Shields' eyes met those of Bell. Shields calmly adjusted his feet on the table and rubbed his chin thoughtfully. He swallowed and tried to control his voice.

"Cooperation, hell," he said. His eyes shifted and then came back to Bell's. "When you and your section start cooperating with us, you can talk about cooperation. Until then, don't expect any from us. And," he continued, glancing around the room, "that goes for some of the rest of you."

Then Shields swung on Major Raeford. "As for my staying on the job, Major, I don't have to be at that tent all day." He held up his hand for silence as Raeford started to interrupt. "Sure, I could stay out there all day

and pretend to work, just like a few others I know. The sections are organized so that the officers don't have to be there every. . ."

"That's enough out. . . what in the devil's got in you, Jim?" Raeford asked. He had started to give Shields a verbal thrashing, but somehow this was not the old, petulant, pleading Shields. The lieutenant now seemed cool, sure of himself.

Shields rubbed his chin, looked straight at the major and said nothing for a moment. "Ray," he finally said, "bust Jenkins and not only his morale, but the morale of the entire section is shot. Ever think of that?"

"Well, . . ." Raeford began, wrinkling his heavy eyebrows. He glared at Shields. "Listen, Jim, you've been reading too damned many pamphlets on morale! You talk like a. . ."

"Look," Shields interrupted, speaking carefully, measuring each word, his voice now under complete control, "call it morale, call it any damned thing you like, but when you bust Jenkins, radio maintenance goes down. Take your choice."

Raeford squirmed uncomfortably. "Jim," he said, as if asking for understanding, "you've got a good point, but we're supposed to have only so

many master sergeants in the outfit. Can't exceed the T.O. You know that."

"Look, Jim," the adjutant, irritated, broke in, "you talk like this was personal. We're simply complying with regulations."

"Regulations, hell!" Shields shot back. "That's your damned worry. I know at least three staffs who're supposed to be buck sergeants. You guys maneuver promotions around like checkers. Overrate some men and under-rate others and still stay within your total limit. You can maneuver this one, too."

Major Raeford, his face slightly flushed, stood up. "Well. . . tell you what, Jim, we'll see what we can do. He paused, glanced at his watch, and said, "See you boys at chow!"

As the group passed through the orderly room, the first sergeant called, "Lieutenant Shields! New tech orders for you, sir."

"Thanks." As the lieutenant took the papers, he thought he detected a faint smile; he was sure there was a sparkle in the sergeant's eyes.

Captain Bell and two other officers paused outside the door. Turning, Bell called, "Let's eat, Jim."

Surprised, Shields looked at him. "Thanks; but I. . . I have to get my mess kit. See you fellows in a few minutes." He hoped they had not caught the slight tremor in his voice.

So this is what it took to get the things a man wanted, he thought as he walked toward the tent in which he lived. For once in his life he had said exactly what he wanted to say. He had gotten results. It felt good. A smile twitched at his lips; but, somehow. . .

Shields stumbled into his tent and sank down on his canvas cot. Burying his head in his hands, he muttered, "Oh, God. . ."

For Candies Pastries Novelties



Breakfast Lunch Dinner

Records

(Continued from page 25)

Latin. The set includes 17 12-inch records (34 sides) VDM 1145/6 and is boxed for gift presentation.

Another important choral work is Mendelssohn's "Elijah," recently recorded by Columbia in England. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducts the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra and the Huddersfield Choral Society through this mighty score with the following artists as soloists in English: Isobel Baillie, soprano, Gladys Ripley, contralto, James Johnston, tenor and Harold Williams, baritone. There are 16 12-inch records in two albums with a pamphlet containing the words. (CMM 715)



Are you dough-shy? Get us! We *give* the stuff away. Folding money, too. Yes sir, Pepsi-Cola Co. pays from \$1 to \$15 for gags you send in and we print. Why worry about an honest living? This is easier. Just send your stuff, along with your name, address, school and class, to Easy Money Department, Box A, Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y. All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print.

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GOOD DEAL ANNEX

Sharpen up those gags, gagsters! At the end of the year (if we haven't laughed ourselves to death) we're going to pick the one best item we've bought and award it a fat extra

\$100.00

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Our well-known moron-about-campus, Murgatroyd—now a student in the school of agriculture—has developed a new theory on sheep-feeding. He makes a daily ration of Pepsi-Cola an important part of their diet. "Duuuuuuuuuh, of course," said Murgatroyd recently, when questioned as to his reasoning, "everybody knows that Pepsi-Cola is the drink for ewe!"

\$2 apiece, believe it or not, for any of these we buy!

Get Funny . . . Win Money . . . Write a Title



This is easy as falling off a log. A small log, that is. Just send us a caption for this cartoon. The best line gets \$5. Or you can send in cartoon ideas of your own. For cartoon ideas we buy, we pay \$10 apiece . . . \$15 if you draw them.



HE-SHE GAGS



If you're a He, and know a She—or vice versa—this should be your meat. Here's your chance to strike a blow for the home team in the battle between the sexes—and maybe win three bucks besides!

★

He Ubangi: I hear that Mbongo has left his wife.

She Ubangi: Really? Why?

He Ubangi: He says that every time she drinks a Pepsi, she smacks her lips, and he can't stand the clatter.

He: Why do you call my date "Pepsi," when her name is Betty?

She: Oh, we all call her "Pepsi" because she goes with anything!

★

He: I never knew what real happiness was until I married you.

She: Darling!

He: Yes, and by then it was too late.

★

Three bucks apiece for each of these we print. Let your conscience be your guide.

Daffy Definitions

Here's a column that must have some deep underlying significance. Darned if we know what, though. All we know is that these rate a buck each—and the daffier, the better.

Frustration—having a Pepsi-Cola and no bottle-opener.

Stork—bird with a big bill.

Professor—textbook wired for sound.

Thirst—obsolete term; dates back to pre-Pepsi-Cola era.

Cooperation—one bottle of Pepsi with two straws.

* * *

Paying \$1 apiece for these is like giving you a license to commit burglary. But—\$1 apiece for those we buy.

**CHESTERFIELDS OF COURSE—
THERE'S LOTS MORE SMOKING PLEASURE TO THEM**

—SAYS *Alan Hale*

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— THAT MEANS *They Satisfy*

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The **Carolina**
MAGAZINE



January, 1948

Beached at
Greensboro
(See Page 16)



More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!

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"When cigarettes were so hard to get," says Miss Christian, "I smoked many different brands. Naturally, I compared them for quality. I learned by experience that Camels suit me best!" Like Miss Christian, thousands of smokers compared... found Camels the "choice of experience."

Try Camels. Let your own experience... your "T-Zone"... tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before.

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MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

When 113,597 doctors were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!

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at KAPP'S



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spring is the Carolina
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Kapp's for the new season.
Suits, pants, coats and accessories
are making their anticipated
appearance now at Kapp's.
Join the spring parade
to a well-dressed year. Shop
Kapp's today.

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richest red to the most flaming orange our stocks are bulging in colorful array.

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January, 1948

contents

FEATURES

Swiss Report Melvin Waldvogel 5
University Press David Sharpe 8
Editorial 10
For Men Only Dick Nunis 24

FICTION

Free to Choose W. J. Brown 7
OK Chaos Howard Myers 11
Neapolitan Nightmare Roy C. Moose 13
The Lady and the Lion Louis Stevens 14

POETRY

Nag's Head William Sessions 12
Crystal Corridors Tom Wood 12
On Love Poetry Bob Sain 12
To A Carolina Coed John Clampitt 12
Poem on Beauty Julia Ross 12

HUMOR

Campus Quiz Wilson Yarborough, Jr. 15
Of Cabbage and Queens Charlie Gibson 16

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CAROLINA MAGAZINE**

COVER—This picture of Miss Vivian White, Miss North Carolina 1947, of the Freshman Class at Woman's College of UNC is provided through the courtesy of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad. Obviously they are on the right track.

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Published Since 1844**

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REPORT FROM A TAR HEEL

in Switzerland



POLITICS- Switzerland, like the rest of Europe, feels itself caught between two non-European forces and ideologies: America and Russia. Regardless of which force wins out, European culture, already dangerously sick because of the war, must undergo further regressive changes. In the long run Europe will have no choice at all. She'll simply have to pay grace to the winning side. But for the present at least, a country like Switzerland is able to state its preference: namely, the USA. But it is a negative preference. The lesser of two evils. One hardly thanks the lesser of two evils. Swiss preoccupation with Russian politics is certainly well grounded. Communism, which already has a strong hold in Italy, may get bolder now that the American troops have departed. France is battling it out right now. And many Swiss, even though they can hardly be called lovers of Fascism, look to De Gaulle as the saviour of France. On the other side, Switzerland is separated from the real and original menace, the Red Army, by the allied controlled and democratically inspired zones of Germany. Therefore, it is inevitable that the Swiss should look to the USA as the only possible antidote for Russian Communism.

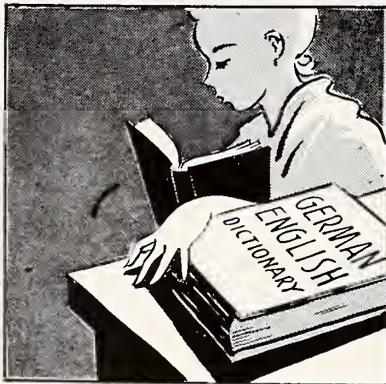


BUSINESS- with the winter and skiing seasons now in progress Bern is taking on new color and new life. Shop windows, from the lowly grocery to the American type department store, are being decorated in seasonal motifs, and though the displays are never as complex, mechanical or bizarre as American commercial decorations, they are nevertheless attractive and in good taste. The emphasis is, of course, upon luxury items: Swiss chocolates, French liqueurs, fancy ski togs, Limoges and Rosenthal chinaware, solid leather goods and a host of other gift commodities. Window shopping, always a popular pastime under Bern's comfortable, sheltering arcades, has taken on countless new disciples. And foot traffic, particularly in the Spitalgasse where the smartest shops are located, moves at the pace of the most devoted window shopper. Sales, however, are low. The ski enthusiasts who used to flock in for the winter season will have to satisfy themselves with domestic amusements this year. The English can't come because of government restrictions. The French and Italians don't have the money. And America is still a long way off, though its influence is to be felt everywhere. The average Swiss is having a hard time of it, too, since prices have outpaced wages. Manufactured items cost about the same as they do in the States, yet wages are only half as high. Thus, many It seems rather doubtful that the conservative, solid Swiss will dig deeper into his savings to purchase gadgets and gifts.



G.I. SITUATION- The GI tourists help out to some extent. They buy watches and whiskey, and space at some of the resort hotels. Actually, if the Swiss government were willing to permit them to come in as regular tourists instead of in supervised groups, many more would come. Several months ago the Swiss Hotel Association asked the government to liberalize restrictions on GI tourists in the hope that action would be taken sufficiently early to save the winter season. To date no action has been taken. With few foreign guests and a handful of Swiss, many a GI will find himself the center, and only object, of at-

tention at a resort hotel. The GI tourist, however, is no longer the significant influence in Swiss life that he was in 1945 and 1946. The American hero myth has long since died. Familiarity, old age and political disappointments killed it. It will take considerably more than a lot of olive drab clad youngsters to resurrect it. And the GI's are disappointed too. In all probability, old soldiers have fired their imaginations with descriptions of gay receptions which occurred in Switzerland in the early post-V.E. days. But today's GI tourist is just another foreigner. He sits quietly in a bar, drinks his beer with his fellow soldiers, and looks longingly, but futilely, at the pretty girls. When GI's were heroes, the conservative Swiss unbent a little bit - the girls a lot. But casual dating not being an institution here, only the tart will devote an evening to a foreign professional soldier.



LITERATURE- The real American influence is one of thought or idea, the medium of dissimulation being the theater, the book and the newspaper. A high percentage of the books featured in the shop windows is American. Saroyan and Upton Sinclair are unusually popular and can be had either in English or German. Marquand and Wolfe are available in German. F. Scott Fitzgerald, Henry James and Faulkner in English. Kathleen Windsor's Amber is on display at every railroad station kiosk and Modern Library and Viking Press Portables can be had at the larger book shops. The Weltwoche,

an extremely good weekly newspaper, is currently featuring a serialized version of a Craig Rice thriller under the title of Mutter hasst die Polizei. The number of pot-boilers of this genre available in both English and translation is too countless to mention. The Swiss look to America for the sensational and fantastic. Therefore, it is not surprising to learn that everybody has heard of or read Kravchenko or Windsor, but few are aware of the works of Henry James or Melville. One of the book shops has for the last several months had one of its windows completely decorated with copies of the Kravchenko expose, which appears here under the title of Ich wahlte die Freiheit. Everyone seems to have read the book, or at least so I judge from the number of related questions that have been put to me. When I confess I've never read the book my Swiss friends react as if I had said, "Yes, I've lived in America all my life, but I've never seen New York." Obviously, then, the Swiss are as alarmed and alarmist about Russia as Americans are. Like America, but of course on a moderate scale, they're rich and capitalist and believers in the western conception of democracy and the 19th century conception of free enterprise. As long as Russia was struggling along - Cont. on page 25

by w. j. brown



CALVIN HAWKINS and Johnny Phillips were hurrying home from school. Today had been a big day. Parts for the seventh grade play, "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight" had been given out. Calvin was to be one of the giants.

Johnny didn't get a part, but this didn't seem to bother him. "Gee, Calvin, I'd be scared to get up in front of everybody. But I guess I'd rather be a giant than anything else if I had to. You'll make a good giant Calvin."

Calvin wondered what his teacher had meant when he told him he would make a good giant. Maybe he was laugh-

ing? Even Johnny had said it. Maybe everybody was laughing? Why did everyone think he would make such a good giant? Was it because he was the biggest in his class? Yet everybody knew why he was so much older than everyone in his class . . . that it wasn't his fault. He didn't choose to be so far behind in his school work. He wouldn't even be in the old play.

"Did you say something," Johnny asked.

"No," answered Calvin, "I was just thinkin' to myself."

(Continued on page 26)

One Damn Book After



Although creative writing classes meet in the same building, the Press offices have not published a student novel as yet. Russell proteges like John West, blinded by the illustrious, fame building advertising campaigns, prefer giant New York publishers in preference of the successful University Press.

HELLO, University Press. . . . No, sir, we haven't any idea when your trousers will be ready; this is not a cleaning establishment."

Although the University of North Carolina Press has carried the name of the University farther afield than any agency on campus, it is probably the least well-known here at home. Even with foreign editions and four sales agents in an international market, out-of-town Press authors themselves often have trouble finding the building in Chapel Hill. University Press? Why, most of the people they ask for directions have never heard of it.

Located on the second and third floors of Bynum Hall, the Press ranks as the largest book publisher in the Southeast except denominational and textbook houses. Since 1922 the Press has actually published over 550 books, and it now has a list of eleven books ready for release in the spring.

Its size and importance are not the only mistakes people make about the University Press. There are on record strange ideas about the titles as well as the types of books the Press presents. Requests have come in for *My Aunt Louise and Abe Lincoln* instead of *My Aunt Louisa and Woodrow Wilson*; *Memories of an Old Time in Hell* rather than *Memories of an Old-Time Tar Heel*; and instead of *Knight's Among the Danes*, someone ordered *Nights Among the Dames!*

The late Josephus Daniels published five volumes under the Chapel Hill imprint.

It is a common error to suppose that books bearing the Chapel Hill imprint are all dull, dry, scholarly tomes. Actually the Press has published many diverse types of works that have left their mark on national best selling lists. *Ranger Mosby*, a biography of a Civil War cavalryman, was described by the New York Times as "a book that reads like a Dumas romance." *Mexican Village* and *Purslane* were both well-received novels of Mexico and North Carolina settings, respectively.

The Press's *Tobe* was a text for juvenile readers which was perhaps the first of its type to picture the Negro child in photographs and story as a normal young citizen and not a Nicodemus. With its easy script and abundance of pictures this tale of a Negro boy and his playmates became widely popular. An English woman ordered two copies of *Tobe* during the war. In her orphanage for bombed-out children, she had let the youngsters sleep with *Tobe* under their pillows as a reward for good behavior until her only copy was nearly worn out.

I Rode with Stonewall was one of the Press's most acclaimed autobiographies which was discovered under unusual circumstances. Although most manuscripts are offered for reading by the authors upon completion, *I Rode* is the exception which comes occasionally to the desk of Mrs. Alice T. Paine, chief editor. "That turned up in an attic in the valley of Virginia," says Mrs. Paine, "while Joseph McCord was looking for novel material." After Henry Kyd Douglas, who did the riding, had titled the book himself and tried to sell it years before without success, the Press snapped it up and is now selling its ninth printing.

One Damned Island After Another, the story of Seventh Air Force Operations in the Pacific, came to the Press even more strangely. At one time the Army, Navy, and Air Forces were offering their official histories to publishers on somewhat of a grab-bag basis. Each publishing house, if it "won" one of these coverages, agreed, after a thorough



Another

by David Sharpe

description of the authors and with a foreknowledge of the caliber of material handled by the service historical branch, to publish the book sight unseen.

Hardly expecting to get any tangible results, Director Thomas J. Wilson entered his name in the proverbial goldfish bowl; and the University Press was given *Roll 'Em, Bombers*. The manuscript was received incomplete, leaving Miss Porter Cowles, acting director now, to sweat out the rest of the collective authors' contributions on the Air Force, chapter by chapter. The final release was renamed *One Damned Island After Another* and, in spite of the flagging interest in war books, received glowing reviews and has sold well.

Two men have been largely responsible for the growth and prosperity of the Press. One is Louis R. Wilson, librarian first at Carolina, later at the University of Chicago, and now retired and living in Chapel Hill.

As originally organized, the Press was to have three functions: to publish faculty works—scholarly publications which would not otherwise see print; to publish all university catalogs; and to publish "deserving books," which accounts for the publishing of all manner of works dealing with the South and its problems.

Mr. Wilson became the first director in 1922, with a budget of \$3750 which included his salary. During his administration the Press published 120 books and made a small, dignified name for itself as one of the few university presses in the South.

Three years after the Press was organized, a student, W. T. Couch, was called in to be assistant director. He stayed on after graduation, working on retailing the Press's books all over the East. He was made full director in 1932.

In the face of strong opposition, Mr. Couch published books about the whole South, including the Negro problem, tenant farming, mill conditions, and general social problems. Odum's *Southern Regions of the United States* and Vance's *Human Geography of the South* are both recognized as authoritative by sociologists everywhere. Over

(Continued on page 27)



In the far famed Chapel Hill writers' colony, Josephina Niggli skyrocketed to literary prominence with the Press Publication of *Mexican Village*, one of the many national bestsellers of the local publishing house.

First of Five

31,000

Endpaper Map by Magman

"... the best simple guide"—*Free America*

Out of an Attic





Waiting for the Dawn

It appeared that time stood still
as the dawn of youth met
the dusk of age.

Editorial

Students present betrayed the progressive-minded teachers. The committee pumped persistently for information, but no one would respond to their satisfaction until, Winston Broadfoot, a law school senior well-familiar with the student body and its problems due to his long experience as a student leader, finally rose to outline the progressive movements which exist on campus: In a group as large as the Carolina student body, naturally two extremes will exist whose benefit lies principally in their stimulation of campus thinking.

In turn another student explained that most students thought progressively, but acted conservatively. Segregation could never be abolished tomorrow. That would not solve the problem, but create a larger one instead. The Negro would have to be educated socially and intellectually better before he could possibly be admitted to all regular schools. Students believe in evolution—not revolution.

The attending student representatives talked guardedly knowing that any revolutionary idea would hurt the school's appropriations by the State legislature where the Old Guard sifts the Trustees' report very carefully.

No progressive voice spoke on behalf of the committee, instead their searching questions kindled the discussion.

The meeting ended on a conciliatory note in which the trustees assured the students: We are not fixed on a witch hunt. Everything goes well on the Chapel Hill front. To the students, however, it appeared obvious that the committee considered segregation problems more important than student or faculty housing or the academic standing of the University.

No liberality or extremes would ever be tolerated at the University of North Carolina under such narrow-minded, fearful guidance as the Trustees would

provide. Blinded by their prejudices accumulated through generations past, they cannot see the light of modern day exemplified recently by the Supreme Court decision on the Oklahoma law school's admission policy. If Dr. Graham did not foster that liberality which, more than any other factor, has elevated this University to national fame, the school would be worth very little.

APPRECIATION of school publications is generally left to other schools or succeeding generations. If, only, our contemporary critics would read the publications past and present, perhaps we could avoid the prevalent lack of appreciation — a nemesis common to most schools. This thought is particularly expressed for the benefit of the politicians who know least, but legislate most, for publications.

A good magazine cannot be legislated. Three necessary provisions will insure a satisfactory publication:

ALWAYS elect a capable editor

BESTOW adequate financial backing

CAPABLE staff to help the editor.

A simple ABC combination that will satisfy.

But whatever you do, don't vote NO MAGAZINE on the referendum bill because politicians would not have anything to criticize. Moreover, the "Publication Follies" presented yearly by the Di and Phi in cooperation with the UNC legislature would have no principals for their yearly floor shows.

IN ACCORDANCE with the periodic checks on their adopted child: the University of North Carolina, the visiting committee of the board of trustees invited fifteen men and women students to represent campus opinion on pertinent school problems.

The Board of Trustees numbers a hundred prominent North Carolinians from all counties. Bull-headed politicians, big-time lawyers, and North Carolina manufacturers abound eager to maintain the status quo as dictated by their electorate, their reputation, and profitable business respectively.

The visiting committee lacked none of these being composed of several slick politicians always ready to ascribe the opposition's argument to the devil by the most devious oratory at their disposal—and lawyers, the smart boys, most adept at confusing opinions, especially those opposing theirs—and manufacturers who stand by innocently hearing all and staying smart by keeping their mouth shut.

Almost lackadaisical in their attitude the committee showed little interest or appreciation for the students' complaints and recommendations. Recognizing campus communism as the harmless animal lost in the wrong neck of the woods, the trustees quickly guided the discussion to segregation. Then the committee piqued its ears. Suddenly they seized the initiative, principally directing their inquiry toward the discovery of subversive teaching elements in the school. Not one of the

OKAY CHWO?



I WISH YOU bums would stay out of the woods said the squirrel. They'll kill you anyhow.

Aw go crack some nuts I answered stuffing my yellow socks and a white shirt in a hollow log.

The squirrel started up a tree. I didn't mean to say anything but this is the last straw. If you bums insist on staying here it'll be curtains for all the wee little forest folk, myseif included. Hit the road for town, bum.

That's where I'm going but I'll be back I said.

The squirrel watched me put a bottle of Southern Comfort in the log with gleaming eyes.

And if you have a love affair on my white shirt while I'm gone I'll ring your neck.

Don't worry. Unlike some bums I know I have a home of my own to go to.

I threw a chunk of granite at him and he disappeared in the branches.

Climb on said the farmer, stopping his wagon, and I'll take you as far as I'm goin. Jest keep yer mouth shet and we'll get along fine. I especially aint interested in how a Bomb fell on your town while you wasn't there, or any jokes about travelin salesmen.

I climbed over the tailgate, waded through something that wasn't a Louis Quatorze rug, and sat down beside him.

Where ya headed?

I'm going to town to see if anybody's still around.

Ya wont catch me hangin around there. Taint safe. And besides I got to get my wheat harvested and there aint many hands. Now you look strong. Why dont you come out to my place—

Thanks, but I want to go to town now.

Dont be a damn fool. Thet town wont last out the week.

Maybe that's why I'm going. I want to see one more town before they're all blown.

Watch out or you'll blow with it.

It was easy to see that this farmer had the soul of a pig. You have the soul of a pig I told him.

(Continued on page 29)

by Howard Meyers

Illustration by
Lucie Baxter

L. BAXTER

Poem, or Beauty Hurts Mr. Cummings

by JULIA ROSS

take it from me, creep
believe me
my college, 'tis of

you, hark the sound of
Party pooper, S.P., U.P., C.P., I.P.
our team is

Red Hot

Beat

Dook

town of Mister Tarzan and Frank P.
Graham

town above all of We Have Been We
Haven't Used Yet

from each B.M.O.C.

ringing clear and true

rah. i do however suggest
that certain lectures, books,
ideas, like Eight O'clock Classes
having been cut and recut
to the mystical moment of failing,
emphatically are
Not To Be Instated. (Case in point

if we are to believe these gently
O so sweetly
southbuilding billers amid
the thrillers
these everybodys educators
among my and your
dance dates—two Lab-O-tories Re-
quired

i Drop Dead enter Discipline
and Dean
with Their andsoforth

do you get me?) according
to such supposedly ingenuous
throstles A is O World of Life
a formula: goodbye pupa

Nemo, choo choo, curve in,
therefore my friends let
us now sing each and all
fortissimo C—

aro
lin
a, F
ight. And there're four-teen-thou-
sand
others like you. peppy

littlepartypeople
(who learned an alphabet too young)
a—b—c—d UKE is a lousy school
ray rah rah ray: team?

eyes.
comes down like an engine
escapes to the goal.

Crystal Corridors

by TOM WOOD

*Slim girl leaning on the great oak,
you are the final form
shaped by the hands of my heart;
lovelier than a lone fawn
at the edge of crystal water,
you walk through the cluttered cor-
ridors*

*of my days as a moving light,
burnishing into brilliance
the tarnished facets of my spirit.*

Nag's Head

*National Anthology of College
Poetry Winner*

by BILL SESSIONS

*Love, let the flame ring out
this crystal, anvil sound
that rends the hollow doubt
and tears the tumult down.*

*Let laughter come like light
to the void in the dawning in the sea
and sprinkle music in the night,
ebbing here without reality.*

On Love Poetry

by BOB SAIN

Mackintosh, old Siwash,
Dern, by gosh, oh pish-posh,
Poems are made by fools.
Your eyes are limpid pools.
I ache with love . . .
The moon above . . .
Stop,
You're breaking my heart.

To a Carolina Coed

By JOHN CLAMPITT

With Apologies to Robert Burns

Ha, whare ye gaun, ye bonny lassie
Wi' lips sae red and sic a chassy
I canna say, but ye strut classy
Owre campus path.
Tho' faith! I fear you're a mite too
sassy
And fail your math.

Ye schemin', swayin', blastit girlie
Wi' heather eye and hair sae curley
Y've driven men both late and early
T' take a drink.
That's wot makes my head sae
whirley
Wot did ya think?

Right now I gae to see auld "Harry"
For a wee drop, and make auld merry
Gae wi' me, meet auld Tom and Larry
And ha' an ale.
Don't shrink frae me and ac' sae scary
And grow so pale.

Ye say ye like to ha' another,
My sooth, ye canna go much fu'ther
Swit! I'd get Hell frae your house
mother
For this affair.
Beside, wi' all this smoke I smother
Let's ha' some air.

NEAPOLITAN

Nightmare



LIEUTENANT Jeff Sellers stooped slightly as he looked at the collection of pipes in the show window. Pipes had always fascinated him and he had often paid large sums for unique designs to add to his collection. Now before him lay the most intriguing design he had ever seen.

"Let's go in," he said to Lieutenant Raymond Morse standing by his side.

"Aw, Jeff, you've seen that pipe every day now for six days and the price is always the same. You're not going to pay that for a pipe," said Lt. Morse.

"I know, Ray. But I've just got to have that pipe. Let's go in."

Ray shrugged his shoulders and followed Jeff into the small pipe shop.

"Let's see the Corsican briarwood with the dragons on it," Jeff said to the clerk.

The Italian clerk reached into the window and gently picked up the pipe that Jeff had been admiring. It was a deep red color, the kind found only

in the choicest Corsican briarwood, with a grain of concentric circles. The bowl was attached to a stem a foot long on which were carved the bodies of two dragons. The heads of the two dragons formed a bowl the size of a man's fist.

"It is our finest pipe," said the clerk.

"I know. I've been looking at it for a week. How much is it today," asked Jeff, hoping that the inflated price had come down.

"Twenty five thousand lire, signor."

"Whew, damn these Dago prices. I want it but I'm not paying that price. Two hundred and fifty dollars is a lot of bloody missions for me," said Jeff.

"Perhaps the Lieutenant has cigarettes or something he can sell to the Naples black market," the clerk said.

"You mean here. You'll take cigarettes?" asked Jeff.

"Non, Signor. You can sell cigarettes to the black market on the hill and pay me with the lire you get."

Jeff looked disappointed as the clerk answered his question. He knew it was practically impossible to deal with the black market now that the authorities

had driven the marketeers up on Vomero hill. The section was "off-limits" to all American personnel, and the Military Police was now guarding it closely.

"Let's go," said Jeff.

The two lieutenants walked out of the shop into the *Via Roma*, Naples' famous shopping street. They walked slowly south toward the waterfront.

Jeff looked straight ahead into space as they shuffled their way among the crowds that filled the sidewalk.

"Ray, you don't suppose there is a chance of dealing with the black market, do you? After all, others have done it and got away with it," he said.

"Look, Jeff, you don't want to get mixed up with that bunch. If you get caught it's court martial."

"I'll play it smart," Jeff said.

"But, Jeff, that bunch on the hill is vicious. If you go up there, you're strictly at the mercy of that bunch of Dago cut throats."

"That makes it all the more interesting. It's been dull here in Naples for this past week. Maybe that's where this continental atmosphere is that all

(Continued on page 28)



by Roy C. Moose

Illustration by H. K. Privette

The Lady and The Lion

by Louis Stevens



Several other children

heard the commotion and ran to investigate and then

THE FIRST time Johnny looked into Leo's eyes he knew it was the beginning of a love affair. He couldn't remember just when it had happened. It didn't matter, not really. Johnny often wondered if Leo had guessed what had happened and then, he would stand for hours on the outside of the cage, watching with eager, expectant eyes the lion pacing back and forth, back and forth. Johnny watched the lion with breathless excitement and Leo usually presented the impression of not caring, either one way or the other. Sometimes Leo's indifference would make Johnny furious. He would lapse into long periods of anguish and rush up and down in front of the cage and curse the beast. Leo would halt abruptly in his march and cock his head to one side. He would sniff at the old man and then, whirl suddenly and resume his slow pacing. Sometimes the man would begin to sulk and keep his back to the cage and the animal would whine and paw the air like a discarded lover. But these little spats never lasted very long and Johnny would always laugh good naturedly and pitch hunks of raw meat to the lion and things would be all right once again.

It was only nine o'clock, but the blistering summer sun had already begun to scorch the earth and send the screaming children down to the pond at the bottom of the hill. Johnny could hear them laughing and splashing in the cool water. He wiped the sticky pieces of perspiration from his wrinkled forehead and wished he was allowed to remove his heavy wool coat. He looked at Leo. The lion's muscles seemed to be suffocating under the thick skin and struggling to burst through and exercise themselves with the careful, sensuous rhythm, which always reminded Johnny of a placid mountain stream, cool and clear, flowing over hard, white boulders. The lion was restless. He crouched and sprang at each passerby, bruising his paws on the steel bars. He would run to a corner and prepare to repeat the cycle. Johnny wanted desperately to say something, to comfort, to heal, to share the discomfort of the lion.

"You must be hot." Johnny hoped he was saying the right thing. "I'm sorry. Maybe it will rain. Would you

like that?" He wanted to exchange places with the lion, to free him from the cage, the heat, the world. The lion closed his eyes.

"Go to sleep. It will rain while you're sleeping." Johnny took a broom from the box beside the cage and was sweeping the warm pavement in front of the railing when he first noticed the little girl standing beside him.

"Hello, little girl."

She glanced at Johnny and then turned to watch the lion, who was breathing heavily and worrying the flies with a steady swishing of his tail.

"What's he doing?"

"Sleeping now."

The little girl stood first on one foot, then on the other. She was barefooted and her thin legs were still wet from wading in the pond.

"Why? Why is he sleeping?"

Johnny smiled. He didn't mind questions like this. He had grown used to them.

"Because he's tired and hot, that's why."

The little girl stuck out her tongue at the animal.

"Make him growl."

Johnny laughed and stood the broom against the railing.

"Not now. He's sleeping."

The little girl frowned. She said firmly:

"Make him growl."

Johnny was trying to find something to say when he saw the nurse running up the hill towards the cage. She was pretty, he thought.

"Hello." Johnny had seen the young woman in the white dress many times. He had seen her walking down to the pond with the little girl and he had watched her feeding the squirrels and laughing as if she were a little girl herself. He knew somehow that she had never noticed him and it made him a little sad. He wished his coat was new and pressed. He wished he had spent more time polishing the brass buttons but he had run out of polish. The woman

(Continued on page 21)

Campus Quiz



: Guest Editor



A. What was built in the late 30's with this elaborate pinnacle?

1. Carolina Theater.
2. Gimgghoul Castle.
3. Forest Theater.
4. Dan's Doghouse.



B. Where in Chapel Hill are there the most chimneys per square foot?

1. Scuttlebutt.
2. Carolina Inn.
3. Duffy's Tavern.
4. Bus Station.



C. Is this the study of the taxidermist, the botanist, the man with an iron, or the gal with cosmetics? Which is it?

1. Elephant's trunk.
2. Tree bark.
3. University-laundried blanket.
4. Coed's nose unpowdered.



D. Of what significance is this route to the one of every seven University students who owns a car?

1. Leads to Chapel Hill Country Club.
2. Wilderness towards Graham.
3. Road to Rome.
4. Liquor run to Durham.



E. Who lives here and holds open house every Sunday night?

1. Betty Smith.
2. Karl Marx.
3. Dekes.
4. Frank Graham.



F. Where is this pattern faced 35 times by today's drudges?

1. Library steps.
2. Venetian blinds in coed dorms.
3. Quonset huts.
4. Political platform planks.



G. What highly appreciated University addition is now under construction at an estimated cost of \$1,600,000?

1. Morehead Planetarium.
2. Roof for the Y Court.
3. New dormitories.
4. Backroom annex to Harry's.



H. When a skyline picture was taken from the Bell Tower, about where did this appear?

1. Pittsboro Road.
2. Old Well.
3. Carrboro.
4. McCauley Street.



I. This plaque was donated by the 36th University graduating class along with a tree near where?

1. Middle of a path.
2. New East.
3. Arboretum.
4. Old West.



J. What refreshment point was placed approximately 100 yards from the spot where Davie first rested under a poplar?

1. Bingham Hall.
2. Old Well.
3. W.C.T.U. Headquarters.
4. Graham Memorial.



K. Where was this indoor decoration placed in 1941 as part of a memorial?

1. Bowman Gray Pool.
2. Playmaker Theater.
3. Person Hall.
4. Portrait in Alumni Building.



L. WHERE ELSE COULD IT BE?

Answers on page 32.

Banned at WC

The Wo
Corradi,
ey jour

some Carolina gentleman and a W. C. student exchange views on each o
publication in the magazines of both campuses. The Corradi produced a
was too modest to use and has been asked to try a rebuttal for next mo
ladies of the W. C. literati rejected because they deem it "possibly good-n
Kathleen Winsor was banned only in Boston, Greensboro has indeed flatte

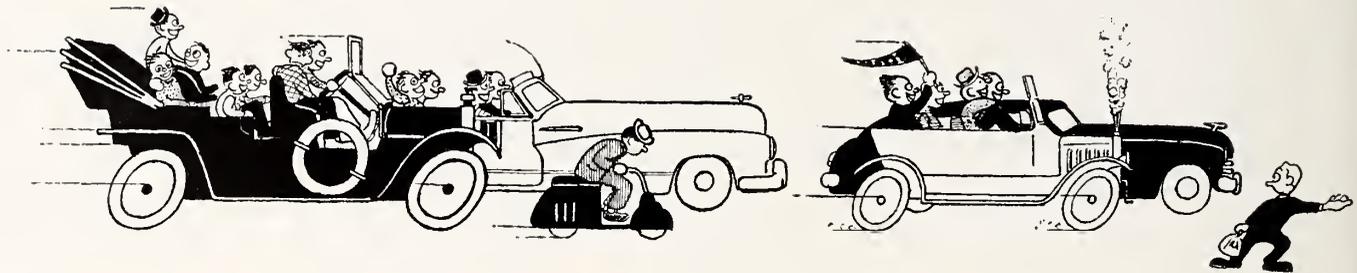


Illustration: Bill Harrison

Of Cabbage

IF THE best things in life are free, why must W. C. be 49 miles and 258,720 feet and 3,104,640 inches away from Carolina?

If this state's young ladies were to be given the opportunity to benefit posterity to their best advantage, to put out their most worthwhile endeavors for the satisfaction of mankind, the prodigious ratio of four women to one man should originally have been in Chapel Hill's own backyard—namely Carrboro. What was Orange county's loss must now be Greensboro's gain. Still, the Woman's College could work harder at com-

ing closer to the University in spirits if not in body. The Carolina gentlemen, to console themselves in a wilderness that is almost womanless with every gal having a quota of six men to tantalize, have already received certain bracers from W. C. Now ten other measures can be noted which would make it more certain that boys will be bouyant.

1. *Wanted: coeds.* Many of the cutest Carolinians spend their freshman and sophomore years at W. C., the intelligence incubator, learning the charms of transferring to U.N.C., the fun factory. More and more little

coquettes ought to grow up to go on the matrimonial market.

2. *Importation policy.* Woman's College inmates should be paroled more often to try the ways of the world a la Chapel Hill. It seems a crime to number a girl's weekends off campus without recognizing field trips in maidenly character molding.

3. *Telephone calls.* Overworked long distance lines and early switchboard shutdowns constitute a worse form of isolation than the one which brought on World War II.

4. *Ban on the "I. C. C."* The perennial "I can't come." at the eleventh

College asked for it. Greensboro's ladylike, homely proposed the idea that stumping grounds for ecology which this magazine article which the editor found but improper." Since Charlie Gibson.



and Queens

By Charlie Gibson

hour makes Western Union messengers man's worst enemies. There ought to be one lad yet who survives the shock to make a trial case of suing for breach of promise.

5. *Cops and nightwatchmen.* Greensboro's vigilantes comb highway and campus until a man has no way at all of making time. Why is it that there is never a shortage in unessentials like radio aerials and flashlights?

6. *Deadline hours.* 10:30 on week-nights and midnight on Saturdays and Sundays as the hours of restriction infers that the W. C. date is not to be trusted even as much as a Carolina

coed, and only Stalin ever belonged in any such category.

7. *Entertainment facilities.* More movies, more dances, more kitchenettes, more date parlors like those furnished now, and old maids may become as extinct as the dinosaurs some of them look like. It is really commendable when a W. C. worker has cooking accommodations in several of the dormitories to get to a Tar Heel's heart via his stomach.

8. *Mid-week assipation.* The come-as-they-shouldn't condition prevails from Monday through Thursday if one happens to make a pop call. Unvarnish-

ed in the customary greasepaint make-up and unupholstered in camouflage contrivances figured on in dress, the beauty can be the beast while the breast can be the bust.

9. *Freshman exchange.* Every year two organizations on each campus have made a haphazard attempt to bring a couple hundred W. C. women and U. N. C. men together, but the affairs are so poorly handled that last year, for instance, two hundred girls turned up in Chapel Hill dateless at a prom given in their honor. Harems being strictly for the sultans, this is ample proof that some industrious



campus groups should work out a more suitable arrangement. Why not their athletic club and our monogrammen? What better sport could there be than boy meeting girl in mass production?

10. *Leap year.* Who still has to leap at whom?

These ten advancements W. C. could make as a whole to put Carolina at ease. Then, too, there are certain individual types of women who could take courses in what every woman should know—namely, what a man wants her to know. Ever wonder why a guy with a blind date wishes he had been actually blind to begin with, why a lad with a gorgeous girl might want to throw a sheet over her among his friends, or why a fellow around a gal with angles and designs might think knights were wise to wear suits of armor?

Take a few examples, any resemblance to characters living or dead being purely intentional to prove that they were characters in the first place.

There is always Carlotta Swains, the popularity kid. . . looks, personality, and poise but a head and heart of 99.99 percent granite. . . employs "I. C. C."s freely since she has so many dying grandmothers that polygamy must be the practice in her family. . . answers letters just as often as she reads Spenser . . . has a different boyfriend for every day in the year and when asked over the phone in Kirkland dormitory to "Guess who?", she is always right on guess number 365. . . when finally tied down to a date, remembers that this is leap year with 366 days and decides that boy over there would do very well for the extra day when she has nothing planned after the proper amount of flirtation.

Her opposite is Wanda Green, a fellow's friend's cousin. . . the hag of Hinshaw hall with a face that launched a thousand ships, all full of men escaping her. . . selects small room-

mates whose arms she can twist until they say, "She has a wonderful personality." . . all muscles, especially between the ears since she is qualified to carry on a sensible conversation about any subject, any subject at all as long as it has to do with making Swedish glug. . . catches on to the best of jokes only when in diagram form. . . proposes plans for "the next time" just when the most logical excuse a fellow can concoct is that he is going to have to study that night.

Maybe one runs into Ima Einstein, whose victims on first dates sicken of the first person. . . tells a man how she is Weil's wonder as president of her society club, the Thursday morning gardeners, and the Peter Lawford fan clan. . . is currently writing a book on "How to Make Men and Influence Boys," obviously without adequate research. . . will undoubtedly become first lady of the land some day. . . talks so favorably so often about herself that no one else bothers to. . . finds fault with all the other girls who merely breathe nasty old air . . . thinks listening is something one need do only around radios.

One might meet Fay Thfull, the "going steady". . . sits silently swooning over her steady Eddie with an enrapt expression molded on her face

that leads any other couple on a double date to feel that a question about the weather around those two would seem like definite middle-aisle bait. . . tells everyone in Mary Foust, including two cats from her fellow's home town, that he gave her the cutest hint by stopping to tie his shoe in front of a jewelry store window. . . exhibits her daily letters to the girl in the next room who has been led to think that Carolina men are so busy that a postcard a week is an outright sacrifice. . . slobbers nicknames over her true love until everybody around them wants to choke her "quickly wicky". . . her one and only being temporarily indisposed and beseeching a pal to cheer the old girl up in his place just this once, the facial expression changes to show the world that she has been reduced to dating the Sphinx itself.

There is also Lucy Vogue, the style dummy. . . a Winfield wreck usually trying to resemble a page from Harper's Bazaar with the currently prescribed stuffed shoulders and flat hips and head to match. . . wears angora sweaters when guys sport new blue serge suits. . . goes in for whatever the fashion gods dictate as a fad even if it might necessitate jamming a bone through her nose. . . constantly adjusts here and there until one assumes that that hat is of the "roll your own" variety. . . wants a fellow to read Esquire because of the advertisements.

Inevitable and almost unescapable is Marion Hunter with her ambition. . . renames her favorite cartoon for Marryin' Sam because Li'l Abner acts absolutely beastly to Daisy Mae. . . would like to show any male her room in Jamison with the etchings and the framed marriage license with one line ready and waiting. . . thinks leap year is absurd and declares open hunting season at all times, going about things about as subtly as a dog admiring a tree. . . is particular since





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Gorham
SHOWER!

*Price includes Federal Tax,
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WEDDING GIFTS are a bride's most cherished possessions. So set the bride off to a good start with Gorham Sterling . . . the solid silver that is chosen for a lifetime . . . to be used with glowing pride, to be treasured because it will be a part of her home. Gorham offers a wide selection of exquisite designs in six-piece place-settings, which include: teaspoon, luncheon knife, luncheon fork, individual salad fork, cream soup spoon, and butter spreader.

Wentworth and Sloan
Jewelers

Recently appointed exclusive distributors of
Gorham Silverware in Chapel Hill.

STUDENTS AND FACULTY



Prepare TODAY for protection against unexpected hospital, surgical and obstetrical bills. Hospital Saving - Blue Cross offers you and your family a nonprofit, prepayment health service program at lowest possible rates.

We shall be pleased to tell you about our six complete plans.

HOSPITAL SAVING



BLUE CROSS

HOSPITAL SAVING ASSOCIATION
of North Carolina, Inc.
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

she goes after only those males whose pants are long. . . may become a Carolina coed if she has no luck soon and if her paw can sell enough hogs back on the farm to provide hunting grounds for another year.

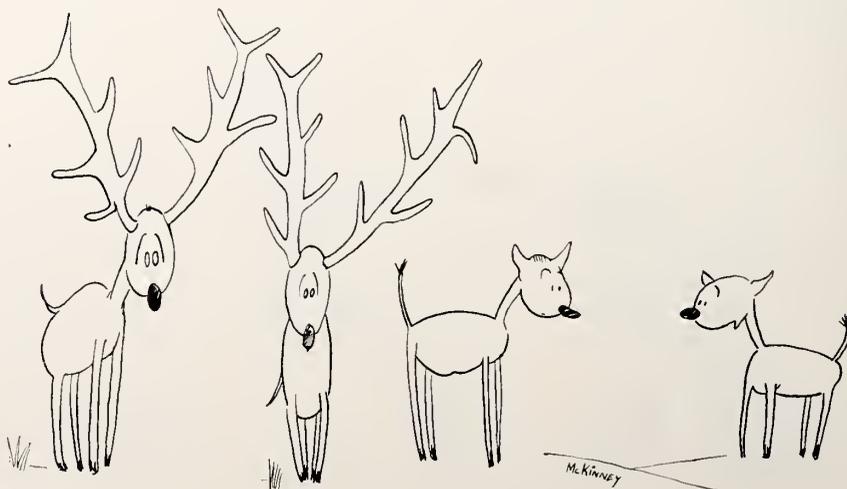
In all the better circles there is a Dolares Smythe, the millionairess . . . lets one know casually that her butler is a Vanderbilt and her chauffeur an Astor. . . keeps the date waiting an hour talking to South Spenser's consoling housemother while she decides which fur coat to let him guard at the ball game that evening . . . asks a guy what year Cadillac his new Ford is. . . when fed, shakes the pocketbook well before closing. . . when imported, feels obligated to stage a fashion show with so many changes in ensemble that a guy has to gallop all over all three floors of Alexander, borrowing coats between size 35 short and 42 long.

Occasionally there is Candy Cook, the domestic type. . . can prepare cheese tidbits, chocolate fudge, and boil water; but anything substantial Mother has to make. . . strangled her last boyfriend in a calamity in Cotton, trying to convince him that she could, too, put a Windsor knot in his old tie. . . studied half a dozen languages although her English usually amounts to "Huh?". . . gives a non-smoker a pipe for Christmas and, once he complains that he does not smoke, buys him a cuspidore the next year. . . knits argyle socks without heels, and what starts out as a pink sweater before the sleeves become too

complicated ends up a scarf with four ends.

Once in a lifetime, though, there is compensation for all false starts--good old Sal Hazzitt, the dream girl of understanding. . . Jets her fellow meet Vivian White, Miss North Carolina of 1947 and a W. C. freshman now . . . gets dates for guys who loan money at the end of the month even if they do wear glasses an inch and half thick. . . listens to how one gained four yards around end in the Wake Forest game and does not bother to ask such minor details as the final score. . . allows a man to look and love and laugh as long as he pleases. . . offers no objections when a lad conserves clean shirts and razor blades on the night she surprises him with an introduction to her parents. . . considers all plans for serious intentions the minute a guy returns the handkerchief she dropped. . . can date on a dime in a jeep and not mention that her roommate is going to the Plantation Club for the evening. . . forgives her escort's overlooking such etiquette as twisting her coat back over her arms in movies and thinks that cigarette ashes do something for the pattern in every rug.

For this creation which God must have kissed with special guidance, any Carolina gentleman would walk the 49 miles to Greensboro backwards. Even until such perfection comes along, quite a few of Chapel Hill's casanovas are content these days to search for their own version of a reasonable facsimile by the trial and error method. As far as W. C. women are concerned, ask the man who owns one.



Lady and Lion

(Continued from page 14)

in the white dress scowled at Johnny and stood silently behind the little girl.

"Make him growl," the little girl repeated in a loud voice. She was pouting as if she were about to cry. It made Johnny feel bad when the children wept over a bruised knee or a broken toy or because Leo refused to entertain them with ferocious growls and terrifying actions befitting the "king of the jungle."

"He's asleep. I don't want to wake him up."

The expression on the little girl's face pronounced Johnny a liar. She clenched her chubby fists and stepped under the railing. The nurse jumped forward and grabbed her arm.

"Get away from that cage, Mary Jane. Do you want to get yourself killed?" The nurse regarded Johnny with unkind brown eyes. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you old fossil, telling her the lion's asleep. He's got his eyes open right now. Tell him to growl."

And then Mary Jane began to bawl. Several other children heard the commotion and ran up the hill to investigate and then, finding nothing and seeing that the lion wasn't performing, left as suddenly as they had come. Johnny was sorry for the little girl. He knew from his own boyhood experience that nothing in the world could be as disappointing for an eight year old as a lazy lion.

"I'm sorry, Mary Jane. I'm awful sorry Leo won't growl."

The nurse could not prevent the little girl from throwing a rock into the cage. The lion sprang to his feet, gave forth one magnificent roar, then settled back into the shade of the corner. The little girl was jumping up and down with delight.

"He growled. He growled." She was in the process of reaching for another rock when the nurse grabbed her arm angrily and led Mary Jane screaming down the path. She called back over her shoulder and Johnny could barely hear her words above the screams of the little girl.

"I'm going to report you. Frightening little children this way."

Johnny watched them for a moment and then turned to Leo. The lion was staring at him with mysterious, green eyes like tiny pieces of jade on a black velvet cloth.

"Go back to sleep now. She's gone. I won't let nobody else bother you." He remembered how pretty the nurse was and wished for a moment she hadn't gone. He wanted to explain but perhaps it was just as well. Perhaps Leo would have been jealous.

It was a little past noon before Johnny saw Oscar shuffling down the path from the direction of the street. Oscar always came about this time. He was wearing the same tattered blue shirt and dungaree pants and the old hat with the hole in the shapeless crown. He needed a shave.

"Afternoon, Oscar." Johnny looked quickly to see if Leo was awake. He always liked Leo to see Oscar and then, after the man would leave, Johnny would whisper to Leo and remind him that that was what became of lazy men.

"Good afternoon, Johnny, and how's my friend, Leo?" Oscar leaned against the wall.

"Hot enough fer you today, Johnny?"

"I reckon it is, Oscar. Can't remember a hotter day for quite some time. I promised Leo it would rain. You think it will?"

Oscar looked at the cloudless sky and frowned.

"Not a chance, today anyway. Maybe tomorrow. Maybe next week. Who can tell?"

Johnny followed Oscar's glance at the sky.

"There's a cloud over there. See?"

Oscar strained his neck.

"Ain't no rain cloud, though. Ain't you hot with that coat and cap on? Why don'tcha take 'em off?"

The reminder of the hot coat made Johnny hotter. The large brass buttons seemed to weigh a hundred pounds. They seemed to grasp the rays of the sun and retain them with a mischievous sparkle.

"I can't. It's against the rules."

"Rules be damned!" Oscar shouted at the top of his voice. "You always live by the rules? You gonna live by the rules the rest of yer life?"

Johnny smiled weakly. He wanted desperately to lie down somewhere in the shade and rest for a very long time.

"Got to around here or I'd lose my job. It's a good job."

Oscar opened his mouth and laughed. He laughed loudly and then, closed his mouth. He reached down for a hairpin, which was lying at his feet and began to pick his teeth.

"Good job, hell! I kin make more in an hour on Main Street than you kin make all week." He spat something out of his mouth and glared at Johnny through swollen eyelids.

"It's a good job, Oscar. I like it here. I wouldn't trade for anything. It don't pay much but—"

"Then you got rocks in yer head fer hangin' around here." Oscar accentuated the period by spitting tobacco juice on the pavement. "I know durn well why you hang around here. It's him, 'aint it?" He pointed to the lion. Johnny was looking at the sky to see if that lone cloud was making any progress.

The tramp made a weird noise in his throat and Johnny thought for a moment that Oscar had swallowed the wad of tobacco.

"You got rocks in yer head, that's what. That big hunk of jungle steak don't know you from Adam. He'd eat you as soon as he would me. Maybe sooner what with all them shiny brass buttons on yer coat. They oughta' kill the big dope. He's gettin' too old anyway. They oughta' shoot him, that's what."

"Shut your mouth, Oscar." The cloud had passed over the sun and for a moment, there was a pause in the hot



I just happened to think. I forgot to write my mother-in-law.

A SCREAM

was heard. Rushing over I asked
“What’s the matter?”

Pointing her finger at the boy,
she hysterically answered—

“He wanted to take me to some
other restaurant than—

HARRY'S



Have you tried our rich, delicious Dairyland
ice cream? Made from local cream and milk
and flavored with pure flavors or real fruits
and nuts. You will like it. Call for it at
our dealers or dairy store.

FARMER'S Dairy Cooperative, Inc.

Daily deliveries available to fraternities
sororities.

afternoon. “I’m sorry, Oscar, honest I am. I didn’t mean
that. You know I didn’t mean what I said.”

The tramp looked at Johnny and Johnny guessed that he
was laughing at him down inside.

“Sure, Johnny, sure. It’s only fer yer own good I’m
sayin’ what I am. You ain’t like ya’ used to be, Johnny,
before they brought the lion here. You changed. You jest
ain’t the same guy.”

The man in the uniform laughed softly. He prayed it
wouldn’t be long before it would rain and cool things off.

“You don’t understand, Oscar. Nobody ever understands.”

Oscar scowled. He looked around the park for a prospect.

“There ain’t nothin’ to understand.”

Johnny grabbed the sleeve of Oscar’s shirt.

“But there is, Oscar.”

With a swift motion, Oscar jerked his arm away.

“Leave my shirt alone. Ya’ wanna tear it?” He inspected
the sleeve. “There jest ain’t nothin’ to understand.”

“You won’t try,” Johnny said.

Oscar could not be convinced.

“What does Mabel say about the lion?”

Johnny didn’t like to talk about his wife. He knew Leo
was jealous. He couldn’t talk about his wife.

“Mabel don’t care.”

Oscar saw a man approaching. He was well-dressed and
carried a handsome cane. Oscar whistled softly.

“Easy pickings. See ya’ around, Johnny. Time to go to
work.”

Johnny watched Oscar accost the stranger. He couldn’t
hear what they were saying but after a moment, he saw
them part. Oscar waved and laughed and disappeared
around the curve in the path. Johnny heard the soft fa-
miliar tread he had come to love, the soft plodding which
sent a thrill through the old man. He turned and saw that
Leo was awake and pacing the length of the cage.

“Did you hear what Oscar said, Leo? Did you hear what
he said about us?” He hoped with all his heart that Leo
hadn’t overheard. “Well, never mind. He don’t count
with us.”

The lion paused and tossed his head. Johnny wanted
suddenly to caress the animal. He wanted to bury his head
in the soft velvety mane and touch the strong forehead,
the tender nostrils. But Leo whirled and sprang into the
corner and began gnawing an old bone, which had attracted
every green fly in the zoo. Johnny smiled and began to
sweep the pavement again. He had difficulty in getting rid
of the tobacco stains.

Johnny’s flat was like a furnace. Mabel was sitting in
the open window when Johnny entered the room. The
streetlamp silhouetted her figure through the thin night-
gown. She was an ugly woman but Johnny had forgotten
that years ago. He had forgotten it the night his son died
at birth. Mabel had said that she hadn’t wanted a kid
anyway.

“Where you been all night?” She was smoking and look-
ing out the window. “That is,” she added, “if ya’ don’t
mind tellin’ me.” She flipped her cigarette into the night.
Johnny watched the shower of sparks in the darkness.

“Nowhere, honey. There was a big crowd this afternoon.
We had a lot of cleanin’ up to do and we were late closin’.”

The big woman slid from the window sill and plodded
over to the sink. She threw the grounds out of a coffee cup
and filled it with water. She gargled and then spat the
water back into the sink over the plates and chipped glasses.

“We was late closin’. We was late closin’. Go to hell!”
And with that, she went into the bedroom. Johnny followed
her as a matter of habit and sat on the edge of the bed
while she combed her hair.

"Honest, honey. We had a big crowd. I'm sorry I'm late."
The woman didn't speak.
"Did you fix me anything to eat?"
She looked at his reflection in the mirror. Her eyes were hard and unkind.

"Are you kiddin'? With what? The money you make 'aint enough to slop a hog if we had a hog."

"I gave you ten dollars day before yesterday."

Mabel resumed the nightly ritual of running the comb through her stringy peroxidized hair.

"I bought a new dress." She paused, the comb in midair and regarded her husband in the mirror, which was chipped at the corner and cracked all the way down. "Well, what's wrong with me buyin' a new dress? I'm fed up goin' around in rags."

Johnny turned back the soiled sheet on the bed for his wife. He suddenly felt sick and wanted to vomit.

"There's nothing wrong with your buyin' a new dress. I'm glad you did."

The woman threw the comb on the small dressing table and lit another cigarette. She climbed into the bed.

"The hell you say! I know what you're thinkin'. 'She don't need a new dress. She's throwin' money away.' Go to hell! I don't want none of your filthy money. I kin get along. Don't worry about that. I ain't that old yet." She drew her hand across her large breasts. Johnny averted his eyes. He tried to take her chapped hand in his. She jerked it away in one swift, contemptuous motion.

"Get your slimy hands off me. Horse manure! That's what you smell like. Horse manure! Lion manure! Leave me alone."

Johnny didn't know what to say.

"Get outta here. You stink. Go get washed. If it don't come off, then get outta' this house." She finished her cigarette in silence and turned out the light when Johnny opened his mouth to speak.

"Get outta' here."

Johnny rose and went into the other room. He stood by the window for a moment and looked out into the night. It seemed friendly and understanding. Then he felt the keys in his pocket. He thought about Leo and he was possessed with a sudden overwhelming passion to see him. He turned and walked out the door. Mabel's voice followed him down the narrow stairs.

"Go to hell! Go to hell! Go to hell!"

When he was in the street, she was forgotten. His flat was forgotten, the heat rising from the pavement, everything. He turned in the direction of the zoo and began to walk, slowly at first and then faster.

Leo was standing in the front of the cage, waiting. He was glad to see his friend. He purred softly and tossed his mane through the air. Johnny stood before the cage, smiling, his hands in his pocket. Leo's eyes were warm. There was really nothing to be said.

"It isn't hot now. It's cooler. Maybe it will rain tomorrow. I hope it rains tomorrow, don't you?" Then Johnny felt something in his pocket, something cold and hard, yet somehow warm and friendly. Leo heard the jingle of the keys and looked up.

Author Stevens' versatility has not only excelled in the magazine field, but in playwriting. His play "The People the Coeds Like," scored a success last June.



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For Men Only

For the forthcoming midwinter dances here are a few tips about the wearing of formal evening clothes—not original ideas but the latest styles prescribed by leading fashion experts. ILLUSTRATION AND STORY BY DICK NUNIS.



The white piqué waistcoat (vest) should be short in length with the cutaway points reaching about half an inch above those of the tailcoat. No part of the waistcoat should be visible from the side.

The shirt should be a spotless white piqué with a stiff bosom front, detachable collar, and single cuffs. To complement the shirt there should be a white bold-wing collar, the back of which should be visible at least half an inch above the coat collar.

A bow tie of white piqué material of the butterfly or bat-wing models should match the waistcoat material.

A set of white moonstone, diamond, or gold studs with matching links plus three waistcoat studs or covered buttons of the same piqué material are proper and give a striking accent to one's otherwise plain attire.

The black hosiery and patent leather plain-toe shoes or patent leather pumps with silk bows are styles handed down from our ancestors of colonial days are not to be shunned as being feminine in nature.

A white carnation and white handkerchief casually placed in the breast pocket complete one's formal evening wear.

The Tuxedo, proper SEMIFORMAL attire, is designed for parties, dances, and other occasions of a semiformal nature. For the really formal occasions tails are the only proper attire. At informal gatherings street clothes are correct.

For obvious reasons, the tux is more comfortable than the full dress tails; therefore, we should not, unknowingly, be tortured when we could feel at home in a tuxedo.

The favorite tuxedo among college men the country over is the double-breasted peak grosgrain-faced lapel, midnight blue or black model (note figure). Although the shawl lapel (a full length rounded collar, without peaks) in the single-breasted and doubled model is coming back, the double breasted peak lapel model still holds national prominence. The shawl lapel model being less flashy than a peak

lapel model is just the thing for the sedate person.

A white waistcoat may be worn with the single-breasted shawl lapel model, but no waistcoat is ever worn with



THOSE attending strictly **FORMAL** affairs such as formal parties, dances, and weddings should wear full dress tails—the only attire for formal gatherings—their garment should be light in weight and either black or midnight blue in color. The coat should fit comfortably, like a suit coat, and should not be form fitting. A form fitting garment puts a continuous strain on the material, thus shortening its life and ruining its lines. The length of the tails for the average form should be about two inches below the bend of the knees. The trousers should be hemmed and not cuffed. The length of the trousers should be long enough to allow a slight break over the top of the shoes.

the double-breasted tuxedo, unless it is personally desired.

The coat should, like the waistcoat, fit comfortably and be of good length so as to cover the seat completely. The coat sleeves should be short enough to show about one-half inch of the shirt sleeves. For this reason one should always buy French cuff shirts a size longer in the sleeve length.

Stylists say that one should wear stiff collars with a tuxedo, but the style trend is quickly changing to the soft, pleated-front shirts, with soft attached collars. When Carolina was ten or fifteen years younger it was correct to wear a wing collar with a tux, but today that has given way to the conventional collar except for afternoon formal wear. The cuffs may be French or single. Again the collar should show one-half inch above the coat collar.

The black bow tie may be either the butterfly or bat-wing model. The maroon bow tie is not for black and white formal or semiformal wear; it is worn with summer dinner jackets of some pastel shade.

The studs with matching links should be either moonstones, dark blue glass, or smoked pearls.

A dark blue or black topcoat, grey gloves, white muffler, dark blue Homburg hat for tuxedo, or top hat for full dress tails, completes the formal and semiformal wear for the tails and tuxedo.

Swiss Report

(Continued from page 6)

with its five year plans of internal development, the Swiss could afford to ignore them, and did. In fact, Switzerland recognized the USSR, and then not completely, within the past two years. And even though the Swiss government has accorded Russia only partial diplomatic recognition, her news-

papers and periodicals now recognize her 100% as a potential threat to European culture and the Swiss way of life. THEATER — American culture is sweeping Europe. Even the vilest American moving picture draws huge crowds, made up largely of adolescents and adolescent minds. To young people and the not too bright the Hollywood picture of American life is the real thing. They want to be gay like Americans, which is a little difficult to do after working an 11 hour day, not at all uncommon in Swiss hotels, pensions and restaurants. (Many Italians have been granted working visas for such jobs.) They want the freedom of young people in America; in other words they want to marry their choice and not papa's. And, as might be suspected, a good many want to go to America.

Certain aspects of the American motion picture enjoy an extremely wide influence. The skirt in Bern persists in being short, even though everybody knows that Paris has ordained a new coy length. New York, some few thousand miles from Paris, has conformed, but Bern, some few hundred miles from Paris, has not and will not until Hollywood films featuring longer skirts arrive here. American type bars, both intimate and garrish, have also become a commonality. Here the short skirt sophisticate may while away her time.

However, it should be pointed out that much of the fear of American culture comes from ignorance and misconceptions. Whereas the educated American has always looked up to European culture, conscientiously studied it and appreciated it, the cultured European has invariably belittled American cultural accomplishments before even investigating them. He has his idea of the typical American. It will take more than gentle prodding to change his mind.

SUMMARY—Most GI's found Europe barbaric, but, of course, their observations started with plumbing and



ended with plumbing. Americans who never got to Europe think of it as the Old World, the continent of peasants, poverty and oppression, from which some not very distant ancestor fled. How can people who live in such a thoroughly unpleasant place resent good grade-A American culture? Granted, Europe lacks some of the delightful little conveniences we have in the USA, but they're the sort of things one can very nicely do without if one has never lived in a highly materialistic, man-made world. To compensate for these terrible shortcomings, the European gets good radio programs, some adult motion pictures and excellent concerts, opera and theater at reasonable prices. On the basis of this quick comparison many Americans would be willing to trade places with him.

We would accomplish little on the way to reconciling the two cultures. The two cultures are essentially as different as their developments have been. Assimilation, if any, will come not voluntarily, but through the necessity, when and if America becomes the single dominant world power.

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(Continued from page 7)

"Well, Calvin, this is where I turn off. I got to hurry home and take Pa his dinner. He's working on the morning shift now. See ya tomorrow."

Calvin turned into his yard and started to go in the front door when he heard his mother and father arguing. He turned when he heard his mother's voice say, "Rufe Hawkins, it don't seem right for Calvin to have to quit school. You know how I always wanted the young'uns to git through with their schooling. At least as much as that snotty Strickland brat. That Mabel Strickland thinks they's better'n the rest of us just because her son finished high school. Who cares if he got a job working in a office, and has to wear a tie everyday? My brother Jake wears a suit every day but you don't see me with my tail feathers all up in the air, do you?"

"Who cares about yer stinking brother? Undertaker—I'll bet if one of us died right today he wouldn't even bury us free. In fact, I wouldn't want the stingy bastard to touch me. He's probably fill ya body with kerosene or something cheap so he could make more money," said Rufe.

"Well, I'd rather be stingy like him than be like you. At least he don't have to worry where next week's rent is coming from, or whether there'll be something on the table to eat like we have to do in this house. He don't live from day to day like you. But you, you never think of nothing but drinking and shooting pool."

"Listen you, woman," shouted Rufe. "Haven't I always give you a roof over your head? Don't I slave to fill that gut of your'n and put clothes on your back? Don't I take you to the Fair once't a year? Don't I? Answer me woman. Don't I?"

"Don't holler at me you worthless dawg," answered Goldie. "You ain't never brought me nothing, but what I've had to beg you for. Do you call this rat-hole a house? Do you call these rags on my back, clothes? And the only reason you take me to the Fair is so you can see those dirty shows. Don't say it ain't either, cuz I've seen you watching them floozies, 'til you was drooling at the mouth. But I'll promise you one thing Rufe Hawkins, and that is you ain't making Calvin quit school again. You kept at Bessie and Jake 'til they both quit, but Calvin is different. Teacher says he's a bright boy and that he'll go places, besides you promised he could stay in school this time."

Rufe said, "Calvin can go back to school after—"

"After what," asked Goldie. "After he's made enuff money for you to stay drunk on a month? You made Bessie quit in the fifth grade and the Lord only knows where she is now or what she's doing. It was you who drove her to run away from home. It didn't matter about Jake cuz he was glad fer the chance to stop school. But Calvin is different and I've made up my mind that he ain't quittin' unless that's what he wants."

"All right, if that's what you want," Rufe said, "if you want me to go to my grave ahead of my time, then that's what you want, but I was talking to Dr. Kilmer and he told me about some new treatment what'll cure me. Don't cost much, but it's like you say, Calvin can't quit . . . Besides I don't guess it would do much good now anyway . . ."

Calvin turned and went down the steps toward the backyard. He was met by a yellow hound that jumped up and put his paws out as if to say 'hello.' "Down Jip, gitch'r dirty feet off me."

Calvin walked slowly toward a large growth of honeysuckle that twined itself over a small Chinaberry tree and

back down again to a board fence forming a cove of entangled vines. He headed for the thickest part and disappeared from sight with Jip following at his heels.

So his old man was at it again. Well, he'd fix him one of these days when he grew up. He knew how the argument was going in the house. He knew well. Who wouldn't after listening to the same thing for as long as he had?

It always started when the ole man wanted enough money to stay drunk for a couple of weeks. Jake was wise to him now, he had quit giving him money long ago. That left only him. Of course, Mother always put up her usual argument. She'd complain about how he made Jake and Bessie quit school and low' as how she was going to see to it that Calvin went to school as long as he wanted to go. But then the ole man would make up some lie about a new treatment that he was sure would cure him. Cure him of what? Probably wasn't anything wrong with him in the first place, but to hear him tell it you would think he was on his death bed. That is until he got a little money, and then he seemed to receive strength from above. (Goldie, the Lord has seen fit to let me stay with ya a little longer. Praise the Lord.) That was the way it ended.

All he had to do was tell mother that he thought his time was coming and she would do anything he said. She seemed to be afraid to be left here behind.

That meant the cotton mill for Calvin. Always the mill.

"Jip, I'm getting tired with being pushed around like I was a dog. I been thinking about me and you running away from here together. Away from Pa and Ma and even school. And so far away that we'll never see another cotton mill as long as we live. We'll just have a good time together. Just you and me.

"Jip, I wonder how come the Bible says you got to love your folks. What have they ever done to make me love 'em? Don't seem right you should have to love somebody if they don't love you. And you can see they don't really want me. Not really. They just want me to work in that stinking place, so they can have some money. Suppose a fellow can't make himself love his folks deep down in his heart like you're supposed to? Do you reckon the Lord will understand, Jip?"

"Calvin Hawkins is thet you out there in them vines," Rufe hollered, leaning out the back window. "You'd better answer me if you're there."

"Be stiiil Jip. Let 'im yell his brains out. I know what he wants. He's going to tell me thet times are hard. And I got to quit school and help out 'til things let up a little. He'll say it won't be but for just a spell, then I can start back to school if I want."

"But I ain't going back to school ever. I wish I'd never been inside one. Don't help you none noways. Don't feed you, or make you happy, does it?"

"You heard Mandy Lou yourself when she used to come to git the washing. You remember how she said folks is crazy fer going to school. She said school is all right fer rich folks, but po' folks ain't got no business learning to read and write. They only find out how bad off they is. She said they ought to be out working stead of fooling away their time with no 'count figures. She wuz right, too."

"Come 'ere Jip and let me see your foot. H'mm, you musta stepped on some glass. Does it hurt much?"

"Now if I wuz rich I'd send you to a doctor that don't treat nobody but dogs. Yeah, we could have a lot of fun together if I had lots of money. I'd build a big swimming pool, biggern the one down on the creek. And I wouldn't let nobody go in but you and me. Maybe, I'd let Tommy Phillips and Spot go in, but come to think of it, you and Spot don't get along so good, so . . ."

"Calvin, I hear you in that honeysuckle. Come in here fore I come out and gitcha. I want ya to run down to the store for me."

"You know what that means, don't you Jip? I can tell ya now what he wants. He wants me to go down to the store fer some beer. He'll say, 'Calvin ya kin git yerself a quarter's worth of candy, too.' He thinks thet'll make it all right when he tells me I'll have to quit school. It'll just be for a little while. 'Til things get a little better. That's the way it was last time, and the time before that, and the time before. The way it'll always be 'til . . ."

"Calvin, I ain't going to call ya agin. If I hafta come out there, I'll skin you alive."

"Guess I better go before he busts a gut. You remember what I told ya 'bout going near that mill, Jip. Don't ya go near thet place cuz its just like—like a big Giant. And it'll grab ya and won't let go."

"Quit licking my hand, Jip. You know I'm not crying. It's just that, heck, something got in my eye and I gotta rub it. Move—can't you see, ya crazy dog, I'm not crying."

"Come on Jip, you can have the biggest piece of all the candy."



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Mrs. Jennie S. Thurston

University Press

(Continued from page 9)

200 books dealing exclusively with the South have been published, in novels, stories, verse, drama, history, biography, social studies, and sciences; and even books on the Union have come from the Press, in addition to works on the Confederacy.

As so frequently happens to Carolina professors and administrators who make names for themselves, Mr. Couch left the campus in 1945 for the University of Chicago Press, where as director he now has the top college publishing job in America.

To take his place, Thomas J. Wilson was brought in, and for a year which showed great results and greater promise, Mr. Wilson directed the Press. The proportion of trade books went up during his stay, in order to improve the Press's financial position. However, the same call came to him from Harvard; the Press has been without a director for the past year. Miss Porter Cowles has been Acting Director since Wilson left, and it speaks well for her and the Press, as well as the former directors, that the Press has gotten along without a full-fledged director all this time.

Many a UNC professor has had his books published outside Chapel Hill. One reason for this is that the Press, operating on a small amount of capital, requires a subsidy on most scholarly books. This subsidy to cover part of the manufacturing cost of the book may range from \$400 to over \$1000 with the understanding that the author is paid back gradually as his book sells. If the dissertation or whatnot ever pays for itself, the author begins to receive regular royalties. Besides the subsidy required here while perhaps a larger house is able to finance scholarly works without financial aid from the author, other lures for publication away from the campus include connections with a rival firm, the intrigue of the sound of a big name, or the consideration of the University press that his book is not worthy of publication.

Sales Manager George Scheer said that authors are often attracted to big name houses such as Macmillan and Harpers by visions of tremendous promotion, huge advertisements, and similar dreams of fame. These authors fail

(Continued on page 32)

RENDEZVOUS



RENDEZVOUS FOR TWO

Nightmare

(Continued from page 13)

Americans seek," said Jeff. A smile was on his face as he looked at Ray. "I want that pipe, and I'm going to get it," he continued. "And I know how I'll get on the hill."

They were now in front of the *Gal-leria* and it was the sight of it that gave Jeff his idea to get on Vomero Hill. He grabbed Ray's arm and wheeled him through the great archway that led into the cavernous gallery. The gallery was now roofless, its glass top a victim of bombs intended for the docks nearby. But it still contained its galaxy of small shops and its numerous shouting, hawking Italian vendors.

Jeff led Ray through the gallery to a flight of steps that led into the ground. Above the steps was a sign with "Arizona Club" on it and an arrow pointing down. They descended into a darkened pit that led to two closed wooden doors. Jeff knocked and the doors opened. In the doorway stood a small Italian man with a short mustache and a bald head. A sign above the door read: "Officers Club. Remember all officers are gentlemen."

"Two hundred lire," the doorman said.

Jeff paid him and the two lieutenants stepped inside.

"This isn't really an officers club, Ray. It's run privately by a Dago that used to live in 'Frisco," explained Jeff.

The room was filled with smoke and crowded with men in uniform. At one table a woman sat with her breasts bared showing three officers where someone had bit her. Across the room four English officers formed a wedge and went flying through men, women and tables, to crash against the bar. The first one in the wedge was knocked out by the impact. On the dance floor couples were swaying to music hardly audible.

"There's Jeff," yelled a lieutenant sitting at a table with another officer and two Italian girls in evening dresses.

Jeff and Ray worked their way through the maze of tables to where the two couples sat.

"Girls, meet Jeff, the biggest lady-killer in the whole damn Air Forces," the lieutenant said.

One of the girls reached up and grabbed Jeff by the neck and pulled his head down into her bulging breasts.

"Jeff, you sleep with me for forty dollars," she murmured.

Jeff pushed her back into the chair and turned to the lieutenant. "I came

to see Dolores. Where is she tonight," he asked.

The lights in the club went out. A spotlight was thrown upon the small dance floor. Drums rolled as a dark-haired dancer whirled, shaking castanets.

"There she is," the lieutenant answered, pointing to the dancer.

Dolores whirled and writhed in a frenzied Gypsy dance. Her body, clothed in a short skirt and flimsy blouse, shook and squirmed in ecstatic sexiness. The tempo heightened as the sound of soldiery yells increased. A reformed flying wedge of English officers went crashing across the floor in front of Dolores. At the sight of them Dolores stopped dancing and ran from the dance floor. Jeff rose and grabbed her by the arm as she ran by the table.

"Dolores, take me up on Vomero Hill tonight," he whispered.

"Tenente, I do not go to Vomero now. Soldiers cannot go there so I get apartment now on *Via Roma*. I take you to my apartment all night for forty dollars," she said.

"No, No. I don't want to sleep with you tonight. I want you to take me to the black marketeers up on *Vomero*. You lived there and you know them," Jeff said.

"Non, Tenente. The Military police are very strict. If we are caught I will lose my job here," she said.

"You won't be taking any chance, Dolores. You are Italian. You can get a car. We can go up there as Italians.

I'll give you fifty dollars. That's more than you make off soldiers," Jeff said.

"I take you, Tenente, but it will be dangerous," she said.

"Good! We will go at midnight. I will meet you here in front of the *Gal-leria*. You have the car ready," Jeff said.

Dolores nodded and disappeared into the smoke-filled crowd. Jeff motioned to Ray and they went up the steps to the gallery. Jeff explained his plan to Ray.

"Now that you're going up there where are you getting the cigarettes to trade," Ray asked.

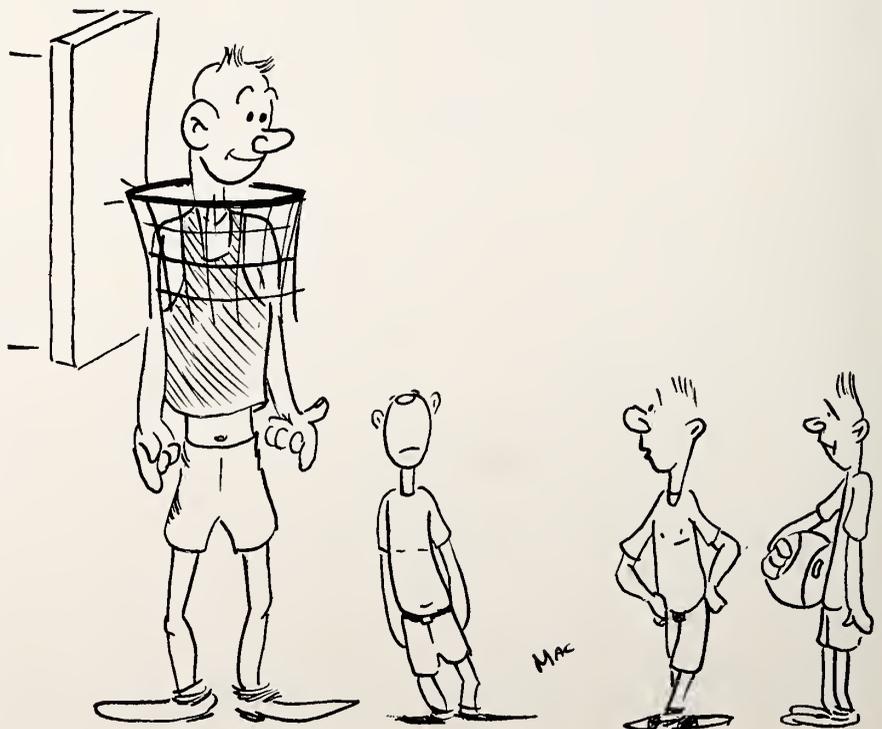
"That is the easy part. Cigarettes are two dollars a pack and soap three dollars a cake. I can round that up easily," Jeff laughed as he contemplated the night ahead of him on *Vomero*. "Besides, the PX officer is my tent-mate," he added.

(2)

It began to rain and the few lights in Naples did little to hold back the blackness of the night. Jeff and Ray walked along the wet sidewalk. They turned off *Via Roma* and walked past the San Carlo Opera House. The opera was just over and people were pouring into the street. As they passed, Ray read aloud the posters, "Maria Caniglia in *La Traviata*."

"I saw her in Rome and she was great. Better than our American singers," Ray said.

Jeff shifted the bundle under his left arm and stepped into the street. Ray followed. They crossed over to



the *Galleria* and waited by the entrance facing the San Carlo.

"It's time she were here," Jeff said.

Just then an Italian made Ford drove up in front of Jeff and stopped.

"Get in Tenente," Dolores said.

Jeff got into the car and yelled to Ray, "I'll see you in the morning."

"In jail," returned Ray.

The car drove off. Ray remained standing in the rain for a few minutes. Two Military Policemen walked by.

"We are raiding Vomero, tonight," one of them said.

"Yep, and it's a damned bad night for it, too. Hope we clean out them bastards once and for all," the other one returned.

Ray turned and walked into the Arizona club. He went to a table and sat down. Soon a blonde girl joined him.

"Buy me champagne, Tenente" she asked.

"Sure," he said.

(3)

"We go up *Via Roma* to the Museum of Naples and go up on Vomero from there. It is far up and not so many Military Policemen are there," Dolores told the driver.

"I do not know if the car will climb Vomero. I am burning kerosene and it does not work well," the driver said.

The driver turned the car into *Via Roma* and headed north toward the museum. As the hill steepened the little Ford slowed. Once it choked and began to roll backwards. But a jeep behind gave the Ford a push and once more it began the climb. All along the way Jeff noticed MP's at almost every street leading from *Via Roma* to Vomero.

At the museum the Ford turned left and began to circle Vomero. No MP's were visible and the little Ford wheeled into a narrow street leading directly into the heart of Vomero.

"Go to 1012 Via Maggiore," Dolores said.

The Ford drove up before an apartment building made of stone. It was six stories high. Dolores got out of the Ford and ran to the large wooden doors leading into the courtyard. She opened the door and Jeff dashed inside.

"Take the car away," she said.

The little Ford rolled down the street and disappeared around a corner. Closing the gate to the courtyard, Dolores led Jeff up to the sixth floor of the building. They entered a bedroom containing only a single chair besides the bed. Dolores closed the shutters at the windows and lit a candle.

"You wait here. Signor Casarni will come," Dolores said, leaving the room.

Jeff sat down and began counting the material he was going to sell. It



"This is Mrs. Smith—her hobbies are interior decorating and Dentyne Chewing Gum!"



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was not difficult to get the stuff. He had there fifteen cartons of cigarettes and those at two dollars a pack would come to three hundred dollars, enough for the pipe and for Dolores. And the aura of secretiveness made him tingle with excitement.

"Damn, why haven't I done this before," he murmured to himself.

Dolores returned followed by three men, two women and a small boy.

"I am Signor Casarni. How many cigarettes you got," one of the men asked.

"I have fifteen. . . ."

Before Jeff could finish an explosion rocked the building. Dolores blew out the candle and opened the shutters. A fire burned in the block below. The streets were filled with shouting Italians.

"The police," screamed Signor Casarni.

From the streets below the hollering of "Police" and slamming of doors echoed through the narrow alleys. Rain poured down in the blackness of the night. The small fire from the explosion was quickly put out.

In the room Jeff could see nothing. Suddenly something smashed against his head and he fell to the floor. Then he was being picked up and thrown through the window. He landed on the balcony outside. Below him dogs, police and children bellowed a cacophony of noises. The police began battering in the wooden door leading to the courtyard. From inside the building he heard Dolores give instructions to throw furniture down the stairs to block them. In the bedlam of excitement the cigarettes were forgotten.

"Here is a rope. Leave, hang yourself or do anything, but leave, Terente," Dolores said.

Now the police were inside the court and the noises had died down. Jeff tied the rope to the balcony and began a descent into the narrow alley below. The rope reached for four floors but from there he had to jump. The impact nearly knocked him unconscious. His right arm felt like it had been broken. When he rose he found that it had been broken.

(4)

In the blackness and the rain he began to run. The downhill grade was steep and he ran faster and faster. Two dogs began chasing him and as he looked back he ran into a cart on the street. He was knocked to the street and lay there in the rain almost willing to give up. The whole ridiculous idea of the black market dealing came before him and he felt completely ashamed. Then fear added to the humiliation, for the full impact of a court martial and

the resulting destruction of his military career scared him.

"Yet, in a way it's comical. The way it all began with just the desire to own one more pipe," he said to himself.

Behind him he could hear the noise of the police trying to break into the apartment house. The two dogs were now milling around him, throwing up a howl. Several windows opened above and whispers of "Get away" filtered down to him. Jeff rose and began once more to run. His breath came heavily and it seemed he could no longer continue when he suddenly broke out into the wide *Via Roma*. He grinned as he recognized where he was. The street was now completely deserted except for a jeep parked two blocks up.

"The gallery," Jeff said. He felt completely safe as he ran through the arch. He raced down the stairs to the Arizona club. Despite the hour the din had not ceased any. The four English officers were still trying to perfect their flying wedge. The girls were still asking forty dollars. Jeff saw Ray enveloped in the embrace of a middle-aged blond, and made his way to him.

"Let's get out of here and back to the base. This place will probably really get a going over soon. They're looking for me," Jeff said.

"You're damn lucky they didn't get you," Ray said. "It was a foolish escapade with the chances you were taking."

"I know, I know. Let's get out though," Jeff said.

"Sure thing. I've got a jeep outside. It belongs to the adjutant. He's sleeping with Maria and let me have it if I pick him up in the morning," Ray said.

"God, my arm hurts," Jeff said. "I won't be pulling any bloody missions for a long time."

"What you going to tell 'em," Ray asked.

"I'll not go to the doc till tomorrow afternoon. I'll say I was visiting Amalfi and fell off one of the damn cliffs while exploring there. It'll sound logical," Jeff said.

"Let's blow," Ray said.

The two men jumped into the jeep parked in front of the San Carlo and headed for the waterfront. At the docks they crossed *Via Roma* and took the shore road leading past the aquarium and Roman tunnel to the Elysian fields and the Seventh Replacement Depot.

"We made it," Ray said as they returned the guards' salute.

(5)

The sun bathed Naples in a warm glow that had not been felt for many weeks. Once more the weather was as

warm as summer. The city seemed fresh and clean in the sunlight. Visitors easily understood why Naples was called the most beautiful city in the world. "See Naples and Die", it was.

Ray and Jeff strolled along *Via Roma*. Jeff's arm was now nearly well. As they walked Ray extolled the beauties of the city.

"It really is a beautiful place," Ray said.

"Yeah, from a distance it is. But it is so damn rotten inside," Jeff said.

They walked along in silence till they came to the pipe shop. Jeff walked over to the window and looked inside. There was the pipe he had wanted so much and for which he had risked so much.

"Let's go in," he said.

Ray followed as Jeff again went through the ritual of fondling the pipe.

"How much today?" Jeff asked.

"Only twenty thousand lire," the clerk answered.

"Ah, it is fifty dollars cheaper. I will wait longer, maybe until it gets to fifty dollars," Jeff said. "It is much better to do things slowly. They last longer," he continued, eyeing his broken arm.

Okay Chaos

(Continued from page 11)

Got the pig too he nodded with pride.

The sty turned off the road and the atmosphere benefited.

I was sitting in front of a filling station drinking a Budweiser when the chick got out of the Pontiac. The jerk was with her but I didn't see him right away.

Is the beer nice and cold? she wondered friendly-like.

A damn sight colder than you've ever been, honey.

Hey, you can't talk to her like that said the jerk.

What's your little brother's name, honey? I felt in a pocket. Thought I had a dime here somewhere.

Never mind said the chick, he had a dime once. She got a beer and sat down beside me. Now he's got a Pontiac.

Keep your hands off my girl said the jerk.

Easy sonny. I'm suspicious of all women and want to make sure she hasn't got a gun on her.

He made a dive for me with flying fists. A moment later he picked himself up from the concrete, brushed the

footprints from his stomach, and wandered into the men's room.

Are you going to the woods? asked the chick.

No, I've been there already. I'm going to town for a few days.

Not me. I'm afraid to stay there. The woods are safest. Why don't you come along?

I wasn't at all revolted by this suggestion. I might at that. Let's get started.

We went into the trees behind the filling station. The chick sank to the ground with a sigh. I feel so at home here.

I'll bet you do I said.

Any poker player will tell you that a full house beats a flush, but not a straight flush.

After a while I spoke. Now that I've been to the woods with you, how about coming to town with me?

She was surprisingly willing. Anywhere you say.

Filled with infinite peace we started down the road, but the traffic was against us.

Everybody's leaving said the chick. We can do without them, honey.

Hand in hand we fought our way through the stampede. Bravely we crossed the city limits. But when the rats streamed from their holes and deserted the town the chick turned and fled.

Permit me to introduce myself said the dignitary. I am Mr. Bates, the mayor of this city. May I be the first to welcome you.

Thank you sir. How is your wife Mistress Bates and your son? And where is everybody?

The dignitary shook his head sadly. All gone. Only I, the captain of this sinking ship of state, remain. You are my only crew.

This was old stuff to me. I mutinied with an experienced hand and set up a dictatorial government. The dignitary was profuse with thanks as he headed for the woods.

For days I watched my town alone. Its breath was regular, its temperature normal, its pulse steady. But this didn't fool me a damn bit. I know a zombie when I see one.

What the hell are you doing here, bum? said the squirrel. I thought you would be back in the woods by now.

Don't chatter at me, you poor man's Bugs Bunny. Your cousins the rats beat it long ago. You better join them before I get back from the hardware store.

The squirrel's jaw sagged in dismay. How did you know I am a rodent?

I worked a crossword puzzle once.

Get back to your nut farm, rat.

Listen, bum, if you want to bring our relatives in on this it suits me. A bunch of you glorified apes moved in on me so I'm moving in on you. Town is a damn sight safer than the woods anyhow. Things were getting pretty rough when I left. I came so close to getting hit that my kids will probably be freaks.

Magnanimously I ignored the opening. What are the people doing?

Getting killed, having hysterics, polluting the springs, and generally showing their bad manners. A few with almost as much sense as I have are returning to town.

Beat it, you smug little bastard.

Who wuz thet talkin to you jest now? asked the farmer.

A squirrel I met in the woods.

He looked at me doubtfully and shook his head. It's a wonder I aint crazy after all I've had to put up with here lately.

What are you doing here?

I figured it would be safer. The Bombers know that everybody left town so they started hitting the woods now.

A pig squealed in the distance and he hurried away.

The town's pulse fluctuated, its temperature soared, and its breath stank. But its eyes glittered with incoherent life.

There was one woman in the joint who didn't attract me a damn bit. Okay, but not my style. The place flowed with cold beer and hot blood and I was in the swim of things. The chick came in about midnight and we drank and danced in a manner disgusting to behold.

How do you dance so beautifully? sighed the chick.

By concentrating on the essentials.

The joint suddenly became quiet. Turning to see what everyone was staring at, I saw the jerk standing in the doorway with a gun leveled at my guts.

You don't get away with it this time he gritted. Nobody can play around with my wife.

I turned to the chick in surprise. Did you marry this jerk?

She lowered her eyes and smiled shyly. I had to marry someone, you know. My God I said.

The jerk started squeezing the trigger. Say your prayers quick you bastard.

I forced myself to relax, but that didn't help. Looks like you win, jerk.

The one woman in the joint who didn't attract me a damn bit threw a

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About the Forgotten Man
- **Carolina Parade**
By Popular Demand
- **The Band Marches On**
Where, When, How?
- **Sam, the Dramaman**
Performs as Magman of the Month
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Fiction

By Julia Ross, Clarke Stallworth, Donald McDonald, Dorothy Dashiell Smith

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beermug at the jerk's gun and sent it sliding into a corner.

I shoved him outside and remodeled the contours of his skull to fit tastefully around a curbstone. Before going back to the chick I took a glance around and felt an impelling need for haste. We couldn't last much longer.

The rats are back I told her.

She smiled with drunken stupidity and I knew it was time for the next item on the program.

It's all right to be overpaid, but I hate to be overworked, especially when someone else is loafing.

When we got back I had sobered up enough to notice the change in the atmosphere. The flow had turned into a frenzied gush. It was the dash down the home stretch—that last cigarette. Only one woman in the joint who didn't attract me a damn bit appeared calm.

Good evening everybody said the dignitary. I have just returned and am overwhelmed by the sight of our fair city blossoming forth with life once more. He turned to me. I would like to express my deepest gratitude for our friend here who faced destruction alone to stand by our homes in their hour of gravest danger.

Everyone was horrified by his presence. Even the least sensitive had finally realized that he was a symbol of doom, now as always.

A distant bell cut the silence with two short rings.

What was that? croaked the chick. The postman.

She giggled delightedly and forgot to quit. The last I saw of her she was dashing down the street screaming to beat hell.

The terrified crowd broke up swiftly and scattered in all directions, vainly attempting to reach the woods in time. I stood in the doorway and watched them go.

There was no one left but me and the one woman in the joint who didn't attract me a damn bit. Have a drink she said.

I took the bottle and half emptied it. Aren't you leaving, sis?

No.

Why not?

Why aren't you?

I've been watching the rats. They run out of town, nothing happens, and they run back in again. I've been doing the same thing, and I'm fed up with being in a goddamned rat-race all the time.

Her hand trembled as she lit a cigarette. Guess I feel the same way, only I didn't have to watch the rats.

From far above came the roar of a Bomber.

I looked into her eyes to see if she had heard. She had.

Our eyes stayed together as I spoke. This beer is lousy. Too bad I didn't bring my Southern Comfort in from the woods.

She nodded. A crying shame.

For the first time I saw her. She was the acme of femininity.

Our bodies came together filled with hunger. Over her shoulder I could see the bomb dropping toward the street.

University Press

(Continued from page 27)

to realize that such a glamorization process is not necessarily administered to every book which the bigger publishers release when they publish as many as eight hundred titles a year of which only a few receive illustrious nation-wide promotion, through advertising. The rest of the books run as dark horses or sell, only, to a limited market.

To this day sixteen of the Press's titles have sold in quantities from 10,000 to 60,000. Seven of these titles had previously been rejected by numerous big name publishers. *The Wave of the Past*, Markham's answer to Ann Morrow Lindberg's *The Wave of the Future*, tops the Press's best seller list.

From a purely financial viewpoint, the Press is doing well. Its yearly income of \$200,000 is made up mostly of sales, but the State appropriates a supplement of approximately \$25,000, much of which goes into University periodicals and catalogues.

That is what the University Press is and does. "But please remember," says Miss Cowles, "that we do not press pants or print the *Tar Heel*."

Quiz Answers

A.3	E.4	I.4
B.2	F.3	J.2
C.2	G.1	K.1
D.1	H.4	

PSYCHOLOGIST'S SCORING:

- 12.... Sit back and make Phi Beta Kappa with ease.
- 10.... At least start going to see the educational type movies.
- 8.... You might still graduate.
- 6.... Better transfer to State.
- 4.... Don't you go around telling moron jokes.
- 2.... Try becoming a politician.
- C.... Want another quiz?



EASY MONEY DEPARTMENT



LITTLE MORON CORNER

Dubious Dave "Michaelangelo" Moron, the would-be artist who never believed what people told him, was discovered one day pouring Pepsi-Cola on his paint board. "They told me it would tickle my palette," he exclaimed, scowling fiercely, "but so far I haven't heard a single laugh!"

The two bucks for this classic went to William D. Blair, Jr., of Princeton. What could be simpler, if anything? Send in your Moron gags... \$2 each for those we buy.

We can't figure out whether we're soft-hearted or soft-headed. Anyway, Pepsi-Cola Company pays up to \$15 for jokes, gags and stuff like that there for this page. Below we list some of the characters who hit the jack-pot in September. What have they got that you haven't got? Right—Easy Money!

So climb on board the gravy train now.

Send your gags, with your name, address, school and class, to Easy Money Department, Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y. All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print. (Getting "Pepsi-Cola" into your joke may not keep that rejection slip from your door, but it might help. Who knows? Certainly not us!)

JACKPOT

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

\$100.00

HE-SHE GAGS

This is really a soft detail. Three bucks for just kicking it back and forth between a Him and a Her. Duck soup! Three-dollar hills were sent to Barbara Fram, U. of Texas; Ira Gurney, New York Univ.; and Forest M. Cruse, U. of Texas, for these gags which limped in during the September contest:

* * *
She: When I get in a drug store, I feel like an anarchist.

He: Me too: Down with Pepsi.

* * *
She: When you go to a restaurant, why do you always flirt with the waitress?

He: I'm playing for big steaks.

* * *
She: So long . . . I'm going on a Pepsi party with my two beaux.

He: Beaux?

She: Elbows!

* * *
That's it . . . \$3 each for any of these we print.

Daffy Definitions

We'll probably have to cut out this department soon. These things are beginning to sound logical to us. Until that day, however, any Daffy Definition we buy rates a fast huck. Like these:

Oboe—a cockney tramp.

Plenty—what Pepsi-Cola's your best huy by.

Barber shop—clip joint.

You—what Pepsi's the drink for.

Oyster—a fish that's huilt like a nut.

* * *
At \$1 apiece for these, your conscience should keep you up nights. But that's what we pay for those we print.

GET FUNNY...WIN MONEY...WRITE A TITLE



Here's a cartoon that needs something. Possibly adrenalin. Or maybe just a title. For cartoon captions we buy, we pay five hucks each. Or send us an original cartoon idea. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it—if we buy it.

Easy Money for September cartoon captions went to Cadet R. J. Herte of the U. S. Military Academy, Laurence A. Ingwerson of Berkeley, Calif., and Tom Brody of Culver City, Calif.

HASH ON THE HOUSE

Here are a couple of miscellaneous gags we dredged up in the September contest. We couldn't classify 'em, but we thought they ought to be worth something. So we kicked in \$2 each. Are we a soft touch!

Little Susie, at her first basketball game, overheard someone say that the home team was "red hot," so she immediately ran out on the floor with 5 hottles of Pepsi-Cola!

Sent in by Mrs. J. B. Kennedy, of Urbana, Ill.

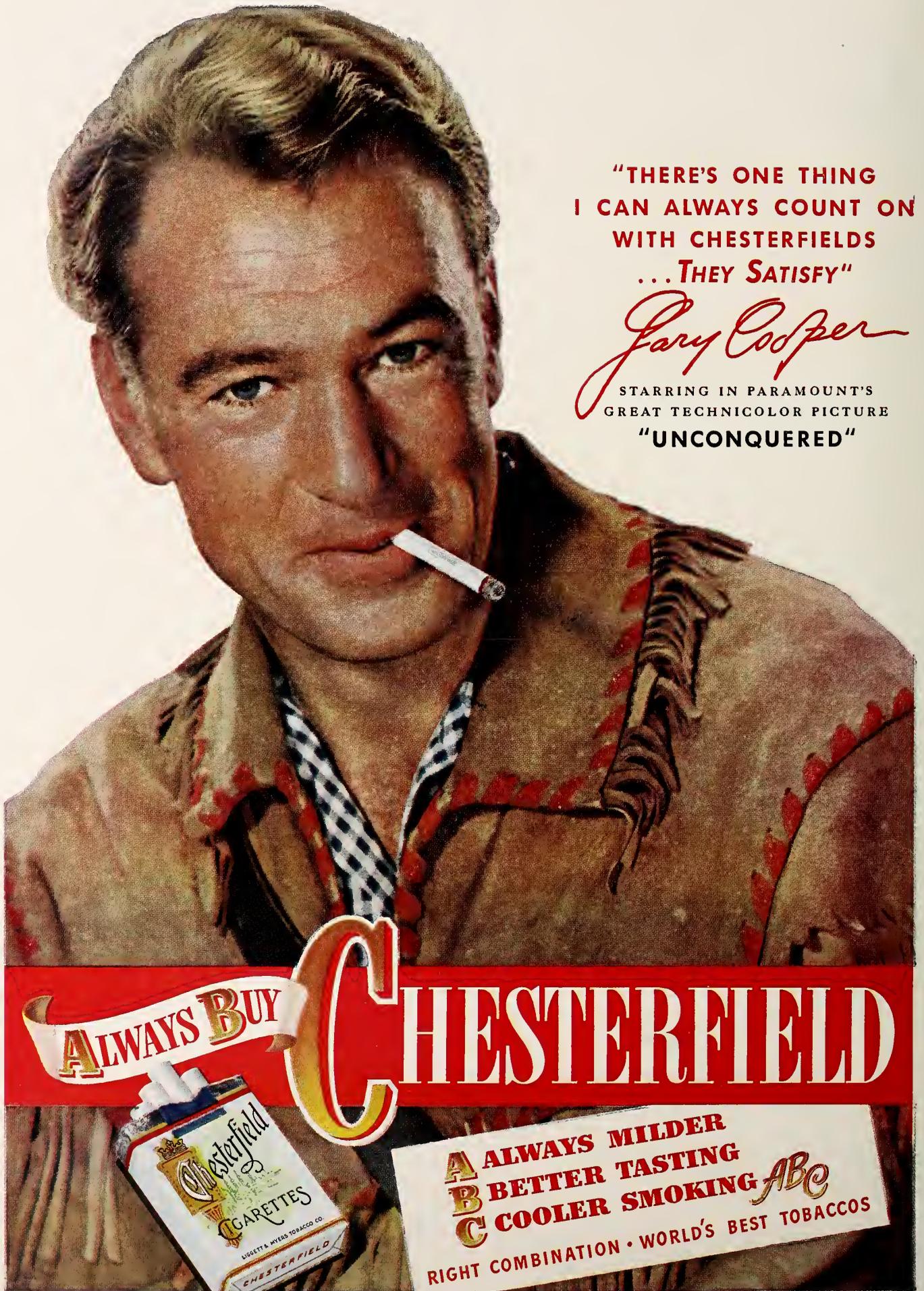
Robert's uncle had just returned from Africa and paid a visit to the college lad. "Bob, my boy," said the uncle, "I've brought you a trinket." With that, he took out a Pepsi-Cola and handed it to his nephew. "But this is a hottle of Pepsi-Cola," exclaimed the boy. "Why, sure it is," said his uncle, "so . . . trinket!"

Sent in by Leonard Blostein, of Washington Square College, New York University.

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here comes Spring

see FASHIONS page 17

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March, 1948

contents

FEATURES

Off the Record..... Philip Couch 5
What about Tomorrow?..... Harry Snowden 7
Information Please..... Doris Weaver 14
Fashion..... Staff 10

FICTION

Suburban Interlude..... Kenneth Rothwell 11
A Length Beneath the Sky..... Sandy Grady 12
One for the Major..... Mark Sumner 15
Variations on a Theme by Venus..... Bob Sain 16

POETRY

For Federico Garcia Lorca..... Sidney Shanker 17
The Hunters..... John M. Zucker 17
Sonnet..... Frank Gloseclose 17

HUMOR

Campus Quiz..... Baxter, Barker 10
How to Treat a Roommate..... Kirby, Gibson 24

COVER

Fern Hughes models what is coming off in the fashion world. John Sink's art, Francis Lavergne Johnson's photography, and a suit from the Varsity add up to smart figures in new styles for spring. See page 15.

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CONTRARY to belief the CAROLINA MAGAZINE does not concentrate on morose fiction. Of all the stories submitted, the merit generally falls to such fiction which has caused, some readers complained, nightmares.

A thinking writer, as a rule they surpass other authors, cannot look forward or backward without a sense of utter pessimism. His mind, having been invaded by the reality of the terrible experiences of the last chaotic war, must witness in the present a jittery world duplicating the history of the previous ten year period. Look at Hitler's speeches on bolshevism and compare them to documents now appearing in the nations of the West. Instead of better relations necessary to a world where every man must live as a neighbor to all people, the elastic common denominator of understanding is being strained dangerously as both poles pull relentlessly for their principles only to stretch the elastic to its breaking point. In moving further apart the contenders lose sight of their common problems. As a result only blind, unintelligible accusations are shouted across the gulf separating the extremes, bolstering fighting morale on one side and creating misunderstanding on the other.

In face of these conditions optimism has even disappeared from literature.

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Published Since 1844

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would stand as empty
as the Colosseum

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America would be
padlocked

and the shelves of the
libraries covered with
cobwebs.

**HAVE YOU BOUGHT A
GOOD BOOK LATELY?**

HOLLISTON MILLS, INC.
Norwood, Mass.



by Phillip Couch

THE new album of excerpts from *Bach's St. Matthew Passion* released by FRRR English Decca (EDA 43, 7 12" records) contains some of the high spots of the work. The recording, up to the high standards already set up by the English firm, is excellent in the way the balance is maintained between soloists and orchestra and in the way the chorus sounds somewhat distant. Some very fine singing is done by Kathleen Ferrier and William Parsons.

George Szell's conducting the Cleveland Orchestra in Beethoven's *Symphony No. 4* (Columbia MM705-4 12" records) brings a freshness and liveliness to this often neglected Beethoven work. The recording is clear and luminous—in fact one of the best Columbia has ever done.

Dimtri Mitropoulis' album on the Victor label is a recording of *Schumann's Symphony No. 3, "Rhenish,"* (Victor DM1184-4 12" records). The performance is very poor, for the orchestra does not deftly respond to Conductor Mitropoulis' sudden and uncalled for changes in tempo or dynamics. The result is confusion. As for the recording, the Victor engineers did a better-than-average job trying to reproduce the orchestra in the same concert hall that has ruined almost all of the Minneapolis Symphony's recordings. Mitropoulis and his orchestra have also recorded Massenet's *Scenes Alsaciennes* that is being released currently under the Columbia label (Columbia MM-723-3 12" records). The music is banal, and is not improved by the coarse recording.

One of the most interesting of the new albums is a recording of Ravel's *Piano Concerto for the Left Hand*, performed by Robert Casadesu, piano, and the Philadelphia Orchestra directed by Eugene Ormandy (Columbia MX288-2 12" records). Both piano and orchestra are recorded with a wide range and beauty.

Unfortunately almost all of the new Victor albums are marred by very poor, noisy surfaces. The case is quite the opposite with Columbia, for this firm's Shellac records are now more quiet than many of the vinyl records placed on the market.

Leonald Stokowski directs the New York Philharmonic Orchestra in a performance of *Khatchaturian's Masquerade Suite* (Columbia MM729-3 12" records). The recording is one of the most brilliant of the New York Philharmonic, and Mr. Stokowski's interpretation, though very unauthentic, at least makes the music sound like a better composition than that recorded by either Disc and Victor.

Two relatively small record firms have done excellent albums that might pass the notice of the average record collector. Also, a company in Hollywood, using very modern individual techniques, has recorded *Bach's Concerto in D Minor* (in this case in the original arrangement for oboe, violin, and orchestra). The results are very satisfactory, performance and recording of a very high standard.



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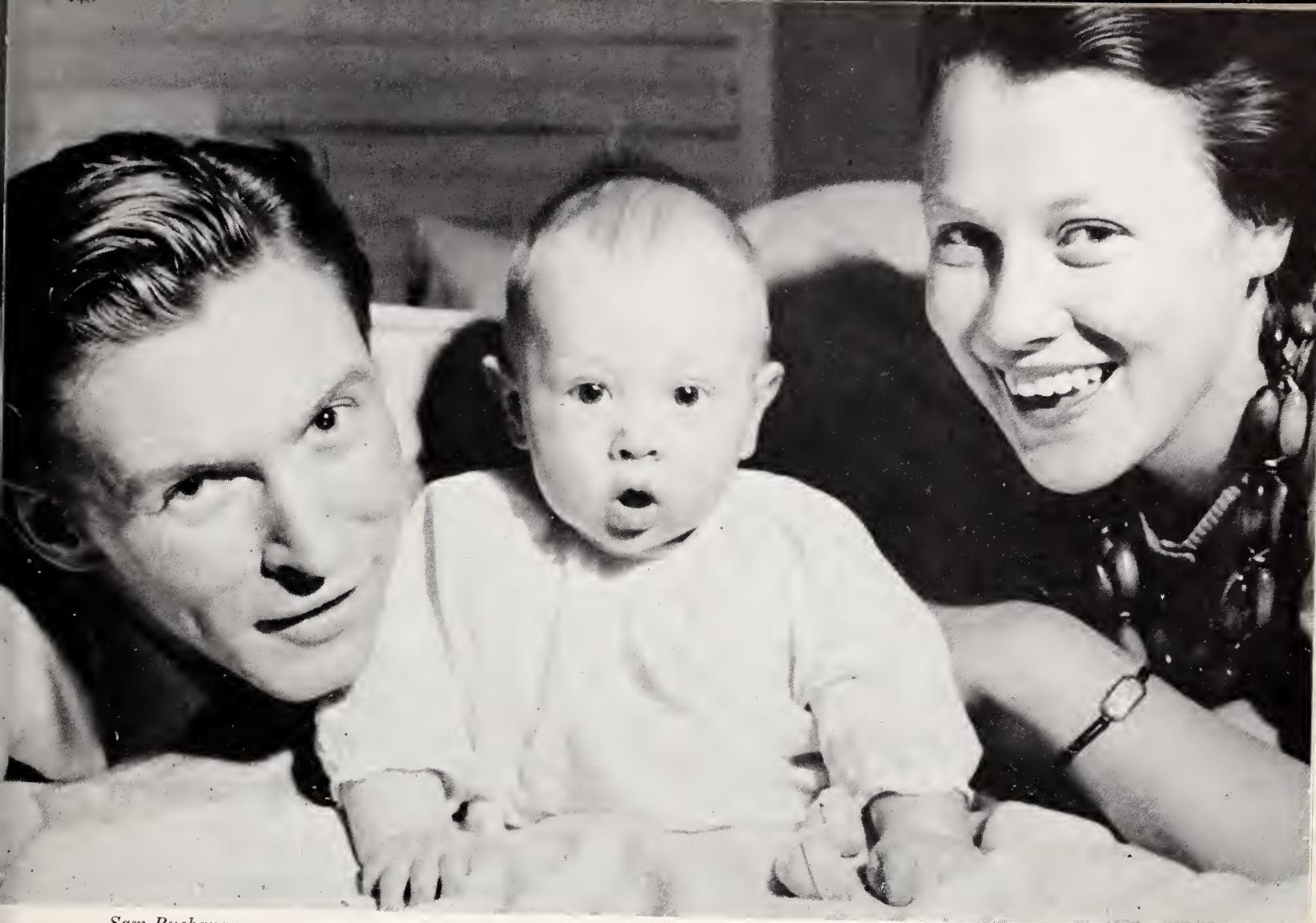
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Sam Buchanan

What About Tomorrow ?

Sound Strategy Today Will Insure Security in the Future

by Harry Snowden

THE young man stood uncertainly before the large desk, nervously fingering his hat. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other, wondering all the while what the big man behind the desk was thinking.

"Mr. Hanrick," the executive said, his booming voice seeming to fill every corner of the room, "I have been checking over your college records. I should like to talk to you about them. Pull up a chair, sir, and make yourself comfortable."

Clumsily James Hanrick did as he was told. Perching fearfully on the edge of the chair he leaned forward, his fingernails biting deeply into the brim of his new felt hat. He waited for his prospective employer to speak.

"I see, Mr. Hanrick, that your grades

AS the result of a painstaking poll conducted by Harry Snowden among alumni in various fields of endeavor, "What about Tomorrow?" came into being after seven months of laborious preparation. To that majority of alumni who gave so freely of their time and knowledge as well as to Harry Snowden and Jean McKeathen, his assistant, we express our appreciation. The Carolina Magazine hopes that this information designed to show the direct relationship between present studies and future success will be of value to the students.

were not very high in any subject. Perhaps average, nothing more. What did you do with your time in school?"

Jimmy's eyes dropped before the man's questioning stare. Looking at the designs on the heavy carpet he answered slowly, hesitatingly. "Well, I . . . that is, extra-cu-cu-curricular activities took up some of my time, and then I . . . ah . . . well . . ."

"What extra activities did you take part in, Mr. Hanrick?" the older man cut in.

"I . . . ah . . . played a little tennis, sir, and some football."

"On the varsity?"

"No, sir. On the inter-dormitory teams." Jimmy could almost feel the silence pressing against him. The empty place in his stomach seemed to be get-

CM Survey Shows: The Future

FIELD	BANKING & FINANCE	BANKING	GEOLOGY Petroleum Econ. and Banking	MANUFACTURING	MEDICINE SURGERY	MEDICINE PSYCHIATRY
NAME	A. L. M. Wiggins Under Secretary of the Treasury	Thomas Boushall President of Bank of Va.	Joseph Pogue Vice President Chase National Bank	W. H. Ruffin Vice President Erwin Cotton Mills	Dr. William M. Copperidge Durham, N. C.	Dr. James Hall Westbrook Sana- torium, Va.
QUESTION						
What is the best branch of work in your field today	Finance	Trust department of bank	Engineering, Business Administration	Production Management	Possibly General practice	Psychiatry
What courses proved most valuable to you?	Mathematics, Philosophy	Economics, Philosophy	Geology, Chemistry	No comment	English, Biology	English, Languages, Science
Did you derive more benefit from course or from professor?	About equal	Eco.—subject Phil.—Prof.	About equal	Both important	Both important	Professor
Which extra activities are the most valuable?	Participation in campus life	Public speaking and writing	Competitive games	Debating, Public speaking	Physical Education, Public speaking	General fraternization with students
Is it best to start in a small organization or a large one?	See Text	Small organization	Large one with specific job	Small organization	Small organization	See Text
In the light of your experience, and considering the needs of your field, what subjects would you recommend for study today?	Economics, Law, Philosophy, Mathematics	Economics, Accounting, Public Relations, English, Philosophy	Petroleum Engineering, General Economics	As many A.B. courses as possible; B.S. in Textile Engineering	Sciences, Eng. Sociology and Languages if there is time	Anything to increase your understanding of mankind

ting bigger and emptier everytime he was forced to speak. He wondered if the big man had heard him. He watched the man thumb through the papers on the desk, grunting occasionally, but saying nothing.

Now the big man was looking at him again. "Didn't you study any Philosophy at all, Mr. Hanrick?"

If only his voice wasn't so loud Jimmy thought. I can't think with my ears pounding so. Why doesn't he speak more softly?

"Mr. Hanrick!" the voice roared again.

"I'm sorry, sir. Philosophy, sir? No, sir. I didn't see any need for it. It wasn't required, sir."

"Oh, I see. Not required, eh?"

"No, sir."

"How about your English, and foreign languages, Mr. Hanrick? You don't appear to have taken a great deal of either."

"I had two years of English and two years of Spanish, sir."

"No advanced study in either, though, is that right?"

Jimmy shifted uneasily on the edge of the chair. "No, no advanced study, sir."

The big man slid the papers into a

folder. "Ever do any debating or public speaking?" he asked suddenly.

Jimmy looked startled and almost slipped from the edge of the chair. He shook his head slowly, wonderingly. "No, I haven't," he mumbled.

The other man pushed his chair back and stood up. He walked slowly around the desk and placed his hand on Jimmy's shoulder. "I'm sorry, son, but I don't believe we can use you at the moment. However, should there be an opening in the future we will let you know."

Jimmy rose and shook the man's hand. Muttering his thanks, he stumbled towards the door.

The big man watched the door close after the boy. He shook his head, and then walked back to the desk.

HOW long will it be until you are in Jimmy Hanrick's shoes? Do you think you will fare any better than he? Each year there are thousands of Jimmy Hanricks graduated from universities in the United States. As under-graduates they have vague ideas about the future they are preparing for, but nothing definite, nothing clear. They are not acquainted with the demands of the business world and consequently cannot organize their

programs with the eye to the future. When the showdown comes they are disappointed.

Believing that successful business men who are graduates of this university were in the best position to offer advice to present students, we sent a questionnaire to men in different fields. Because they were kind enough to take time out from their business to answer the questions, we are able to present the results of this survey. It is our hope that the information will prove of value to the students, enabling them to plan their programs in the light of their future aims.

Many types of questions were asked, ranging from specific jobs to extra-curricular activities in school. Some questions related to the school careers of the men asked in the hope that the answers might shed some light on what helped them to get ahead; others are concerned with general impressions gained by years of experience; still others with what these men would recommend for study today. Some of the answers appear in the table, cross-indexed to show both the author and his field. The rest of the questions will be treated in this article.

Asked about which courses had proven the most valuable to them,

Belongs to Those Who Prepare

MINISTRY	LAW	LAW	JOURNALISM	LIFE INSURANCE	LIFE INSURANCE	ADVERTISING	TRENDS SHOWN
Rev. Douglas L. Rights, Pastor Trinity Moravian Church, Winston-Salem	J. B. Fordham Dean, Law School, Ohio State U.	K. D. Battle Lawyer, Rocky Mount, N. C.	Spencer Murphy Editor, Salisbury Post	R. C. Price President, Jefferson Standard Greensboro	W. H. Andrews Manager, Jefferson Standard, Greensboro	G. V. Cowper, Jr. Advertising Manager, Bates Fabrics, Inc.	
None in particular	None especially	Taxation	Corporation Public Relations, Radio Advertising	Sales	Sales	Sales, Sales promotion, motion pictures for training	
Philosophy, Literature, Lang.		English Composition		Economics	Business Administration	English Literature	English, Science Phil. Eco. Lang.
Professor	Varies	Professor	Professor	Both	Professor	Professor	Professor
Speaking, Music	Varies	No comment	No comment	Athletics	Campus societies Politics, Publications	Work on Publications	Public Speaking, Debating, Gen. participation, Publications
No Rule	Small organization	Small organization	No comment	Small organization	Small organization	Small organization	Small organization
Philosophy, Literature, History	No special stress Broad, general education	English, History, Philosophy	English very important, Sociology, Economics, Law, History, Sciences	Economics, Life Insurance, Accounting	English, Math, Economics, Business Law	English, History, Economics	English & Eco. Phil. & Hist. Law, Math, Acc. Sciences, Sociology

the answer varied with the individual and the job. The general trend show that English, Science, Philosophy, Economics, and Languages were rated tops.

Occasionally these subjects differ from the ones they would recommend for study today, probably because of changing conditions within the field. The consensus of opinion here shows English and Economics leading the field. Philosophy and History are running a close second, with Law filling the third slot. Trailing these, but rated about equally, are Mathematics, Accounting, Science, and Sociology.

Mr. Boushall, in commenting on subjects, wrote that basic thinking and ability to judge values and discover truth, irrespective of technical training was the most valuable part of the academic career.

Because of the difficulty of selecting a professor today, we thought it might be interesting to find out how these men felt about the comparative merits of the professor versus the course. The professor won in a walk-away. Only Mr. Boushall picked a subject (Economics) as being more important than the professor. A few of the men thought that they balanced each other and that both were of equal importance.

It is unfortunate that present conditions do not allow us a greater freedom of choice in this matter because the personality and influence of the professor can often be of inestimable value. Dr. George Carrington of the Alamance General Hospital, Burlington, wrote, "A student takes many courses, but is fortunate if he has one or two great teachers who can inculcate in him a point of view."

But how about extra-curricular activities? Are they an essential part, or even a valuable part of a college education? Very definitely. Only two men did not consider them an important part of the college years. However, it was stressed that they should not prevent good scholarship or distract the student from his studies. Some felt that the value of these activities is being over-estimated. Mr. Cowper said, "We require a strong extra-curricular record. We are looking for high grades, with a record of progress in one or a few worth-while activities." Dr. Hall remarked, "I think so called extra-curricular activities tend to draw the student from his academic work. His fundamental duty is to develop an understanding of his subjects. Too few students have any conception of

the meaning of scholastic thoroughness."

The consensus shows that when it comes to employing a man, high grades are preferred before an excellent record in activities. Many said they would like to see both, but results definitely show that high grades are the most sought after, regardless of activities. However, should two applicants with equal scholastic records appear, the one with the best activities record would get the nod.

The most valuable outside activities listed were: public speaking, debating, general participation in campus activities, athletics, and publications. Here again, however, choices varied with the individual and the field of work.

Most of the men favored a liberal education over a technical one. Mr. Boushall stated, "Technical training, without a liberal education, cannot make a rounded personality." Dr. James Hall said, "To attune self to life is the function of a liberal education; to ply a trade or to practice a profession is the function of a technical education. The liberal education should afford the more fundamental satisfaction."

(Continued on page 29)

Campus Quiz

by



Guest
Editor

"When you describe people as their various vanities require, Critics classify you as a sugary liar; And when you describe them so that the description fits, The people themselves have con- nption fits."

—Ogden Nash



A. 1. Gene Johnston, 2. Al Lowenstein, 3. Bill Miller, 4. Jess Desmond, 5. Chuck Hauser, 6. Tookie Hodgson
Aspires to do headline chores in the University's student government.



B. 1. Ruth Evans, 2. Edie Knight, 3. Betsy Ann Barbee, 4. Margo Martin, 5. Ruth Moore, 6. Colleen Smith
Twirls here and there as YWCA prexy and one of the Yackety Yack editors.



C. 1. Jack Fitch, 2. Leon Todd, 3. Bob Paxton, 4. Bob Sain, 5. Miles Smith, 6. Billie Henderson
Runs political interference and tackles his part of campus legis- lation.



D. 1. Earl Fitzgerald, 2. Bar- ron Mills, 3. Ernie House, 4. Ray Jeffries, 5. Randy McLeod, 6. Steve Nimocks
Has spoken well for himself by his expanding what he has edited here.



E. 1. Betty Brown, 2. Mar- garet Gaston, 3. Margaret Jean Taylor, 4. Jo Fishel, 5. Lillian DeArmon, 6. Evelyn Petit
Spreads sorority harmony as president of the Pan-Hellenic Council.



F. 1. Bill Mackie, 2. Morty Schaap, 3. Charlie Long, 4. Lincoln Kahn, 5. Tag Montague, 6. Chuck Simmons
Is found paddling in the swim of most local debates nowadays.



G. 1. Gran Childress, 2. Jack Folger, 3. Bob Kirby, 4. Bob Haire, 5. Ed Joyner, 6. Lyn Szafaryn
Gets the votes as junior class president and outstanding tackle.



H. 1. Sam Hirsh, 2. Walt Arnold, 3. Bill Tate, 4. Pete Strader, 5. Tom Eller, 6. Roy Moose
Gives brilliant performances as the lead in current campus rule.



I. 1. Ned Reap, 2. John Clampitt, 3. Scotty Venable, 4. Roland Giduz, 5. Peter Gerns, 6. Moffatt Sherrard
Drums up new interest in the University Veterans Federation.



J. 1. Annie Ben Beale, 2. Bar- bara Cashion, 3. Martha Aiken, 4. Julia Ross, 5. Miriam Evans, 6. Mickey McNutt
Teaches others how proper com- mittee work ought to be done.



K. CAN YOU PICTURE THIS?
Answers on page 35

Photography by Mark Barker

Cartoons by Lucie Baxter

Suburban Interlude

by Kenneth Rothwell

JIM DUNLOP'S wife, Louise, hated the smell of fresh paint but Jim loved it.

"It's fresh, honey, fresh. Reminds me of the old days in the shipyards," he used to say; to her during those first few weeks in the big new house.

It was always particularly noticeable in the dinette and this morning when he sat down for breakfast Jim sniffed to make sure it was still there. He was a little annoyed to discover that for the first time the odor of frying eggs from the kitchen overshadowed the paint smell.

"Breakfast be ready soon?" he called to Louise in the kitchen.

The sound of a frying pan striking linoleum answered his question.

"Oh, damn," he heard Louise say.

Jim got up right away and walked into the kitchen. Ever since the maid had walked out on them a week ago things hadn't been too smooth and he wanted to avoid a crisis before breakfast.

"There, there, honey, never you mind. You just go get the car and I'll swallow some coffee and then catch a bite when I get into the city."

As he spoke he put his arms around his wife's slim waist. Louise pulled away from him.

"Careful, you'll spoil my make-up," she said.

She handed him a cup of coffee and putting on her new polo coat went out to the garage to get the car. The coffee was scalding hot and Jim had time to drink only a third of it before he heard Louise honking the automobile horn.

"We're late again. The train leaves in ten minutes," Louise said as he slumped into the car seat beside her.

Jim didn't say anything for a minute because the roof of his mouth felt raw from the hot coffee. Sometimes he wondered where his wife got all the energy so early in the morning until he would remember that she was 20 years younger. Whenever he thought of his age his hand automatically moved to feel the gathering paunch around his middle.

"Seems like I spend my whole life running," he mumbled.



Illustration by Dick Preyer

Louise didn't reply. Apparently she was absorbed in driving the big car down the tree-shaded lane. Jim groped for something to say. Sometimes, especially at this hour of the morning, he still felt a little in awe of his wife.

"Got any big plans today?" Jim inquired.

"Oh, nothing much . . . the hairdresser's and then maybe I'll drop in on that Mrs. Hughes."

He nodded.

"Yeah that might be a good idea. Tom Hughes'd be a good contact to make."

He knew after he said it that he had said the wrong thing. He could tell by the set of Louise's mouth. She didn't reply until after she had turned the car into the turnpike.

"Look here, Jim Dunlop, I'm going to call on Mrs. High and Mighty Hughes in my best new mink coat. I'll drive up to her door in a Packard and if anybody makes a good contact it will be Mrs. Hughes and NOT Mrs. Dunlop."

Jim relaxed. It hadn't been as bad as he'd anticipated.

"OK, honey, OK, anything you say."

He paused, thought for a minute, and then laughed.

"But I still say the only language they understand is dough. That mink coat will knock her eye out."

The laugh turned into a cough and he had to reach in his pocket for a handkerchief. It was a fine linen hand-

(Continued on page 30)

A Length Beneath The S

WHEN I think about these people it makes me shiver. Sure, I like motors and I like speed—if I didn't I wouldn't be in this racket—but these boys have carburetors for hearts and Timken bearings in their heads. You know how it was in France when we were young, eh, Simon? It was girls, always the girls. We would sit around and talk of the way a girl's hair looked or her legs, and it wasn't bragging about sex like these people do. These American boys—my God—they must always prattle about high-speed Columbia rear ends and how fast their little Fords will run."

I liked to listen to John Charles talk, even if he was a little Frog. I liked to sit in the Blue Heaven that summer and drink the quart beer and listen to the two Frogs, John Charles and Saint-Simon, talk. 'Course, Simon didn't talk much; he just looked big and mean. It was really a fine place to go after a day on the track. You could get the gasoline off the roof of your mouth and the dust out of your eyes.

"Hey, Raymond, come here," yelled John Charles.

The boy, Ray, brought his Coca-Cola over to the booth. He was hanging around us too much that summer. I hoped he didn't have any ideas, because I liked him and it was a hellish racket for a kid to get into. Ray was a quiet boy, lean, tow-headed, and what I suppose you would call intense. He knew too damn much about motors.

"Listen Ray," said the Frog, "how did you get to this place tonight?"

"In my Ford, naturally."

"Fast?"

"I got here in about five minutes. Guy tried to pass me out on the New River road, so I kicked in the dual carburetors. I made good time after that, because I don't like guys to pass me."

He was like I told you: intense.

"Hah, hah, hah, see there!" The Frog yelled. "That is what they must have—speed and wind. The motors are their little ikons that they make rituals over with monkey wrenches. And the world? Ah, it is just a length of concrete beneath the sky to make a path for their Fords. There is nothing—no love, no passion, no poetry—nothing but this desire for wheels and speed. It has gotten into the insides of their women, too, and they are cold and confused. The fools!"

"Lord," Ray said. "How many quarts has he had?"

"Not enough to shut his mouth," Simon growled out of the corner of the booth.

"Listen, Simon, I always ask you but you never explain it to me." John Charles leaned across the beer bottles. "Not in twenty years have you told me why people pay us all this money just to watch us race around in a circle. They see me come waltzing down the track at about 80 and they yell and say—ooh, look at that fellow go, he is like streaked lightning. Then after the race they have to look under the hood like I have some hidden miracle there. Why, Simon?"

"It is your personality." Simon never talks much. He just drinks beer and rubs his whiskers.

"Someday I will lay a dead animal over the motor after a race and when they open the hood—hah, hah! They will think it is an evil spirit, eh? Bloody and furry, hah, hah!"

"Someday you will not be here after

a race," Simon said. "Think about that and shut up."

Then he turned around to Ray and put a big paw on his shoulder. Simon had made a reputation for getting quietly mean when he is drinking and I didn't like this. Ray was a good kid.

"I want you to understand what my little friend has been saying, Raymond. He says that you and your people are screwed up. He says you are foolish—goddamn foolish—about cars."

"Maybe so. But take your hand off my shoulder."

"No, I want you to understand our conversation, Raymond. He says you are so crazy about cars and motors that you wouldn't know what to do in bed with a woman."

"Take it easy, Saint-Simon. You know damn well I know what to do."

"And, Raymond, he says that all your people desire is steel and gears and foolish concrete. He says that your mother and father desired noth-

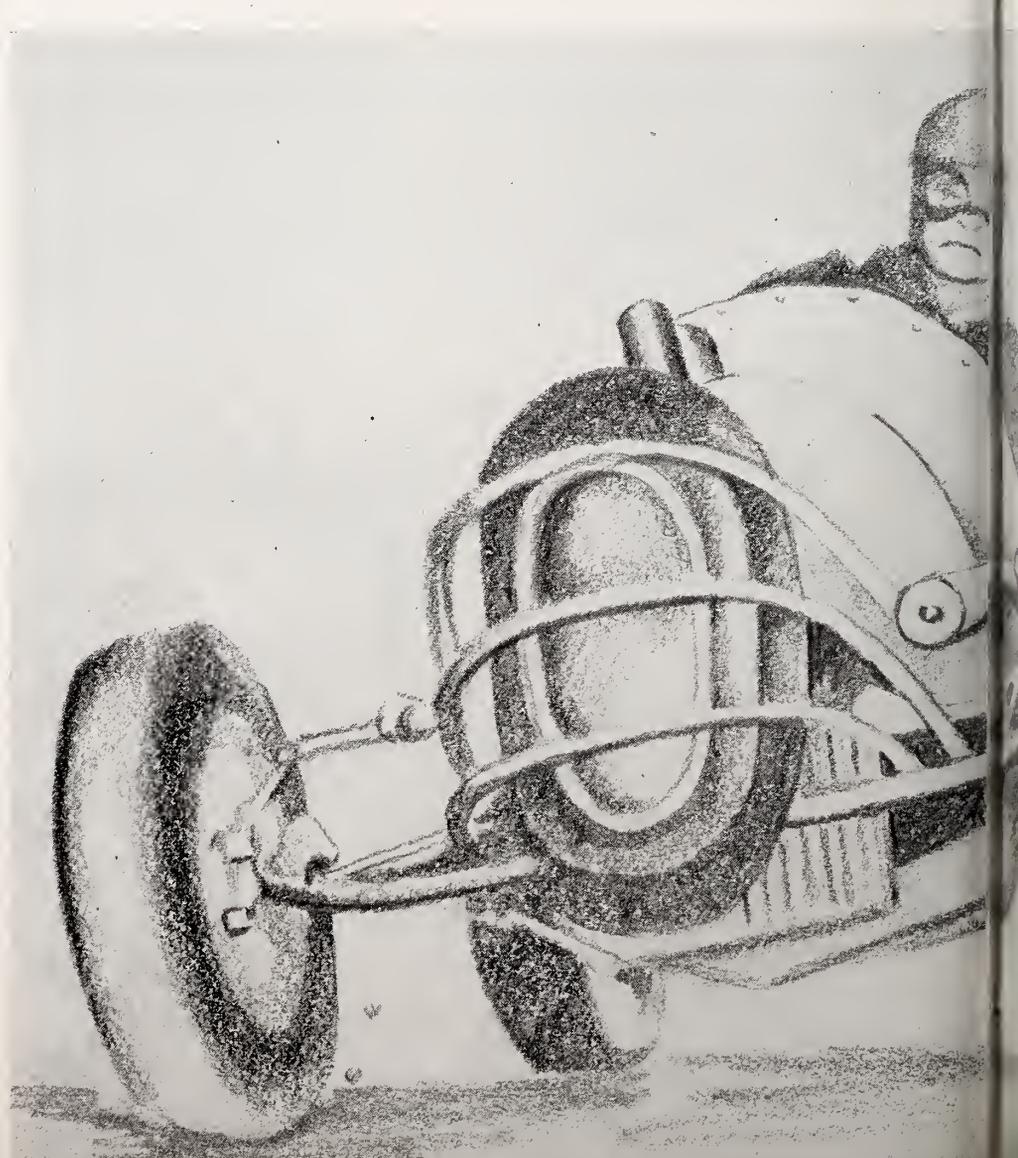


Illustration by Dick Preyer

ing but steel and concrete. He says you are a pervert."

Ray was looking at the edge of the table. He was a nice kid, a good mechanic, and he used to watch every move Simon made around his race car.

"Forget it," I cut in on Simon. "Talk about money or something else pleasant."

"Listen, Raymond," Simon bent over the boy, "you know what a pervert is, don't you?"

"No."

"It is a queer."

Like I said, he was a nice kid, but he certainly could move fast. He slid out from under Simon like a cat, grabbed a glass of beer, and munched it right into the big Frog's face.

"Ho, ho, ho!" John Charles laughed like crazy. "Like a whale coming up for air. Lick it off, Simon, quick! Wheee!"

Simon just sat there like a movie comedian does when he gets hit with a pie. Only he didn't tap his fingers.

Ray stood with the glass in his hand, waiting for Simon to do something. He was a funny kid.

"Oh, sit down, Raymond," Simon said. He wiped the foam out of his whiskers with a silk handkerchief.

The boy didn't move. Simon is bad on the nerves when he gets mad. He weighs 300 and he likes knives. And nobody throws beer at him.

"Please sit down, young Raymond," Simon oils. "We have not been nice to you. Let us talk like pals and forget it."

Ray moved back into the booth slowly.

"I don't like you, Saint-Simon," he said.

Then the big Frog got real nice. He said that he had been drinking too much beer. He said that beer made him and John Charles say evil things. His voice was too soft and the kid didn't swallow any of it until he began talking about cars.

"You got a good motor in your Ford, eh, Raymond?"

"It is supposed to be. Dual carburetors, Edelbrock heads, high compression, you know the tricks. Why?"

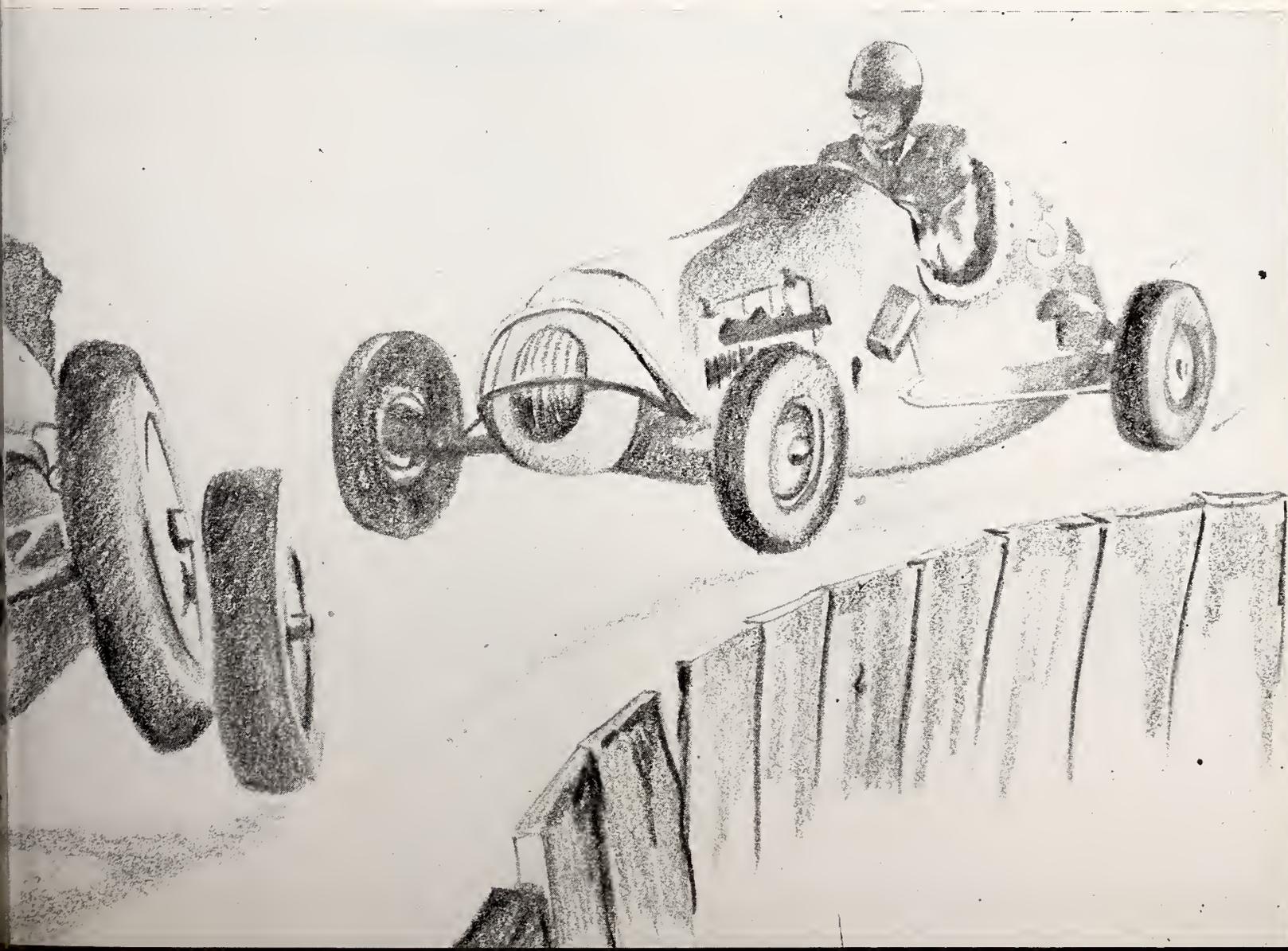
"You would like to drive a race car, wouldn't you? You would like to feel a powerful motor under you and hear the people yell, wouldn't you? That is the ticket, speed and glory, that's what you want."

"You're getting nasty about something."

"I was just thinking—" Simon hummed under his breath. I didn't like these Frogs when they got dramatic. They may have been gone from France thirty years, like they said, but I didn't like Simon when he got to playing. He was too rough.

"I was just thinking that maybe I need another driver. I'm thinking about getting another Offenhauser soon and I'll have an empty car. If you want it, come out to the track in the morning

(Continued on page 35)



Mag Woman of the Month



Information Please

by Doris Weaver

THE MAN who hammered the nails into the sign, "Chapel Hill—site of the University of North Carolina" just outside the "city" limits evidently lost his footing and slid down the Hill from the appropriate place to leave it. He should have hung it on the peak just below the sign which reads "South Building." However, he probably wasn't a scholar and thought the words NO PARKING on the street meant no parking and didn't stop.

Regardless of where the signs are, the fact remains that South Building is the site of the University of North Carolina. From the first uncivilized bong of the morning bell until the crisp tap of the last typewriter in late afternoon, many minds in this building keep their individual little administrative wheels turning. All together they keep the big one, the University of North Carolina, turning.

The focus is now on the hub of the campus. This spacious office is a dent in the wall about the size of a closet, complete with a swinging door and a plush chair which rolls east, west, north, and south on a small knob at the will of the occupant. Oh yes, and a desk. One couldn't miss the desk, for the whole architecture of the office centers about the desk.

Above this desk-form of office there is another sign. This one reads: INFORMATION. Below the sign and above the desk, right in the middle is not another sign, but a smiling lady with a glint in her eyes which seems to ask in unison with her voice, "May I help you?" No, she isn't a sign but she has been a symbol to many a freshman of the mother back home who replaced his dirty shirts with clean, starched ones and called him to a steaming cup of coffee and his favorite brand of cereal each morning.

The pleasant appearing woman with the now graying hair piled high upon her head is Mrs. Gustave A. Harrer. People come and go through the day past her little "office," but she goes on sitting there smiling reassuringly to lost travelers and seniors. In fact, she has been sitting there since January, 1944.

A lot of things have happened across that desk since 1944. Some things routine. Some things interesting enough that Mrs. Harrer could easily borrow Claudette Colbert's final line in "The Egg and I": "I could write a book."

For instance, she recalls a sultry day in the middle of last summer. Two elderly ladies, evidently direct descendants of George Washington or Mr. Dillinger or somebody, stalked haughtily into South Building. The temper of the spokesman of the two was no cooler than that of the weather, for "out of the clear sky" she burst out defiantly to Mrs. Harrer in well-polished New England brogue, "I'll bet you can't tell me where Mt. Holyoke College is!"

The lady of information was caught too quickly off guard to grab "Where's Where in America"; so she answered thoughtfully, "Well let me see. I always think of it as being in New York, but it's in Massachusetts, I think."

"Of course it's in Massachusetts!" the insulted woman confirmed, attempting to smooth her feathers. Then she plunged proudly into a lengthy eulogy of Mt. Holyoke College, relating all the wonderful days she had spent in that school, and at the same time explaining that the two of them were teachers traveling through the country to see colleges and universities.

Finally she ended the heated speech waving her purse dramatically. "There's one thing I don't like about North Carolina. You think you have the best climate, the best towns, the best of everything, including the best state university in the country, and," the well-bred, highly educated lady shouted indignantly, "it just ain't so!"

There have been other times when Mrs. Harrer has needed help to defend the honor of Carolina. Once a young

(Continued on page 27)

One For the Major

by Mark Sumner

MIKE lay flat in the reeking mud, watching the shape of the boat move slowly away from him into the darkness, back to the east bank. The damp foggy air sifted through his field jacket, and his nostrils were filled with the cool smell of rain. He waited, evaluating every gurgle and splash from the river, every sound from the harsh shadows ahead of him on the bank, letting the seconds run into minutes, a queer feeling in his middle.

Then he moved slightly, fingering the muzzle of the short-barreled sub-machine gun by his side, making sure that no mud had clogged it up during the landing. He slipped his hand under his jacket, stretching his long fingers into his shirt pocket until he felt the rough, worn edges of the picture. He smiled under the film of burnt cork, and felt better. Knowing she was there, even the picture, made him feel easier.

Again he remained motionless, listening. A thin drizzle fell. The drops stung his face, making little rivelets down his blackened cheeks.

He moved, carefully and silently, drawing his legs up to his chest. With one hand in the soggy ground for support, and the other holding his weapon clear, he rolled until he was sitting upright on his knees. Again he listened, then his left hand stole to his boot top. The knife did not flash as he raised it. The blade was colored a lusterless black.

"Tap-tap!" it clicked on the barrel of the "tommy" gun, and once more, "Tap-tap!" It was almost as low as the night stillness itself. The knife went back to the boot.

A dark figure materialized on his right, another on his left. There were no words, no answering taps. Mike rose, and all three figures became shadows drifting silently toward the road that lay parallel to the river. Only a rare "squish" of the mud proved that the shadows were not ghosts. The river moved endlessly on, buried in its night fog.

A dark wave of hate struggled up in Mike as he moved, remembering the way tall, red-haired Major Flick had ordered this patrol. A patrol of Mike

and two of his men from the intelligence section to cross the *Maas*, to find a "jerry" and bring him back.

Major Flick looked up from his table that afternoon when Mike reported, his face bleak and cold, returning the salute. Flick leaned back in his chair, his features expressionless except for the icy, deadly, ruthless gleam in his eyes, and lit a cigarette, blowing smoke at the maps spread before him.

"Sergeant," he began, the tense eyes driving into Mike, "I have a mission for you, a dangerous one."

Mike felt a sudden wave of anger at this battalion commander who dealt in death so coldly.

Major Flick looked idly at the wisp of smoke curling over his stained fingers, "There's been too much shifting and moving around on 'jerry's' side of the river. It looks like, from what air intelligence and our observation posts says, that he's put a fresh outfit in front of our regiment. Division intelligence has ordered us to get a prisoner, and we have to make a unit

(Continued on page 32)



Variations on a Theme by Venus

A Vignette by Bob Sain



THE woman was rawboned and ugly, standing in the streetlight's glare, and about her shoulders she held a ragged, knitted shawl—red in color. She stood still and her shadow, huge, sad, grimly elongated waited behind her. She looked out across the harbor. The red lights blinked and then starboard lights as a line of barges turned about.

She shambled forward, hunched, holding the shawl tightly across her breasts. She stopped at the edge of the street's asphalt when she saw me sitting on the wharf.

"What you doing out there?" she called.

"Nothing," I answered.

"Sure is cold, ain't it?"

"Yeah!"

"What you doing?"

"I said nothing."

"Oh."

She stood at the end of the wharf looking out at me.

"You mind if I come out there?"

"No. Come ahead."

I watched her shadow move around in front as she crossed under the light and came down the wharf. Her shoes clicked, even on the old soggy wood. The heels seemed strange with her shawl and the thin cotton dress she wore.

I moved over to let her have half of the paper I was sitting on. She knelt and then swung her feet around to dangle her legs over the edge beside mine.

"I work just up the street," she said.

"Doing what?"

"In the Acme up there. I'm a waitress."

"Oh."

"This is my half hour. Roger lets me off for a half hour at night so I can get some fresh air."

"Do you wear those high heels while you're working? Seems to me they would get you tired."

She shook her feet over the water.

"Gosh no. It *would* get me tired. I just don't like to come out on the street in my work shoes."

I offered her a cigarette but she didn't take it. She said "No," and took a pack from a pocket in the front of her dress. I lit her's and mine.

"I smoke these Fatimas," she said, gesturing with the cigarette. "You ever try them?"

I said, "No, I didn't."

"You ought to. They're mild."

Neither of us spoke for several minutes. We watched the barges going up the river and the men on the dock across the river under the spotlights. Some fog was beginning to blow in wisps up from the mouth of the river.

"We got a lot of drunks up there tonight," she said.

"Fine."

"No sir. I don't like messing around with them. If it wasn't for this break of a half an hour I don't know what I would do at night."

"How long have you been working as a waitress?"

She blew smoke.

"How long? I don't know. Six or seven years."

"Same place?"

"Gosh no. I couldn't stand to be in one place that long. I worked in L. A. and Seattle and Phoenix out on the west coast and in Chicago before I came down here."

"How long have you been in Wilmington?"

"Not long," she said.

I held my wrist up to my face and pulled on the cigarette to get enough light to see what time it was.

"You been down here about half an hour. Hadn't you better get back."

She said, "Yeah." But she didn't move. I threw my cigarette away and

watched it go down to the water. The tide was out. It was a long way down.

"You wasn't going to jump, was you?"

"Hell no!" I said. "What gave you that idea?"

She put her hand on my arm.

"I don't know. You ain't got a coat on or anything."

"Well, I didn't intend to jump."

She kept her hand on my arm for a moment and then crooked her arm around mine and put her head on my shoulder.

"Hadn't you better get back?" I asked.

"Nah. If Roger don't like it he knows what he can do."

"You won't lose your job?"

"Nah."

A while later: "I got a room," she said.

"I'm sorry. Busted."

She jerked away angrily. "Ah for Christ's sakes. What do you think I am anyway? I don't want no money." She began to make crying sounds with her hands in front of her face.

"Come on," I said. "I got a quarter anyway. We can get some coffee."

"I told you I didn't want none of your money," she shouted.

Then I heard the man turn on to the wooden wharf. He was a policeman. He stopped. "Who's that down there?"

I didn't know what to say.

"Sara is that you? What are you yelling about?"

She didn't speak.

"You better come on up here, Sara. I told you once. You better quit working the street. If you want to stay around here you better go on back to the hotel."

Sara got up without looking at me. "It's the place over the Acme if you want to come up," she said.

"I'll see you after while maybe," I said.

I watched her go up the wharf and speak to the policeman and then as she went onto the street her shadow moved around in front of her. I heard her heels clicking as she turned the corner.

I lit another cigarette and watched the policeman walk down the street, swinging the stick.

For Federico Garcia Lorca

By fascist assassination, Spain, 1938, nominated the immortal poet laureate of the people.

By SIDNEY SHANKER

Because you are so accessible to poetry
Federico Lorca, I have not written;
For what you have been one loves
And does not grieve for—
(One grieves only for the evil
Of the unnecessary bullet).

Federico, when the wind passes me
On certain nights of enamelled sky
And flirts with my hair, I say:
"That is Federico's wind."

When I gaze at faces as at flowers
Seeking the stem, to feel the root,
The knowledge of seeking
Is your gift.
Just as experience of certain scents
Impossible of discovery are yours:
The scent of a silk skirt
In intercourse with the dark river;
The scent of a guitar in pain;
And a landscape empty in the heart.

Federico, in your verse is a knife
With an edge cutting surfaces;
That cries: See, life is a melon;
Cut the skin for saffron juices.

And everywhere there is not a wall,
Or tree, or river, or moment
That you do not remind us—
See where the roots writhe.

Federico, your songs are silent
Yet in your voice the rain has tones;
Your voice composed of the certain
Peace of snow and wind through
Tree tops that froth.

Federico, I have never seen you
But your picture is a gypsy's anguish.

Little Federico, I know you
As a river roaring in the dark
Knows its boats; as a breast before
dawn

Knows the hand of its lover;
Know you as pain knows the sure end
Of its duration; know you as I know
Life is mingled forever with blood.

And having known you, stood near you
Beside an olive tree drinking the Qua-
dalquivir

While a dove chanted in the white heat,
No small part of me is Granada.



The Hunters

by JOHN M. ZUCKER

The ululation on chill November air
Carries clarion from the flowing
hounds

Now quickening, across the wooded
knoll to where

The horsemen wait, calculating sounds.

Once, before the sun had cleared the
frost,

Again, just after noon, on the same
track,

The fox has turned, forded the creek,
and lost,

Crossing this field, the crying pack.

Now the air has a red stain; the
hunters wait

Inside the pine shadows. He crosses,
brush alert,

From creek to furrowed ground, skulk-
ing gait

Unhurried, tongue lolling, unterrified,
unhurt.

Gone Away. Red coats and creaking
leather—

The sorrel clears the sagging fence,
the black

Follows, dapple and roan jump to-
gether;

Oddly inverted, the bay arches hoofs
to sky, and falls slack.

The horsemen turn back, dismount,
form a small knot;

Some one, shivering, lays a red coat
over

The marble face. At dusk, in hearing
of the spot

The chicken-killer, wearied, goes to
cover.

Sonnet

by FRANK GROSECLOSE

We shinned on a steeple up the night
(to find a keystone arching into day)
To find ourselves impaled on morning
light

Singing with bats and titmice out of
key.

Seeking beyond, we poked a hole in
noon

(to find a cool reply, no noon can
bring)

To find ourselves transfixed upon the
moon

Curbing the loon, his song with
crippled wing.

And still beyond in distance yet more
still,

Our search goes quickening through
darkling space;

Across the quivering air a whip-poor-
will

Ripples the song we dare no longer
face,

Inquiring after us without dismay
Why we who had found him singing

Spring Fashions and Coeds

*Both as Unpredictable as the Weather
CM Presents Early Barometer Readings*



A corduroy raincoat to withstand climate and compliments during any season of the year wherever you may go



The cotton frock



The suit that is statuesque and shapes attention every



off the shoulder and on campus



A playsuit that scores a bull's eye



WARM

HOT

FAIR

COLD

anywhere

Photography by Frances Laverne Johnson. Production by Charlie Gibson. Properties courtesy of the Carolina Sport Shop. Playsuit modelled by Helen Barnes available at Belk-Leggett Company, Durham. Barbara Dalton's cotton dress can be bought at the Fashion Store, Durham. Dede Gant models a raincoat from Ellis Stone, Durham. Liz Hazlett wears a suit from the Little Shop in Chapel Hill. Shown on the following pages: Frances Angas, Joan Lucas, Pat Hole, Chris White, and Betty Brown.



FOR
SPRING



*To be attractive
the fashionable coed
shops at the*

Varsity

THE LITTLE SHOP



Make The
Most of Spring

The Little Shop

East Franklin Street

Chapel Hill, N. C.



Belk-Leggett Co.
DURHAM'S SHOPPING CENTER



Fit for a Queen . . .

*Taylor apparel and accessories
for the spring season!*

'48 Yack Queen Miss Betty Brown of Asheville, N. C., pert and pretty in a gray wool flannel two-piece topped off with glistening white pique collar which is punctuated with an eye-catching, big gold button. A finishing touch is added by the cleverly contrived green leather belt. \$35.00 in Taylor's second floor Carlye Collection.

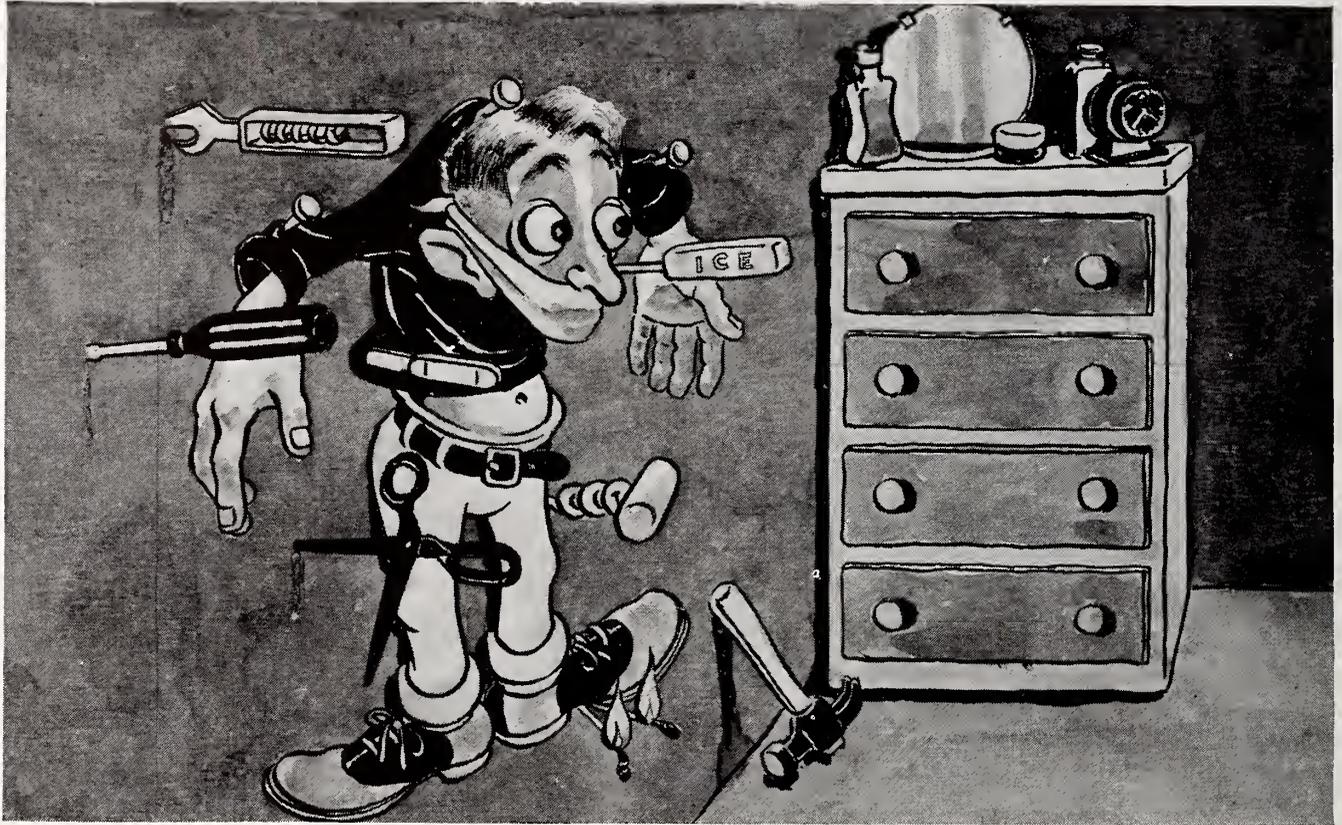
Taylor's RALEIGH, N. C.

THE SHOWPLACE OF THE CAROLINAS

WANTED

Having been dissatisfied with all previous associations, would prefer roommate in Smith dormitory. Anyone interested please contact "Desperate," F-6969.

How to Treat



ZOOS house apes with no consideration for one another and aquariums have suckers with only faint attraction. Hives house bees with stinging energies while vivariums produce plants with parasitic pasts. Aviaries house birds with constant clamors and sties are homes to hogs in snorting messes. And dormitories house roommates.

The roommate is a strange creature unbound to the conventional world by the strings of society. It is of the *homo worstuvus* species. There have been a few isolated reports of mutual friendships having flourished between two roommates. However, so far scientific research has not supported such baseless rumors. The roommate is still generally thought to be definitely anti-social.

Immune to most normal poisons, insecticides, and even fraternity house coffee, a roommate may be eliminated only by an act of God or J. E. Wadsworth. There are some drastic means of control, though, which the medical world and the law courts have yet to approve. The first step towards relief is classification of the diverse types of roommates in existence, according to the intricacy and complexity of the subject's mind.

One of the most deadly varieties of roommates is the *tritakillus*, a specimen who accomplishes its own brawn and health at the cost of its associates' brain and comfort. Its frequent back-breaking wrestling scrimmages are to be tolerated without complaint. Now that India has made Gandhi and yogi famous, one can only hope that warped arms and knotted legs may become a New World fashion.

This madman stops his bone-bending at night and tries another sporting specialty that involves window opening. His unusual nocturnal desires necessitate keeping a window wide open in defiance of all opposition, come rain, wind, snow, or beer bottles. He makes a game of it. Rule one

is that anyone else in the room who weighs less than his 195 pounds must wait till the character is in bed. Then the afflicted team may tiptoe quietly to the window and close it. The victory is short-lived, though, since the whole process will be repeated again. The score of vain attempts is kept by counting either the knots on the loser's head or the corresponding dents in the winner's old weight bar. Any number can play the game, and the only time limit imposed is usually an eight o'clock class.

The cure for the *tritakillus* calls for the importation of a big brother to apply a beer bottle forcibly to this chagrin's cranium. This method is economical, too, now that there is no deposit to pay on the bottles and no war to decrease the supply of big brothers.

Another gamester is the *backustaderackus*, a varmint who prefers April Fool to Thanksgiving and Christmas. His pranks are to be endured with patience and bruises. The dastardly "short sheet," for example, is his personal memorial to the old English stocks. Attacking linen which somehow has not already been pulverized by the local laundry, this critter folds a bottom sheet neatly in half. This is the prelude to a victim's thrusting his foot underneath the covers and through the cloth for a ripping epitaph.

There is little use for a bed anyhow if this Puck has gotten his check for the month within the past ten days. Sufficient capital is all the encouragement he needs to convert the room into a night school for poker novices. It is understood beforehand that a small fee will be charged for his instruction. Hours, I.O.U.'s, meal tickets, and a couple of gold teeth later, the teacher assures his students that they should not quit when they still have a chance to break even. Besides, what else is there to do but keep on flipping the pasteboards at four o'clock in the morning?

A Roommate

A Fascinating Medical Report by
Guy Kirby and Charlie Gibson, mad.



The remedy for the *backustaderackus* is large doses of disappointment. The incompleteness of its brainstorming has been known to drive this monster completely mad. The "short sheet" recipient, for example, should not try to remake his bed. Instead he should register utter delight as the proud possessor of an extra pair of pajama pants. Then he ought to lie still and dream up sadistic revenge. At all costs he should not bother to open the drawer of fresh sheets which the little helpmate has already tied into pretzels.

The smart card combatant, to avoid robbery at midnight, will cut off the *backustaderackus'* sleeves and strip the deck of five or six aces. Once the poker pedagogue goes busted, no protection money need be "lent" to him. Instead one must remember to steal his inspirational "How to End Friends and Ostracize People." The fiend's copy is as badly worn as Amber's mattress anyway. Surely this pest must eventually be outdone at his own hotfoots if Satan has been taking notes on legislating new meanness from Senator Rankin and Basil Sherrill, the referendum man.

A third nuisance is the *gimmiyoursus*, a beast with a what's-good-enough-for-you-I'll-condescend-to-use complex. Among the articles on which this rogue allows the rightful owner no priority are white shirts, shaving cream, argyle socks, cigarettes, handkerchiefs, razor blades, and phone numbers. A toothbrush was the one thing on record as personal property. Then some inventor from Don Ameche's union publicized the best method for getting mud off the rims of soles. Immediately philanthropists everywhere converted into misanthropes and thought up more common names to call the *gimmiyoursus*.

In public, though, everyone who survives his slap on

the back calls the *gimmiyoursus* "the life of the party." Folks cite the modest way he laughs off all the compliments about how nice he looks in someone else's best suit. People rave about this regular mirth machine. Why, he has a contagious howl for everybody at the drop of a grin.

Yes, but men who know idiots best say his witticisms are plagiarisms, two to one. They say his puns are to be taken with a grain of salt, preferably in a glass of Budweiser. His own loud guffaws, it seems, are usually the storm warnings for forgotten endings. He can tell how the untiring traveling salesman secured lodging for the night at the farmer's expense. Then he forgets where the lewdness came in so that the salesman secured the farmer's daughter at cutrate expenses, too.

The antitoxin for the *gimmiyoursus* consists of two outright gifts. Anything bought especially to be given to him is sure to pique his curiosity. He ought to become as alert as a cow looking in envy at an empty glove. As a present the world's largest set of tomes on good salesmanship is guaranteed to bore the *gimmiyoursus*. The art of the vendible approach ought to disgust him with an entire profession. He might desert the traveling salesman haha series for an untapped spring of humor—namely, coeds. Then in time, when and if jokes on Caroleenas run dry, he might expand his wit to virgin fields.

The second gift should be wearing apparel. Nothing could be more appropriate than the new jacket being modeled currently by Ray Miland at all the nation's leading institutions of mental readjustment. The buttoned-down lapels and hand-cuffed cuffs were expected to become popular much earlier this season on football weekends. At that time vandals were stealing everything in the dormitories



here on campus, everything, that is, but the blue dinner jackets and the red underwear from Duke and State.

A fourth problem is the *outtadeffenus*, the eternal noise-maker with a voice like chalk screeching on a blackboard and a snore reminiscent of Tennessee hogcalling. His constant singing ignores the well-being of his fellow beings, not to mention all orthodox tunes and Petrillo. The effortless sleep in the pre-eight-o'clock-class hours is habitually shattered by his soul-sending rendition of "The Road to Mandalay." However, that is not the proper road to tell this pain to take.

Any stab at reading Kinsey, writing letters, or occasionally studying to keep in practice brings blatant interference. It is not enough that a loud radio should be as permanent an accessory as breathing. Rare moments of concentration must also die prematurely in the glare from a hot platter of Harry James' screeching trumpet. The music of James may have its place but not when it has been preceded by Harry's the night before.

The repellent for the *outtadeffenus* is yet to be bottled for the commercial market. It is now being patented by Dr. Nomo Goloco, the African specialist who is earning a name for himself in the field of shock treatment. After his favorite wife absconded with a medicine man who played the voodoo drums with a bewitching downbeat, Dr. Goloco was inspired. He concocted a recipe for boombah joy juice which is effective after the first application. This blend of turpentine, wart remover, and castor oil is expected to drain the energy and musical aspirations out of most *outtadeffenus*.

If big brothers with beer bottles, patience with purgatory, salesmanship with straightjackets, and natives with notions all fail, if the *tritakillus*, the *backstaderackus*, the *gimmijoursus*, and the *outtadeffenus* prevail, never fear. In some cases murder is, too, justifiable and can be stealthily executed. Why not order your Chippendale chair now from Fearless Fosdick?

Incidentally... it's a Bentley!

Combining the charm of days gone
by with the smartness demanded by Modern
day Juniors. Blue, Rust or Green
tub-able Dan River gingham plaid.

Junior sizes 9-15 \$12.95

Stewart's

Distinctive Women's Apparel
206 West Main Street
Durham, N. C.



Information Please

(Continued from page 14)

architect walked furtively to her desk and wrathfully demanded to know who had designed the Bell Tower. With this beginning he went into a merciless criticism of it, pointing out all the brilliant ideas he would have used had he been responsible. Mrs. Harrer merely smiled.

The smile isn't the only part of her job, though; it's but a symbol of how much she enjoys working at the cross-roads of UNC. Neither does her career simply include saying, "You go down the rocky path, then turn right for ten steps, then left and follow the sign on the door." People have more curiosity than that—they have another list of questions crammed in the spare compartments of their resourceful minds. All kinds of questions.

"Often in the fall," Mrs. Harrer says, "because I remind them of their mother, I guess, freshmen ask me many things which they should ask their advisers. There's usually a line of lost-looking young boys bombarding me with questions about confused class cards, which building is 'A,' and even sometimes they want to know the requirements before they can be graduated."

Academic questions aren't the only ones to which Mrs. Harrer is supposed to know all the answers. Some boys confide and ask her advice about their love affairs. "I remember a boy who used to come by my desk every day to pour out his troubles. He was really in distress," she relates. "The girl he had asked to marry him kept postponing her answer and the waiting was getting on his nerves. Every day he would come in and say, 'I haven't heard a word. Why doesn't she tell me?' I kept assuring him, 'Give her time. If you rush her, she might say no, and you wouldn't be any happier about that.' Then one day he came in smiling from ear to ear. She had finally said yes."

University students aren't alone in their ability to ask questions. "Visitors come in often," Mrs. Harrer says. "For instance, two young people who claimed to be foreign correspondents came in yesterday to ask me for the 'highlights' of this campus. Of course, I had a little story all ready and practically memorized by now about this being the oldest state university and the like. Also I'm well equipped for such occasions with pamphlets, pictures, and a map of Chapel Hill which I distribute freely."

Mrs. Harrer also opens all letters addressed to the University of North Carolina with no further specifications. "I received a letter from an anxious father of an out-of-state boy. He explained that his son had inherited some money to attend college at U.N.C., and if the son couldn't come here, the money would be withheld. I don't know if it was another admission trick or a fact. I gave the letter to the Admissions Office, and never learned the results."

And who is the woman who answers our questions and admits that sometimes she sees and hears things she shouldn't when South Building administrators continue committee meetings in the lobby?

Mrs. Harrer was born in Princeton, New Jersey. When she grew up, she attended New Jersey State Teachers' College, and taught a year. The next year? Your guess.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrer came to Chapel Hill from Princeton where he taught in 1915. The future Head of the Department of Classics here, Mr. Harrer became a member of practically every committee on the campus, and Mrs. Harrer became the mother of four children. Three of them, Marcella, Gus, and Joe, are Carolina students now. Tish, a twelve-year-old girl, goes to high school.

Write

Write

Write

Classrooms at Carolina lacked that speed of ease until smooth writing Shaeffer and Parker pens made their appearance.

The Statesman

\$14.00



The Sovereign

\$12.75



Parker 51

Silver and gold tops.

\$17.50 to
\$27.50



See us today for all types of jewelry

Wentworth & Sloan Jewelers

Recently appointed exclusive distributors of Gorham

Silverware in Chapel Hill



Look Ahead to
 plenty of glamour from our entire collection of campus and date clothes.

Use Our Convenient Lay-Away Plan



DURHAM, N. C.

The years passed, and eventually the hand on the clock of time pointed to 1943. That was the year that Mr. Harrer died.

Mrs. Harrer's life sketch is short—she grew up and married as the average American girl does. There are no tales of mutiny on the high seas or romance in a French castle in her life. Probably the most exciting of her travels was the fifteen-month trip which she made with her husband in Europe in 1922 and '23 when he had a Kenan Professorship. Twelve of those months were spent in Italy.

The sketch is short, but the life isn't shallow. Her life is full—full of answers, full of the boy who worries about his girl, full of a young girl named Tish. Her life is full of understanding. That's why tomorrow and for many days to come, students will stop by her desk to unload their troubles.

TIGHT SPOTS

AND HOW TO GET OUT OF 'EM



You meet heart-throb #1 as you enter the Cake House with a dolly on each arm. Don't goof off! Don't get "discumbobulated"! Just pass yummy Life Savers all around. They're wonderful little tension-breakers. Before you know it, that week-end date's yours.

THE CANDY
 WITH
 THE HOLE



STILL ONLY 5¢

FREE! A box of LIFE SAVERS
 for the best wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week? For the best line submitted to the editor each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

This month's winner: Marian Carrigto, Box 717

- "Two maids wait without . . ."
- "Without what?"
- "Without food and clothing."
- "Feed 'em and bring 'em in."

Your Future

(Continued from page 9)

Since childhood most of us have heard the expression, "It's not what you know, but who you know." Asked about the cultivation of friends versus ability, only Mr. Boushall gave them equal importance. All the other men rated ability as the most important, with a few qualifying the statement by saying that the friends were of importance, even if slightly less so. Well, we shall see!

When you are being interviewed for a job, what qualities is your prospective employer looking for? In order of importance, as shown by the survey, the are: Honesty, integrity, and a sense of honor and responsibility; intelligence and a desire for knowledge; personality and ability to get along with people; willingness to work. So now you know. Have you got what they're looking for? In the words of Mr. Cowper, "We want a capacity for leadership. We would require a strong college record as a student, student leader, and an interest in extra-curricular activities."

When it comes time to look for a job go to a small organization because you will have a better chance to build a reputation. A small organization offers a broad base from which it is easy to specialize. That is the opinion of the majority.

A few feel that generalization is hazardous, and that a great deal depends on the person and the organization.

Mr. Pogue is the only one in favor of a large organization. Mr. Ruffin, however, added that the chance for advancement is much better in a large business.

Mr. Couch, of the University of Chicago press, said, "I am not interested in advising anyone how to get more for himself."

Some excellent advice was given by Mr. Wiggins. He wrote, "When I graduated from the university and left Chapel Hill to go into business, Professor Horace Williams advised me to find a successful business man operating a large business, and to work as close to him as I could. This was good advice and I have given it to many young men. An individual should get close to the main spring of any business if he wants to get to the top."

In almost all cases, even men in the same fields differed about the best branch of work within a field today.

Here, of course, the final judgment is up to the individual. The only definite information came from Dr. Hall, who said that several thousand psychiatrists are badly needed in this country today.

There is one very bright ray of hope in all this assorted information: every man considered the financial returns in his field to be commensurate to the labor and knowledge required. Reverend Rights did cast a dissenting vote, but only because in the ministry gains are not put on a financial footing, and so cannot be reckoned in the usual business sense.

It was noted that in manufacturing the pay may be slow to start, and that for law the big money is restricted to the more successful. This, however, is fairly true of any enterprise.

Much good general advice was offered by some of the men, and because most of it applies to particular fields it will be separated accordingly.

ADVERTISING

"Read extensively in nearly all categories of worth-while publications. It is essential to develop an interest in color and design; public speaking is a big help; cultivation of an interest in art is important even for writers."

MEDICINE (Dr. Coppridge)

"A man should get into medicine as young as possible. Especially in surgery. He should finish his post-graduate work and get into practice before he is 30. Many are not doing that today. There is a great need for cutting down non-essentials in high school and pre-med in order to graduate the man before 25 and finish all post-graduate study well before 30 if possible."

MEDICINE (Dr. Hall)

"I should earnestly advise you to acquire a liberal education first, without thought about your subsequent use of it. The goal of the physician should be an approach to personal omniscience. He should aspire to be a philosopher rather than a mere medical technologist."

JOURNALISM

"Spend six months of earnest effort at trying to learn to like it. If you fail, get out; if you succeed, you need no further advice."

MINISTRY

"A willingness to serve humanity is essential. Thorough preparation is necessary to get ready for the tasks ahead. A life devoted to the aims: love of God, love of truth, love of men, is necessary. Financial gain must be secondary. There is no other field or profession with so wide a field of ser-

vice, or that touches life in so many important ways."

LAW (Battle)

"Do something else unless you are willing to pay a stiff price in work and patience for advancement."

PUBLISHING (Couch)

"Make yourself, or better yet, have someone else make you, a feather bed, an expandible one that you can pad indefinitely. Specialize on staying secure in your bed. If you do this well, in a few years time you'll be qualified to run any publishing concern in the country."

What has been said here is not new. In 1533 Rabelais finished what is the now the second book of *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, in which was included the famous letter from Gargantua to his son, Pantagruel, then a student in Paris. He wrote, "Strive to make your mind an inexhaustible storehouse of knowledge. For you are growing to manhood now: soon you will have to give up your studious repose to lead a life of action."

That advice is just as good today as it was four hundred years ago.

A few of the men questioned added some very interesting comments which are well worth passing on. They are general impressions, but there is a ring to them which cannot be ignored.

Mr. Wiggins advises the student to "get a broad liberal education before specializing. Depth is no substitute for breadth. The world is full of narrow specialists, but there are few men who have the broad understanding that makes possible a satisfying life."

From Ohio State University, Dean Fordham writes, "The vocational aspects of higher education have been over stressed. Technical training should be erected upon a broad base. Universities should train people for citizenship and leadership."

One of the most pertinent observations comes from Dr. James Hall, who said, "I feel that few university students are interested in becoming scholars—and the South is dreadfully in need of well educated and well trained individuals. I am afraid that relatively few of the students of the university are concerned about their intellectual development. Most of them probably matriculate because of their notion that it will give them a degree of social distinction. They are probably chiefly interested in the social life of the campus."

Is this true, or do you aspire to "the heavenly manna of learning?"

Tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow, you will know what profit you have gained from your education.

Interlude

(Continued from page 11)

kerchief with the initials J. D. embroidered on it but the hand that held it had black rings under the fingernails.

"Jim do try to meet someone on the train today besides that awful pen salesman you brought home the other night," Louise said.

"But, honey, he was a good guy."

"Yes I know. But remember we're not living in Eastwood now. This is Bay Ville and you have a position to maintain. Besides you ought to think of me."

He looked at his wife, bewildered.

"But honey I'm thinkin' of you all the time."

To make sure she understood he reached over and chucked her under the chin.

"Jim! Stop it!"

Louise moved away from him.

"Boy, you're sure goosey," said Jim and he laughed again.

They were at the Bay Ville railroad station now. Automobiles filled with commuters seemed to be coming from every direction at once. The cars would pull up to the platform, a husband would peck at his wife's cheek, jump out, and the car would move on to be replaced by another. When it was the Dunlops' turn, Jim leaned over and pecked his wife's cheek.

"Bye honey," he said.

Louise waved her hand and drove away. Jim headed towards the newsstand to buy his paper. Some wife I got, he was thinking, keeps me guessing all the time . . . but she sure makes life worth living. He tried to remember what it was like before he met her . . . back in the old days when he was a nobody at the shipyard and never even dreamed of owning a big house, and a yacht, and a beautiful wife in fashionable Bay Ville.

"What do you say, Bill, Don?" he said to two young men in the paper line. Bill and Don nodded.

"You fellers planning a bridge game this morning?" Jim said.

Bill and Don exchanged glances.

"Er, yes, Jim but we already have four, sorry," said Don.

"O. K. we'll make her some other time," said Jim.

He winked at them and took his newspaper and walked down to the south end of the platform. He had discovered that everybody who was anybody in Bay Ville gathered there. It had taken him three months to realize

that the north end of the platform was the exclusive province of youngsters commuting to school, bank clerks, and junior salesmen, pen salesmen. And, as Louise pointed out, they certainly hadn't moved to Bay Ville after he'd made all that money in the war just to meet that crowd. Funny though, he thought, how this burg operates. These people act like you got leprosy or something unless you've lived here fifty years.

Then he spotted Tom Hughes.

"Good morning, Tom. How's the boy?" he boomed.

Tom Hughes' face was granite-sharp between his stiff white collar and black homburg. He looked down at Jim from his 6 feet four inches.

"Er, good morning, er," he said.

Jim reached up and slapped him on the back.

"You remember me, Dunlop's the name, Jim Dunlop. Met you at the country club last Saturday."

Hughes looked relieved.

"Oh yes, of course. You're the chap who said you knew the friend of the brother-in-law of one of my clients."

Jim waited for Hughes to add something. But there was silence.

"Well how about some golf Saturday?" Jim finally said.

Hughes smiled as though the question were amusing.

"Oh I'm terribly sorry old man but I'm with a regular foursome."

He looked around as though he were searching for someone in the crowd.

"If you'll excuse me, Dunlop, I see a friend of mine over there I must speak to."

"Sure," Jim said.

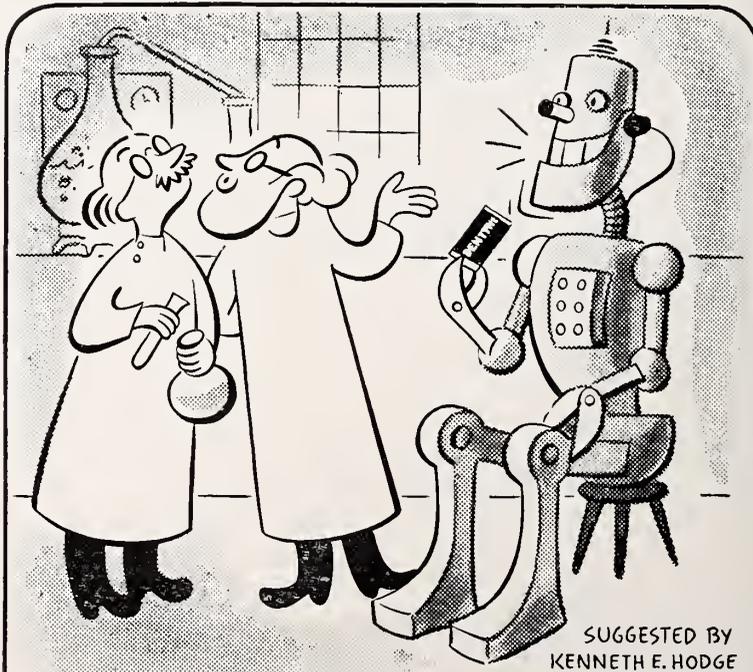
He watched the tall figure disappear into the crowd on the station platform. In the distance there came the sound of the train whistle. Jim looked at his watch.

Well, she's late again," he bellowed at the man standing next to him.

The man kept on reading his newspaper. He had on a homburg, too.

Jim could see the white smoke standing straight up in the morning air as the train came around the bend. It looked as though the train were racing to get out from under its own smoke. Then it was pounding into the station and as it slowed some of the men began jumping aboard in order to reserve seats for their bridge games.

Jim was slow and he didn't manage



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to climb on until practically every seat was gone. He walked towards the front of the train where the smoking cars were. In the third car up he passed Bill and Don. They were sitting together, staring out the window with their backs to him, and they weren't playing bridge. Jim stopped to speak to them.

"Hey . . ." he started to say.

Apparently they didn't see or hear him so he tapped Don on the shoulder. Don looked up. He didn't smile.

"Hey, I thought you guys were going to play bridge."

Don cleared his throat.

"Oh, er, we couldn't find the other two fellows, changed our minds."

Jim nodded.

"Oh, hell, well then I'll find another fellow and we can get up a game."

Bill looked up, aroused from the trance he had gone into watching the flat farmland slide past the train window.

"Look, Jim, that's all right. Forget it. We're both tired anyway," Bill said.

Jim waved his hand, flicking cigarette ashes on Don as he did so.

"No trouble, no trouble at all. You two just sit right here and old Jim'll have it all fixed up in no time."

Without waiting for an answer Jim hurried down the aisle. In the rear of the next car he spotted Tom Hughes. He thought Tom recognized him but when he went to speak to him Tom was staring out the window. Just then the conductor came along collecting tickets and Jim had to turn around to hand him his commutation ticket. When he looked again Hughes was gone.

"Why that's funny he was sitting right here."

He decided to walk on up to the next car. He was almost past him before Jim realized that the man slumped deep in an end seat was Tom Hughes.

"Oh, there you are," Jim said.

"Hello, Dunlop," Hughes muttered.

Jim sat down in the empty seat next to him.

"Say, Tom, some of us are getting up a bridge game back there. Kinda thought we'd like to have ya sit in."

Hughes slumped deeper in his seat.

"Oh thanks awfully old man but really I'm much too weary this morning to go through all that."

Jim slapped him on the knee, hard.

"Oh come on, best thing in the world for you. Sharpens the old mind like nobody's business."

Hughes moved his leg. When he

spoke again his voice wasn't quite its normally well-modulated self.

"Look, Dunlop, I'm tired, do you understand? I don't want to play bridge."

"Oh, you're kidding, sure you do."

Jim grabbed Hughes' arm, laughing. Hughes started to pull away from him. Then he noticed several people in the car had turned and were staring at them. He sighed.

"All right, Dunlop, lead the way."

"Atta boy Tom," said Jim.

All the way back to the car where he had left Bill and Don Jim kept up a running commentary on the importance of his business connections. Once, while he was shouting over his shoulder about how important he considered personality to be in business, he was surprised to discover that Hughes was a car-length behind him. The people around him must have thought he was talking to himself because they were all laughing themselves into fits. Jim couldn't help but join them. Some joke on me, he thought.

"Hey, Tom," he shouted the length of the car. "You missed a good one. Come on."

They walked on together, Hughes trailing.

"Well here's the car where I left Don and Bill," said Jim.

Don and Bill had been sitting in the seat behind the partition that divided the car.

"Well I got old Tom Hughes to play with us," Jim shouted as he came abreast of the partition. But there was no-one in the seat. Bill and Don were gone. Hughes came up alongside of him.

"Well, where are your friends Dunlop?"

Jim felt uncomfortable for some reason.

"Well, they was right here. I don't get it."

"Really?"

"They musta gone after some cards. Look Tom, you wait here and I'll go look for them."

Jim opened the door to the next car. They must be in there, he thought, because all the other cars are non-smokers. But he didn't see them anywhere. When he went back to look for Hughes he was gone too.

He sat down in the empty booth and lit a cigarette. When the train pulled into the station he walked with the crowd towards the escalator. Up in the station he saw Hughes, Bill, and Don walking ahead of him towards the coffee shop. Jim ran to overtake them. He wanted to have a laugh with them about how they had all lost each other on the train. As he came up behind



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them he couldn't help but overhear Hughes.

"Honestly, I don't know who the real estate agent was who sold that meatball a house in Bay Ville but I intend to find out and have the idiot shot."

Bill and Don laughed.

"And that wife of his . . . whew! She's taking the poor devil for everything he's got and making money on the side to boot," said Bill.

All three of them laughed again as they turned into the coffee shop.

Jim slowed down. He watched them enter the restaurant together. Then he
(Continued on page 36)

The Major

(Continued from page 15)

identification." He paused, glanced sharply at Mike, "That part is just routine."

Mike had a sour taste in his mouth. It was typical for Flick to call a river crossing patrol "routine."

Flick glanced at his maps, looked sidewise at Mike, "I said this was dangerous, Sergeant, because there's as SS captain, named Reider, who's been sent from Berlin to handle Jerry's intelligence and counter-intelligence on this front."

Mike nodded. He remembered the earless bodies floating in the river with the cards, "Thanks—Reider," pinned on.

"Yes, Sir, I know. Both the other battalions have lost men on this mission already. I've seen some of them."

Flick raised his eyelids, "This Reider is good. We haven't been able to get information by patrol anywhere along the regimental front."

He took a long drag on the cigarette and continued, "It's important, Sergeant. Seems like something big is about to break, but we have to let the attacking echelons know what they will hit."

He smashed the cigarette fiercely, "Sergeant, get a prisoner—tonight. That's an order."

That started it, choosing his two men from the section, a consultation over the maps, arranging protective fires from the battalion's 81mm. mortars and heavy machine guns in case Mike got into trouble, flare signals (white for the boat, red for the supporting fires), tiny morphine syrettes from the medics, the boat and crew, choice of routes, equipment, a mountain of details all aimed at getting them over the river and assuring their success. Plans were checked and rechecked. Now they were across. The ball had been centered—the play had started.

Mike figured rapidly as he advanced. The barbed wire concertina coils he had seen in the air photo should show up in a moment. He would turn left and skirt the wire where it stopped at the draw. Better not follow the draw—it was a natural approach and would be mined. This Reider was a long way from dumb. If he judged right, they could pass at the end of the wire and turn right, circling behind the entanglement, and would miss the draw that the Germans so evidently wanted someone to use. Careful though,

mustn't be silhouetted against the sky line, even as dark as it is. It would be easy to make the road when they passed the wire.

The barbed wire strands looked like silvery spider webs. The two shadows followed him to the left, then right, around the wire, steadying their equipment so it wouldn't rattle. A rifle shot echoed somewhere in the distance, and they listened a moment before moving ahead.

"Be back by 0400!" the major had said. It didn't leave too much time.

The black hatred rose up in Mike again as he thought of Flick's direct order, "Get a prisoner." Flick didn't care about the cost. Men were nothing. The emotion filled Mike, making him wide-awake and steady.

The road was a faded streak, kept in darkness by the towering trees on each side. Mike had figured on that extra darkness, and was pleased to see that he had figured right. He stepped into the road, putting his toe down first, searchingly, then putting his weight forward and drawing the other foot up alongside. His two companions followed suit, moving as swiftly as the fog.

If he and his men went forward to the cross roads, they would have to chance running into a contact patrol between outposts. Better to cross to the line of trees on the other side and use their protection getting to the cross roads.

He led the shadows across the road and past the tree line. The grass sloped away from the road shoulder into a little ditch.

The shadow behind him slipped, a stick cracked, breaking the silence sharply. All three froze, hardly daring to breathe. Mike cursed behind his closed lips, eyes straining into the darkness, blood pumping in his temples.

There was no noise ahead; they had not been heard. He led the way along the ditch, feeling carefully with his toes before each step.

The cross roads must be just ahead! The soft rasp of metal on metal and a sharp, hard snap, halted him. Someone had closed the bolt of a rifle. There was no mistaking the sound. Mike was certain it came from in front, near the edge of the road. He could almost feel the tension of the two figures crouched behind him. Gingerly he felt for the earth beneath and settled into the damp grass, twisting the sub-machine gun around until its snout covered the space where the sound had originated. Then he waited. Time drifted slowly into space.

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There it was again—the snap and the sliding metal! There was a guttural curse. Mike inched his way up the bank to the trees. The dim figure was not six feet away. He could see the outline of the coal-scuttle helmet, and the rifle in the man's hands. The German was looking at the rifle, his back toward Mike. The trees hung low on the far side of the road. All was in blackness there.

Mike edged his way back down the embankment, and motioned the two crouched figures into position.

"What a stroke of luck," he thought, and felt like laughing at Flick.

The two shadows were waiting for his move. No words were necessary; each man knew what was expected when Mike signaled.

"Make it quick!" his experience told him, "Get the kraut to the other side of the road with a single rush."

He started easing up the bank again. His muscles were relaxed—ready—but his heart pounded. He felt hot, his mouth dry, remembering red-headed Flick would be crouched in a hole scooped out of the earth, field phone in hand, waiting. At the mortar positions far back, dark figures would be ready. Every possible target had been registered on during the day so as to give the landing spot a protective

box of fire if need be. On the banks, machine gunners would be fingering their weapons, the two engineers of the boat crew would be standing ankle deep in the icy water, waiting. The thought gave him strength. That, and hate for Flick.

Mike reached the top of the bank, drew his legs up under him, and shifted his weight evenly to both feet.

A rustle of leaves across the road stopped him—dropped him quickly to the ground.

"Fool!" he thought, "Fool—damn fool! That kraut isn't alone. You should have known that. Where's your head?"

Mike slid back slowly, hugging the earth, suddenly aware of an unseen danger in the low slung trees on the opposite side of the road. He felt the questions in the eyes of his two buddies as he motioned them down. Had he been wrong? Were his ears playing tricks? The others hadn't heard anything.

"We'll wait," he said to himself. And they waited, watching the sentry.

Mike felt rather than saw the first of the eight Germans on the other side of the road. The other seven stepped out at nearly the same instant. The first man spoke to the sentry in a soft growl. The German words were hard to catch.

"I'm sending the *gruppe* to check the road," he turned to the seven, "Four hundred meters is far enough. Go just beyond the cross roads."

The seven faded into the shadows, three on one side of the road and four on the other, as they moved off. Their heels made clicking noises on the road. Mike offered a silent prayer. They had gone left, away from the route he would have to travel. Neither German spoke as the heel clicks faded away. There was a long silence, broken only by the March wind in the tree tops.

"I don't think we will catch any fish tonight, eh, Ernst?"

The sentry nodded agreement, "*Ja wohl, Herr Korporal*, Hauptman Reider will not like that."

"The Yankees are more cautious," the corporal said, bending over to tuck his pants leg into his short black boot. "He will think up some new trick."

Mike eased the sub-machine gun carrying strap over his head. The dark bladed knife jumped into his hand. He pointed at the corporal bending over—then the sentry—his two men understood. The two Germans were to be killed—silently.

Mike thought with anger at Flick's words, "Reider is good." And he sud-

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denly remembered the men who had floated in the river.

He figured, "It's a dumb trick to send that squad away—or else it's a damn clever double trap. And I think it's one of Reider's traps."

He waved his hand forward, and his two men leapt up. The sentry's helmet clanged on the ground as his head was jerked backward, a hand clamped over his mouth, the rifle clattered as it fell. The slash in the side of his throat spewed dark and warm. He fell without a sound.

Mike's other man had caught the corporal from behind, a hand shutting off sound. The corporal's pistol skidded in the dirt.

"That's all gentlemen," a smooth voice said in English from the other side of the road.

Two men sped out of the shadows. Mike saw the reflection from the highly polished officer's boots of the first, and the leveled rifle of the second. The first of Mike's men stood astraddle the sentry, the second kept the corporal between him and the two new Germans.

"I've been expecting you," the officer said. Then in a different tone, "Release the *korporal*."

Mike eased a coil of fine copper wire from his hip pocket, letting the noose dangle free. He caught it in his fingers. Holding the knife in his right palm and keeping the wire noose spread wide with his fingers he slipped closer, a little to the left, and behind the two Germans who were intent on the scene in the road. The heavy sub-machine gun dangled across his chest. He was a ghost, silent and invisible in the shadow.

He stepped closer until he was directly behind the rifleman. Mike raised the copper loop over the man's head and let it drop. He gave a fierce tug at the free end and the wire grew tight. The German's rifle clattered to the road. He fell backward, gurgling sounds as he tried to claw the wire that bit into the flesh of his neck.

The officer whirled. Mike slapped at the man's pistol. It went off with an explosion like thunder in the quiet of the night. Mike closed with the man, sliced the knife across the hand that held the pistol, splitting open the knuckles. The pistol spun from the nerveless fingers and then Mike's buddy caught the officer with a blow in the back of the neck. The German collapsed.

The strangled rifleman lay still. The corporal was a limp heap. Three dead and one prisoner. But Mike knew there was still the trip back.

"The fat's in the fire." Mike whispered, "That patrol will be on our necks in a minute. Get this prisoner to the landing site—over the wire, if it's shorter."

Mike ran his fingers over the German officer's collar, felt the twin tunic SS and straightened suddenly.

"Shutzstaffel! SS!" he said. "Wonder what slave driver Flick will say to that?"

Mike fumbled at the prisoner's arm, tossed away the mashed morphine syrette.

"He'll stay quiet, now—O. K., scam!"

His men disappeared with their burden. Mike started down the ditch as he heard sounds of feet on the road. He started running, deliberately making noise. Everything had to go like clockwork, now. A bullet whispered over his head made a loud crack after it went by. Another fanned him closer, kicking up the dirt by his side.

Mike wheeled, savagely, letting the



—and then he asked me
if my mother was home

sub-machine gun have its head in a long burst of .45's just waist high. He heard his enemy flinging themselves to the earth. He let them have the rest of the magazine about eight inches off the ground, then ducked and ran, reloading as he went.

Three hasty shots cracked overhead. He didn't slow down.

"The boys'll get the prisoner to the boat, now." He thought.

As he skirted the end of the wire entanglement, he heard sounds of pursuit. He made for the boat site, fingering the cylinders fastened on his belt.

"Now," he decided, "Now!" And he knelt in the mud, unhooking the two cylinders. He pressed the trigger on the first, and a white ball of light flashed into the air, burst in a shower of sparks.

The long white fingers of machine gun tracers clawed at him from somewhere on the right. He rolled away from the strike of the bullets, tripped the red flare.

"Let's see the fireworks, fellows," he laughed.

Again steel-jacketed lead cracked above. A parachute flare went up back of the barbed wire. Mike hugged the ground. White tracers flung at him from three directions. He pressed closer to the muddy grass, a pit of ice on his middle.

"What's the matter with Flick?" he wondered angrily. "Where'n the hell's that supporting fire? Is that damn major asleep?"

Thirty seconds after the red flare, all the noise and fury of his battalion's weapons fell around him. The pop-whiz-crump of the mortars as they filled the air about the Nazis with tiny, jagged splinters of flying metal, the red darts of Yank tracers with their hammering thump as the heavy thirties pumped streams of lead at the jerry guns which tormented him.

Under cover of the friendly fire, Mike sprinted for the landing site. The cork splotted faces of his buddies loomed in front of him and they waved him on. They crouched like black bumps in the mud, covering the German's limp figure, ready to meet any Germans who penetrated the wall of flying steel made by the protective box.

The Nazis recovered from the initial shock of the accurate surprise fire, and the white tracer tongues flicked out from new positions. Flares lit up the area with their eerie blue-white light, struggling against the river haze.

Mike flopped into the cold ooze, and peered over the water for the first sign of the boat. Metal whined and shrieked overhead.

The boat came in fast, sucking at the mud. Mike helped get the prisoner into the rocking boat, and they pushed off.

The engineer on the right dropped his paddle into the water, grunted, and followed it face first, his eyes wide open in surprise. The tiny craft twisted crazily, drifting down stream. White tracers laced at them again.

It was swim or die. Mike dropped the gun and jumped. The shock of the cold water almost paralyzed him.

"Swim the boat in!" he shouted as he came up, "Leave the kraut in the bottom."

The other three dropped into the water beside him. The engineer didn't come up. Mike grabbed the blunt bow of the boat with one hand, swimming half on his back, half on his side. His boots and clothes tugged hard, trying

to pull him under. He wished he could get rid of these boots.

Splinters flew off the boat. The water was full of little splashes.

It was harder to move his feet; they were like chunks of rock now.

"Damn Flick and his prisoner, anyway," he raved, tugging at the boat.

It was hard to get his breath; his lungs felt like they would burst into flame. He splashed water badly, realizing that the other two were doing the same. His breath came in short gasps. It was as though he was looking through bubbles. The world above was alive with vari-colored flashes of light and thunderous crashes of sound. There was a scream.

"Sound and fury signifying nothing—nothing!" He's heard it somewhere—school maybe!

He swallowed water, his feet dragging low. His head whirled. He fought to think.

"Keep going!" he mumbled, "Keep going, Flick said it was an order."

There was a geyser of water as a mortar shell landed upstream.

"Jerry's 120mm.," he guessed, and then the world fell on him with stunning force, crushing at him from all sides, smashing at his insides, pushing his eardrums.

The boat rocked from the near miss. One of the struggling swimmers slipped beneath the surface, disappeared.

Mike's head pounded; he choked, and water got into his nostrils; and an amber haze closed him in. He remembered the prisoner—Flick must have his prisoner.

Mike struggled with all his remaining strength, anger and hate lashing him on, keeping him moving through that amber froth. Something bumped him, bruising his side.

The boat slammed him again, held him against the mud of the river bottom. The amber color dissolved. He saw the red-haired major, then his buddy dripping and muddy.

He was pulled bodily out of the water. The German was lifted from the boat and whisked away. A black curtain fell on Mike as he gained his feet. He felt himself caught in Flick's strong arms, and the curtain closed completely.

Casualties never made any difference to Flick because his eyes were always on "the mission." That's why Mike hated him. The men who lost their lives were just pawns to Flick. Little people just didn't matter in a big war.

The candle sputtered and flickered in the smoke filled dugout. Mike pulled

the wool blanket higher around him, then raised his head, trying to get rid of the roaring sound. He felt dizzy and sick. Not far away, Flick was sitting, hunched, watching the smoke from a cigarette curl over his fingers.

The major did not stir for a long moment, then his voice cut above the roaring, "Have a cigarette, Sergeant?"

"Thanks," Mike took it, conscious of the smoldering behind Flick's eyes.

"You lost three men, Sergeant!"

"We got Reider for you, what in God's name more do you want?" Mike's words were hard.

"What more do I want?" Flick added. "Just somebody to tell the people back home about the little guys who won their war for them."

Mike dug in his pocket and handed Flick a fresh cigarette. Flick struck a match for the two of them.

Quiz Answers

(See page 10)

- | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|
| A. 4. | E. 3. | I. 2. |
| B. 1. | F. 3. | J. 1. |
| C. 5. | G. 6. | |
| D. 2. | H. 5. | |



Fred Weaver, Dean of men, behind the eight ball.

PSYCHOLOGIST'S SCORING:

- 11 . . . This quiz was not supposed to be open to the faculty.
- 9 . . . How long have you been an usher in the Carolina Theater?
- 7 . . . Run for editor of the student directory next year.
- 5 . . . Go be a Graham Memorial janitor and meet these well-known characters.
- 3 . . . You are too near-sighted to recognize your own grandpa in the mirror.
- 1 . . . Shame on you for being in this quiz and then not knowing anybody else.
- 9 . . . There can be no doubt how you voted in the referendum.

Beneath the Sky

(Continued from page 13)

and we'll see how you can handle it. You do okay and I'll take you up to Jersey with us. You'll get forty per cent of everything you win. If you are nervous about it, well—"

The kid's face didn't move. I knew he already had his foot on the car's accelerator, but he didn't move.

"Why, me?"

Simon laughed that heavy Frog laugh. "Listen, kid, I am always this way to people who hit me in the face with beer. Ain't I, John Charles?" The little man kept quiet. "Don't be there in the morning if you are nervous, Raymond. Okay, let's drink up. Here's to hell on our bellies."

We all said it and the beer went down. That's an old saying around the tracks: take her wheels off and I'll drive her to hell on her belly. Like I told you, I don't like these Frenchies when they get dramatic.

Ray said goodnight and we heard his Ford rev up and screech down the street.

"Simon," I said, "that is a funny kid. He made a mistake throwing that beer on you. Why don't you just forget it."

Simon set his voice down low. "You boys know that I am a very careful driver. The other man always sets his own speed on the track with me. I will eat his dust until the last lap and then—voop!—I pass him like a tornado. I always get them, because I take my time. You boys know that."

"Don't you hurt that boy tomorrow, Simon." I guess I sounded desperate, because they both laughed.

"You be there in the morning. You will see that I take care of the nice boy. The nice boy with Timken bearings in his head."

Sure, I was there. So were about two dozen pit men and hang-around guys. Everybody had the word that a new kid was going to drive for the Frenchman and they all had to see. It was a good day and the sun was trying to rub up some of the mud from the track. A muddy track is the worst thing that can happen to a driver.

John Charles and I dangled our legs over the roof of the time-keeper's shack and watched Simon get the boy ready. They had the old Number Four job gassed up. It was an old red heap that had junk-yard parts in the Ford engine. Sometimes it would get hot as hell in a race, but it got tired like an old woman.

"Look, here comes Simon's Offen-

hauser," said John Charles. I looked down the track. They were rolling the little black snub-nose out. I jumped down to the ground.

"Be back in a minute."

I ran out to Ray. He was fastening his helmet in the cockpit. He looked too damn dashing.

"Listen, Ray, you take it easy. This big Frog ain't forgetting that stunt you pulled on him last night. If he says that he's going to teach you how to drive traffic, you take it real easy. He's a little daffy, understand."

"Hey, Joe, don't worry about me. This is the big break. Don't you worry about me and this baby."

He patted the side of the red heap. My God, I groaned, a motor-crazy kid and a mad Frenchie. I always do worry too much, I guess. The car shoved Ray's racer in the tail and the motor caught and he rolled off through the mud. I sprinted off the track and climbed back up with John Charles.

"He drives pretty well," said John Charles. "He will do very well."

"He'll do damn well in a long box with handles if he don't look out."

"Ooh, do not worry about Simon. He will not harm the boy. He is just a little irritated. He wants to scare young Raymond."

Ray's old Ford was spiraling around the track now at about fifty or sixty. Even at that speed he was skidding too much on the curves. It was the mud.

"I cannot understand it. Look at him, 'round and 'round," John Charles said. "He can't get anywhere. And yet people yell their heads off and say, whee, look at that fellow go. In Spain they have the bull fight. They say that the bull is the symbol of the devil and they yell when he is killed by the matadors. It is bloody and they yell. But these Americans—just going fast around in a circle. It is a futile sport."

Then the whine of Saint-Simon's Offenhauser hit our ears. It covered up the broken roar that Ray's racer made. I watched Simon as he got the rhythm of the track and began skidding through the turns and gunning down the straightaway. An Offenhauser is really fast. It has high-priced metal in the engine and the outside is chrome. You give it the gun and it will snap your neck against the seat, it is that fast.

"I sure hope he don't try to crowd the kid," I said. "He's a quick kid and he might do something wrong."

"Simon is not going to crowd him. He told me he just wanted to see how Raymond acted under pressure. You know."

Both cars roared past us: one-two. Raymond was still loping along a half-lap ahead of Simon. This was a half-mile track with long straightways. Simon would be on his tail easy in a second.

"Okay, okay, but I'll be after Simon myself if the kid gets hurt. He lives with a step-aunt, and he works hard down in that garage. He's—"

"You talk foolishly. Watch the cars."

When they came past this time, Simon was driving with his nose right on Ray's tail. Ray had the old red Ford wide open, but the Offenhauser stayed with him easy. Simon darted the black job to one side as if to pass the kid. The kid moved over and blocked him and they whirled into another one of those muddy turns.

"Simon is playing with him. He is a mouse for Simon," said John Charles.

"How many laps left?"

"Two more, I think."

They barreled down the straightway again. Simon was back on the Ford's tail again, and the Offenhauser sounded damn good. It was warm now and it had the high smooth sound that means power.

As they approached the turn, Simon pulled out as if to pass the boy. Ray stayed on the inside of the curve, gunned it as he skidded out, and went flying down the other straightway. He knew that guys just don't pass on the outside of the curves. You never have enough room and the dirt is usually flabby. You know what I mean.

"Well, he hasn't taught him a helluva lot yet. And this is the last lap. The boy knows what he is doing," I said.

"Yes, this is the last lap. Watch very closely."

They piled around the next turn and came singing down the last straightway. There was only one turn left and the finish. It always kicks me in the stomach to see two cars come devil-be-damn down the last straightway, wide open and the mud flying and the guys screwed over the wheel.

Ray swung to the outside to come in for the curve. He had real nerve on the turns, but he was taking this one faster than usual. Then when he hit the inside of the curve, Simon's little black job revved up. I bet you could hear the scream of that motor a mile away.

"Watch this," said John Charles.

Simon wheeled the car around the outside of the curve and it went skidding and belching along the rim. It was a trick to see. He would have to have God's pot of luck to go on around the bend without skidding down the embankment. Then he did it—the little Offenhauser darted toward the inside

of the track. Simon was going to try to come out of the turn on the inside of Ray. The black job pawed the dirt up and jumped for the inside rail. I knew Simon had his foot stamped down on the floor, and the car was straining for power.

It was a beautiful job and would have worked, but Simon made one mistake. Ray didn't move from his rail position. He just purred on around the turn and headed up the straightway. There was no hole for Simon to go through.

The Offenhauser must have been doing a flat 100 when it smashed the rail. I have seen cars crash in my day, but that was the prettiest—well, it almost made me laugh, it looked so funny. It did two big cartwheels, big and black up in the sky, and then it hit the ground rolling. The motor just kept singing.

I jumped down from the shack and started toward the car, but a dozen guys were already running. I looked for Ray, but he was still doing lazy circles around the track. So I got in the car and went back to town.

I went to the Blue Heaven and I sat myself down and ordered two quarts of beer. I drank the first one fast.

The Frenchman came in and got the second one. It was John Charles and he could hardly hold the glass.

"We came over from France thirty years ago," he said. "We didn't understand much, we were just kids. But Simon got us in this racket and we have never made a mistake. Simon was always mean when these Americans crossed us, but he never made a mistake."

"Take it easy. Drink a toast. Drink a dozen toasts."

"Don't kid with me. It was that American boy, Raymond with the piston arms in his insides and the carburetor for the heart. He's out there now, just going round and round. He doesn't think, he just keeps moving. Nothing will stop him until the gas runs out or he hits something. They are all like that—nothing but speed and the foolish road around and around. You know, Joe, don't you?"

"Yes, I know."

Interlude

(Continued from page 32)

turned and headed towards the open air coffee shop, the one frequented by the kids going to school, and the bank clerks, and the junior salesmen, pen salesmen.



EASY MONEY DEPARTMENT



Forget the principle of the thing—this is money! That's right—legal tender . . . in folding quantities . . . as high as fifteen bucks—that's what Pepsi-Cola Company pays for gags and such-like you send in and we print. Procedure? Simple—send your stuff, marked with your name, address, school and class, to Easy Money Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y. All contributions become the

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Will getting "Pepsi-Cola" into your gag hurt its chances? Don't be naive, chums. We like it. So, if you should wind up with a rejection slip clutched in your hot little fist, that won't be the reason. Well, don't just sit there! Pick up that pencil—get your stuff started now. There's Easy Money waiting!

LITTLE MORON CORNER

Here's the gag that won a M. M. (Master Moron) degree—and a fast two bucks—for Ben Orloff, of Univ. of North Carolina, in the November contest:

Our minor-league moron, Mortimer, caused considerable furore in local circles by entering one of our better bistros and calling for a Pepsi-Cola. When served, he proceeded to plug it down with not one, but six, straws. Questioned as to his motives, Mortimer carefully removed all six straws from his mouth and replied with considerable hauteur: "So I can drink six times as much Pepsi, natch!"

Earle S. Schlegel of Lehigh Univ. also came up with two bucks for his moron gag. Why don't you get on the gravy train? Two bucks each for every moron joke we buy.

HE-SHE GAGS

Put one and one together—and you get a He-She gag. Three bucks each to Duane O. McDowell of So. Dakota State College; Albert M. Dredge of Duquesne Univ.; Emmett Carmody of Manhattan College; and Alfred Shapiro of New York Univ., respectively, for these specimens:

She: And what position do you play on the football team?

He: Oh, sort of crouched and bent over.

* * *

She: Why don't you park the car by this sign?

He: You're not allowed to park here.

She: Don't be silly. The sign says "Fine for Parking"!

* * *

He: Your eyes sparkle like Pepsi-Cola.

She: Tell me more. I drink it up.

* * *

She Scot: Sandy, 'tis a sad loss you've had in the death of your wife.

He Scot: Aye, 'tis that. 'Twas just a week ago the doctor told her to dilute her medicine in Pepsi-Cola, and she hadna' time to take but half the bottle.

* * *

Current quotation on these is \$3 each for any we buy. Sure, but everything's over-priced these days.

— DAFFY DEFINITIONS —

We're not just sure who's daffy—but we sent one frog apiece to Don McCauley, Baylor Univ.; Edward Whitaker, Boston Univ.; Joy Dwall, Univ. of Chicago; Charles R. Meissner, Jr., Lehigh Univ.; and James O. Snider, Baylor Univ., for these gems:

Lipstick—something which adds color and flavor to the old pastime.

Controversy—one Pepsi—two people.

Worm—a caterpillar with a shave.

Rival—the guy who gives your girl a Pepsi.

Steam—water gone crazy over the heat.

* * *

So we're subsidizing lunacy. Okay—but it's still a buck apiece for any of these we buy.

GET FUNNY...WIN MONEY...WRITE A TITLE



TOM HENDERSON

Ever play "pin the tail on the donkey?" Well, this is pretty much the same idea—and never mind the obvious cracks. \$5 each for the best captions. Or send in your own idea for a cartoon. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

Here's how we split the take for cartoon drawings, ideas and captions in the November contest: \$15 each to Jay Gluck of Berkeley, Calif. and Herbert John Brammeier, Jr. of St. Louis Univ.; \$10 to H. Dick Clarke of Univ. of Oklahoma; and \$5 each to Virgil Daniel of George Washington Univ., Frances Charkon of William and Mary College, and Sidney B. Flynn of St. Louis Univ.

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

\$100.00

ALL THESE STARS APPEAR
IN DAVID O. SELZNICK'S PRODUCTION
"THE PARADINE CASE"
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MAY 15 1948

**Give
Us
Pause**

VE Plus 3
April 1948

WHY ARE MORE PEOPLE
SMOKING CAMELS
THAN EVER BEFORE?

BECAUSE
EXPERIENCE IS THE
BEST TEACHER!

Vic Scott

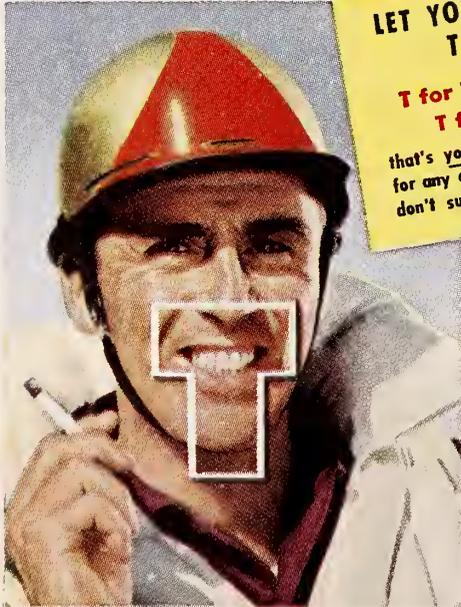
Champion
Outboard Racing Driver

He holds the world's record for Class C Outboard Motorboats—57.325 miles per hour for 5 miles! 1947 winner of the famous Albany-to-New York Outboard Marathon.

"In 12 years of outboard racing, I've found that 'experience is the best teacher,'" says Vic Scott. "And that's true in choosing a cigarette, too. Through the years, I've tried many brands. I've compared them—for mildness, for cool smoking, for flavor. I learned from experience that Camels suit me to a 'T!'"

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According to a Nationwide survey:
More Doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette

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Spring days are sport days—days in which you want to be happy and comfortable, in addition to good-looking. Kapp's slacks are the ideal for whatever activity you undertake—whether it's watching or working.

In light-weight wools, flannels, and gabardines, all of finest quality. With talon fasteners and deep, roomy pockets.



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1892

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then, jane griffith,
caroline homan

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April, 1948

VE Plus 3

Book Review	Roland Giduz	5
VE plus 3	Harvey Weinstein	7
Dedication		10
Escape	Clarke Stallworth	11
Listen: The Banjo	Sandy Grady	12
Post-Diploma Diplomat	Doris Weaver	14
One Night Stand	Don McKinney	15
The Empty Trapeze	Bob Sain	16
Refraction	Jean Brown	16
Italian Graveyard	Morton Seif	16
Give Us Pause	Sam Hirsch	17

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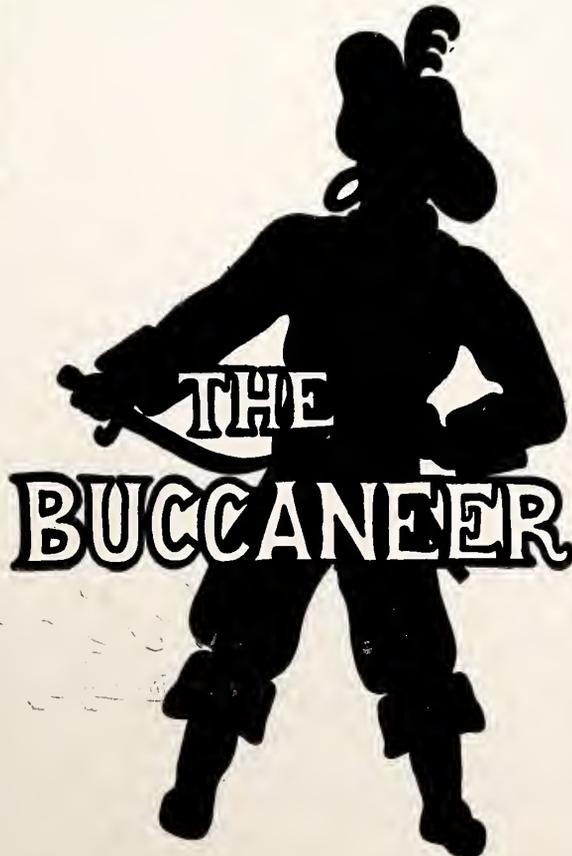
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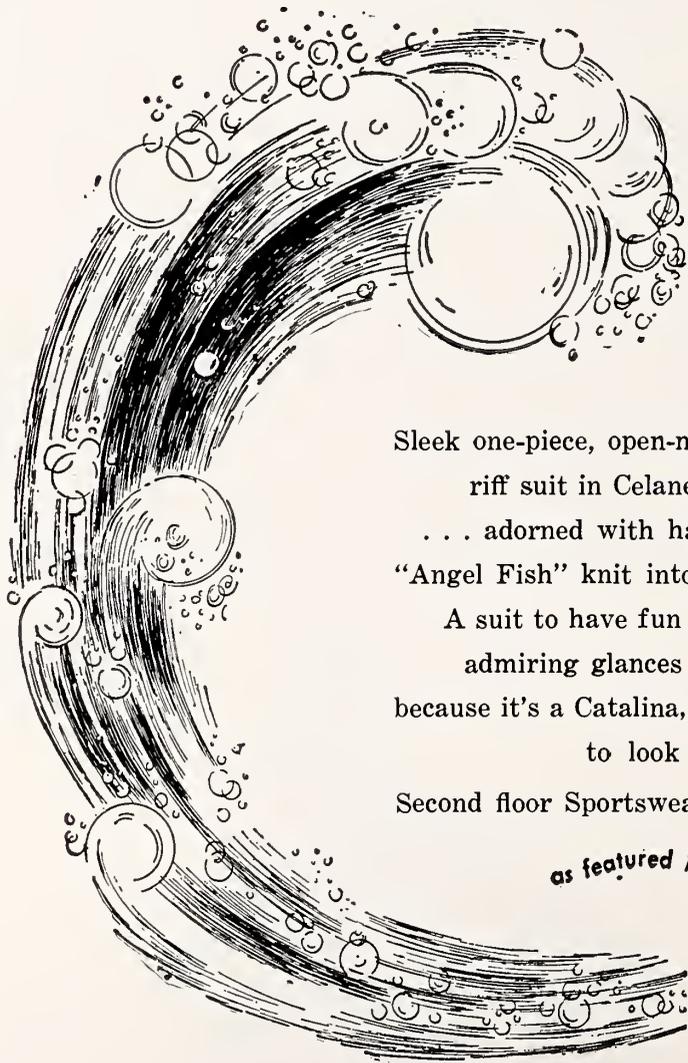
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LOOK FOR THE  FLYING FISH

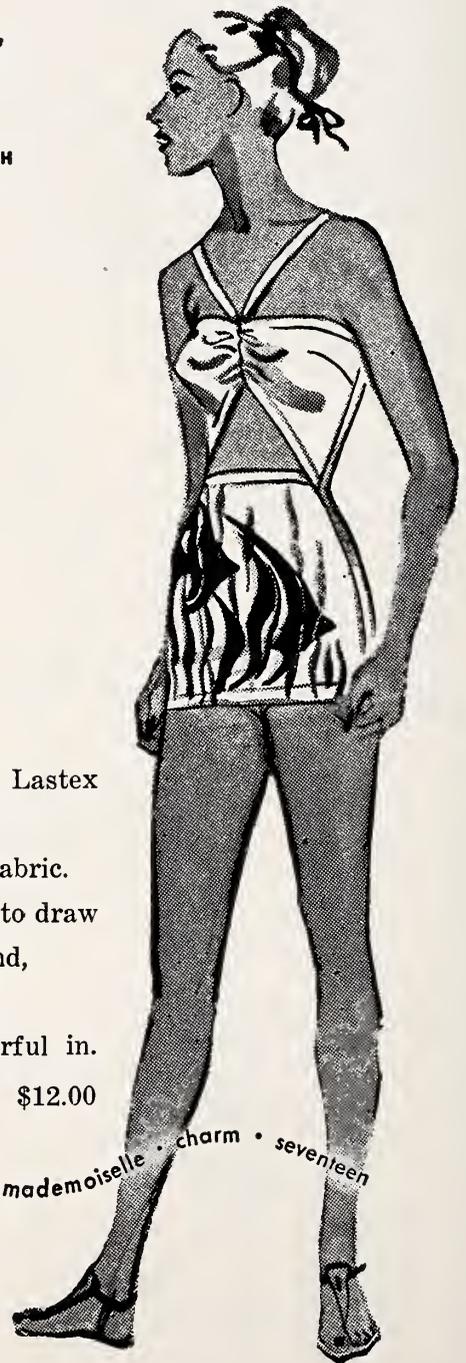


Sleek one-piece, open-midriff suit in Celanese and Lastex . . . adorned with happy "Angel Fish" knit into the fabric.

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Franklin Street



Back Home, by Bill Mauldin; William Sloane Associates, New York, 1947; 315 pp; \$3.50.

by Roland Giduz

"... I got my big burden off my chest by getting this book out. I don't ask anybody to agree with me nor do I hope to convince any readers of anything. I simply feel age creeping up; my bank account grows; my radical years are almost over. I want to stick this thing on my bookshelf as a reminder of my wild days so I can read it over and be a little more tolerant of the next generation of upstarts."

SO QUOTH Bill Mauldin, champion of the enlisted man and current crusader in behalf of dollar-distressed average ex-GI's in ending his hard-punching book, "Back Home." His first work "Up Front," the saga by and for the front-line dogfaces, proved a smash hit in crashing the Book-of-the-Month club list while Mauldin was still drawing for Stars and Stripes in Europe. It's only a matter of time before "Back Home," an anthology of the problems and injustices facing the new veteran, will do the same.

Assuredly it will receive much criticism for the 23-year-old ex-infantryman (157th regiment, 45th division) doesn't mind speaking his piece, and is nationally known as a crusader for civil rights and liberal causes. But whether the reader likes the text or not he'll probably read it. And a hostile reader will certainly at least look at the pictures.

The author himself stated the cartoons are for the veterans themselves, so many "civilians" may not follow their full import. And the same goes for the accompanying text. (A glossary of GI slang might well be included at the end.) Not completely understanding the book, many may unjustly become hostile towards it. With the present national trend towards reaction, the chances are the average American "civilian" will not agree with and probably will not even understand all of the book. But the nature of the topics taken up—from demobilization, veterans groups, personal problems, Hollywood, used autos, civil rights, politics, to atomic energy—is too all-covering and unquestionably timely to be dull reading.

Those who follow Mauldin's line of thought will find his writing in a jazzy but easy flowing natural jargon. And they will feel a special kinship for the author. What he has chronicled is nothing unusual. They've often felt the same way; been through the same things as he has; but they haven't had his facility for drawing and writing about it.—Getting it down on paper.

Well-organized it is throughout with concise sections on each subject in which he is interested. "Back Home" moves smoothly from one topic to the next (from UN to atomic energy, to the army in politics, etc.). As to style, it is swift reading. Many will finish it in one sitting.

After Ernie Pyle's death it was said only Bill Mauldin understood how fighting men really felt, and that no one understood him except his fellow GI's. In chronicling the problem of the same men in civilian clothing Bill Mauldin has proven he still has that same elbow touch. If that makes him a radical, I hope he'll always be one.

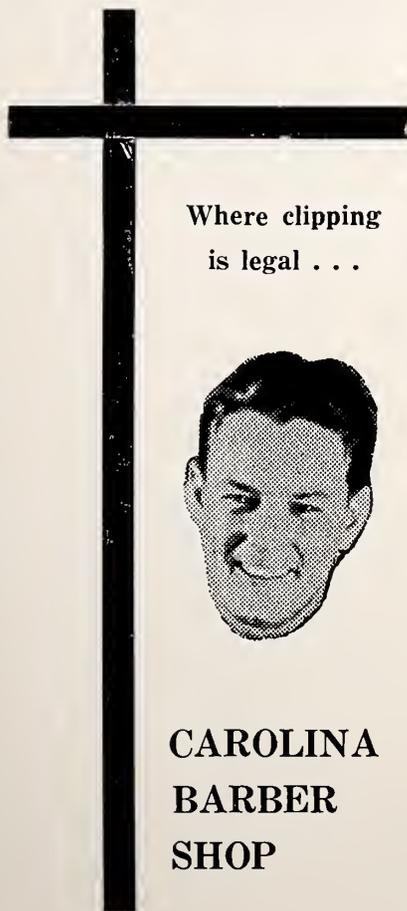
MOTHER'S DAY

May 9



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TRUMAN ASKS TEMPORARY DRAFT IMMEDIATELY AND UNIVERSAL TRAINING AS THE PRICE OF PEACE. MARSHALL BACKS PLEA, HOUSE SPEEDS ERP BILL

N. DECIDES, 9 TO 2, TO SIFT CZECH COUP; GROMYKO IS BITTER

Security Body in Tumultuous Session Puts the Communist Overthrow on Its Agenda

PANEK CALLED 'TRAITOR'

Prague Envoy Denounced by Russian, Who Draws Rebukes for Unrestrained Language

Arguments Security Council Puts on Agenda
By THOMAS
The United Nations Security Council today decided to open this afternoon a question whether the coup in Czechoslovakia was likely to be a prelude to a general attack on the security of the Council's agenda after hearing a presentation by the Czechoslovak representative, who brought the coup to the attention of the Council on Monday. Meeting questions had already been scheduled for tomorrow and the Council rarely meets on Saturdays.

Secretary of State A. A. Gromyko, Soviet Foreign Minister, and V. A. Tarasenko, representative of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic, stood alone today in the United Nations after forbidding interference in internal affairs of any country and that there was no foundation for the charges that the Soviet Union had threatened the use of force.

'Traitor,' Gromyko Accuses
These were brought originally by Dr. Jan Papanek, the Communist government in Prague, who had dismissed him as the present Czechoslovak representative to the United Nations. Mr. Gromyko denounced Dr. Papanek as a 'traitor' to Czechoslovakia and implied again and again that the United States might take to appeal the question to the Security Council rather than to the United Nations.

Further reference by Mr. Gromyko to 'warmongering' by the United States placed persons who had been named by most delegates to the Security Council to President Truman sharply condemned Czechoslovakia in his address to the Security Council a few hours after the Council met today.

Alfonso Lopez, representative of the Dominican Republic, protested against the reference to the Government as a 'warmonger' by 'external' forces. Dr. T. F. ...

Gromyko has ...

A FRIENDLY GREETING AT THE ST. PATRICK'S PARADE



President Truman and Governor Dewey as they shake hands at the annual St. Patrick's parade in New York City today. At center is John J. ...

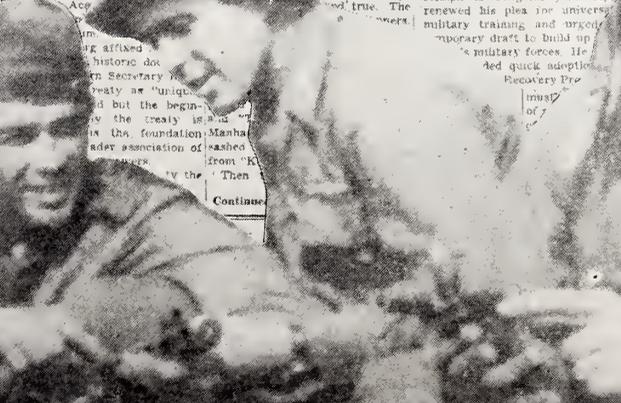
80,000 in St. Patrick's Parade As Communist Watchers

By MEYER BERGER
The parade turned to a gold causeway by the time the sun had gone down. President Truman looked on from the grandstand, lining the route, 1,000 feet long.

8 NATIONS SIGN MUTUAL DEFENSE PACT

By DAVID ANDERSON
Special to The New York Times
BRUSSELS, Belgium—Five western European nations today signed a collective military and economic pact.

At the signing ceremony, the five nations—Belgium, France, Luxembourg, Netherlands and the United Kingdom—pledged to defend each other against any aggression.



The Carolina Mag Polls the Campus Veteran

SECRETARY IS FIRM

Diplomatic Action Alone Means Appeasement, He Tells Senators

DROP IN ARMY IS HIT

It Must Be Rebuilt by UMT and New Draft, He Informs Inquiry

Statement by military training.
By C. P. ...
WASHINGTON, March 17—The Army Secretary today said that a drop in the number of men in the Army would be a serious blow to the nation's defense.

ATOM STRIKE 'SURE' UNLESS COURT ACTS

By THE UNITED PRESS
WASHINGTON, March 17—A union and company officials today said that a strike by atomic workers is likely unless the Federal Court acts.

World News

THURSDAY
President Truman, in his message on foreign affairs to a joint session of Congress yesterday, renewed his plea for universal military training and a temporary draft to build up the military forces.

\$5,300,000,000 Aid Bill Approved by House Group

Committee Puts \$1,000,000,000 Export-Import Repayable Loans—Trieste Fur

WASHINGTON, March 17—The House Foreign Affairs Committee today approved a \$5,300,000,000 aid bill for Europe.

The bill includes \$1,000,000,000 for export-import repayable loans and \$4,300,000,000 for Trieste fur.

SOVIET DENOUNCES

President Says: Russia Plots the Subjugation of Western Europe

ASKS SPEED ON

Wants 'Strength' to the New Alliance, Invites World Accord

By FELIX BELAIR Jr.
Special to The New York Times
WASHINGTON, March 17—President Truman today called for a speed-up in the formation of a new world alliance to counter the Soviet threat.

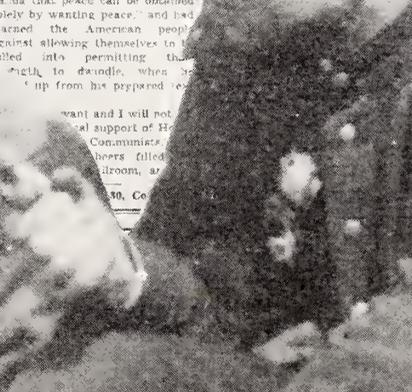
Truman Rejects Any Backing Of Wallace and Communists

By FRANK S. ADAMS
President Truman denounced Henry A. Wallace as an agent of communism last night. He declared that under no conditions would he accept the support of Mr. Wallace or his Communist allies.

CONGRESS HESITANT ON DRAFT, TRAINING

Warns to European Aid Call

Mr. Truman had almost finished his prepared speech in the Senate when he was interrupted by a question which he had asserted the fundamental purpose of his message to Congress was to prevent war.



The Carolina Mag Polls the Campus Veteran

VE plus 3, a poll of campus veterans sponsored by the Carolina Magazine, had to be on a yes and no basis out of necessity. It only claims to establish the thought trends current three years after the first victory celebration. It does not necessarily represent the unqualified opinion of every veteran who filled out his form on March 12, 1948.

by Harvey J. Weinstein

IT WAS three years ago that the GI wound up the European campaign and began that long trek back to the States. A few short months and two Japanese cities later, a few million dogfaces, sailors, and Gyrenes also began returning to the object of their dreams. . . "Golden Gate and the gorgeous '48" . . . then the reconversion. . . the interminable discussions and articles dealing with the difficulty to be encountered in rehabilitating fighting men, trained to be killers, into peaceful citizens. . . the psychologists worried a lot, some of the mothers and sweethearts were a little apprehensive too, but Joe took it in the same easy way in which he had made his original transition. Hell, the war was over, there were plenty of jobs around, maybe not the jobs he had dreamed of, but good enough to get started toward that first million. In a few short weeks, maybe a month or two, Joe regarded himself as a businessman, a father, a husband, a student. . . just a normal character bent on living out his days in the sweet security which for him had never before existed. . . remember? The bells rang, the bands played, the service flags came down out of the windows, the uniforms were hung away and soon even the precious souvenirs, the German binoculars, the Luger, the Samourai were gathering dust up in the attic. . . almost forgotten. . .

What happened in those three short years? It is hard to say, but gradually the security, that lulling, intangible feeling of deep peace, has been dispelled and today the ex-serviceman is seriously wondering just how many months or years are left of this uneasy peace. . . how long will it be before the cold war gets hot?

In an attempt to find out just how the University of North Carolina feels about the prospects of peace, how the veteran regards his present circumstances, and to explain the ever-increasing contagious feeling of insecurity,

we decided to poll five hundred campus veterans in order to catch a glimpse of GI Joe College in the year VE plus three.

International

Do you consider war with Russia inevitable?

Yes 51.6%
No 42.2%

Undecided 6.2%

Of all those polled 19.4% expected war within five years, 15.4% expected it in about five years, 9.4% in about ten years, and 7.4% after ten years.

THIS FIRST, and probably most important question gives us a pretty clear idea of the cause of that "jumpiness," that general feeling of uneasiness which now seems to pervade this campus, though possibly in a lesser degree than the "outside." This resignation to the inevitability of another war within a few years, if it continues to grow, will undoubtedly result in a lowering of morality and a growth of the "Hooray for today and to hell with tomorrow" attitude. At any rate it is a terrifying sign that over fifty per cent of our veterans feel that war with Russia is *not* a probability, but inevitable. Whenever the majority of our citizens meekly accept the inevitability of such a war and concurrently cease their efforts for peace then the chances of avoiding such a world catastrophe become nil.

Do you approve of the present occupation policy in

Germany? Japan?

Yes	44.2%	73.8%
No	48.8%	16.2%
Undecided	7.0%	10.0%

IN VIEW of the later showing of General MacArthur in the presidential poll, this vote may be construed as a resounding approval of the General in the role of a military tactician and administrator, but indicates a lack of confidence in him as a political leader. Another explanation of this divergence of opinion on occupation in the two defeated enemy homelands may be attributed to the fact that while in Germany the occupation has been shared with other major powers in Japan, America has had a completely free hand. Perhaps the press censorship in Japan may account for the popular approval of our occupation policy. The Japanese most

assuredly do not criticize the American occupation as vociferously as the Germans.

Are you an active member of a national veterans organization?

Yes 26.2%
No 73.8%

THIS overwhelming rejection of the national veterans groups is quite significant. It can be attributed to many causes: A) The disgust with the service in general and the desire to be rid of any ties. B) The failure of many veterans' organizations to really understand the World War II veteran and his problems. C) The selfish "all for the veteran" attitude of some of the national organizations. D) The fact that the student veteran away from home, does not feel the need for the service organization while attending UNC with its thousands of student veterans.

It seems kind of funny looking back. Do you remember the fears of some politicians and old line party chieftains that the veterans, banded together, could easily take over control of the nation? If nothing else, this poll adequately shows that the student veterans, like the rest of the citizenry, think as individuals, as citizens, and more often than not are evenly split on domestic and foreign policies.

Do you feel that the United States has handled the atom bomb properly?

Yes 57.0%
No 36.8%

Undecided 6.2%

THE ATOMIC bomb and atomic energy. . . inextricably bound with the future. . . Life or Death? . . . the idea of preventive warfare. . . "Drop in on them before they get hold of it". . . the scientists of the United Nations tossed us a plaything, a deadlier weapon than any of us had ever conceived. . . we are the ones who shall live to see the fruition of their genius. What shall it bring? . . . The life of plenty and peace for all which is so easily within our grasp. . . A continual "cold war" with each major power crouching apprehensively behind its closed borders, trusting no one, fearing all. . . Or the violent eruption and quick oblivion which overtook 100,000 men, women, and children at Hiroshima?

Our policy of atomic regulation and control meets with the approval of the

majority of campus veterans, but hardly a confident, strong majority. To them as to the millions of their countrymen the problem is so complex, so stupendous that it defies a concise and definite decision.

Do you favor the Truman Doctrine?

Yes 49.8%
No 40.2%
Undecided 10.0%

THAT the average veteran is concerned about the spread of communism throughout Europe and Asia is not a debatable question. He believes in democracy and a capitalistic democracy, and it is therefore difficult for him to understand the present growth of communism. How best to combat communism is questionable. While the Marshall plan of aid to Europe received overwhelming support in our poll, the Truman doctrine, while favored, is approved of by a much smaller percentage. Though it is clearly a method of combating communism, the opposition to this policy brings together strange bedfellows. The powerful progressive voice has attacked the program from its inception as meddling in the internal affairs of sovereign nations and of supporting reactionary governments and monarchs. Allied with them in their opposition stand the old time isolationists who have always opposed overseas intervention since the days of Ethiopia.

Do you favor the Marshall plan for aid to Europe?

Yes 78.6%
No 16.8%
Undecided 4.6%

THE Marshall plan for aid to Europe has since become law. By this momentous step the US has irrevocably abandoned the return to isolation, which characterized American opinion after World War I.

This is a thumping, solid approval of Secretary Marshall's European Recovery Program. From the results it is quite obvious that the veteran feels that Europe should be aided in her efforts to get back on her feet. The clear-cut majority was a result of a dual motive: aiding the war devastated countries of Europe and as an effective block to communist expansion. A psychologist might attribute this veterans' support of ERP, at least partially, as the result of a kind of guilt complex. Remember the cows, cognac, chickens, etc., which were "liberated?"

National

Do you favor Universal Military Training in the United States?

A. All
Yes 61.2%
No 37.2%
Undecided 1.6%

B. Of the officers and enlisted men who were decided:

	Officers	Enlisted Men
Yes	66.1%	59.0%
No	33.9%	41.0%

C. Of the stateside and overseas veterans who were decided:

	Overseas	Stateside
Yes	64.1%	55.6%
No	35.9%	44.4%

THE breakdown of the replies to this question appears quite interesting. While 61% of all those polled were in favor of UMT, 66% of the former officers favored it while only 59% of the former enlisted men. The overseas veterans favored UMT by 64%, yet the veterans who had not seen overseas service favored the measure by only 65.6%. By the time this report gets into print the measure may already have been passed, though it has been lost in committees for over a year. Although this and all other polls on the question have shown the American public to be in favor of UMT, it is a tough bill to ram through an election-conscious Congress.

Who of the following would you prefer to see President in 1949?

1. Eisenhower26.0%
 2. Vandenberg 16.8
 3. Truman 16.2
 4. Stassen 8.0
 5. Wallace 7.8
 6. Dewey 6.6
 7. Warren 4.6
 8. Taft 2.6
 9. MacArthur 2.0
 10. Dr. Graham4
 11. Marshall4
 12. General H. M. Smith2
 13. Saltonstall2
 14. Douglas2
 15. Tuck2
- Undecided 7.8

YES, if UNC had its way it would be "Ike" by a large plurality. General Eisenhower's popularity is easily understood, and considering present uneasiness it is understandable that while many people would not ordinarily look to a military man for leadership they believe that a strong military leader is best fitted for the job at pres-

ent. Then, again, most folks hardly classify the genial "Ike" as a "military man." The strong strength of Stassen is quite revealing as all of his votes were in the form of write-ins while all the other top eight candidates' names were printed on the ballot. It is very probable that if the former Minnesota governor's name had not been omitted, it would have made a much stronger showing. The relative weakness of Henry Wallace will probably come as a certain surprise to most of the campus which had misjudged his popularity as a result of the energetic, highly vocal Wallace-for-President club on campus. The appalling weakness of MacArthur seems to bear out the fact that the veteran vote is solidly against the former Pacific theater Army prima donna.

Does the government's policy toward veterans meet with your general satisfaction?

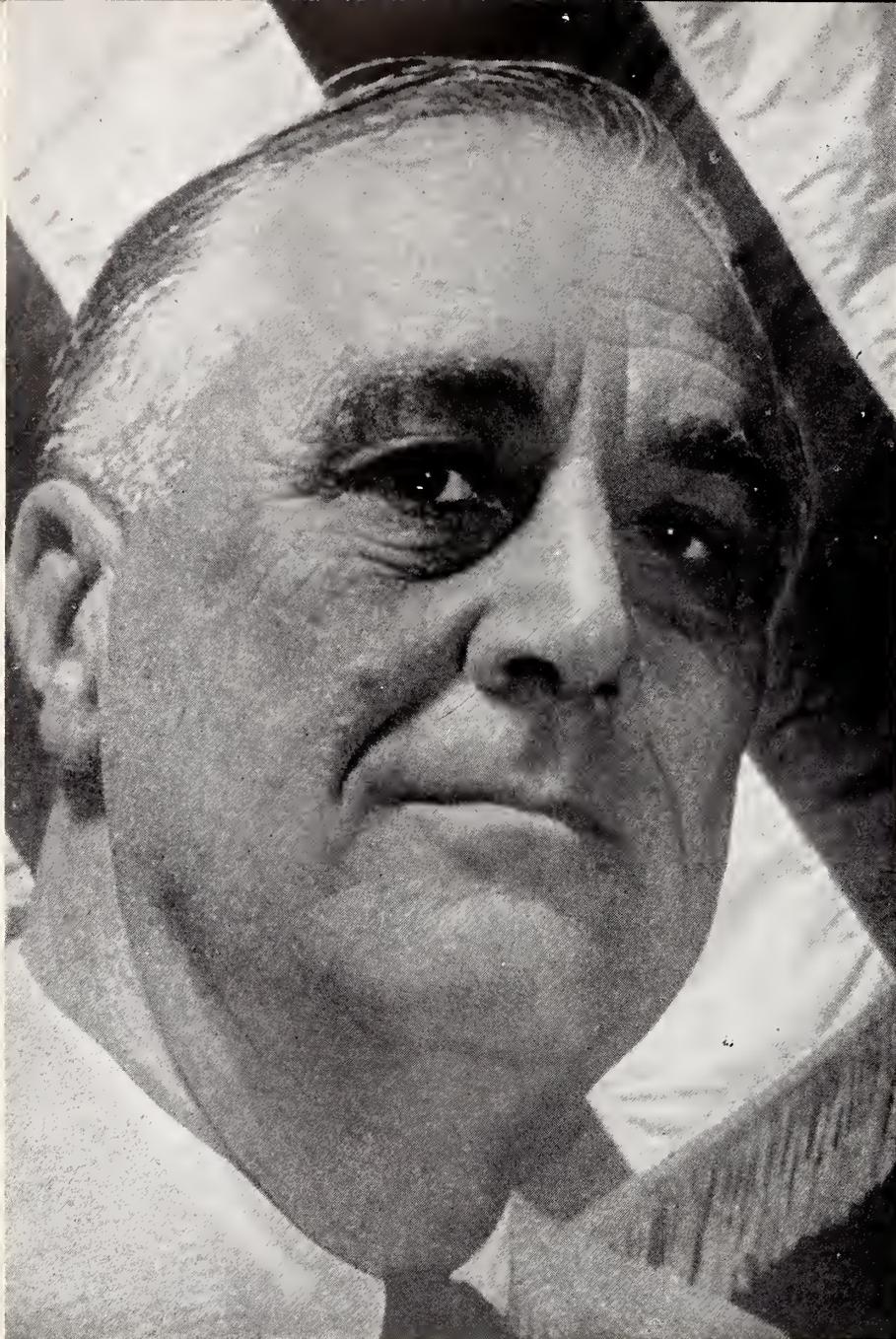
All
Yes 78.4%
No 10.0%
Undecided 11.6%

Of the officers and the enlisted men who were decided:

	Officers	Enlisted Men
Yes	92.6%	87.2%
No	7.4%	12.8%

THE veterans' appreciation and confidence in their Veterans Administration and in their government's treatment is completely overwhelming. By this huge majority they have expressed their indirect thanks to the GI Bill of Rights, the disability pension, and the sympathy and understanding with which their peculiar problems have been treated. While the ex-officers do favor the government's veteran policy slightly more than do the ex-enlisted men, the gap is not large. Perhaps this surprising vote of confidence can be interpreted primarily as a tribute to a single man: General Omar Bradley. This outstanding military commander assumed the onerous office of veterans administrator at a time when the VA had degenerated into an overstaffed, inefficient, occasionally corrupt governmental bureaucracy. The splendid housecleaning job that the "soldier's soldier" did has gained for him the further respect and admiration of the veterans.

(Continued on page 21)



When fear dominates all,

When everything has to be black
or white,

When you are labeled Communist
or anti-Communist,

When you must irrevocably stand
for something or against it,

When there exists no doubt,

Then GIVE US PAUSE to think,
For Thought creates progress,
Guns produce destruction.

In this spirit we dedicate this issue of the Carolina Magazine to the veterans celebrating VE plus 3 and to their leader, Franklin D. Roosevelt, on the third anniversary of his untimely death. We hope that their sacrifice will not have been in vain.

ESCAPE

When fear dominates all . . .

by Clarke Stallworth

WITH a slight jolt the streamliner started moving. It slowly gathered speed as it left the crowded station and rolled past the procession of coal cars on the next track. It passed the houses of the railroad workers, all of the monotonous grey sameness. It passed, faster now, by the crossroads where the waiting cars were lined up beyond the flashing red light.

The sun was in the young man's eyes as the train climbed the bridge over the broad, mud-colored river below. He held up one arm and squinted his eyes as he looked out the window. Between glimpses of flashing steel girders, he saw the ships anchored in the harbor off to the south. One freighter had left its berth and was heading out toward the mouth of the bay, leaving a thin trail of smoke which drifted over the busy shipyard cranes. He watched this ship until the girders stopped flashing and the trees obscured his view. He turned from the window.

As he changed position, the dusty sunlight glinted on the small steel chain leading from his handcuffs to the arm of the fat MP sergeant who sat beside him.

There was the titter of two college girls behind them and the sergeant turned to look in their direction. He looked toward the other end of the car and then he shook his head.

"Where the hell is Conner? Do you think he missed the train?" he asked the young man sitting beside him.

"I don't know," the young man said.

The sergeant looked around the car again and picked up a newspaper. After looking at it for a moment, he put it down.

"Bennett," he said, "why did you try it, son? You knew you couldn't get away."

Bennett shook his head and smiled a wry smile. He did not answer.

"You shouldn't have tried it, son. You were doing fine up there. You would have had a good chance to get out if you hadn't pulled something like this."

Bennett laughed shortly and turned to the sergeant.

"Look, Sarge," he said, "I killed the guy in self-defense. Why should I stay in jail for something that anyone else would have done in my place?"

"I know, son, you got a pretty raw deal. All of us do. You just have to make the best of them sometimes."

"I'm going to try it again, Sarge, when I get back, and if I get caught, I'll try it again after that."

"Don't do it, Bennett, you'll only make it worse. Give your Dad a chance to help you this time. He can pull some strings and get you out."

Bennett's face hardened.

"Sarge, I don't mind you preaching to me, but leave him out of this. From now on, I don't even know the guy."

"I think you're making a mistake to hold something against your Dad like that, son. He was just trying to help you."

"Help me? I wire him for money and he notifies the police where I am. That's really the kind of help I need."

"He was helping you in the long run, Bennett. You never would have made it back to Germany."



(Continued on page 29)

Illustration by Lucie Baxter

LISTEN: The Banjo

When everything has to be black or white . . .

by Sandy Grady

L UCKY stopped before he walked into the glaring arc of the service station lights. He lit a cigarette and carefully tucked it between his lips. He wanted to look hard as a rock when he walked into the station and saw Will. Damn, he ought to look sharp—brand new suit, double-breasted and pin-stripe. His shirt was smudged but it looked very white against his black hands, his very black face.

His heels clicked on the wet concrete as he moved toward the door. Fine pair of shoes, he told himself. Will was leaning on the counter inside, smoking. No cars around the station, Lucky noted, probably on account of the rain.

Will bounced up when he entered, "Lord, if it ain't Mister Hellonwheels hisself. You a little mixed up, ain't you—we ain't got no dance here tonight."

"Pretty sporty, huh?"

"God, you know it is. You must be leaving town. No nigger around here dresses like that unless he's going to a wedding or the court house or leaving town," said Will.

"Yeah, I'm skipping."

"Where to?"

"Masonville. I got an old woman and a sister up there. Hell, they owe me a living for a while."

"That's the idea. You been working too regular anyway?"

"I got twenty-three dollars and fifty cents saved up. Most of it I got down at the pool hall. 'Course you know where I got the rest."

"Uh-huh," nodded Will, "and I bet you're in trouble. I bet the law is hanging over you like an electric light bulb."

"Nah, not me. But you know better than to run off your mouth about where I gone and when I'm coming back."

"Sure. I tell 'em your four miles up Poodle Creek without a paddle."

"That's right. Hey, Will, I got fifty cents that just itches to match up with your fifty cents. Let's flip."

"Not me, boy, I know you. I know why they call you what they call you."

Out the window Lucky saw the long ghost of a car pull off the highway and into the station.

"Then get your fat tail outside. I see a flashy Lincoln coming in. Get out and crank that gas handle, buddy."

Will hopped out the door. Lucky watched a big man and a woman get out of the car. They walked toward the station. He eyed the man's suit—almost like his but not striped, no pegged pants. The woman was blond and wore a green coat with big, flappy sleeves. She stumbled when she walked and the man went back and helped her to the door.

"Hey there, Paul Robeson!" she yelled as she came in. "You sitting in here pondering the racial problem, Paul?"

"Take it easy, Margaret. We don't want any trouble around here," the big man said. He turned to Lucky. "Got anything to use for a chaser?"

"Don't know. Look in the ice box." Lucky backed up on the counter and lit his cigarette.

The woman came over to him. "You are dressed up fit to kill tonight, Paul Robeson. Hope you're not giving another damn concert in Carnegie."

"No ma'm, I'm going to Masonville to see my folks tonight."

"Ah, you can't fool me. You got the money to pay off the mortgage on the homestead. Haven't you? Your poor old maw is rocking on the porch, looking into the sunset, wondering if you've made good out in the world. And now you've got the money and you'll walk up the path—"

The man caught her arm and pulled her away from Lucky. "Lay off the colored boy, Margaret. What do you want over here. Seven Up?"

"Aw, bring whatever dark fluid you find. Bring a crock of human gore if you want to. We'll still taste the damn bourbon." She stretched and shivered wearily. She looked at Lucky again. "Don't let me insult you, son. Your people are the oldest, greatest people in the world. Banjo-players and workers on the levee and growers of soy beans. So you're oppressed, persecuted—so don't blame it on me. Me and Harriet Beecher Stowe are doing our best."

Lucky figured she was really high, and still climbing.

"Come on, Marg, let's go now."

"Besides that, you're a fine man, Paul Robeson. And sometime—"

"Margaret, for Christ sake, let's go. The car is gassed up and I have the drinks."

"Say, George, I have it. Let's take Paul Robeson with us. Let's liberate him from the chains of intolerance. Let's run ourselves an underground railway, huh George?"

The big man came back impatiently. "Am I going to have to drag you back to the car? We have to be at Walter's in four hours."

"I shall not move an inch, not a fraction of an inch—unless Paul is taken away from all this. I'll make a liberal out of you yet, George."

"Lord, Marg, he doesn't want to go anywhere."

She looked at Lucky confidentially. "You want to go north, Paul?"

Lucky rubbed his cigarette out precisely. "Well, I'd been thinking—"

"See there. Let's go. Paul Robeson and me will show you that this racial stuff is the bunk. We'll all sing spirituals together."

"But it isn't safe, Margaret. A stranger—at night—and a—"

"Why, George, I'll bet you that in two hours me and you and Paul are the best of friends. I'll bet you five dollars, okay?"

"Ah, yes, yes, yes. Come on, boy."

Lucky figured: what can a guy lose? He walked out behind the two. They climbed into the car. As Lucky opened the door, Will's hand was on his shoulder.

"Where in hell are you going?"

"Will, these nice people going to save me buying that old bus ticket."

"Don't blow your whistle, boy. Those people are tight and you're colored."

"May be—but I still ain't proud," Lucky told him. "And you know what they call me. See you later, boy." He slammed the door, the big man put the Lincoln in gear, and they went purring into the night.

The woman leaned back to Lucky. "Fix things back there so you are comfortable, friend," she said. She turned to the man driving. "Where did you stash that other bottle of bourbon, George. Any-damn-body knows we can't have racial equality without alcohol. C'mon, where's that rot-gut, George?"

"There are two pints in the glove compartment. But listen, I wouldn't take anymore of that stuff, Marg."

"Nope, I need nourishment. We liberals must not be sober," said she, uncapping one of the bottles. "And you'll have to help me drink this. I got a suspicion that you're an old Ku Klux

Klanner, and me and Paul Robeson are going to find you out. Me and Paul believe in fraternity for all. Say, honest to God, do you know what we're doing?"

"For one thing," grunted George, "not getting any soberer."

"No, thank the Lord. But can't you just see the expression on Walter's face when we tell him. Wait'll we tell the bunch how we gave a ride to a colored zoot-suiter. Talk about democracy: we stink all over with it."

Their voices droned back to Lucky like a radio far away. He slouched in the corner of the seat and fingered his four-bit piece. Outside the wet country side drifted mistily past. In the big Lincoln it was nice, really nice.

The woman was gulping the bourbon, then tipping the green pop bottle after it. "Woo, that's delicious. And you remember to tell everybody how I bet five dollars that we'd all be friends, George. Tell 'em we sang dirty songs with Paul Robeson. Here, pour some

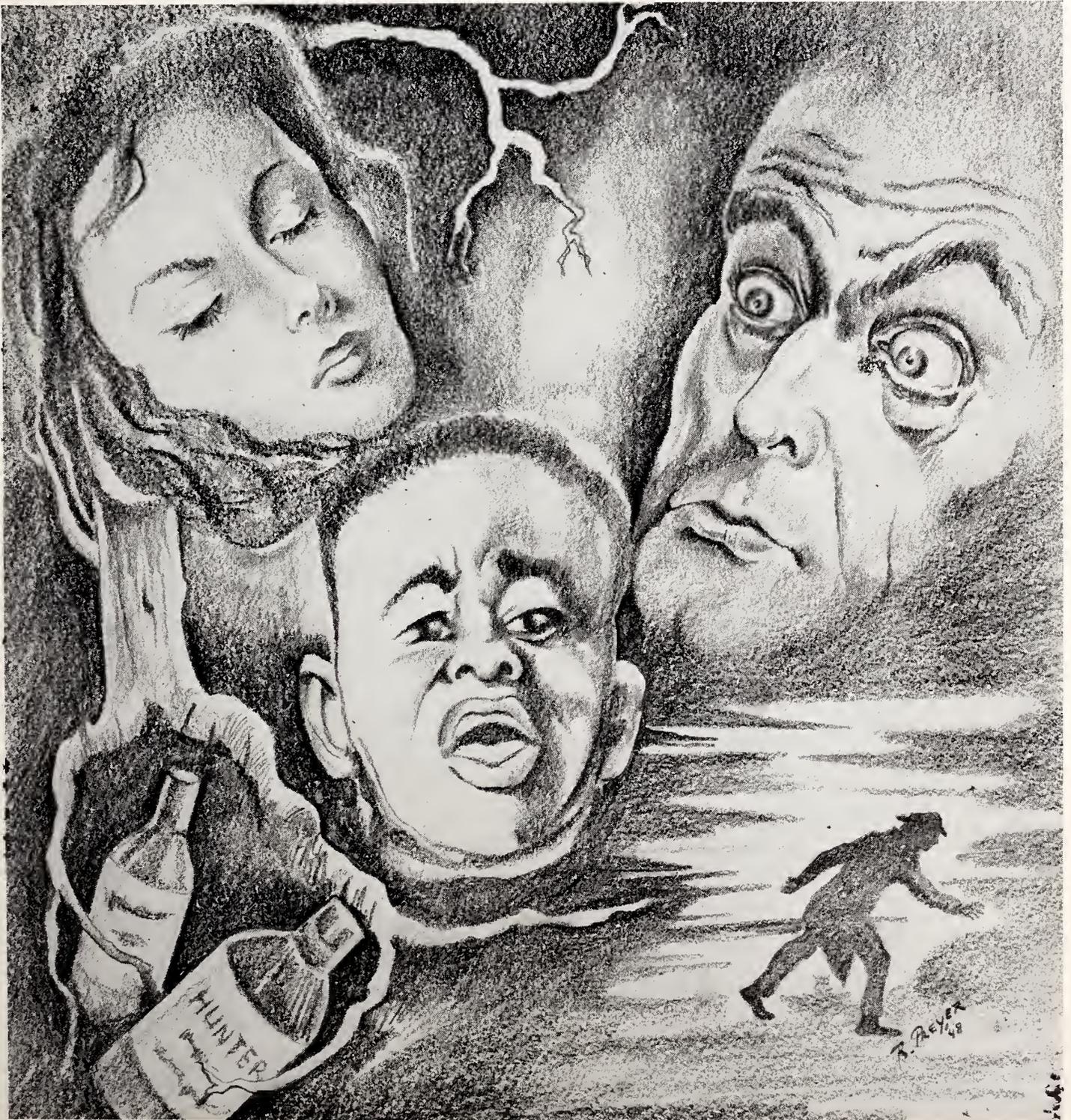
of this down, George," she said, offering the bottle.

The man slowed the Lincoln down. He held the bottle to his lips a long time.

The woman turned about and faced Lucky again. That perfume and bourbon really mix, he thought: really mellow. "Your name isn't Paul Robeson," she told him. "What is your name?"

(Continued on page 27)

Illustration by Dick Preyer



When you are labeled Communist or anti-Communist, here's an allegiance led by "Spike" Saunders, that only a Duke man could challenge.

Post-Diploma Diplomat

by Doris Weaver



MAG MAN OF THE MONTH

IN A FEW weeks a portion of the Carolina student body will don caps and gowns to undergo the long awaited metamorphosis from student to alumnus.

During each examination siege, heavy lidded, coffee guzzling victims of horned professors screw their haggard faces into painful balls of concentration and croak desperately to the tune of "Dear Mr. Frankenstein, never again!" Probably it is this experience which has given them the impression that all alumni are hobbling old editions of ancient history with grey hair and lorgnettes for frontispieces. They have concluded that this is the price one must pay for a college education.

When these graduates-to-be have recovered from the exam coma via the guaranteed cure of a week at the beach, they will be greatly surprised and relieved upon learning the good news which their mirrors have in store for them. Alumni are merely former college students who didn't necessarily sprout grey hair at the first touch of the golden egg lined with sheep-skin.

These infant alumni will soon realize that school days don't end with the last pledge on an exam pad. Through the windows of the Alumni Association they will continue to watch and perhaps participate in the past, present and future of Carolina. Through the Alumni Association they will see and get to know better the director of alumni activities, J. Maryon "Spike" Saunders.

Tall, well-built Spike Saunders wears well the dignity of the "Carolina gentleman" matched by his pleasant, easy-going manner. The soft-spoken North Carolinian has been Alumni Secretary for 21 years. He doesn't have grey hair, either.

Some people collect stamps; Spike collects honors. His college days at U. N. C. were showered with them, and they are still raining on him. The most important drop in the bucket during those days was the honor of being elected editor of the *Daily Tar Heel*. "I was the last amateur editor," he says. "The following year the editor began receiving a small sum for his work." Spike was also chosen President of the North Carolina Press Association in 1924.

BMOC days were here to stay for Maryon Saunders. Among his post-college titles are: President of the Chapel Hill Kiwanis club for one year and now editor of the *Alumni Review*.

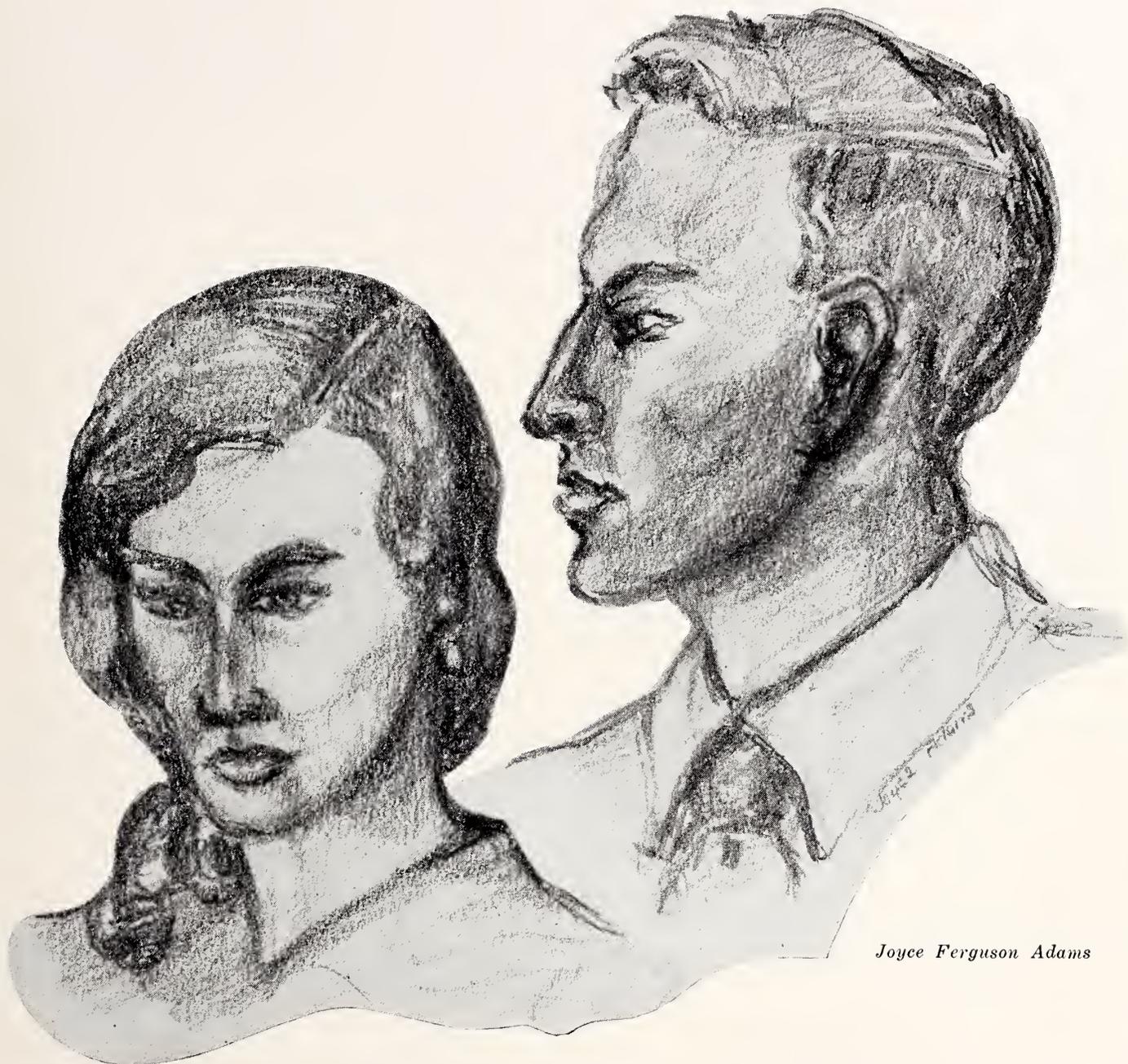
May, 1944 brought recognition to Mr. Saunders outside North Carolina. He was elected President of the American Alumni Council, which has 350 member colleges throughout the United States. The January, 1945 issue of the American Alumni Council wrote about its President:

"Spike reeks with college atmosphere. He has everything it takes—the mellowness, the pipe, the glasses, the pocket full of memos for which he is constantly fumbling. He was born the year the Wright brothers first flew their plane down the coast of Carolina. Spike and the American airplane have similar qualities, and we don't mean speed. They are durable and dependable; their achievements are noteworthy, their possibilities are limitless."

His interests in University of North Carolina alumni are also limitless. About his chief interest he says, "The alumni office is in the Carolina Inn, as few students know. They seldom think of the Alumni Association as being of importance to them until they are graduated."

There are about 35,000 alumni living today, not including some 20,000 pre-flight cadets who studied here during the war. Through the years there have been over 50,000 students at Carolina. The Association is a representative on campus of those people.

The fact that these people are so well represented by Mr. Saunders gives his office the atmosphere of that of a
(Continued on page 32)



Joyce Ferguson Adams

ONE NIGHT STAND

When you must irrevocably stand for something or against it . . .

BOB ALLISON picked up a towel and wiped some soap from under his ear and grinned sarcastically at himself in the mirror.

"Ain't you cute" he muttered at the reflection. He pulled a pile of dirty clothes off of the chair and dropped them on the floor. He kicked them apart and picked up a black tie. As he threw it around his neck he pulled a Lucky out of his pocket and stuck it in his mouth. He tied the tie and, picking up his coat, gave the messy room a quick glance before he went out. He walked up the ladder to the wardroom

by Don McKinney

and entered a room on the opposite side of the ship.

"Ready yet, Paul?" he asked, picking up a match and lighting his cigarette.

"Not quite, Al," Paul answered. It took Paul a little longer to dress lately, he reflected, those extra fifteen pounds he had put on since coming aboard slowed him up a little.

"I'll get a cuppa coffee" he said. He hadn't gotten used to calling it "Joe"

and finally had decided not to try. He picked up a cup and wiped it out with the edge of a tablecloth. He poured some of the hot, black liquid into the dirty cup and added a little warm condensed milk from the table. As he drank the coffee he noticed on the bulletin board that the movie tonight had Lana Turner in it. He wondered to himself whether he wouldn't be better off staying aboard.

"You better go on down to the quarterdeck and see that the boat don't go without us" called Paul.

(Continued on page 22)

Song for a Dubious Spring

by FRANK GROSECLOSE

A glass of jonquils on the sill
And sober, unfamiliar faces
Shining palely in the gloom behind,
Reflecting yellowly from neck and chin
The glory yellow. Never will
A brighter sun in darker places
Stop, to strike the eyeless cringeing blind;
Nor pause, to crash its clanging amber din
Among the shelled and shamled walls of towns,
The gutted towns of raftered skeletons,
Their entrails flung to rot upon the streets
And mutely testify that life was here.

The Empty Trapeze

by BOB SAIN

Clucking voices in streets, darkly
blackening in asphalt wetness, weariness.
Listen to the train and the whisper
of night and neon and clucking voices.

The body senseless lapping in gutters,
lazily splashing the sea and the trainsound
through the streets darkly.

Crooning lewdly by the plateglass window,
bellowing forth from subtle bubbling,
the god smiles an inverted rainbow.

Splashed bodies in poster pose
against the burlesque front,
lights offering touch and odor of

blue legs, blue breasts, blue eyes.
Erstwhile in the room over Sammy's Bar,
an actress now. This is the leopard,

the music from all empty nights,
the color from all neon skies,
(deadly blue in winter snow, but)

from the south the wind blows warm,
untouched by conscious ice, warmed by sweat
and mangoes and a million women,

warmed by wet brown moss hanging
sweltering in the tangled green
of southern swamps, touched by desire.

But the trip back is sickness
of faked shrieks, clash of metal,
spithawked silence, whisper of flesh,

whisper of breath, whisper of soursmell,
the slapstick man squirts seltzer,
The cat scampers ratward in the wing.

This is what it means, the leopard laughing
at the clucking streets, the bubbling god,
the neon nights and the asphalt shining
in the splash of sea and trainsound.

Refraction

by JEAN BROWN

Tip the globe lightly.

It has begun to snow again, wind-bound
At whirling angles, so that it is hard to say
Whether up or down.
Snow blots away outlines and blurs the certainties
Of hard, clean forms like stark trees
And puritan buildings. These
Are diffused and absorbed in white silence.

Shake the globe harder.

So that the swirls become deeper
And the outlined forms within
Can scarcely be distinguished,
Rendered opaque by refraction.
An isolation enforced. Silence . . .
Grown out of exigencies of space and mind . . .
Enclosed by a circle of glass,
A landscape of particulars
Each held in its separateness
By the intervening web,
Immaterial as goose-feather down.

Hold the globe still in the hand.

Motionless . . . hold it quietly.
Finally house and trees will begin to emerge in the land-
scape,
Myriad refractions in translucent glass globes.
And the silent spaces close together again.
Interpenetration of related space

When one sets the globe down.

The Italian Graveyard At Naples

(Poem for the Fascist Dead)

by MORTON SEIF

Ah, che bella cosa! These Fascists dead
Close by the tiles of this old fairied town,
Blood-red and yellow stucco climb ahead
Of brocoli and grapes and soldiers down

Below who no more hear their names from roofs
And balconies and gabbled in the sunshine
Over wine and cheese, arrested youths
Held bailless in the custody of time.

And eloquent white stones, so new and sad,
The statuary of defeat defines
Their doom in marble flesh that men may read
The torn commandments and the broken lines.

Signori sleep in dust on Virgil's fields
Deep layers of hullabaloo away,
At last the lonely moving column yields
To Whatever moves hills up from the bay.

“..... to die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream, aye, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause:

HAMLET, Shakespeare



GIVE US PAUSE

by Sam Hirsch

PROLOGUE: Willie Ferguson found a new reality in that war. There on the battlefield he multiplied the facts while death growled on the wind and welts quivered along his cold tissue.

CHORUS:

The metallic tick of the clock chatters out the theme;
Our eyes are blinded to the honeyed slow glide.
Before we can cry out, or even notice, we are older,
And life has slid by while we blinked
In the fat glow of the sunny days.

What then, is the glory and magic given each man?
Each, starting naked and solitary . . .
Each trying to find his separate way . . .
Each wanting to leave an imprint of his handful of
years,
An identity of his small stay.

To each is given, but Ahhh!
Can each fit the puzzled years into a pattern spelling:
F O R E V E R ?
Or does he idle away the few precious days
And face decay with a wild, wild cry of despair?

SCENE 1: *Willie was born in an alley and left to die, dirty cinders in his flesh, the night mocking his first anguish. When he grew, only the angry scars of alley dirt in his flesh reminded him of his mother. When it came his turn to fight, Willie had no fear, only hope that this moment of peace had come. He exposed himself to enemy fire, and caught a burst from a Jerry machine gun. Then he lay there waiting for death, remembering:*

WILLIE:

It's like when I couldn't sleep. Before this, before a splash of bullets busted me open on a battlefield. I'd see long ribbons of faces swimming like fish through the black night, and I couldn't sleep. The sounds would be high with the voices all scrambled: jibber-jabber-jibber-JIBBER-JABBER—and I had to YELL to shut them up! This is the same. The only difference now is I'm dying, and the thought that this is death is so loud it hurts my head. I'm all locked up inside with the thinking. It's banging around with a million screaming echoes!! Now they're back again: faces watching on a big swing. They keep swinging away back—then up close—away back—then up close—so close I can hear them breathing. My whole life is unrolling like a movie. Big firecrackers are going off all around me: some are green, some are yellow with purple edges, some are cloudy blue . . . and they all have faces pasted on them. These faces I know. The same ones: Martha and Jeff and Stoney and Jake. Faces of my life. They're faces of my dead life.

CHORUS:

To remember is to stop in the NOW
And go back to the WAS.
But going back, going back
Is to stand before a silent screen
Watching the ghostly flick of dreams,
Minus taste, feel, smell, shape.

WOMAN:

Try this. Catch a moment—
Any moment—in time.
Hold it cupped
Between your thoughts.
Now, watch it flutter,
Tremulous and shy,
Against the brittle edge of your mind.
Try holding it beyond its own brief pain . . .

WILLIE:

And see how soon you have
The dried leaves of memory left!

CHORUS:

Except what the heart keeps to feed on.

WOMAN:

You know what you've got?

WILLIE:

Cracked husks, withered shells
Of the already—has been,
The emptiness of scrambled yesterdays,
And only a remembered taste
In the mouth remaining.

CHORUS:

And a cry . . .
A bitter, bitter pain
In the heart's wound.

WILLIE:

What is the lesson of pain?
What does the sum of suffering show?
Purpose in the daily scrimmage?
Meaning in the fatal clash of man against man?
Find me a plan, a design for such animation,
Even an intention to clarify . . .
Show me where the stumbling leads
WHY? HOW?
I can see nothing.
I can't tie a single minute
To a blade of grass,
And say, I walked here.

WOMAN:

If you'll take those whispering minutes of youth . . .

CHORUS:

. . . When it dreams . . .

WOMAN:

. . . The eager minutes that swim in the mad boom
of the blood's race . . .

CHORUS:

. . . Scoop them up
With the whoop and a sweep
Of a March wind . . .

WOMAN:

Mold them, word them with a cold precision,
Deposit them sweet on the tongue,
Print them indelibly on the mind—
You'll have a small entrance into understanding.

CHORUS:

Understanding the wonderings,
The wanting-to-know-whys.

WOMAN:

Probe into darkness;
Subtract a motive out of the agony,
Leaving ease at the finger's end.
Withdraw to childhood, Willie.
Step back into young time.
There was a time then when the ache took root . . .

Give Us Pause continued

SCENE 2: *Willie remembered his childhood, when, playing marbles with the kids on the street, he won, and then was beaten by Stoney, the bully. They called him "bastard" then they left him crying in the gutter.*

WILLIE:

Run, run, RUN!
Away, far away, away from the shouting
To figure out: WHY?
Why?
Am I different?
WHY?!!

WOMAN:

Don't you know your mother, Willie?

WILLIE:

How do I know if I had a mother?
They found me naked in an alley;
A dog barked, someone came:
There I was on the half-shell.

WOMAN:

How old are you, Willie?

WILLIE:

How do I know?
How does a bastard go back to his conception?
How do you compound the chemistry of a bitch's egg?
I'm free of all beginning,
And endless.

WOMAN:

What of the scars, Willie, is there ever a forgetfulness?

WILLIE:

There is a forgetting in sleep,
Which I have never known.

WOMAN:

How about the nights?
Nights are for sleeping.

WILLIE:

I die every night until the first light of day
Forces life back into my cold body.

WOMAN:

What if you don't die now, Willie?
You may wake from this remembering,
Just as you did from the sleeplessness.
Then what?

WILLIE:

I'll do it again.
I'll do a better job next time.

WOMAN:

This is a long step.
Are you sure death is the end of pain?

WILLIE:

My death will at least make a point of my wasted life.

WOMAN:

But you have known meaning.

WILLIE:

Where? Show me where?

WOMAN:

Have you never loved a woman, Willie?

WILLIE:

Never!

WOMAN:

Never, Willie, never?

WILLIE:

Never!! NO!!

WOMAN:

Shall I recall Martha, who loved you?
Will your heart light up with the flame
When her face swims out of your remembering?

WILLIE:

Oh, the bruise on me of her eyes!
Softly liquid pools,
Starcaught
With high wonder . . .
Deeply-deep,
Brimful,
Deep with heaven,
Warm, and so wanting to bathe in glory!

WOMAN:

Catch, Willie, prison the fragile flowerhead
In the cup of man-hands,
And drink.

CHORUS:

Sip softly,
Softly,
At the flowermouth.
Trembling, sweetly tender,
Never stopping ever
With wishing, and wanting, not knowing,
Wondering

WILLIE:

. . . Why?
Oh, why . . . THIS?

SCENE 3: *Willie remembered when he met his girl, Martha. They had a fight over his joining the union in their store. His insecurity and fear of people kept him from agreeing with her. This was an old quarrel, and he decided to break their engagement. He told Martha she stood for another kind of world. He wanted to say good bye so it would be all over.*

MARTHA:

No, it won't be over, Willie.
I'll carry you with me,
Some part of you with me,
And there'll be a small voice
Belonging to me,
Saying,
I love you, Willie.
Speak gently into the dawn,
Call your shadows,
And I'll be there.

WILLIE:

Visit, you distant mocking stars!
Visit and laugh,
Visit with your freeze,
Your scorn and sneer,
Visit!
And I tear you down from your high, iced stare,
And melt you in the oven of my heart!
.... Oh Martha!

WOMAN:

Alone, Willie?
Still alone, and are you wondering: Why?

WILLIE:

Yes, from the mouth of my open grave I wonder.

CHORUS:

And ask your everlasting why?

WILLIE:

Yes. Why has my life flickered?
Can it mean, instead of be?
Or is there no answer to this riddle?

CHORUS:

The riddle is you, Willie.

WOMAN:

Where have you paused to seed the fertile soil?
Where was the handshake,
The giving-over-of-friendship,
The harmony of effort together?

CHORUS:

Face in the direction of the facts, Willie.

WILLIE:

Where is my answer, then, where?
Quickly tell me.
I thought I didn't care.
I never thought.
But now I'm so near the jumping-off place,
I'm scared.
What of the whole package of my life?
Have I had shape and the proper chemicals
Just to fill up space?

WOMAN:

Flip back a few years, Willie.
Read the entry with the title:
I FIGHT ONCE MORE.
Remember then,
And quote from the events of that day.
Remember,
And see if you can find reasons there
For any significance.

WILLIE:

My mind was full of the war then. I missed Martha more than I would allow myself to notice, but my disgust with the emptiness of my life kept me from seeing her. I got into the habit of wandering around, looking at people, wondering what it was all about. The war seemed to underline my confusion. It highlighted my life's waste. One night, I stopped at the newspaper stand on the corner, run by old Jake. I always stopped there on my way home.

SCENE 4: *Willie remembered Jake, who was a philosopher. Jake philosophized, as usual, while Willie bought a paper for the comics, as usual. Then Stoney appeared with his gang. He wanted to know why Jake hadn't left the white gentile neighborhood as instructed! Jake argued his rights, cut Stoney and his men beat him and Willie was drawn into the fight. Finally he and Jake managed to beat them off, then remembered th old man's words again. HE REMEMBERED!*

JAKE:

A hard lesson to learn at this time. But, remember, you fought. This is important. It does not matter whether you came to the fight, or the fight came to you. You fought. It counts when you add up the score. When you put out your hand and help another human being, my dear boy, you learn a way to destroy fear. When you join with another person and fight off the hoodlums together, you donate a piece of yourself to the shape of coming events. A small gift, maybe, but don't worry. It has been made, and there is meaning in it.

WOMAN:

Remember, Willie, darling,
Find comfort in the words of a simple man.
Let them caress you,
Say them over, and over, like a prayer.

MARTHA:

I'll carry you with me,
Some part of you with me,
And there'll be a small voice
Belonging to me,
Saying:
I ... love ... you ... Willie.

CHORUS:

Every day is a part of each one of us,
Part of the thing called man.
Each, somehow, giving himself,
Some part of himself,
To the racing torrent of days.

Each, in reaching out his hand
Gives over a part of his pain.
Everyman is everyday,
And carries with him small threads
Of the people he brushes against.

THIS, then, is the glory and magic given each man:
That, somehow,
Out of the agony,
Out of the long, sleepless nights,
From lonely beginning to lonely end,
He may find peace
In the warm touch
Of hand ... on ... hand.

EPILOGUE: *Willie remembered, and found his peace. He died then, having remembered. Having remembered, he died, having found peace.*

Would you have returned to school if the G. I. Bill had not been passed?

Yes 77.4%
No 22.6%

THIS declaration, subscribed to by a large majority of the veterans at Chapel Hill, can be traced to a multitude of reasons:

A. The intense desire of the veteran to complete his interrupted education. B. The existence of fairly substantial savings accumulated while in service. C. The opening of new and broader horizons to the serviceman, and the subsequent realization that a college education would play a vital role in attaining these new goals. D. The unadorned, not too happy fact, that the average student at the University comes from a family able to put him, at least partially, through college.

On whom would you place the primary blame for the present inflationary conditions?

Labor 14.0%
Repub. Congress 17.0
Administration 11.0
Big Business 24.2
Others 21.0
Undecided 12.8

THE absence of a concerted opinion here again proves that the ex-serviceman is akin to the average American citizen. The present inflationary prices take unmerciful chunks out of the small subsistence. He, too, longs again for the days of the \$25 suit and the \$3.95 pair of shoes. The present high cost of living hurts and bewilders him, but he is not certain where to ascribe the primary blame. (The word primary is the key word in the question.) Big Business leads the list of culprits, undoubtedly, as the result of their huge, higher than ever, profits. However, as was indicated on the questionnaires, most of the veterans feel that it is difficult to place the blame even primarily on a single source. It was a case of sharing the blame on most of the factors listed.

Do you favor the repeal of the Taft-Hartley bill?

Yes 27.0%
No 61.2%
Undecided 11.8%

THOUGH the Taft-Hartley bill has long been the target of most of the progressive elements, it is apparent that Mr. Veteran feels that it is a fair statute and should remain on the books. The use made of it by

the President to break the backs of strikes in vital industry is obviously condoned by the great majority of our campus veterans. Perhaps he remembers all too vividly reading of a strike back in the States while he was living in the splendor of a filthy foxhole. Though the organized labor movement in the nation generally put a moratorium on strikes during the war, the few times when a major strike erupted it left a foul taste in the mouths of the service men everywhere, one which will not be dispelled easily.

Do you favor a tax cut at the present time?

Yes 28.2%
No 65.2%
Undecided 6.6%

AS THIS is being written a tax slash has ramrodded through both houses and is now reposing on the President's desk. Whether he has vetoed it or not is unimportant, as there appears to be enough dissident Democrats to join the Republicans in overriding any presidential veto. The student veteran here, in no uncertain terms, has repudiated the actions of his Congress. He evidently would like to see any surplus utilized to go towards reducing the staggering debt. He further feels that by giving a tax cut at the present time Congress had in mind election year expediency rather than the welfare of the nation.

Are you in sympathy with President Truman's Civil Rights Program?

All
Yes 49.0%
No 45.8%
Undecided 5.2%

North Carolinians and Out-of-State students who replied:

	N. C.	Out-of-State
Yes	45.1%	67.6%
No	54.9%	32.4%

THIS issue which has at this time seemingly wrecked the Democratic Party and which has provoked a concerted renunciation of President Truman by the Southern legislators and governors illustrates the divergence of opinion existing between the "Rebs" and the "Damyank-ees." However, it should show that while the majority of Tar Heels are not yet ready to accept the CIVIL RIGHTS program as advocated by the President, they are not nearly in such agreement as would the recent conference of governors indicate. Then, too, it may fairly be assumed that while

many Southerners approve of the contents of the program the revolt against it both as an invasion of the sovereignty of the states and as political device rather than a genuine attempt to help the Negro. While the strong endorsement of the program by the out-of-state veterans may be attributed in some measure to the large number of "Yankees" on campus, it is significant that when all the replies were combined, there was a slight plurality in favor of the Truman measure.

Local

Do you favor the so-called Umstead Act?

Yes 9.8%
No 59.8%
Undecided 30.4%

IT IS apparent from the replies received that the veterans don't know too much about the Umstead Act, but what little they do know they don't like. In a way, it should be pointed out that this question was slightly biased in using the phrase "so-called" with its sour connotation. In spite of this, and the large number of "Undecided," it might prove worthwhile for the powers-that-be to take note of the condemnation of this act which confines business activities on University property.

Do you approve of the University Administration's handling of the housing problem?

All
Yes 41.0%
No 46.8%
Undecided 12.2%

Married (after undecided had been eliminated)

Yes 34.1%
No 65.9%

Unmarried (after undecided had been eliminated)

Yes 49.6%
No 50.4%

THE REPLY to this query literally stunned this observer. The most frequent gripes heard around campus are the poor feeding facilities and the inadequate housing. The married veterans living in a couple of musty furnished rooms and paying \$60.00 a month (when they're lucky enough to find one), and the married vets whose names have been on the list at Victory Village for a couple of years, emphatically condemned the Administration. However it

seems that the married veteran who was lucky enough to get one of the Victory Village apartments promptly forgot his fellow, and lauded South Building in an effort to thank the Administrators for his individual good fortune.

The unmarried veterans present even a stranger paradox. The three unfinished dormitories being erected near Woollen Gym (at a rate which makes a snail look jet-propelled) bear mute testimony to the snafu housing situations. But still it seems that the

happily-homed single ex-servicemen, living fairly comfortably in a fraternity house, or one of the nicer dorms, promptly forgot about Joe who lives in the Quonsets and comes to French 21 with his trousers caked in mud up to his knees.

Many no doubt excused the administration in view of the material shortage, the lack of funds, etc., but I'll wager that many a former fox-hole denizen is hoping that they put a few temporary bedrooms in the new Moorehead Planetarium until the dorms are completed. . . .

Do you approve of the conduct of student government at Carolina?

Yes 47.8%

No 45.0%

Undecided 7.2%

WHILE THE vote here is almost 50-50, it is revealing to note that nearly half of the veterans register their disapproval of the conduct of student government. This should not be construed as a vote against student government, but rather as against its conduct at UNC. Many of those polled no doubt feel that student government here at UNC has degenerated seriously till it has become an occasional popularity contest, an excess of campaign posters, a surfeit of unrealized campaign promises, and a petty struggle between the independent students and the fraternity bloc. Perhaps it is those very people who diffidently registered this "no confidence" vote who should be blamed for the sad state of student government. Do you remember the referendum where a total vote of little over a thousand, on a campus of some 7,500 students threw overboard the magazine which had been in existence for 104 years and which had provided the only outlet for serious literary attempts? Do you recall the many times when, on being handed a ballot, you suddenly realized that you didn't know a damn thing about *your* candidates, except what party had proposed them? If nothing else, the service experience should have bred an abiding reverence for democratic traditions, but seemingly the indifferent veteran belies this assumption.

Do you approve of the conduct of the honor system at Carolina?

Yes 59.2%

No 36.0%

Undecided 4.8%

IT WAS quite amazing to this reporter to read the results of this question. 59.2% of those polled expressed their approval of the *conduct*

of the honor system at UNC. To one who was here at school at a time when the honor system, while not perfect by any means, at least was adhered to by the overwhelming majority of the students, it is inconceivable that 59.2% can actually approve of this farce we call an honor system at present. Again there can be no one to blame but ourselves. The code has not changed; it is only the attitude of the student which has altered so radically. The veteran, eager to be through with school, cramming extra courses to hasten graduation, has virtually ruined the honor system. Poor orientation for new students, lack of publicity of the Honor Council's activities, all have contributed to the decline of what was once the pride of Carolina. To the 59.2% who approved, as well as to the 36% who don't like the present conduct of the honor system, it should be apparent that it is each individual's responsibility to help make the honor code live again.

AND SO in this year of 1948, three years after the passing of Hitler's "Festung Europa," the reconverted ex-servicemen speak their minds. That "Cream of American Manhood" who spent the war dreaming of "Ma's Apple Pie and The Gal Next Door" came back to find that Ma's apple pie sometimes was singed and the gal next door had pimples on her lovely face. As his dad discovered some thirty years before, he couldn't settle down on a chicken farm and forget the rest of the world. More and more he realized that a Greek, dying slowly from starvation in an alley in Athens, was as much his concern as was the baby down the street with a contagious disease. Both must be cured. Both must be nourished back to health, before his world could be secure.

One Night Stand

(Continued from page 15)

"O. K." he said aloud.

"Ready to shove off Tony?" he asked the sunburned boy in dungarees sitting by the gangway.

"Whenever the O. D. says, Mr. Allison" he answered.

Allison walked down to the O. D. "Paul'll be down in a minute, George. You don't mind holding the boat, do you?"

"Not if the old man doesn't find



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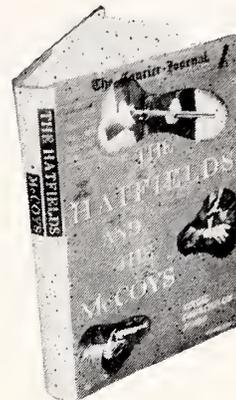
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By Virgil Carrington Jones

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(Note: The foregoing is not a gag. The University Press published the book on April 10th. You'll agree that it fits this description!)

The University of North Carolina Press
Chapel Hill, N. C.

cut," he answered. "He seems to have hot pants today about something."

Al looked up and saw Paul coming down, tie and cap in hand.

"Hurry it up" he said. "The old man doesn't like these boats to be late."

"O.K., O.K. . . . Permission to leave the ship, George?"

"Sure, have a big time" George said, looking up briefly from a five-month old copy of Collier's.

They stepped into the little boat. "O.K. Tony" Al said, "Mr. Cockrane's all wrapped up in Superman. . . . let's hit the beach." He walked back and took hold of the jackstaff to steady himself. The boat pitched as they hit the waves head on and a little spray flew over the bow. He licked his lips and tasted the salt. He still liked the salt, made him feel more like a sailor. He took his cap off and took a quick look at the insignia. It was a little greener, or seemed to be anyway. He scratched his head and put the cap back on.

As they came up toward the dock the coxwain swerved to starboard and backed down hard. The stern swung in and banged against the wooden piling. One of the crew jumped off onto the dock and threw a line around a cleat. He jumped lightly ashore and started up the pier.

They crossed the street in silence, both searching in their pockets for carfare.

"Hope it doesn't rain," Al said. "Wandering around one of those damn towns is bad enough without being wet too."

"Never rains on liberty day" said Paul grinning. "You know that."

"Sure." The people looked hot and tired. From walking up and down all these damn hills, Al thought to himself. He wished he felt a little more cheerful but he couldn't get very excited about liberty any more. The only excitement was the manhunt, or maybe womanhunt would be a better word.

"Hope there's some dolls around."

"Always are at the Olympic" said Paul, "Got it straight from a guy at the J.O.C. in Frisco."

"Well then I feel secure," he said sarcastically, "your information is always flawless. Do you know anybody here?"

"I had an Uncle that read a book about it, but he lives in Kansas City."

"That's a lotta help."

He looked up and saw an old bus lumbering down the street. "Here we go" he said. They got on and walked back and stood by the rear door. When they got into the downtown area he started looking at street markers. It

was only 24th so he straightened up again and glanced over the advertisements. An unbelievably beautiful girl was looking fondly up from a glass of Mr. Ranier beer. The next ad told him about a deluxe dry cleaning place which seemed to have a large moth very alarmed. Paul punched him.

"This is it Bob, let's get off."

They walked up the hill toward a revolving door under a large sign saying that this was the Olympic Hotel, "The Finest in the Northwest."

"We go down into the Passion Pitt" said Paul.

"The what?"

"Passion Pit. The Panther room I think it is called."

"Swell."

They entered a gaudy smoky room; there was a bar at the far end which stretched across the entire back wall except for a space at the left for a telephone booth. They walked halfway down the room, looking around as they went.

"This looks all right" said Paul, indicating a table near the center from which they could command a view of most of the large room.

"What kinda beer you got?" he

asked a tired looking waitress. She named six Western beers and Schlitz.

"Schlitz" he answered. "O.K. Paul?"

"Yeah, yeah, sure." Paul was glancing nervously around the room.

"Those two over there are right cute" he said.

"Good God, Paul, you didn't lose your sense of values in a four day trip up from Frisco, did you? We haven't been out that long."

He did feel sort of an excitement now. It was different from a regular date when you knew the girl. . . not exactly different but more of a game. He didn't really know why he kept it up though, he never got exactly what he wanted. It reminded him somewhat of a movie he'd seen once where the hero didn't shoot animals but just got a bead on them, wanted to see if he could shoot them if he really wanted to.

"We better move quick," said Paul. "The troops are getting in here pretty fast."

"Don't get upset, the great Allison always comes through."

"How about last Thursday?"

"To Hell with last Thursday. I had a headache."

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"Uh huh. . .How about those two?"

"They've got packages, they're about ready to take off."

"Come on, let's try."

"You're awful eager tonight. . .O.K. go ahead."

"Come with me."

"Christ, Paul, don't they have women in North Dakota?"

"Pardon me," said Paul, "but are these. . .are you. . .uh. . ."

"What my friend here is trying to say is may we join you?"

They looked at each other. "I guess so," said the blonde, she smiled at Paul. Al pulled up a chair beside the brunette.

"My name is Bob Allison" he said "and my bashful friend is Paul Walter."

"I'm Peggy Peters" said the blonde, "and this is Anne Scott."

"We saw your packages but thought you might not be leaving right away. . ." he paused. Let them say something, he thought, he was getting damn tired of running all these conversations. If they were in here alone, they were in here to be picked up. Nobody's kidding anybody.

"Are you off a ship?" said Anne.

"Yes," he said "We're both off the Orion. . .we're out at the Yard picking up supplies."

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know, and I guess I probably shouldn't say if I did. I think Eniwetok though."

"Where's that?" she asked.

"I don't know, and I really don't care. When you've seen one you've seen 'em all." He decided to use the "Bored with fighting the war" routine on her for awhile.

"Have you been in long?"

"Not long, but long enough. . .three years." He decided a little exaggeration might come in handy at this point. The truth didn't seem very important anymore, anyway.

"What did you do before you got in?"

"Went to school—University of Maryland."

"Seems a long time ago doesn't it?"

"Sure does." She didn't seem quite so dumb as some, he thought. Maybe this evening wouldn't be so bad after all.

"Are you planning anything for tonight?" he asked.

"I don't know" she looked at Peggy. Peggy and Paul were deep in conversation. Paul wasn't exactly smooth but he had the sort of appearance that women trusted. Big, homely, and a little stout. He didn't look dangerous. . . wasn't very, at least as far as Al knew.

"What do you say we go somewhere and dance or talk or something. . . this place gives me the creeps."

"Why do you come here then?" she smiled.

That didn't seem to require an answer. Al picked his cap up off the chair. "What do you say?"

"All right by me. . . what do you say Peggy?"

"All right with you, Paulie?" she asked looking up at Paul.

Good God, Paulie, he thought, what next?

They walked out into the cold night. It was always cold at night on this damn coast, Al thought, what a hell of a place to live.

"Where'll we go, I don't know anything about this town?" he said.

"It's dry, you know" said Anne.

"So I've heard."

"We know a place to go where they will serve drinks" said Peggy. "You have to join, its sort of a club."

"O.K. let's get a cab."

After a short ride, the cab stopped and they walked up a flight of narrow unlit steps. The "club" consisted of one big room with tables in it and a jukebox and a smaller room with sofas and a bar at one end. They hung their coats on a rack by the door and walked in and sat down at one of the tables. Paul and Peggy started dancing right away. Peggy was a little chubby too, Al noticed. They don't make a bad pair at that. Well, he can have her.

Al ordered a round of bourbon and sodas.

Paul looked like he was getting tight already. I'll bet he never had ten drinks in his life before he got in the Navy, Al thought, what a guy.

Paul and his girl were dancing again; they seemed to be getting a little closer. He looked at Anne. She smiled.

"Would you like to dance?" he asked.

"Would you?"

"Well, not too much, not right now anyway."

"Let's just sit here awhile," she said. "Let's see, I'm Anne Scott; I live in Seattle; I used to live in Minneapolis, I don't like Seattle very much; I didn't like Minneapolis either; I don't know anywhere else to go; I'm not married or engaged; I drink a little, smoke too much, and go to church on Easter and Christmas."

"That's quite a mouthful," he said. "Do you work here?"

"Not wishing to go on relief and not knowing anyone who is willing to contribute to my support, I'm forced to. I'm a sort of clerk in a department store."

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the snack
that
refreshes!

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"What do you mean 'sort of a clerk'?"

"Well, I'm an assistant buyer, but there isn't much to buy right now so I'm clerking, temporarily I hope. . . luggage department, isn't that fascinating?"

"Sounds gripping."

"That wasn't very funny you know."

"You smiled anyway."

"I'm easy to please."

"Let's dance now." he said.

She stood up. She was a very good dancer. Not good exactly, he thought,

but she followed well. The juke was playing something he didn't know.

"It was just a ride on a train, that's all that it was, but oh what it seemed to be. . ." What the Hell did it seem to be, he thought, a Goddam rocket ship ride to the moon? She really did dance well. She was humming softly to herself.

"You smell pretty" he said.

"It's called 'Temptation.'"

"You're telling me."

The piece was over. They walked back to their table. He started to sit down but she picked up her purse.

"Will you excuse me a minute?"

"Sure," he watched her go. She was rather thin but her legs were well rounded. He liked that. Her hair was made up in a neat curl around her neck and sort of bounced as she walked. She really was sort of pretty. . . I wonder if she. . . Boy, your mind is really getting in a rut, he said to himself.

He walked into the washroom. He was relieved to notice that Kilroy had been there. He wasn't sure whether Kilroy had been to Seattle. He decided he was glad that Kilroy hadn't missed it. He looked in the mirror . . . eyes getting a little red . . . let me see, one, two, three drinks. Yeah, I guess it's about time it was getting to my eyes. He wondered vaguely whether he ought to get drunk or not.

Walking back to the table he noticed that she was already back. God, she's quick, he thought. She seems to have quite a few virtues. He decided not to get drunk after all.

"Would you like another?" he asked.

"Just one."

He sipped it carefully. He decided that he musn't get bleary. Wouldn't do to have the brain dulled. Must be at the peak of efficiency. Paul and Peggy came back. They were a little sweaty from dancing but seemed happy. Paul looked really tight now.

"This is a good place, isn't it?" said Paul happily.

"Very nice."

The music started again. Paul jumped up. "Let's dance." They were back on the floor again. That's the only sex he's had lately, I guess, Al thought. Probably beats North Dakota. He had a sudden idea.

"Let's get out of here" he said to Anne.

"What about Paul?"

"He can find his way back all right, do you mind leaving Peggy?"

"Peggy? No, she can take care of herself."

"I don't think she needs to worry; Paul barks but he doesn't bite." They walked back down the dark steps.

"Let's just walk" she said. "I only live about seven blocks from here."

"All right." The cold air was already clearing his head. He felt better than he had all evening. They were walking down a steep hill. Why do people build cities on hills anyway, he wondered. There's enough flat land in this country.

"It's nice out" she said.

"It's pretty damn cold for my money." He pulled his collar up around his ears and took her hand.

They stopped before a small brown house with pine trees in the front yard. "I have an apartment on the second floor" she said. "The stairs are over here." They walked up the iron steps and through an outer door into a dark hall. She took a key out of her purse and opened a door near the back.

"I'll fix some coffee," she said.

He followed her out into the kitchen.

They leaned against the table and drank the coffee. It was strong and very hot and finished the job of clearing his head. He washed the cups and saucers very carefully and slowly as if he wasn't quite sure what was coming next and wasn't in any hurry to find out. They walked back into the

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small living room. He took her arm and turned her to face him.

"You're very nice" he said.

"Thank you."

"Why did you go there tonight?"

"I was lonely . . . I live here but don't know anyone . . . really know anyone. . . you know."

"I know." He kissed her. Her lips were warm and soft under his.

"You really are nice, you know" he said.

"You are, too."

"I wasn't asking for that."

"I know."

"Let's sit here awhile."

"My roommate . . ."

"I don't care about your roommate" he said.

"I don't either, I guess." He kissed her again. She put her arms around him. . . .

From somewhere a clock struck two. She sat forward. "I have to get up at seven."

"I'll go." Al got up and put on his coat.

"I've had a very nice time" he said. He walked to the door with his arm around her. They turned toward each other at the door. He kissed her again.

"How long will you be around?" she asked.

"I'm sorry" he said. "We're leaving day after tomorrow. I won't get off again."

"Will you be back?"

"I don't know . . . I hope so."

He walked back down the iron steps. The air seemed warmer. He caught a bus at the corner.

As he walked back down the wooden pier, the night seemed very still and cold. The water lapped quietly on the pilings. I'm kinda sorry to be leaving, he thought. She was a nice kid. He looked down at the water without really seeing it. That's the trouble with this damn life, always leaving people. He lit a cigarette. She seemed lonely . . . there's a lot of lonely people in this world, I guess.

He caught a liberty launch back to the ship. It was full of drunks, most of them asleep, some singing, some arguing. It didn't seem to make much difference. They pulled up alongside his ship. He walked wearily up the gangway.

"I'm back, Gus" he said to the man leaning over the rail.

"So I see, have a big time?"

"Very nice."

"What does that mean?"

"Ah ha" he answered vaguely. "See you in the morning."

He walked up to the wardroom to see

if there was anything to eat. Paul was sitting at a table reading a book.

"Back so early, Paul?"

"Yes . . . guess what happened?"

"What?"

"She went in the washroom and didn't come back. How'd you make out?"

"I made out all right," he said. "Is there anything to eat?"

LISTEN: The Banjo

(Continued from page 13)

"Phillip Brown, ma'm."

"I'm Mrs. Thurston and this is my brother-in-law. He catches bugs for the university, then he watches them. Yeah, George is just an old beetle watcher."

"Yes, ma'm."

George looked quickly down his shoulder at Lucky. "Son, you're just too courteous even for a nigra. What you need is a drink."

"Sure, he's a gentleman. One of the great mass of dark gentlemen. Wait a minute," said the woman, fishing in the glove compartment. "Not that I'm delicate but he can have this other bottle."

Lucky took the pint and unscrewed it. He sure hated to drink it straight. It was very dark, amberish stuff.

"Go ahead, boy," said George. "I know your kind of people. You can live for days on a dose of that stuff. You must have been aching for a drink while we've been swilling it up here."

George, Lucky told himself, is climbing kind of high himself. He's up there and he doesn't know it.

"Thanks a lot," Lucky said, letting the burbon inside of him: slow, hot, and easy.

"What we need for Phillip," said Mrs. Thurston, "is a woman. We got wine and music, what we need is a woman."

"Hey, take it easy," said George.

"What he needs is the dark women of his dreams," she said, leaning across on the seat. "There isn't anything wrong with that. Gracious, George, you and I are broad-minded. We know there isn't a bit of difference between old Phillip back there and you or me. All people want is food, sex, and music. Maybe old Phil wants 'em more than we do, but we aren't so drunk we aren't broad-minded. You haven't got anything against nigras, have you, George?"

"Of course not. What is this—Sociology 41?"

"Sure, I'm lecturing you. Now you take nigras—a fine people with many heroes. Take Jesse Owens, take Joe Louis, take Jim Thorpe."

"He was an Indian."

"Well, you know. Finest people on earth. Ditch diggers, cotton planters. Backbone of the nation. All we got to do is give 'em a chance so's they can be happy. Look at old Phil, unhappiest man on earth. He's persecuted."

The Lincoln swept through the lights of a little town and broke into the darkness again. Lucky remembered the

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first swallow of bourbon. He took a couple more to keep him memory right. The passing lights began to look slightly blurry.

"Sure," said George, pushing the car a little faster, "I never have been a white supremacy man. But I don't mind saying it right in front of him—you have to be realistic. No matter where you go, there's going to be undesirable people around. If it's a school or a club or whatever, there's always the eternal s.o.b."

Lucky screwed the top of the whiskey bottle down tight. He caught the bot-

tle by the neck and got a good grip. He didn't like talk like this. He remembered hearing talk like this before—somebody always got hurt.

"I don't guess," Lucky tried to say it as softly as he could, "that you're talking about me, sir?"

"You?" the man turned and looked over his shoulder. "Hell, boy, I don't even know you. It doesn't matter to me if you want to cut in on a free ride and free whiskey. Any nigra would do that—most white men. I'm not talking against you—I don't know you."

"Just asking, sir."

"Then get it straight, boy. If I wanted to call you anything—anything in the world—I would say it right to your face. I'm not going to weasel around with you. Maybe you are a s.o.b.—just maybe."

"That's what I was asking," said Lucky, getting a tight hold on the bottle neck. He felt like that. "Please stop the car and let me out."

"I'll do no such thing," said George. He gave the Lincoln a burst of power and they tore down the highway. "Don't get high-hat on me, boy."

"Ah, you and Paul Robeson be friends," the woman said. "We'll stop down the road and find you a beetle, George. We'll find you two beetles and watch them propagate the race."

"My whiskey. . . my car," George talked low to himself. "Too damn smart, that's what's wrong, everybody's too smart."

The car was wheeling around the curves at seventy miles an hour. Lucky leaned over George's shoulder and said very hard and clear: "Let me out of here or you'll get this whiskey bottle over your head!"

The car slowed a little then. Lucky relaxed. Maybe the old boy had sobered himself up.

"Look in the glove compartment, Margaret. You know what to get."

"Oh, settle down, George," said the woman. She handed something across to the man.

All Lucky saw was the shadow: the dull, grim shape of a revolver. George grabbed it, clicked it, and half turned around. "Now get it straight—" he started to say.

That was when Lucky hit him. He held the whiskey bottle tight and slammed it across the man's ear. He swung from the elbow, hard, and the bottle splintered.

Lucky felt the car leave the road. There was a jerk, then a terrific shock which squeezed his body between the seats and the floor. The woman screamed and things got quiet.

In the silent dark, Lucky wrenched

the door free and stumbled into the wet bushes outside. Above him was the highway. They had popped off a ten-foot embankment.

He went around and opened the front door. In the blackness he could see two figures huddled over the steering wheel. They were breathing but bloody. He rolled the woman back on her seat. He reached through the man's coat to his pocketbook; he tore the man's coat and pitched the wallet on the floor. Down there he saw a woman's handbag. He went through it until he found a purse with bills. He lit a match, pulled out a five-spot from the money. He stuffed the five-spot into George's breast pocket like a handkerchief, where they couldn't miss it. It was a bum bet, lady, Lucky told himself.

Then he messed his way up the clay shoulder to the highway again. From there the car was easy to see. Down the highway came a pair of lights, bouncing and swinging. Lucky waited until he was sure it was an old truck, then he threw out his hand. The truck stopped with much moaning and complaining.

"How about a ride?"

A colored boy was driving. "Sure, hop in. How far you going?"

Lucky climbed into the cab. "A long way, friend. A real long way."

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Escape

(Continued from page 11)

"I had the papers, Sarge. I was already signed on with a freighter. All I need was money."

"They would have gotten you in Germany, Bennett. He did the right thing by stopping you."

"You married, Sarge?"

"Sure. I'm married, Bennett."

"You live with your wife, don't you, Sarge?"

"Sure I do, Bennett."

"Then why can't I, Sarge? They won't let her come over here so I'm going back. Wouldn't you do the same thing, Sarge?"

"No, son, I wouldn't. You're going to get to see your wife a lot sooner if you stick out the rest of your term instead of trying to escape every other day."

Bennett laughed and turned toward the window.

"Maybe you're right, Sarge," he said.

They both looked up as the sound of rushing wind and clacketing train wheels came from the far end of the car. A blond young soldier wearing a neatly pressed uniform came into the car. He walked down the aisle and smiled as he sat down across from the sergeant.

"How's our little playmate?" he asked, nodding toward Bennett.

"Where the hell have you been?" asked the sergeant.

The grey-haired lady three seats in front of them turned around in her seat, resentment in her face.

The blond soldier smiled at the sergeant again.

"What's the matter, Pappy, did you miss me?"

The sergeant did not smile. He glanced toward the grey-haired lady and leaned across the aisle toward the soldier.

"Look," he said, "I'm tired of playing hide and seek with you. Where the hell have you been?"

"Just looking around, Pap. Just looking around." The young soldier grinned.

"Well, try looking around on your own time and not when you're on duty. This is no pleasure trip, you know."

"You don't have to tell me, Pap. That I already know."

"Dammit, Connor, I am telling you. The next time you pull something like this, you're going on report for neglect of duty."

"Okay, Pappy, okay," Connor said, turning away from him and opening a magazine.

Outside the window, the cold, slow twilight of a September day was falling. Bennett, the prisoner, watched the grey sloping hills stretch into the distance. He saw a man in a field, watching the train while his mule and plow stood idle. He noticed a sandy road shining whitely in the half dusk. He saw the trees in the distance as they slowly changed from green to dark green and then to black. Darkness was coming on outside the window.

The lights came on in the car and Bennett could see only blackness outside. The reflection of his own face stared back at him.

The two college girls, still talking, got up from their seats. Connor heard them talking and turned to watch them as they put on their coats. One of them smiled at him as they walked down the aisle toward the diner.

Connor looked at his watch.

"Hey, Pap, isn't it just about time for chow?"

The sergeant took his watch from his pocket and looked at it.

"Yeah, go ahead if you want to," he said. "But be back here in an hour, understand? I want you to take over here for awhile. I got to get some sleep."

Connor smiled, stood up, pulled his blouse down in the back, and walked down the aisle where the girls had gone.

The sergeant turned to Bennett.

"We'll eat as soon as he comes back, son. Okay?"

Bennett shook his head. "I'm not hungry, Sarge," he said.

"You got to eat, son. You know that."

Bennett shook his head again.

"I know it, Sarge, but I'm just not hungry tonight."

"All right, but you ought to eat something."

Connor was talking to the two girls when they came back to the car. Connor stopped where the sergeant and Bennett were sitting and the girls went on through the door at the end of the car.

"Pap," Connor said, "while you and Bennett go to eat, I'm going back and have a couple of drinks in the club car. Is that all right?"

"Bennett isn't hungry, Connor. You stay here with him while I go and eat."

"Take him with you, Pappy, why don't you? I'm only going to have one or two drinks. I'll be back here when you finish chow."

"Sit down, Connor. You're staying right here tonight. You know damn well none of that stuff goes when you're on duty."

The sergeant stood up and Connor sat down, taking a last lock toward the door where the girls had gone.

"You going to be one all your life, Pap? Good God! Can't a guy have any fun on a trip with you?"

"If I have anything to do with it, we won't be taking any more together, Connor."

"I hope you have something to do with it, Pap! God Damn!"

He jerked the steel ring over his arm and watched the sergeant waddling down the aisle. He turned to Bennett.

"You stupid ass! If you had gone with him, I wouldn't have had to come back here all night."

Bennett turned toward him.

"I wasn't hungry, Connor."

"You could have gone with him. You knew what I was trying to do."

"I just wasn't hungry, Connor. Why should I go back to the dining car if I'm not hungry?"

"Ahhh You stupid !" Connor opened his newspaper and turned to the sports page. He shook the



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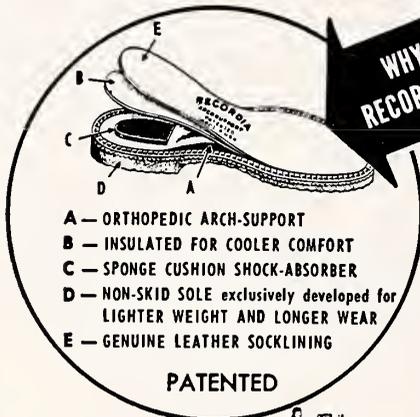
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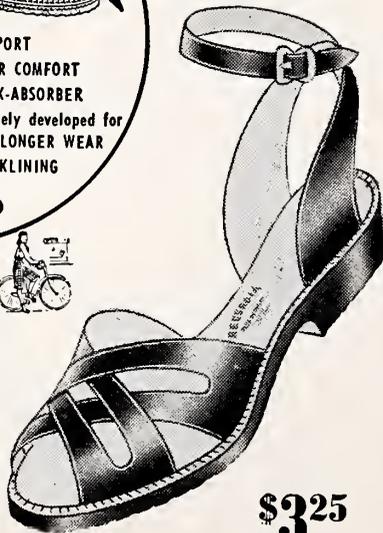


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paper to get the wrinkles out of it. Bennett turned his back to the window.

Connor lowered his newspaper.

"Why so sad, pal? Thinking about the deal you drew from your old man? Or maybe where that ship is going to be in a couple of weeks?"

Bennett turned halfway around, his eyes burning, then changed his mind and said nothing.

Connor folded his newspaper in his lap.

"Personally, I think your old man did the right thing. A psycho like you is dangerous running around on the loose. Especially when he makes a habit of shooting poor innocent civilians."

"It was in self defense, Connor."

"Sure! Self defense! That's why the court martial gave you five years, pal. What was he trying to do, make a little time with that fraulein wife of yours?"

Bennett jerked around, his eyes blazing in his white face.

"Look! You're taking me in, right? But that's all you're doing, understand? As far as my wife goes, you can damn well keep your mouth shut!"

"Well," Connor laughed. "You talk mighty big for a guy with handcuffs on, don't you, pal? Well, do me a favor, will you? When we get back to Philadelphia, remind me to give you a little going over, just for old times' sake."

They stared at each other for a moment, then Connor shrugged his shoulders and opened his newspaper again.

When the sergeant came back, he found Bennett asleep and Connor still reading the newspaper.

"How was chow, Pappy?" Connor folded his newspaper.

"Pretty good," the sergeant said, sitting down in the seat opposite Connor.

"You sure you don't want to take over here for awhile and let me go back to the club car? I told those girls I was coming back and they're probably waiting for me."

"That's tough, Connor, but I stayed with him all afternoon. Let's you stay with him awhile, what do you say?"

"Okay, Pappy! So I play nursemaid all night long. By the way, our little friend here's been acting up, wants me to keep my mouth shut."

"What did you say to him, Connor?"

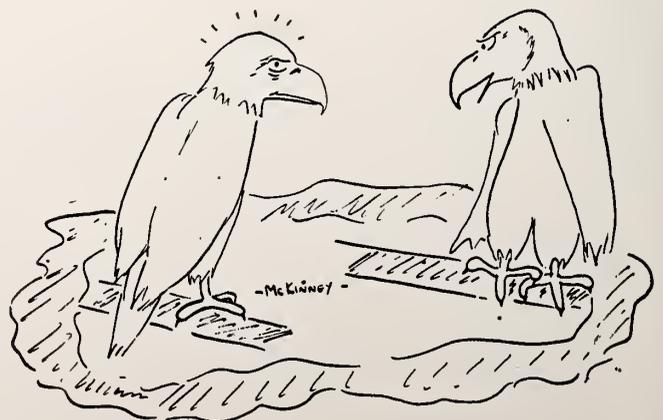
"Nothing, Pappy, nothing to make him blow his top like that. The guy's a psycho, that's all."

"All right, so he's a little cracked. Wouldn't you be? First he gets made an example of in Germany, then his Dad turns him in, and now you give him a hard time. Let the poor guy alone, Connor."

"Okay! I won't say another word to the damn guy. Good God! Am I always wrong?" Connor picked up his newspaper again.

Bennett stirred by the window and sat up, rubbing his eyes.

"I'd like to go to the men's room," he said.



Don't be self-conscious, we're all bald.

"For Christ's sake!" Connor said, folding his newspaper. "Come on."

Bennett looked at him steadily as he slid over to the edge of the seat and stood up. They both walked down the aisle toward the men's lounge.

Connor took the steel ring off Bennett's handcuffs before they went in the door. He motioned for Bennett to go in.

Bennett went through the door. There was no one else in the room. When he heard the door shut behind him, he turned suddenly, taking a clumsy, two-handed swing at Connor. The blow surprised Connor and it knocked him off his balance. His head clanged against the tin sink as he fell. Almost before he fell, Bennett was on top of him, twisting the handcuff chain around his neck. Connor struggled wildly for a moment, then went quiet as Bennett cut off his breath. Even after Connor went limp, Bennett still held the chain tight around his neck. Then he let go and dug in Connor's pocket for a key. He unlocked his handcuffs and stood up, rubbing his wrists. He went to the door, opened it a little and looked out.

He saw the sergeant down the aisle, reading a newspaper. He took a last look at the unconscious Connor and stepped outside the door, closing it behind him. As he closed the door, he saw the sergeant look up. He turned away quickly and walked toward the door at the end of the car.

"Hey!" the sergeant yelled, "Bennett! Wait a minute!"

Bennett was running now. He opened the door and looked back. The sergeant was waddling down the aisle toward him, yelling something.

On the platform, Bennett looked around. The top half of one of the car doors was open. They pulled at him as

he swung one leg, then the other, over the barrier. He hesitated for a moment, then he jumped.

When the sergeant opened the door, he was gone. He looked out the opening, but all he could see were the bright squares of light from the coach windows as they rose and fell on the blurred undergrowth alongside the track.

The sergeant went back inside the coach and opened the door to the men's room. Connor still lay in a twisted heap under one of the sinks. The sergeant turned on a water faucet, scooped some water in his hands, and threw it on Connor. After two dousings, Connor sat up and groaned, rubbing his neck.

"What the hell happened to me?" he asked.

"Bennett got away, jumped off the train," the sergeant told him. "How'd you lose him?"

"I don't remember too much about it, just that he hit me as we were coming in the door."

"You did a great job, Connor. Before you started in on him, he was just about convinced that he would serve out his term."

"Don't blame it on me, Pap. The guy's crazy, that's all."

The sergeant looked at him for a moment, then turned to the conductor who was trying to keep the crowd outside the room.

"Can you stop the train?" the sergeant asked him over the babble of voices.

The conductor turned from the onlookers.

"Why don't you people be more careful? If you had been on your job, all this would never have happened."

"Will you stop the train?" the sergeant asked him.

"Yes, we're coming into a small station now. Are you getting off?"



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(Continued from page 14)

"I don't know yet. I've got to make a telephone call."
 The train slowed to a stop in the station and the sergeant got off. He waddled down the platform toward the station house, while Connor waited on the platform.
 After the sergeant had been gone awhile, the conductor came to the door and looked at his watch.
 "I can't hold this train much longer, Corporal. There are a lot of people on here who want to get to Atlanta on time."
 "Take it easy, will you? This is important. He'll be back in a couple of minutes," Connor told him.
 "I'll give him five more minutes," the conductor said. He went back into the car.
 Connor saw the sergeant coming down the platform and went to meet him.
 "What's the scoop, Pappy?" he asked, walking alongside the sergeant. "Do we stay here and try to find him?"
 "No," the sergeant said, "It's out of our hands now. They've got state and federal police on the poor guy now."
 "Damn! I'd like to stay on this detail! After what that guy did to me, I'd sure like to be around when he gets caught this time. If I could get away with it, I'd shoot the bastard resisting arrest. I'm telling you, if I ever see him again"
 Connor stopped talking. The sergeant had stopped and was standing, looking at him.
 "What's the matter, Sergeant?" Connor asked him.
 The sergeant looked at him.
 "Nothing, Connor," he said, "nothing at all. Let's go."
 They both got back aboard and after awhile the train started moving again.

Congressman. We don't mean Senator Claghorn, either.
 Some of the requests which he receives are just as world-shaking as the punches Congress is grunting from to add coloring to oleomargarine. However, our director doesn't mind—he comes out a chuckle to the good occasionally. The educated graduates mistake him sometimes for Santa Claus or the "Heart's Desire" man and ask him for anything from a twig from the Davie Poplar to a sterling silver spoon from the Carolina Inn dining room. Sometimes they want him to reserve a room for them in the Inn.

Mimosa trees ("powder puffs") on campus must have been an inspiration to one student, for he wrote asking for the seed from one. His need was no greater, though, than that of an ex-coed from a faraway place who wondered if the alumni office could recommend a baby doctor in her locality.

Spike especially enjoyed a request for information about the abilities, merits and appraisals of a certain former student. The author wasn't an employer but a prospective father-in-law who didn't take it for granted that all Carolina men are gentlemen.

Although Mr. Saunders is snowed in with a blizzard of petty requests for football tickets and the name of John Doe's favorite horse, his job is not petty. Besides the enormous amount of correspondence he handles every day, there are the alumni meetings over which he presides.

The heaviest weight in his bag of duties is to interpret the affairs of the University of North Carolina to alumni and through them, to the state. "U. N. C. is now in great need of understanding and help, particularly with its crowded conditions and poor food situation," he says.

The *Alumni Review* also requires much of his time and editing ability. There are about 6,100 dues-paying members who receive this main source of inside information about Carolina and formed students. These dues payers are the voters in the annual winter and spring elections.

The man at the Alumni Association helm was born near Elon College in Alamance County. After his graduation from Carolina in 1925 he stayed another year to tackle graduate work in history and government. The following year he was stricken with his only fancy for wandering from his home school and it led him to Georgia Tech to teach.

Spike could no more stay than Carolinians could allow him to stay. He returned to Chapel Hill to become Alumni Secretary the next year.

It has been a number of years and he has welcomed a greater number of people to the Alumni Association. Every sixth one has been a coed. "I don't mind the six to one ratio," he assures us. "In fact I'm glad to see the coeds here. When I was in school there was a big debate about whether to build a coed dormitory or a gymnasium. There were 23 heated opinions in the *Daily Tar Heel* and all but two were against having girls enrolled in the University of North Carolina. Spencer Hall was built in spite of that vote."

Spike could be slightly prejudiced in favor of the coeds though (they need someone in their favor), for he married one. She is the former Susan Murphy Rose of Fayetteville. They have two daughters who attend Chapel Hill High School.

Years have come and gone, and the Alumni Association progresses. In this case evidence proves that the greatest step toward progress is efficient management.

TIGHT SPOTS

AND HOW TO GET OUT OF 'EM



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GET FUNNY...WIN MONEY...WRITE A TITLE



A very special contest—for cartoonists who can't draw. If that's you, just write a caption for this remarkable cartoon. (If you can't write, either, we can't do business.) \$5 each for the best captions. (If you're a cartoonist who *can* draw, send in a cartoon idea of your own. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

December winners: \$15.00 to: *Kathy Conso of Michigan State College*; \$5.00 each to: *Alex. H. Veazey of Philadelphia*, *Leroy Lott of Univ. of Texas*, and *Robert A. M. Booth of Univ. of Colorado*. Not a conscience in the crowd!

LITTLE MORON CORNER



Here's the character study (and we do mean "character") that dragged down two iron men for *Mauro Montoya of Univ. of New Mexico*:

Our own inimitable Murgatroyd (better known to his intimates as "Meathead") was discovered a few days ago carefully holding a large bucket beneath a leaking faucet. Naturally he was asked the reason. "Duuuuuh," replied the outsized oaf, with his customary ready intelligence, "I'm collectin' trickles for the Pepsi-Cola jingle!"

Arthur J. McGrane of Duke Univ. also raked in \$2 for his moron gag. So can you, if yours clicks. Just be yourself!

HE-SHE GAGS

Three bucks apiece went out to Mammon-worshippers *Bill Spencer of Hardin-Simmons Univ.*, *Nick G. Flocos of Univ. of Pittsburgh*, *Shirley Motter of Univ. of Cincinnati*, and *Carson A. Ronas of Brooklyn, N. Y.*, respectively, for these bits of whimsy:

He: O. K., stupid, *be* that way.

She: Don't you call me stupid!

He: O. K., ignorant.

She: Well, that's *better!*

* * *

She: I'm thirsty for a Pepsi-Cola.

He: Okay, let's sip this one out.

* * *

He: Does your husband talk in his sleep?

She: No, it's terribly exasperating. He just grins.

* * *

He-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: At least we're better off than those two empty bottles on the sidewalk.

She-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: How do you figure?

He-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: They've been drunk since yesterday, and we're still on the wagon.

* * *

\$3 each—that's a lot of bonanza oil! But that's the take-home pay for any of these we buy.

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

\$100.00

"I'VE TRIED THEM ALL,
CHESTERFIELD IS MY
FAVORITE CIGARETTE"

Claudette Colbert

STARRING IN A
TRIANGLE PRODUCTION
"SLEEP, MY LOVE"
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS



NOBODY knows Cigarette tobacco
like the farmer who grows it

"I like to sell my tobacco to Liggett & Myers because they've been
buying my best tobacco and paying the top price to get it ever since
I started raising tobacco.

"I've been smoking Chesterfields ever since I started raising to-
bacco. I know they're made of mild ripe tobacco because that's the
kind they buy from me."

J. Hogan Ballard

TOBACCO FARMER,
BRYANTSVILLE, KY.



A *Always* **B** *Buy* **CHESTERFIELD**

A *ALWAYS* **M** *MILDER* **B** *BETTER* **T** *TASTING* **C** *COOLER* **S** *SMOKING*



the Carolina
magazine

Next on Board May 10

IT TAKES EXPERIENCE TO SKIM THE SURF AT

40 miles an hour on one foot!

... and Champion
NANCE STILLEY
agrees that
in water skiing — and
in cigarettes too...

**"EXPERIENCE
IS THE BEST
TEACHER!"**



In twisting slaloms ... in tricky jumps ... this petite young Cypress Gardens aquamaid is in a class by herself ... a champion many times over.



You watch her and you *know* Nance Stilley has plenty of experience. Her cigarette? That's a "choice of experience" too...Camel!



I NOTICE MORE AND MORE PEOPLE SMOKING CAMELS. THEY'RE GREAT!

I LEARNED BY EXPERIENCE... BY COMPARING... THAT CAMELS SUIT MY 'T-ZONE' BEST!



THE "T-ZONE"
T for Taste...
T for Throat...

your final
proving ground
for any
cigarette

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Let your  Zone tell you why

**More people are smoking
Camels than ever before!**

● Now that people can get all the cigarettes they want ... any brand ... now that they once again can choose their cigarette on a basis of personal preference ... more people are smoking Camels than ever before.

Why? The answer is in your "T-Zone" (T for Taste and T for Throat). Let your taste ... your throat ... tell you why, with smokers who have tried and compared, Camels are the "choice of experience"!



According to a
Nationwide survey:

**MORE DOCTORS
SMOKE CAMELS
THAN ANY OTHER
CIGARETTE**

When 113,597 doctors from coast to coast were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!

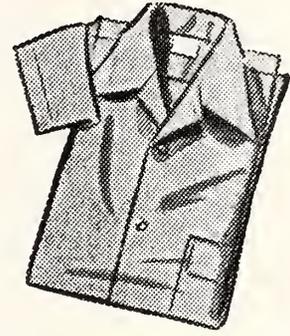
CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE!

for that

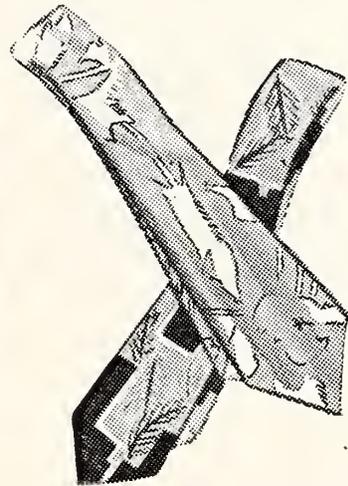
WELL-DRESSED LOOK THIS SPRING

LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!

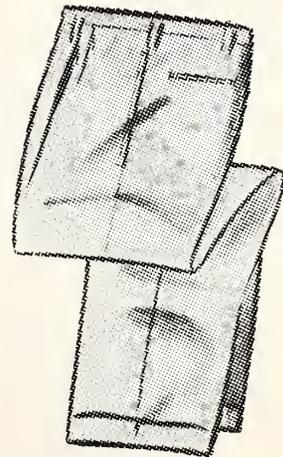
Yes, it's the well-dressed LOOK that counts, whether it be in business or dating. LOOK sharp, feel secure, and make the impression that counts in cool comfortable clothes from Kapp's. Your unhampered comfort in well-cut, full fitting clothes from Kapp's translate themselves into good LOOKS. For the impression that counts LOOK to Kapp's.



LOOK FOR THE SHIRT!



LOOK FOR THE TIE!



LOOK FOR THE TROUSERS!

Kapp's Men's Shop

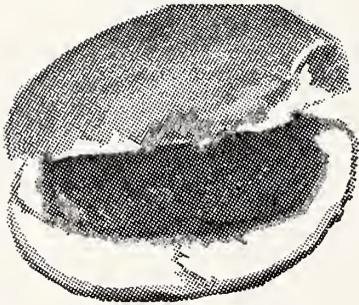
107 E. Main St.

Durham, N. C.

Marathon Sandwich Shop

Downtown Chapel Hill

- REGULAR MEALS
- SNACKS
- QUICK SERVICE



We Never Close

Manager, Tom Manies

Closed Tuesday

Terrace View Supper Club

Hyway 54

Roof

Tap

Garden

Room

Open 2 P.M. — 'til?

NEVER A COVER CHARGE

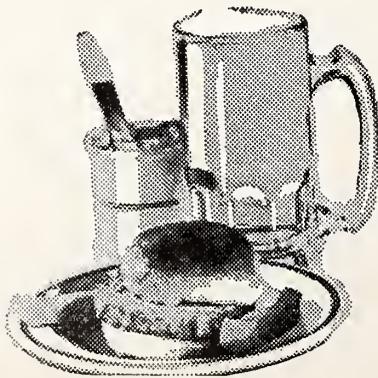
Manager, Bill Chiotakis

Closed Tuesday

BUY OUR
FOODS YOU
WILL KNOW
US!

SOON TO OPEN

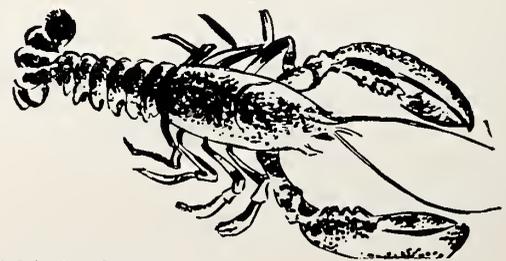
Tap Bar



Next to Seafood Grill

Sea Food Grill

Opposite Bus Station



If it's in the sea, we
have it.

Manager, Paul Parvos

birds by
charlie nelson

CM flight engineers

editor
fred jacobson
managing editor
charlie gibson
associate editor
john sink
business manager
melville cohen
art editor
bill harrison
lucie baxter
literary editor
william a. sessions
photography
stan croner

literary bob sain, julia ross, clarke stallworth, harry snowden, priscilla moore, allen smith, jim spence, mcneer dillon, john zucker, sandy grady
features bill carmi- chael, bob goldwater, sharpe, harry snowden, doris weaver
art joyce ferguson, don mckinney, charles nelson, h. k. privette, james moon, dick preyer
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secretarial staff char- main griffin, donna barnett, gladys cot- trell, randy hudson, bert kaplan, miriam evans, julius gold- stein, jean mckea- then, jane griffith, caroline homan



WE WOULD LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO OUR bird CM who is about to take a little trip. He asks you to come along and enjoy this holiday. The tripticket points the way. Don't worry about coming back. The little bird told us confidentially that no four votes are going to keep him away for long.

On this journey we would like to recommend that you look into Asheville, Tom Wolfe's hometown. We are going there by courtesy of the *Southern Packet* which began publication in 1945 as a clearing house for reviews and other material about southern publishers, books, and ideas. Since that time it has grown to almost 1,000 paid subscribers, scattered over 30 states, chiefly in the South.

Practically all books of general interest published by the University Press at Chapel Hill and by other southern presses receive reviews by scholars well-known in their special fields. In addition *The Packet* has begun recently a series of articles about authors and trends in southern writing. Perhaps the most interesting of these to date is the original material from the hometown of Thomas Wolfe, class of 1920, seen here on pages 28-31.

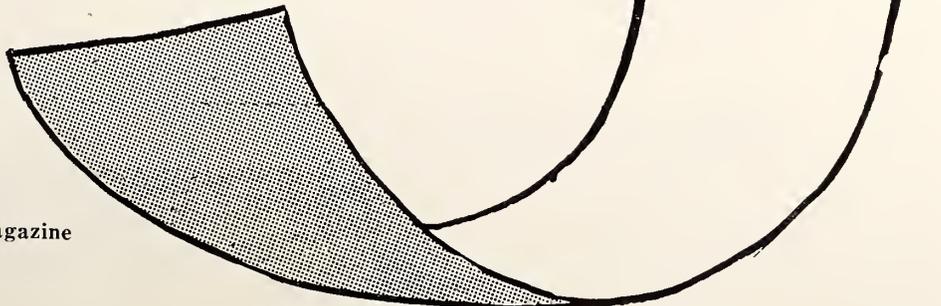
The Packet is published by The Stephens Press and is edited by George M. Stephens, class of 1926. The Wolfe issue is not sold as a single copy but a twelve-month subscription including this issue is available for \$1.00 through the publisher at 50 Walnut Street, Asheville.

CM's staff of flight engineers has taken care of all the details and paid for your trip already by its industriousness.

You've got nothing to lose. It's lots of fun and it's free. Happy Journey!

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The University of North Carolina Periodical of Campus Life
Published Since 1844



Carolina Magazine Trip Ticket

From Chapel Hill
CAROLINA PARADE
by Owen Lewis
pg. 8

To Brazil
A DATE FOR JOE
by Dos Santos
pg. 12

To Hometown USA
BETWEEN
DARKNESS
AND THE ROSES
by Julia Ross
pg. 14

To Camera Wonderland
PHOTOGRAPHER'S
DELIGHT
pg. 17

To Birdland
THE PARROT EGG
by Don McKinney
pg. 21

To New England
THE PRIVY
by John Gignilliat
pg. 22

To Sportland
SPRING SPORT
SCORES
by Bill Harrison
pg. 23

To Poet's Heaven
POETRY
pg. 26

To Asheville...
THOMAS WOLFE
pg. 27

To the Future
SALUTING SENIORS
by Charlie Gibson
pg. 34

To Minnesota
SO WHAT, OLD MAN
by Virgie Matson
pg. 36

To the Farm
THERE AREN'T
MANY LEFT
by Sandy Grady
pg. 38

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Good Printing- a trade and a trait

- STATIONERY
- INVITATIONS
- JOB PRINTING
- HANDBILLS
- POSTERS

Office Next to Porthole

***Colonial
Press, Inc.***
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Fashion-Leading Sports Collection

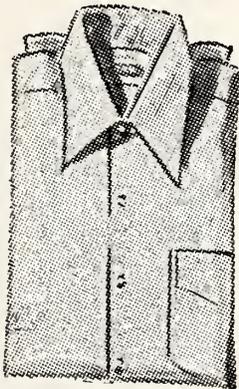
... tip-top togs for every summer sporting occasion.
Fashion-right and value-right, too!



Second
Floor

Phone F-6151

Better Buys At Berman's



WINGS SHIRTS



CROSBY SQUARE
Shoes for Men
Loafer - - - \$9.50

Berman's
DEPARTMENT STORE
Chapel Hill

CM's Ground Crew



John Sink, as Mag associate editor, often pops useful suggestions to combat make-up difficulties. The model May cover reflects his co-operation with the editor to produce layouts that deserve a second glance. At Lome in Raleigh, John has done work for Trailway magazine and the State, including vacation maps on the end sheets of a forthcoming North Carolina travelogue.

Lucie Baxter is one of the co-art editors from Charlotte. Her drawings have appeared this year with "OK Chaos," "The Big Clock," the April campus quiz, "Escape," and now "Between the Roses and the Darkness." Lucie's realistic style may become a valuable commodity in commercial advertising when she graduates this June with an art degree.



Bill Harrison is a name picture-lovers on campus will remember. Readers with memory lapses might look on pages 24 and 34 and then join in the praise for the Mag co-art editor from Asheville. Sensuous illustrations for serious fiction and comic sketches like his "What Is a Radical?" spread show remarkable versatility in the same artist who designed Tarnation covers and the much-discussed card stunts.

Pill Sessions, the Mag literary editor, had a short story in the December issue under a title which somehow describes the job he took over one month later—"The Swamp." Ever since, the English major from Charleston, S. C., has been rooted to the murky task of directing the board of nine people who select what is to be printed. Bill's diligence is expected to make a success of the literary quarterly he edits next year.



Julia Ross is the typical literary board member who spends many an afternoon in the Mag office reading all the material submitted. A senior from Burlington, she has also worked sincerely as secretary of the Valkyries and the Publications Board. Julia herself has contributed poetry and short stories, an outstanding example appearing on page 14.

- FISHING EQUIPMENT



- HOME SUPPLIES
- STEWART WARNER RADIOS

You get a Better Buy at a
BLACKWOOD
ASSOCIATE STORE

NEWEST AND BEST!



SLOAN'S
Drug Company

On the Corner

Chatham
makes good
blankets!



Chatham Manufacturing Co., Elkin, N. C.



For heaven's sake, Pat, let's go



Pat Hole, photographed by Stan Croner

CAROLINA PARADE

Card Shark

While German clubbers worked on plans for the big concert, dance and parties, energetic extrovert Norm Sper indoctrinated his hand-picked cheering staff in the art of cheering with cards, a little technique the swimmer-cheerer had picked up in his native California.

Saturday of the Big Weekend brought the big intra-squad Blue-White game and, with it, a chance for cardman Sper to show off his handiwork. Despite the reluctance of a heterogeneous student cheering section (called "gang" by cardist Sper) to participate, an amazed group of spectators found that the cards did make a pretty little picture just like they were supposed to. A recalcitrant student body had done the tricks; a well-heeled Monogram Club had footed the bill; but the credit was all due the expansive Californian

Now, for a change, parents would be happy to see the boys playing cards.

The Raw Deal

Having just retired from campus politics, there is nothing left to do but 1) write one's memoirs, 2) start writing a column on all the remaining politicians and 3) decide when the time will become opportune to run for a major office.

Of course, everyone wants to know why I retired from politics. Of course, they are all happy about it, but they still want to know. It's a natural element known as curiosity. Well, the truth of the matter is that I am tired of running—running errands, running for meals, running for office, running for my life in general. The strain is

even more than Charlie Long or other professional politicians can stand. I can't stand it, so from now on, I'm sitting out on politics.

But before I go, there is something I want to say. I've always wanted to say something ever since I got into politics in this college, but I never got a chance. First, the wheels did all the talking for me, then the party put the words in my mouth, then my representative got up and talked for me in the legislature and finally the *Daily Tar Heel* so garbled anything I had left to say that many people think I have a speech impediment. The result of the whole thing has been discouraging.

So, now I'm going to tell the truth about the whole story if there is any truth in politics. I remember the first time I tried a political move on my own. It was political suicide they said, and even my best enemies warned me against it. But I had ideals, big ones and went on through—since then, I died many a time.

I found from the start just how it was from the start. Every time they pat you on the back they are looking for a soft spot to stab you in. They call it the Y court where the politicians all get together to shake each others' hands in friendly fashion. Friendly hell, they do it for self-protection. The Y court—huh—they should call it the *Double Crossroads of the Campus* or the *Two-Times Square* of Chapel Hill.

Bitter, sure I'm bitter—you'd be bitter too if you'd sat in the caucus room for three years and cut throats and anything else you could get your hands on. And then gone out and plied the masses with anything from beer to babes to bubble gum. Gad, what a way to get elected.

At last, I am free. Able to go home and look my little dog square in the eye without starting out to tell him why he should vote the Party way.

It's funny how I joined the party in the first place. I happened to wander into Graham Memorial one day and see a sign—Party Meeting, this way. Following that sign was the greatest mistake I ever made. The mistake of course was natural, everyone likes a party, a party party, that is.

Once they got me in the door, I was a goner. The party machine was a little rusty in those days and they thought I looked like a logical one to assist in the oiling. The truth of the matter was that the party was so small in those days that they could have met in a phone booth, so they took anybody.—B. C.

Carolina Quarusel

With the departure of one Roland (Foo) Giduz from the Chapel Hill scene, Carolina journalism loses one of its more colorful figures. Runyon-esque, quasi-Ruark Giduz has turned out reams of his earthy, "listen, characters," copy during his tenure with University publications.

A native of Chapel Hill, son of French Department Head Hugo, young Giduz never lapsed into the apathy so typical of college day-students. A Joe College, rah-rah, get-some-spirit-characters boy of the old school, Foo (a self-appellation) has enjoyed participation in student affairs, cheering at football games, bigger and better beer parties and the peculiar Giduz brand of liberalism.

Columbia's school of journalism will gain a good man at the expense of local writing circles. Erstwhile managing editor of the DTH, journalism major Giduz has contributed to all the local periodicals. His Carolina Caroussel, an institution by now, has made Giduz a Carolina by-word along with the "characters" he promoted—viz. Jimmy Wallace, Artless Melton, Chubby Cholly Long, et al.

Mixing politics with journalism was s. o. p. for Fearless Foo, and he held the elective position of publications union board member. Had he stuck to his writing and left politics to the back-room boys, Writer Giduz might have been Editor Giduz.

Leave us have more characters like Foo!



Afternoon Card Games
Even the parents were happy



CAROLINA PARADE

2 for 1

Last year, hard-hitting, methodical, old reliable Clark Taylor amassed a staggering array of victories in his number two slot with the local tennis team. A lowly freshman, his light was hidden under a bushel—a bushel of Seixas rave notices. Seixas, a brilliant though sometimes erratic performer, deserved all the credit he got. But



No. 1
Racket-wielder

then there was Taylor, winning them all, and losing out in the press clippings. Worst of all, when tournament time came, Vic made the trip to the West coast solo, much to the chagrin of both Seixas and Taylor.

This year, though, it has been a different story. Poor Seixas contracted glandular fever, and Taylor inherited the number one position. His showing on the Big Northern Trip was not spectacular, but it did him much credit in the unaccustomed No. 1 spot.

The question: Will the athletic powers-that-be allow Taylor, this year ranked No. 1 in New England, to cool his heels on the Eastern shore, when he should be out west, upholding the fair name of Carolina . . . ???

Afterthought

After four years of study in theories and machinations one commerce senior concluded: People will always quibble and they are bound to die. "Therefore I should have studied law or become an undertaker."

Tar Heels

John Stump always wanted to be a good reporter. He began his journalism career as a reporter on the Clarksburg (W. Va.) *Examiner*, where he fashioned a protractor to his typewriter, which allowed him to slant his stories at 45-degree angles.

Weeks ago a movie called "Call Northside 777" greatly influenced this young reporter. The story dealt with the reportorial genius of one J. McNeal of the *Chicago Times*. All McNeal did was call Northside 777, and he became famous.

John Stump decided to do the same. Only Stump had a harder time of it. Chapel Hill differs from Chicago in that Carrboro is where the stockyards are. And in addition, telephone numbers in the village usually have only four digits. When letters are used, only one letter (the letter "F") appears in the directory. But the fact remains that Chapel Hill's dial system does include the letters "N" and "O". And also the figures 7, 7, and 7.

It all looked simple to the simple Stump. And so, dreaming of the days when he will someday be able to out-Hearst William Randolph, the simple Stump proceeded to dial the mysterious number.

His long fingers dialed the letter "N". The time it took for the letter to return to its original position was time enough for a period of recapitulation which was to change the young reporter's life.

"What," he said aloud, "will I answer if a voice answers, 'I am Mama Wiechek. . . eleven years I scrub da floors of Sous beeliding.' What would I say, thought Stump. And could I slant her story for the Daily Tar Hearst?"

On a note of triumph, Stump reached for the letter "O". By a strange coincidence a woman's voice answered, and said, "Operator, operator, uh-uh! Hoop-te-diddle-diddle, baby."

The courageous reporter slammed the receiver tight against the hook, and sweated profusely. Realizing he had a fortune here, he began to bottle the Profusely and take it over to Danzigers to sell for an exotic perfume.

When he returned he dialed the first figure "7" very slowly. Thinking suddenly of the sad plight of all scrubwomen, Stump's eyes smarted and began to run water. His eyes ran water

all over the Tar Heel office, pretty soon dripping down into the Tarnation office, which is all wet anyway.

So Stump dialed the second figure "7".

As the honest, unbiased Stump removed his finger from the dial and let the second seven course back into place, Chuck Hauser arrived with some Seagram's Seven. Not being a drinking man, honest Jawn had a drink.

Then, his courage somewhat bolstered by the Seagram's 7, he dialed the third seven. The fatal move having been taken, he stepped back from the receiver and sat down.

IN A CHIPPENDALE CHAIR

A terrible scream echoed and re-echoed up and down the corridors of Graham Memorial and the slightly tight Hauser looked down at the pile of blood and guts that had once been the staff's most honest, and unbiased (and poorest speller) man of all the men (we use the term loosely) who write up the announcements that make up the Daily Tar Hearst.

Realizing an obit was in order, Hauser put Garb Kellam to work on it and turned to the phone.

From the other end of the diabolic machine came a voice.

"This is Northside 777."

The shock tore the phone from Hauser's grip and he too collapsed into the Chippendale chair. But fortunately by that time Fearless Fosdick Carmichael, the comic strip editor of the DTH, had arrived in the office.

Tearing the leg from the Chippendale chair, he toppled the unconscious, but still alive, Hauser to the ground and he too picked up the receiver.

"This is Northside 777," the voice said in sepulchra tones.

Fearless, unabashed, snapped back "Well, this is Carmichael, whadda you want."

From Tookie Long came the reply.

"I", said the voice, "am the Spotlight and the Tarnation rolled into one."

This goes to prove that—

HE WHO LAUGHS LAST HAS FOUND A DIRTY MEANING

Agricultural Note

The annual Blue-White football game having proved such a success, a small agricultural college east of Chapel Hill decided to institute a Red-White game.

CAROLINA PARADE

Umptee Dumptee

The sudden show of national feeling sweeping the campus following the UMT rally might have been a healthy sign, if it did not foreshadow an ill foreboding of reactionary times in the way it was executed. Dormant conservatives continually rail at radicals and their agents because they receive too much publicity, and people of the greaeaea-ht steht of North Carolina get the wrong impression about their school in Chapel Hill. One thing conservatives do not realize, or didn't realize until the recent Umtee-Day was that all this publicity and action goes to the liberals only by default. Reporters cannot say much or write much about lazy people.

And with the exception of the small knot of right-wing *thinkers* who compose the Carolina Conservative Club, there are *no* active non-liberals of a positive nature on the campus today. So there's nothing to say about anyone who isn't doing anything—especially not even thinking—even though the great majority of the campus thinks conservatively—when they do think. One reason the mass of students pose as conservatives reflects on the very nature of their inactivity as political thinkers.

That the politically dormant minds of conservative students suddenly came alive with the UMTEE issue should have been a healthy sign. A country of people who actively practice their democratic duties to vote and *think* waxes strong. You can always respect people who *think* whether you agree with them or not.

Nearly all the Pro-UMTEers at the rally listened intelligently; but none changed their minds . . . nor would they have changed their minds. As one "triumphant" student put it: "Those radicals sure took a licking tonight that's been long overdue!"

Is the handwriting on the wall? Is it going out of vogue to be a liberal thinker at the South's liberal center?

To interested observers local issues did not demonstrate any difference in attitude either. Opposing stands on the legendary "appellate" and "re-districting" questions invariably proved to be confounded mysteries to the great mass of uninformed Carolina student voters.

"Appellate, schmellate," shot back one exemplary coed. "I'm voting for Dedmond." And so despite the fact that there existed some true issues in the spring election students habitually voted for personalities and pressure.

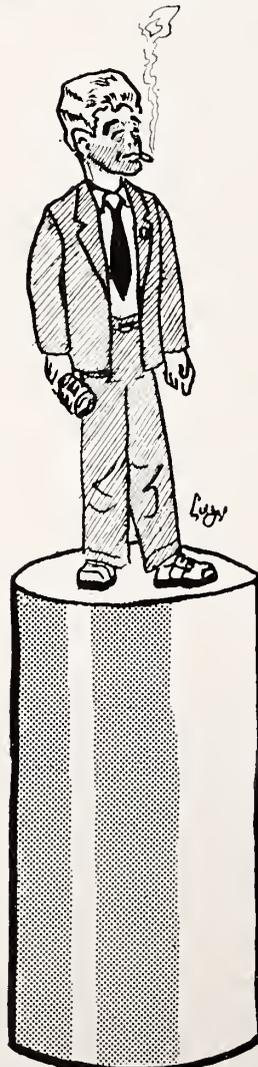
The student legislature split on the question of reapportioning town voting districts meant nothing to cross-word puzzle working voters. Breezing

through the *Daily Tar Heel* from front (headline) to back (Li'l Abner) in two minutes flat they had read the paper . . . and then they probably went out and voted against themselves—F. G.

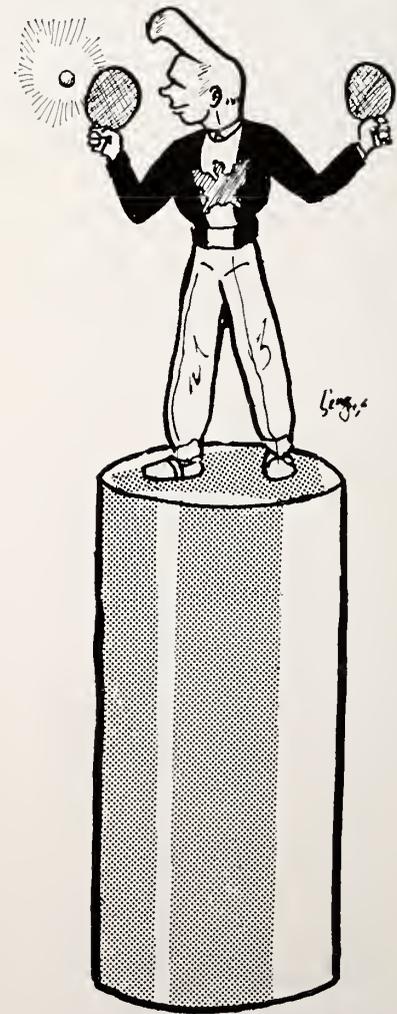
New Look

Gone were stalwarts Sain and Gray, and the local daily broke out in a rash of columns, the likes of which the campus had not viewed for eons. Newly-named Editor Joyner was giving them all a try, for better or for worse . . . In a new, better and more distinctive format, new columnists stuck to the old line. Fortunately the new look still retained the traditional cross-word puzzle.

S T U D E N T S



The frat man who voted a straight S. P. ticket.



The guy who won the G. M. ping-pong tourney.



CAROLINA PARADE

For a Stepchild, Self Help

Long regarding themselves as stepchildren of the University, the married vets of Victory Village and the trailer court decided upon a program of self-help. Spearheaded by graduate students Martin Knowlton and Mary Elmendorf, a drive was instituted for a community center, to be located in the Village.

To house ping-pong tables, record-player, sewing machines, etc., the building will fill a long-standing need. Canvassers of the Village and the trailer court expect to obtain the funds from voluntary contributions. Surplus buildings from Camp Butner will be procured, and operations director Ben-

nett and Victory Village manager Burch will lend their assistance.

Wealthy philanthropists thought, perhaps, the children would enjoy stargazing more.

Friday Exodus

Professors frowned on it; co-eds couldn't understand it; trustees opined that it shouldn't be. But nothing daunted, at each week's end, Hill-weary students still swamped the bus station, clogged the highways leading away from quaint Chapel Hill.

"Your studies will suffer!"

"It's a menace to life and limb."

These were the voices of the dissenters, but Carolingentlemen turn-

ed a deaf ear—and got the hell out as usual.

Tentative trustee action on Saturday classes would not stop it, but could delay it 24 hours. The week-end away was a UNC tradition—a tradition with its roots deep in overcrowded dorms, seemingly endless queues, personal finances and the proverbial 7-1 ratio.

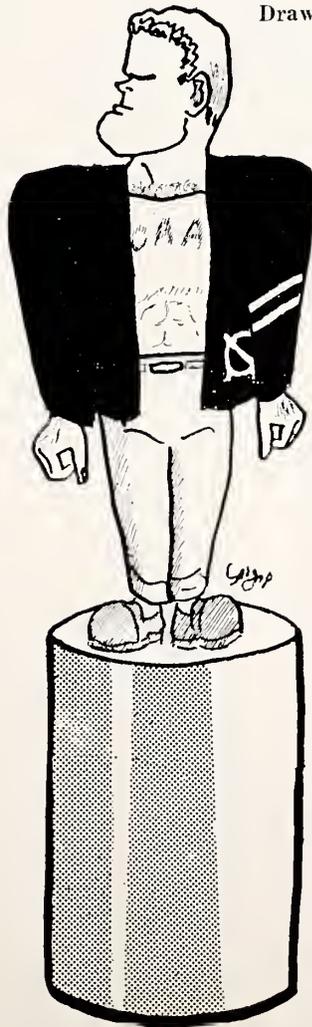
As long as barracks-like dorms, mess hall-like dining rooms, inadequate subsistence allowances and a small feminine population of desperately altar-intent haybags prevailed, vets and youngsters alike would on Friday look toward N. C. hometowns or the campus of W. C., Meredith, dook, etc.

O F D I S T I N C T I O N

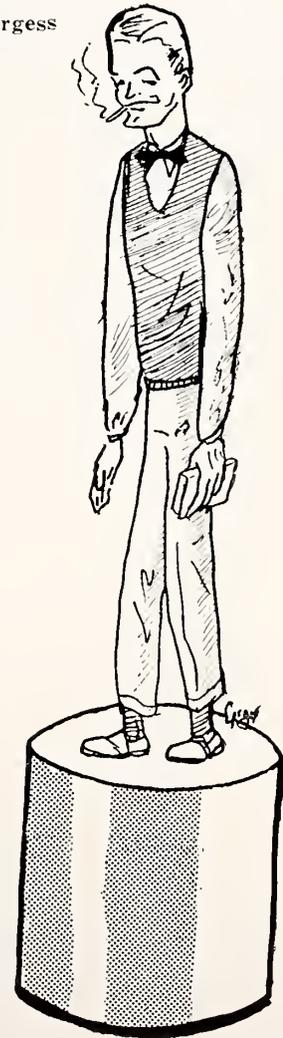
Drawings by Fred Burgess



The coed who has always been in by 10:30 p. m.



The star footballer who refused to sign a pro contract.



The 6'4" giant who did not come out for basketball.

A Date

JOE got up and walked across the room to the window. "I can't understand it, Mr. Moore. With all these good-looking girls around I can't get a date. And yet, they're such flirts!"

The understanding consul smiled. "My boy, you forget things in Brazil are very different from home. Girls are not supposed to pay attention to strangers, and the language of the eyes is about the only one nobody can check on . . ."

"But I've been here before, and it was so different! Why, during the war . . ."

"Where were you stationed . . .?"

"In Rio."

"We-ell! That explains everything. There is a *big* difference between the large cities and small towns like Florianopolis. In this place the social customs have not yet been affected by too much progress. It makes all the difference in the world."

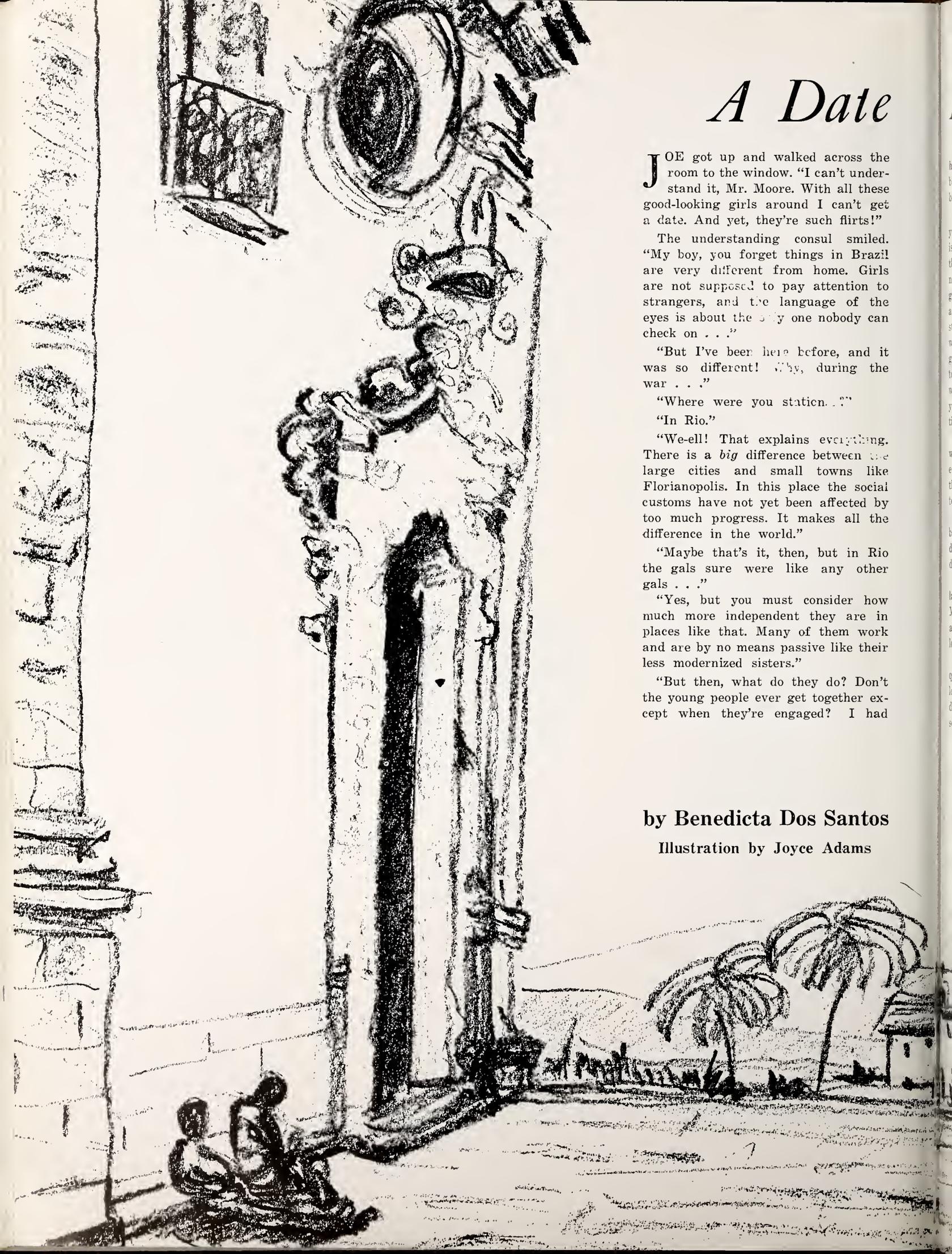
"Maybe that's it, then, but in Rio the gals sure were like any other gals . . ."

"Yes, but you must consider how much more independent they are in places like that. Many of them work and are by no means passive like their less modernized sisters."

"But then, what do they do? Don't the young people ever get together except when they're engaged? I had

by **Benedicta Dos Santos**

Illustration by Joyce Adams



For Joe

heard about the chaperone system, but my experience in Rio led me to believe that was over . . ."

"Well, there is a place where the young people are not chaperoned, that is, not by their elders . . . If you go to the main 'praça' in the early evening you will find the girls in pairs or groups walking up and down the lanes, and the young men doing likewise, or standing by (but only for a short while) to admire them. When a girl gets to know you she may allow you to walk along with her. Yet her friends will be sure to trail behind. I suppose you might call that a sort of 'multiple' date . . ."

"Yes, except that there probably won't be many guys with courage enough or a sense of solidarity to keep the friends all occupied while you try to plead your cause . . ."

"No, but if you have tact, you may be able to persuade the friends you don't bite and they'll keep a certain distance from you and your girl."

Joe was in a better mood already and laughed heartily. He was glad Consul Moore was such a sympathetic person and willing to serve as sort of counselor for the lovelorn.

Back in the hotel Joe wanted to eat quickly, for he had decided to try the local strategy. But the only waiter on duty in the empty dining room was sound asleep. Joe coughed aloud, with

no results. Then he remembered. The way to attract attention was to go "Pss-pss-pss," a mixture of whistle and bird-talk. The effects were immediate. The waiter rubbed his eyes open and got up reluctantly.

Joe found there were "pastéis de carne," "arroz," "Feijão," "batatas" and "cenoura" for dinner. This, too, he thought, was different from Rio. He ordered the meat pies, rice and carrots, declining the other starches—beans and potatoes—to the utter amazement of the waiter. He was wondering how long he would stay in this place. He had been anxious to return after the war, but conditions here were different—so different that he was a bit afraid. The timber company job was good and fun—really quite exciting. But he couldn't do without social life, and the American colony was limited to Consul Moore and his wife. If he wanted to get along, he'd better do "as the Romans."

The wide "praça" was already full at 7 p. m. To Joe the system of walking up and down the lane and greeting from a distance seemed ridiculous. "What a difference from home," he thought. "There they would be paired off, arm around each other."

He was looking for the girl he had seen at the post office that morning, and didn't seem to notice he was the

(Continued on page 43)





Between the Roses

by Julia Ross

EVEN in the big house, Hannah children and for her own screen-sometimes longer for her five less shack. This morning it was no wonder for each of her four mistresses, one by one, had ordered that the downstairs be cleaned. From the parlor to the library, from the library to the music room, from the music room to the library, Hannah had jaunted that morning. The contest lay between Miss Violet and Miss Dixie. Miss Violet kept finding dust on the grand piano and on her statue of Mozart; Miss Dixie either on her books or on the portrait of their father. Luckily for Hannah, Miss Rosa had stepped out with the dog and Miss Daisy, indifferent to the confusion, was seeing to their mother's breakfast.

"Hannah, look at this book." Miss Dixie fussed around the library. "It's impossible to see the title."

She rounded her lips until the mole on her chin protruded more than usual. She puffed at the binding and watched specks fly from the surface of the book.

"Now," she said, "the title of this volume is *The Science of Numerology*. Hannah, you are a number five person. Five is the number for sloth."

"Yes'm." Hannah agreed. She thought how like poor dead Dr. Morrison his youngest daughter looked. She gazed at his portrait and then at Miss Dixie leaving the room. Yes, they were alike even to the moles.

Hannah finished dusting the books and moved to the desk. There, under a magazine, lay the Morrison's advertisement: "FOR RENT to a man, room with private bath and entrance. Every convenience. Phone 516." Beside the telephone, near the newspaper, was a hastily written memorandum: "Mr. T. L. Day, age 27, occupation engineer, does not drink, to arrive at five p. m." Hannah put down her dust cloth. "What're these poor lonely souls going to think of next?" No wonder they ordered spring cleaning a month early. They were all excited-like because somebody from the outside was coming to their house. Except for Miss

Violet's music pupils and an occasional relative, few folks had even called on them since poor Dr. Morrison died.

Hannah shuffled toward the kitchen to prepare lunch. In the hall she met Miss Daisy helping her mother to the porch.

"Morning, Mrs. Morrison."

"Eh?"

"It's Hannah, Mama," Daisy explained, "she said 'good morning'."

"Good morning, Hannah." Mrs. Morrison groped to touch the maid's hand. "There you are," she laughed like a little girl and leaned heavily on Daisy's arm as they walked toward the porch. Mrs. Morrison always asked to watch the cars for an hour before lunch, although with a cataract over each eye, she could scarcely tell the day from the night.

Hannah shook her head. In the kitchen she heard Windy bark and knew that Miss Rosa was back from her walk. Miss Dixie and Miss Violet were out there too, Hannah was sure of that, for sitting with their mother on the porch was the one thing, besides eating, the daughters did together. Hannah peeled potatoes and put them on to boil.

Even to the oldest residents of Caliban, it seemed that the corner of Sycamore and Vine had been reserved for the Morrisons forever. Rose bushes bordering the yard had been planted soon after the Doctor began his practice sixty-five years before. Two plum trees standing in the back were older than the house, and the house, itself, had changed only for a coat of paint every other year. If neighbors failed to call, it was not because they had forgotten the Morrisons any more than they would forget the public library. They would never turn away from this passive tradition, any more than they would throw aside the Declaration of Independence. It was rather that within the static walls of this old house, they felt, though none had stopped to express it, like intruders on the past. So, instead of calling, they were content to remember the family as it had been and to gossip about its remains. Time was, they remembered, when poor dead Dr. Morrison raised the money for a hospital, almost single-handed, and when his poor blind wife started their first garden club. What a garden

she had had. She even named their daughters for flowers, she loved them so. First there was Violet, then in a few years came Rosa, next was Daisy, and by the time Dixie arrived, what with hoping all the while for a boy, she just up and named her Francis for the Doctor. T'was too bad, the neighbors thought, that Dixie had never studied medicine. She had the mind for it, they understood, but somehow she had never gotten around to the schooling. Now it was rumored, at least Hannah had told the banker's maid, that Miss Dixie just spent all her time on fortune telling books with peculiar names, and so the mild gossip came and went, seldom repeated, for vital news soon claimed the ears of Caliban. It was a pity, too, that some stories, such as those of the sisters' fusses, had outgrown curiosity. Within them rested the Morrisons' only claim to interest, for in them a single vitality had eked out of the past. Perhaps a few neighbors still spoke of the time Miss Dixie broke the statue of Mozart and Miss Violet cried all night. Then there was the time Miss Rosa took to the bed after Windy got some poison in his system. Miss Daisy called the veterinarian and the dog was well by morning but Miss Rosa said she was going to stay in bed until Miss Violet or Miss Dixie confessed to the poisoning. She never did find out who did it. One day she just got up and nothing was ever said about it afterwards. Yes, perhaps a few people still told these stories, but most of them had come and gone. Merely the impression remained with Caliban that Miss Daisy was the one normal sister and that none of them would live together anyway if it weren't for poor blind Mrs. Morrison.

Yet this morning the neighbors had only a sidewalk view. Anyone passing at the moment would have seen the Morrisons sitting on their porch, quietly watching the cars go by. Who, except Hannah, could know of their excitement?

At exactly twelve-thirty, Miss Violet left the porch to ring the dining room chimes. The chimes were her special pride, having made the purchase herself, and she would allow no one, especially Hannah or Miss Dixie, to touch them. Dixie, Miss Violet remembered,

and the Darkness

Illustrations by Lucie Baxter

had once laughed at her musical toy. "The scientist," she had said, "needs no notes to remind him of hunger. Gastronomic juices, though not as esthetic, are quite sufficient." Miss Violet remembered that statement, even now, as she ran up the scale and down again.

Before long the family had gathered into the dining room. Mrs. Morrison still insisted on her place at the head of the table. It was at times inconvenient for Daisy, who had to sit sideways, half-eating and half-feeding throughout the meal.

"Well," Miss Rosa said after adding an amen to the grace, "I hope our roomer will like dogs." She glanced significantly at Dixie and Violet before picking up her fork.

"On the contrary, Rosa. I hope Mr. Day will not attach himself to Windy. It is not, to say the least, a scholarly pastime." Dixie divided her potato precisely in half.

"Nor an artistic one," Violet added.

"Eh?" Mrs. Morrison asked.

"They're talking about the roomer, Mama." Daisy moved her chair a bit closer.

"Eh?"

"The roomer, Mr. Day."

II

At five o'clock a young man carrying two bags stopped in front of the Morrises' house. His walk was healthy and energetic and his face had been wrinkled by much laughter. Stepping up to the door, he rang the bell.

The sisters were assembled in the parlor. At first Miss Dixie had insisted on the library and Miss Violet on the music room. But the parlor it had become when Daisy suggested that this less frequented room was the more appropriate for receiving a stranger. Grandfather Morrison's sword hung over the mantel. Miss Violet could not help but shiver at the sight of it, for she had always thrilled to the romance of this relic. Calling up scenes of battlefield and bravery, she twisted her perfumed handkerchief and imagined the death of a wounded man. Patting her white hair into place, she wondered if Mr. Day had served in the war. Windy, shut up on the back porch, began to bark. Miss Rosa jerked to the edge of her chair

while Dixie sat detached, reminding herself to ask for Mr. Day's birthday so that she could slate his life.

The door bell rang again. In a clean uniform, Hannah emerged from the kitchen.

"Yes sir," she said, opening the door.

"My name is Day. I believe the family is expecting me."

"Oh, yes sir. Come right in, Mr. Day. The misses asked me to show you to your room. They're a'waiting tea over there in the parlor. They want you to go in after you're all fixed up."

Mr. Day followed Hannah through the hall. The hollow tick of a clock was the only sound until Windy began to bark again. The young man welcomed this noise.

"What kind of little mutt are you hiding back there?"

"Oh, that's Miss Rosa's dog. He's a cocker." Hannah opened the door to a room near the bottom of the stairs. "Missiz says you're to let me know if there's anything you want." She closed the door and left Mr. Day opening one of his bags. There was something healthy about this man that reminded Hannah of her husband.

After she had gone, he straightened to view the room. Like the rest of the house it smelled of English lavender and dust. The wallpaper in the corners had curled yellow and over the bed hung a faded "Age of Innocence." There were two books on the bedside table, one worn by constant use and called *The Way of the Stars*. The other, an etiquette book, had scarcely been touched. Mr. Day hurriedly hung up a suit and combed his hair. Glancing into the mirror, he saw reflected from the bed a pink pillow embroidered with the pale blue letters of "Bless This House." Walking through the hall toward the parlor, he thought again of that pillow. He remembered strangely the death of his grandmother. He was at that time a small boy and the pillow had been yellow.

Mr. Day found his landladies seated around the parlor. They rose from their chairs immediately. Miss Violet coughed into her handkerchief and Miss Daisy, with whom he had spoken



MISS ROSA



MISS VIOLET



MISS DIXIE

Between the Roses and the Darkness - continued



previously, stepped from behind a coffee table to extend her hand.

"Mr. Day, we hope you found the room to your comfort."

"Everything is fine. Just fine." He grasped the extended hand and turned with her to meet the family.

"Mr. Day, this is my sister, Violet."

Miss Violet smiled at the sword over his head. She hoped he would think she was smiling at him.

"This is Dixie."

Miss Dixie nodded a complete nod. She approved of the young man's forehead. It was really quite high.

"And this is Rosa."

"Oh, you're the one who has the cocker." Mr. Day was glad for something to say.

Miss Rosa, having already half offered her hand and withdrawn it, offered it again, eagerly to the young man.

"Yes, yes. His name is Windy. You must see him soon."

"Sit down, Mr. Day," Miss Daisy patted a cushion on the sofa. "Sit down beside me and let me pour you some tea. How will you have it? Sugar? Cream?"

"Plain, thanks." He sat down beside Miss Daisy. For a long while there was no sound. He sat uncomfortably, listening to the trickle of tea into cups, smelling the English lavender and dust.

"Do you like music, Mr. Day?" Miss Violet was still looking at the sword. The fingers of her teacup began to tremble.

"Yes, I do. Very much." Mr. Day tried to smile but thinking again of the pink pillow, he placed his cup on the table and coughed.

"Then you must listen to me play. I used to play for people, didn't I, Daisy? And, Mr. Day, you must see my statue of Mozart. It is a very beautiful statue. Once it was broken but

it's mended now and it's still a very beautiful . . ."

"Mr. Day," Dixie firmly interrupted looking straight at Violet and then at the high forehead, "what year were you born and when is your birthday?"

"Why, I was born in 1920 on June 10."

"Dixie studies numerology," Miss Daisy hastened to explain. "She wants to study your personality."

"Oh, I see," Mr. Day picked up his cup, drained it, and set it on the tray.

Miss Violet's fingers were shaking more and more. She hurriedly left the room and trembled up the stairs.

"Well," Mr. Day stood up uncertainly, "I suppose I should finish unpacking. I enjoyed the tea. And meeting you," he added stepping from the parlor.

Once inside his room, he opened wide the windows and breathed the spring air. Moving to the bed, he upset the pink pillow and rested his head on its bottom side. He folded the evening paper to the classified ads and began to read. After a while he dozed off and awoke to the sound of chimes. He brushed off his suit and, using the private entrance, stepped out to eat. At the side of the house, he met the maid going home.

"Evening, Mr. Day." Hannah passed him swiftly hurrying to feed her children.

Mr. Day watched her walk away and thought how strangely she fitted into the lavender and dust of the big house.

That night when Mr. Day returned to his room, he lay for an hour in the darkness with his head on the pink pillow and listened to the crickets in the yard. There was no sound in the big house.

Dixie sat at her desk in the library, adding and subtracting numbers. "Three eighteen," she whispered. "Three, reciprocal of pie, eighteen, date of crucifixion. Three plus eighteen equals twenty-one. Twenty-one divided by three is seven. Mr. Day is a number seven." Referring again to the book, she carefully copied pages of notes. She folded them neatly and carried them with her across the room. For a moment Dixie stood before the portrait of her father. I am like you and yet I am not like you, she thought, and I hate you for the difference. Turning from her father's probing eyes, she walked then from the library into the hall. She slid Mr. Day's life under his door.

Lying on a pink pillow in the darkness, Mr. Day heard no sound for the noise of the crickets. Later that night he turned on a lamp and found the notes on the floor. He lit a cigarette and read them thoroughly. He placed them in one of his bags and picking up the newspaper, folded it again to the classified ads.

III

Hannah had just gotten around to breakfast dishes. She could hear Miss Violet playing from the music room, yet it was quiet on the porch where Miss Daisy and her mother had begun to rock. Miss Rosa was still out with the dog and Miss Dixie was reading in the library. Hannah supposed that before long they would all gather to watch the cars go by.

From the window she saw the form of a man passing beyond the plum trees. He stepped between two rose bushes and into the street. Hannah called to Miss Daisy who, leaving Mrs. Morrison alone in her darkness, came at once.

"What is it, Hannah?" she asked. "Have you seen him?"

"Yes'm and I believe he's gone. I believe he's leaving for good."

"Oh, no, Hannah," Miss Daisy sighed. "Why do you say that?"

"Well, mam, as well as I could see he had two bags with him. And he was walking like he didn't want nobody to catch him going."

"Hannah, we won't tell the others until we're sure. Come with me into his room."

Hannah threw down the dish cloth and followed her mistress into the room. Mr. Day had left the windows open but his bags were gone. Miss Daisy sat down on the bed and shivered when a warm breeze blew the curtains.

"Hannah, look in the closet. His bags may be there."

Hannah opened the closet door. "Nothing here, Miss Daisy. Can't see nothing but the dark. He sure has gone."

"Then perhaps he left a note." Miss Daisy shivered again. "Help me look for a note, Hannah."

"There's something white on the top of that book." Hannah pointed to the bedside table and to *The Way of the Stars*.

Miss Daisy eagerly picked up the envelope; a five dollar bill fell to the floor as she jerked inside for a note. "Forgive hurried departure," Miss

(Continued on page 42)



Black and White Magic

Good pictures just do not happen by accident. That photography represents a skilled art can be proved readily by the selection of the ten best prints in which three photographers placed two prints each. Judgment depended on photographic merit only. One hundred pictures were entered in the contest sponsored by the Carolina Magazine in conjunction with a twenty-five dollar first prize given by Foister's Camera Store in Chapel Hill.



Salt Nostalgia

Walter Curtis poised this college-aged model behind a spotlight where a pipe, a rainhat, wet hair, and the sprouts of a goatee would accent sea ambitions.



Midsummer Noon
Honorable Mention

When C. Sommer, a sophomore from Chapel Hill, first discovered this house and tree together near Wanchese, N. C., the fine character and contrast in the scene fascinated him. Sommer used a Kodak Medalist with a supermatic flash for almost self-expressive still-life.



Siesta at Sunset
Honorable Mention

S. W. Buchanan, senior art major, carried his 2¼ x 3¼ speedgraphic camera into the country near his home in Raleigh and poised this Negro farmhand against a barn. Evening exhaustion in his model's face and sunset lighting in the sky gave Buchanan his natural effect.



Moonlight on Lake Page

Henry Hagan, the contest winner, mastered developing stunts to photograph this Fayetteville lake in broad daylight with a yellow filter and then overexpose the print till its shadows suggested night.



Patterns

Shirley Rivers, med student here and the only co-ed finalist, snapped this unusual picture on the W. C. campus six years ago, using a 616 Kodak.

Photography For Amateurs

WITH only a few essentials, any amateur photographer can easily earn several hundred dollars worth of pin-money per year with his hobby. Of course, with a little effort, he can do much better.

Those words may sound a bit fanciful to the uninitiated . . . but I wonder that so few amateur lensmen have not seen the bountiful opportunities that are their's just for the taking of a picture.

Before presenting this chimerical story, a bit of advice from the professional ranks on the techniques of photography that are always sure-fire for good pictures. Here's an important tip from a world-traveled, free-lance pro, co-owner of the well-known Graphic Features news agency of New York, and, at present, a Carolina student . . . "A camera, if possible, one in working order, and some film are definitely essential for shooting good pictures," advised Stan Croner. And with this information stored away, let us proceed to the more esoteric techniques employed by Mr. Croner and most other professionals. Photog Croner has worked with other pros all over the world, and he reliably reported for them on the best, actual method of shooting pictures when he expounded, "Shoot! Shoot! Shoot!! And shoot only people. Master the technical aspects of photography and forget about them. Get in close to your subject and con-



Day Dreaming

First Prize

Selected as best of 100 photographs submitted to CM by approximately 25 amateur campus cameramen, this picture wins \$25 worth of supplies courtesy of Foister's Camera Store for Henry C. Hagan, freshman from Bonlee, N. C. Hagan's props included a Reflex Korelle camera, a corrugated fence behind a Kinston cotton gin, and a moody high school student on vacation.





One Man's Tombstone

Walter Curtis pictured this sample of the world's most ornate modern graves—those the Chinese in Manila erect for themselves above ground as personal shrines to ward off the evils of having the soul buried in the soil.



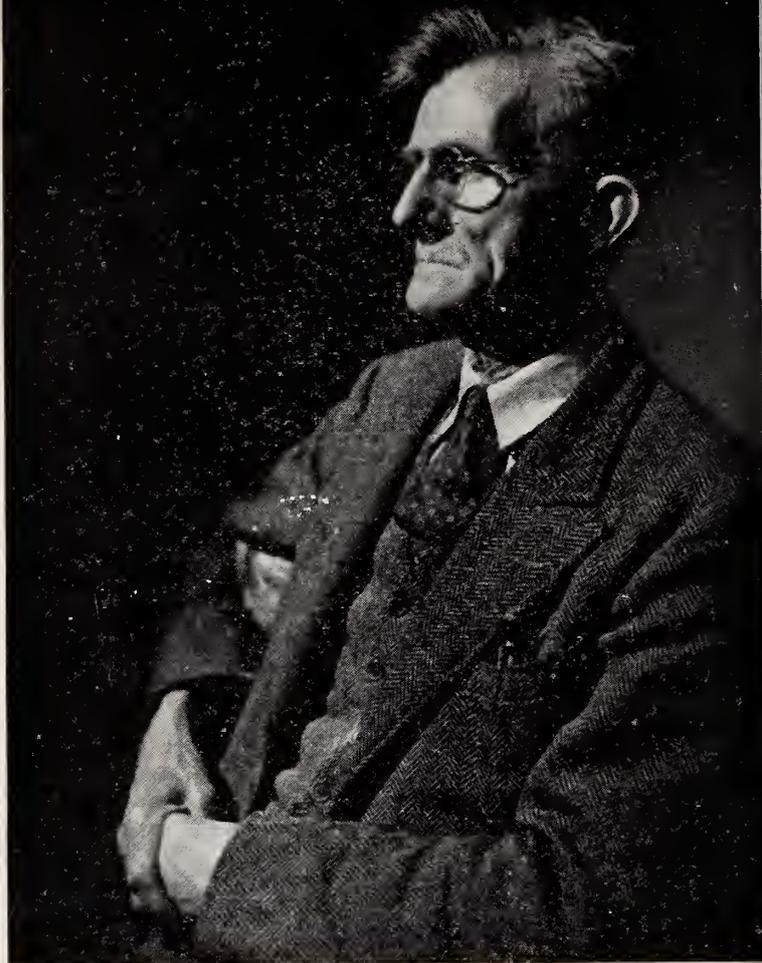
Night Ride

Bill Webb, a senior from Los Angeles, achieved after-dark photography even after several taxis and sightseers around a California roller coaster passed hurriedly before his 4 x 5 speedgraphic during a 1½ minute time exposure.



Over

C. Sommer caught the action here at an indoor track meet in Woollen Gymnasium this year, timing an electro flash with his speedgraphic camera.



Philosophy Profiled

S. W. Buchanan used a 4 x 5 speedgraphic camera, S.P.P. film, one spotlight, and Archie Daniels, supply director at Person Hall, for this portrait of a thinker today.

Photography for Amateurs - continued

concentrate on capturing emotion. If you must shoot an object instead of a subject, make sure it has plenty of social significance."

Of course, the mechanics are only one side of the picture-taking process. The oft, over-emphasized "composition and lighting" makes up the other side of the picture, and don't let the books of balderdash on this subject bother you with their intellectualistic theorizings which are about as effective as would be a course on marriage by Kathleen Winsor. The secret to good composition and lighting is almost as simple and obvious as the secret of the mechanics of operating a camera, in fact, practically the same method is used. First, the composition (arrangement of the scene) of the picture must be kept as simple and natural as possible, for, in this manner, the result will inevitably be expressive with the desired reality or abstraction. Then the use of lighting and play of shadows to lend decisive expression to the result. This process is really simple, whether you use flashbulbs, photofloodlights, spotlights, or combinations of these, all you have to do is keep shifting the lights around to get the various, desired lighting angles, and then do the same with your camera by changing its position to capture different angles of the scene, meanwhile, employing the mechanics of camera manipulation. As has been said previously, you just can't miss—for the law of averages is with you.

All one needs in order to earn fistfuls of money, beside a camera, is an original imagination, enough intelligence to follow the above rules, and a fistful of money for film.

DAN WALLACE

The Parrot Egg

by Don McKinney



Is HE is, or is SHE ain't my baby

WHAT do you call him?" he asked.
"Well," she said, "we aren't quite sure whether it's a him or a her. But we call it George anyway."

"You mean you've had that thing in your house for—~~for~~ how long?"

"We've had him for seven years."

"For seven years and you don't know whether it's a male or a female?" he said incredulously.

"We didn't care at first and then when we got curious, we didn't know how to find out."

"You didn't?"

"Well we didn't on a parrot—The voice seems to be the same."

"Have you ever talked with a parrot that had a previously determined sex?" he asked.

"I know some people who had a female parrot named Nancy. She talked with the same sort of accent. She was from Boston too. Didn't seem to make any difference." He took out his pipe and started to fill it.

"Has George ever shown any interest in any other parrot?" he asked.

"He has never seen another parrot, he bit a cat once—The cat was a female, I don't suppose its important."

"I don't suppose so."

"If he was a female though," she said, "you'd think he—or rather she would have laid an egg."

"Why?"

"Well you'd just think so," she persisted.

"How could he lay an egg if he. . . she never saw another parrot?"

"Parrots don't have to."

"That seems kind of hard on a parrot."

"Well they have to have had to once I think—you know, like hens." This new twist disturbed him. "What about hens?" he said.

"Well, hens can lay eggs without roosters so I should think parrots could lay eggs without other parrots."

"You just think so."

"I'm not sure but it seems logical. . . . wouldn't you like another drink?"

"I sure would."

She picked up the empty glass and went inside. (How did we get start-

ed on this damn conversation he wondered. I just wanted to know the name of the bird. I will probably know more about this par-

How Not to Lay an Egg on Exams

In spring a young man's grades turn to inevitable exams, and as an attempt to avert catastrophe, CM presents certain answers various professors would rather not receive again this year.

English 1 . . . Professor Comma Coma, M.A. In the sentence "I ran," what is the word "ran"?

Ans.: A admission that you is a coward lessen the other fellow were biggest.

History 1492 . . . B. A. Live, Phd. What did Betsy Ross do for George Washington?

Ans.: Took off her pettycoat.

Geology 41½ . . . Collen Tera-ta, S.O.B. What do the parafusslina wordensi, the gastrioceras roadense, and the perrintes driniensis have in common?

Ans.: Damn 20-letter names.

Marriage 69 . . . Miss Ima Ben Jilted. What is the significance of birds and bees?

Coed Ans.: I've often wondered. Mother said I was too young and shouldn't know, and the iceman didn't think so, either.

Trigonometry 7 . . . "Hi" Perbole. What figure has all its points equidistant from its center?

Ans.: Sounds to me like something the Student Legislature tried to budget, but I guess the figure in question is a coed's.

Philosophy 11 . . . Eerie Onfield. Is it true that everything in the world is either red or not red?

Ans.: Look, Mister, take the DTH. It's read and it's not red. Then take the Wallace Weekly. It's red and it's not read. Go nuts over that!

rot than I have known about my bird.) She came back.

"I have a new thought" he began.
"Yes."

"Lets start out on another assumption. Lets assume that this parrot is a female."

"Where will that get us?"

"Don't interrupt. . . all right, now let us assume we have a female parrot here."

"You said that."

"Please. . . Now this parrot is undoubtedly thinking to herself. Shall I lay an egg or shall I not lay an egg?"

"I can tell you her decision."

"She is saying, 'why should I lay an egg? In the first place I never laid one before and it might hurt'."

"I've never heard of a parrot dying in eggbirth," she said.

"She does not have the benefit of your extensive knowledge on the subject, she is timid, shy. 'How will my egg be received?' she is saying to herself."

"Poached?"

"Hah—just what the parrot is thinking. She can see her offspring on toast between two pieces of bacon."

"Or sausage."

"She is saying to herself, 'what's in it for me? I will go thru the tortures of the damned and for what'."

"Maybe she didn't know how to begin" she interrupted.

"Of course she knew how to begin. She is surveying the possibilities. Could she hide her progeny from the prying world. She is rejecting this."

"No room?"

"No room. Next she is saying—'Why should I lay this egg'? She can see no reason."

"It is her duty" she said firmly. "She is a woman."

"She doesn't feel at all sure—besides she is called George. Not Georganne or Georgette but George. She reasons, I am probably not expected to lay an egg anyway. Nobody will know—or if they do they will not be sure."

"So she didn't lay the egg?"

"She didn't lay the egg."

"But," she said, "she could still be a he after all, you haven't proved anything."

"No," he said sadly, "I'm afraid not."

MY FATHER was greatly excited over the prospect. "I certainly envy you," he said, as he handed me my saddle bag onto the train. "It ought to be a fine opportunity for you to get acquainted with New England architecture. You might even keep a little book of descriptions of buildings you see. That should be helpful to a future architect."

"Yes," I said, "I'll buy a notebook as soon as I get to Boston." At that time it seemed an excellent suggestion.

I was starting out on the first leg of a trip which was to take me to Quebec and back. In New York I was to meet two friends with whom I was going to start out from Boston on bicycle. We planned to go up the Connecticut River Valley and thence to Montreal, riding about forty miles a day and spending the nights along the way in the various American Youth hostels scattered about.

The three of us—Lennox Cox, his sister Audrey, and I—reached Boston without mishap. I purchased my notebook. "For architectural descriptions,"

New England's Peril:

I explained, and tucked the pad into one corner of my saddle bag and felt most efficient.

"Who knows?" said Audrey. "Maybe you can make quite a name for yourself by writing a book about all you see."

"Yeah. You could call it 'An Architectural Survey from Boston to Quebec.'"

"Not a bad idea," I said. "Not bad at all."

It all seemed so plausible. We hastened to the youth hostel outside of Boston. For the small fee of 35c nightly we could stay in these hostels all along the route. It was our first experience with them. The idea seemed most attractive.

We found the hostel clean and bare. The housemother showed us the sleeping rooms. She left us to ourselves, and it was then that we had the first intimation of what was to come.

"Where's the bathroom?" asked Lennox.

We searched in vain.

"What in the world do you suppose they do?" asked Audrey.

"Well, they must do something about it. They can't just—well, what do they do?"

"Audrey," I said, "you'll just have to go ask the lady. I'm certainly not going to."

When she returned her face was solemn.

"Well?" we said.

"I hardly know how to tell you. They—they don't have any plumbing here."

"Why, that's the most unsanitary thing I ever heard of," said Lennox, and his eyes snapped. "These damn-yankees are always talking about the South being so run-down, and I'll have you to know that there hasn't been a single day in all my life in the state

Hal Holden



The Privy

by John Gignilliat

the benefit of plumbing. *Every* kind of plumbing."

"We get your point," said Audrey.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Do you mean to tell me that we have to—"

"A privy," she replied.

"Good Lord."

"Oh, it won't be so bad," I said. "They can fix those things up quite attractively. Have you ever seen the ones at the Governor's Palace in Williamsburg?"

"No, can't say that I have."

"Well, they're placed in both corners of the garden, right at the back. You approach them through long covered arbors. It's all very formal, and they help to finish out the pattern of the garden. It really wouldn't be complete without them."

"Are you trying to tell me that no garden is complete without a privy in each corner?"

"Of course not. But there's no reason for you to be so upset."

"I don't think so either," said Audrey. "I think it should be quite an adventure."

"Well, you've got first chance at the adventure," said Lennox.

That first privy was built by the side of the road. It looked as though it had been a friend of entirely too many men. As a matter of fact, it hung over the highway embankment. The lights from the passing cars shined through the cracked walls. It was a most unusual effect, I had to admit. But I couldn't give the builder credit for that. I must admit that I was disappointed by its lack of architectural distinction. The most polite term that I can use to describe it is "folk architecture." I cannot conceive of a more genuine representation of a people's building genius than their privies. At that point, however, I was anxious to delay my judgment of the inventive New Englander. I hoped for better things.

The first few days I took careful notes in my book. We visited several churches. I unwrapped my camera from the saddle bag on the bicycle and took several shots. No matter what angle I tried, there was always an Esso sign at the bottom of the steeple. It looked very much like the Trylon and Perisphere. At the World's Fair that was all right, but this was New England, and I sadly needed an elm tree. I took the pictures, but something died within me as I did so. Somehow I

could not imagine the frontpiece of my book bearing the label of "Unitarian Church and Esso Service Station, Peterboro, New Hampshire."

As time went on my companions grew less interested in stopping for the structural marvels of the countryside. The camera and notebook stayed in place.

"That's a pretty church over there," I'd say longingly.

"Yes, wasn't it?" Audrey would smile, and she'd whiz down the hill in front of me. She always stayed in front of me. That, like the neglected notebook, was something with which I was powerless to cope.

The privies, however, were ever with us. They were the one type building which I could discuss with the Coxes with any degree of satisfaction to all of us. They were frankly fascinated by it, though for different reasons.

"I think they're sort of romantic," Audrey said.

"Good Lord. Romantic? What in heck is romantic about them?" Lennox asked. "They're absolutely revolting."

"I'm hoping for some improvement as we get farther north," I said.

I was mistaken. The only improvement as we progressed was in capacity, not esthetic value. We graduated to the two-hole variety. The main advantage to be derived from this addition was social. One met the most interesting people there. I remember particularly one conversation I had with a young minister from Newark who was hostelling during his vacation.

"Didn't I see you reading a copy of 'Pygmalion'?" he asked me.

"Yes. I guess so. I've been reading that at night after the day's trip."

"What would you say are the sociological implications of 'Pygmalion'?" he asked, and he leaned forward eagerly to catch my answer.

"In my present surroundings," I told him, "I don't think I'm quite qualified to talk about anybody else's sociological implications."

The prospect of a new privy at each hostel became a subject of great daily speculation. Each night one of us would go in search of "it." The others would wait anxiously for news. The facilities never improved. Even Audrey's enthusiasm paled.

"It is sort of drafty," she said. "And you know the funny thing about it



is that I can never tell where the draft comes from. I never see any holes in the walls."

"The draft doesn't come from above," Lennox said. "Get John to draw you a diagram."

"I don't think that will be necessary," I said. "I think she understands."

It didn't seem possible that New England privies should be so entirely without character and distinction. I never gave up hoping for something better till we got to the hostel with all the Girl Scouts. They were boarding at the hostel for a week, and I have never seen so many giggling little girls with wet hair and dirty bathing suits.

"Where is it?"

"At the end of that porch."

I looked out the kitchen door down the long narrow porch, which was merely a covered way leading to the barn.

"Do you mean to tell me that it's in the barn?"

"It is. And all those little fiends are out there in the yard playing softball."

The Girl Scouts ignored Audrey pretty well. She walked the length of the porch as rapidly as she could, her eyes straight ahead.

Lennox created no slight diversion for the young things. They giggled and punched one another; for several minutes the ball game seemed to stand still while all eyes turned toward the porch. Lennox' face was red when he got back. "Little demons. They've got no more respect for a man's privacy than animals. Talk about Yankees being reserved. They're the most brazen animals I've seen in a long time."

I waited several minutes and hoped the game would once again absorb all their attention. I might have saved myself the trouble. The suspense was only heightened by my delay. All pretense of softball was dispensed with. The batter dropped the bat and walked with the pitcher to the edge of the porch. The rest of them were already there. All fifteen of them stared at me

(Continued on page 46)

UNC Sports



TENNIS

9	Michigan State	0
9	Harvard	0
5	Cornell	4
8	Yale	1
6	Yale	3
9	Yale	0
14	Williams	1

TENNIS

15	Williams	0
9	Michigan	2
9	N. C. State	0
5	Virginia	1
7	Duke	2
9	Cincinnati	0
9	Wake Forest	0
5	Davidson	4
7	Presbyterian	2
5	Army	4
8	Navy	1
4	William & Mary	5
6	Pennsylvania	3
9	Country Club of Va.	0

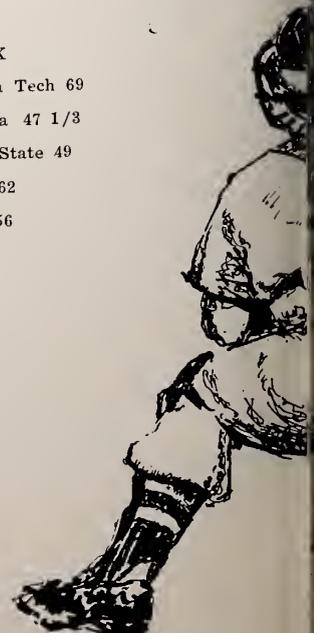


TRACK

62	Georgia Tech	69
78 2/3	Virginia	47 1/3
77	N. C. State	49
69	Navy	62
81	Duke	56

GOLF

27	Harvard	0
18	Georgetown	9
17	Davidson	10
22	Williams	5
12	Michigan	24
17 1/2	Virginia	9 1/2
15 1/2	N. C. State	11 1/2
2	Duke	25
10 1/2	Wake Forest	16 1/2
13 1/2	N. C. State	13 1/2
11 1/2	Wake Forest	15 1/2



Portfolio

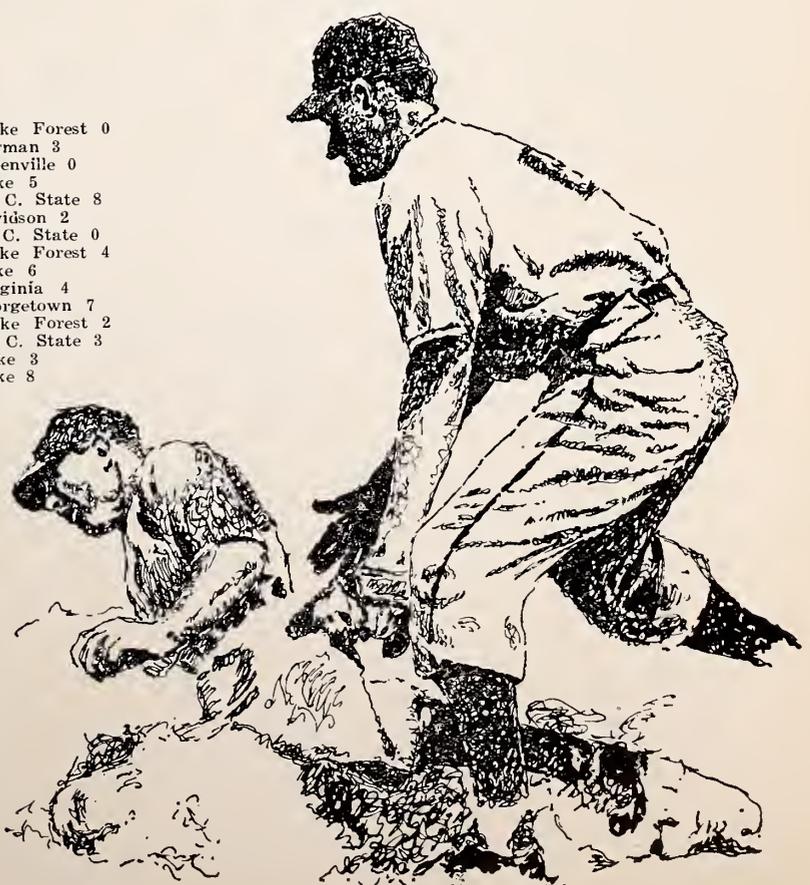
Bill Harrison



- BASEBALL
- 3 Virginia 1
 - 5 Michigan State 2
 - 5 Pennsylvania 7
 - 7 Yale 7 (tie)
 - 15 South Carolina 6
 - 12 Clemson 1
 - 10 Furman 2



- 1 Wake Forest 0
- 4 Furman 3
- 2 Greenville 0
- 6 Duke 5
- 1 N. C. State 8
- 6 Davidson 2
- 1 N. C. State 0
- 5 Wake Forest 4
- 4 Duke 6
- 0 Virginia 4
- 6 Georgetown 7
- 3 Wake Forest 2
- 5 N. C. State 3
- 2 Duke 3
- 10 Duke 8



Serena's Solitude

by TOM WOOD



Little Serena, fed with sorrow by the hand of Death,
Took the searing dose with calm:
Not even a taut, small while of tears
Developed from the terrible incident.
So that people thought rocks would weep before Serena did,
Looking as they did in perplexity
At the grey flint of her eyes.

But Serena held some old profundity of nearness
With the cloud whose saber
Sheared her brother from her side:
Perhaps the death-flash bared Reason to her soul
As it struck limp the lilting child of spring;
Or was it that Serena's steel
Was of a temper we could not know—
Something that told her if she grieved
It would be only for the segment of herself she'd lost,
And tears would only serve *her* heart.

The Valley

by FRANK GROSECLOSE

The farm deserted crumbles to the floor
Rising in hills that huddle to a flank
Curved mountainward. The path from road to door,
From door by step-stone orchardward, goes rank

In fetid swirling grass against the reef
Of rock atopple, where dark lizards run,
And giant ants tread briefly saw-toothed leaf
Of dandelion hugely drunk with sun.

The scaling twisted forms of pear and apple
Bear festering impotence on unpruned limbs
To taint thick shade that no quick light can dapple;
Among the grapes, the bees chant lunatic hymns.

Cool wine gone simmering thus makes obscene
The shape of things love once had whistled clean.

Party Glances

by JULIA ROSS

We saw the social nomads sit and stand
To carp away their plush of pedigree;
Behind a fragile china and a flimsy hand,
Each glazed manhattan mongrel played at tea.
While carbon thought smeared laughter on the smoke
And sound escaped beyond two gaping lips,
Their drawing rooms became a desert choked
By cactus talk between too arid sips;
Until spasmodic silence tore at phrase
Miraging over rugs on lucid air,
And the satined nomads fled to virgin blaze
With brittle nails clicked out against despair.
For the silence had shadowed every sound
Silhouetting a word they never found.

Morning Fog

by SIDNEY SHANKER

Amid the geometry of winter
(Classic equation of frost)
Comes morning fog, glad of itself:
Drowning bare soil, pinched and poor;
Drowning trees whose trunks go blind
And grope restlessly through mist
With limbs of dark floating hair.
Buildings shift on sand foundations;
Commerce uncertain: transactions appear
Beneath moving water. At a window
The secretary appears, above her desk,
Asking where has the sense gone
That a moment ago her memo caressed?
Voices in the fog are broken,
Mutters. The substance of conversations
Moving into clouds somewhere.
Elaborate grace of girls for hours
At mirrors is obliterated.
The core of intercourse
Bobs lost through rift of daze.
Imponderable and circumferent,
The stooping fog drinks reality.

The Hound

by JOHN J. LAWLER

Doubts throng attempts at communication
Approximating the wail of the hound.
Sudden fear that the communication
Will be lost, irretrievably out bound
Somewhere between the scratching and the song,
Between the scratchings that memories allow
And the distant arrival of the song.
Fear that scratching will never suffice Now.

And there may be these other planes of anguish;
To wonder if the lines speak out of languish,
If the phrase contains the gist or the moment.
Doubts throng attempts,
and in this other moment
When the hound's sterile cry, having too much zest,
Precipitates the objects on the night desk.



*Photographed from an original portrait by Betty Anne Mill
(see page 28)*

Thomas Wolfe

As They Recall

GEORGE W. McCOY, managing editor of *The Asheville Citizen* and a school-mate of Tom, attests Wolfe's *Angel* account of how Wolfe met his most-beloved teacher: "Tom, 11, was enrolled in the Orange Street public school when J. M. Roberts, the principal, one day read to his pupils a selection to be rewritten in their own words. That evening, Mr. Roberts took the papers home and asked his wife to help read them. Mrs. Roberts found Tom's effort outstanding. Next day at school, the principal praised Tom highly. The following fall (1912) when the Robertses decided to open a private school for boys, the North State Fitting School on Buxton Hill in Asheville, Tom became one of the first pupils. With Mrs. Roberts as his teacher of English and history, Tom began a firm friendship destined to leave its mark on the history of American literature."

J. M. ROBERTS, head of the one-time North State Fitting School, recalls a red-inked comment written by Mrs. Roberts on a Tom Wolfe theme: "*I will never correct another one of your papers if you will not observe the rules of paragraphing! Pegasus has to be controlled, even though it must be by one who has no wings!*" And a comment Mrs. Roberts once made to him regarding the young Wolfe: "In every paper he turns in, you can count on seeing one word, one phrase or one sentence that proves he is a genius."

WILLIAM T. POLK, roommate at Harvard, tells of Tom's days at Cambridge. "The first year Tom Wolfe went to Harvard, he roomed on the third floor of a house on Buckingham Place in Cambridge practically next door to the Harvard Observatory. Albert Coates, Skinner Kittrell and I roomed there too.

"Tom was taking Professor Baker's 47 Workshop preparatory to being a great playwright. All four of us were sure he would be one. He was at the time writing a play called, I believe, *The Mountains*. Anyway the play was about a boy from the mountains who had gone to the city, became a physician and gone back to the mountains, where he became entangled again in the feudal violence around him despite his will. The general idea was that you can't leave home again. It was a good play too; or at least it sounded like one at the time.

"Barrie was being played at the Repertory Theatre in Boston and Cabell's *Jurgen* was being bootlegged, but Tom's taste was always for more substantial stuff—Homer, the Greek dramatists, Coleridge, the Bible and so on.

"That's not to say that he was a cloistered spirit. He was, on the contrary, full of mighty laughter and abounding energy, which would cause him to split a door with his fist or fill any scrap of paper lying around with descriptions of icebergs or anything else that came to mind. He had a hunger for life, too, which would clothe him in a borrowed shirt—since he had forgot to send anything of his own to the laundry for a couple of months—send him out to the Parker House basement for a quart of surreptitious Scotch, to Durgin-Park's for a steak and to the Boston Commons or to Wellesley for a girl or a young lady."

MRS. RALPH H. WHEATON, sister of Thomas Wolfe and prototype of Helen Gant in *Look Homeward, Angel*, tells the story behind the telegram explaining the misunderstood implications current in Asheville: "Soon after his novel first appeared. I had written Tom a long letter, saying that the world soon would be conscious of the Gants (the Wolfes) and that he had put us on the map . . . I had sung publicly for several years before marrying and I remember writing Tom that 'I would have sold my ticket to heaven for a little of such recognition as you are getting!' The telegram was Tom's answer."

BETTY ANNE MILLS recalls: "I met Thomas Wolfe in the Spring of 1938 in Asheville, N. C., and in the brief interlude he posed for me while I made a small sketch of him which he autographed for me.

"As everyone knows he was a giant of a man in his physical appearance as well as in his mental capacity. And he possessed a deep rich voice befitting his stature. He seemed at once intense and composed, and it was interesting to me to note that one or two words in every sentence spoken, burst forth with a rapid staccato of stuttering before it slid into place forming a harmonious clarity of thought."



Thomas Wolfe as he appeared in a Carolina Playmaker production. Photo courtesy of the Carolina Playmakers.

THOMAS WOLFE

PAUL GREEN of Chapel Hill recalls that "My closest association with Tom Wolfe at Chapel Hill was in 'Proff.' Koch's playwriting class. His procrastination usually kept him in hot water. He would wait until the night before he was to read his play, then sit up until daybreak dashing off page after page of dialogue scrawl that only he could decipher. Then he would come in to class hollow-eyed, shaggy-headed, unkempt and stuttering, and babble through the reading of his play. And always there was enough in the piece for 'Proff' and the rest of us to praise—enough of vital and warm dialogue and streaks of rich characterization tangled in with his weird and high-faluting melodrama and rhetoric to mark his talent. Tom wrote several plays for the Playmakers and acted in some of them.

"Everybody loved the boy. The tumult and lyric seething which later became his glowing life began in him I think toward the end of his stay at Chapel Hill. Up to that time his emotionalism was the normal adolescence of any boy. Toward the end of his college career, as I knew him and talked with him now and then in the old Sigma Upsilon writing fraternity and elsewhere, there was beginning that terrific ache and hunger and impetuous reach. And always associated with it in his last college days and on through the early novelistic days was the desire to be a playwright.

"At Harvard in Professor George Pierce Baker's class he carried on his effort to fit his genius into this—for him—too cramping form. Part of his strength later no doubt was due to the fact that his theatrical frustration packed up in him so much emotion and yearning and thought that when he finally found his medium in the more flexible and looser form of the novel his personality hurled itself out and far and wide because of this very packing up.

"He needed millions of words like rain drops falling to empty out the swollen and heavily-laden storm cloud of his turbulent soul. The chastened and stripped-down and intense form of the drama would never have given him scope enough for his genius—a genius both epic and lyric at once. And in losing a playwright, then, we gained an actual and great dithyrambic rhapsodic poet writing in the novel form. That is something to be proud of."

DR. FRANK P. GRAHAM, president of the University of North Carolina, recalls Tom Wolfe as "one of the most popular students of his college generation—a leader in his class, in the student government, and in the general life of the University. He was elected by his class to be a member of the Student Honor Council and by the student body to be Editor-in-Chief of the student newspaper, *The Daily Tar Heel*. He distinguished himself in Professor Koch's playmaking group, both as a writer of mountain folk-plays and as an actor in the mountaineer roles. He was considered, even as a student, to be one of the most brilliant writers who ever served as Editor-in-Chief of the *Tar Heel*. Some of his editorials were reprinted in papers all over the State. He was the favorite after-dinner speaker at all sorts of banquets held by classes, societies, and fraternity groups. He was early marked for distinction by Professor Edwin Greenlaw of the English Department and by Professor Horace Williams, head of the Department of Philosophy.

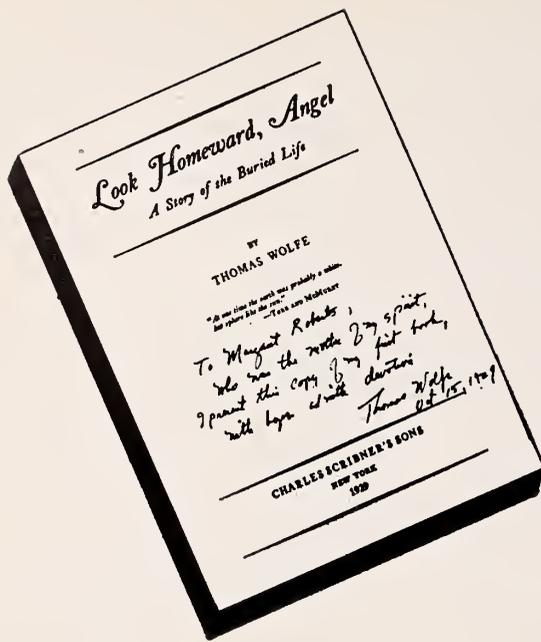
"He was absent-minded and often had little sense of time. Sometimes he would start writing a theme for English class, due the next day, after his long "bull sessions" in a dormitory. In the torrential overflow of his ideas and style he would run out of the regulation paper required in the English course and then, after hours when all stores were closed, he would seize upon any kind of paper he could get his hands on to continue his essay, play, or short story. He would write on the back of wrapping paper, tissue paper, and any other thing that would keep the imprint of his flowing pen or pencil. Professor Greenlaw's impulsive indignation at such disorganized procedure would give way to enraptured appreciation of his genius.

"I recall Tom's tender appreciation of his mother on the occasion of her attendance at his graduation exercises. He made engagements for her well in advance. I remember he gave me the opportunity and pleasure of taking her to the Senior Ball. She enjoyed very much seeing Tom enjoy himself.

"The last time I saw him he came up to my room when I had flu. He and Corydon Spruill had a most enjoyable time talking of Chapel Hill days."



Thomas Wolfe



In London in 1926, Thomas Wolfe began scrawling into notebooks his own experience far and lost . . . the story of a stonecutter's child in a Southern Appalachian town of a hundred hills and hollows. And the son of the man who never learned to carve an angel's head wrote, unforgettably, the story of himself and of all men who never find the lost lane-end into heaven. The scene, which he called "Altamont," was Asheville, North Carolina, 1900 to 1920.

by James K. Hutsell

WITH only a few essentials, any way Thomas Wolfe in hilly old Riverside Cemetery in his own Asheville ten years ago, one of the older townsmen (or so the story runs) turned to a younger man in the small crowd with a remark that momentarily stunned his acquaintance: "I wonder if the undertakers know what they are trying to bury."

Now the undertakers had laid away Wolfes before, including old W O., that strange wild form of six feet four that had sired the whole turbulent family—and who, incidentally, was the stonecutter who had chiseled names on half the tombstones in that same cheerless graveyard. Moreover, the undertakers operated just across the street from the old Wolfe homeplace; they had known this great portion of man they were putting in the ground that day ever since, as a boy, he had played up and down narrow Spruce Street and in his father's monument shop.

"The undertakers just think that's Thomas Wolfe," continued the old fellow. He paused, to be sure that his words had sunk in. "But, son, what they are trying to bury isn't the real Tom . . . The Tom you and I knew has been traded off for this one. But they're going to find it's hard to inter a legend."

And, ten years later, it sometimes seems that the old fellow might have been right. Perhaps the death of so gifted a writer at so young an age was only half the tragedy. Perhaps the earlier, the more unfortunate, half had been the birth of legend. And, had he realized, Tom might have been the first to have grieved.

Today, the legend that even at Wolfe's death was well-sprouted has grown and entwined itself around the author of *Look Homeward, Angel*, *Of Time and the River*, *From Death to Morning*, *The Web and the Rock*, *The Hills Beyond*, and *You Can't Go Home Again* more and more and more. Here was a man too big for ordinary beds. Here was a man so outside that, in an alien, basement flat in the Assyrian quarter of South Brooklyn, he wrote standing up—with the top of a refrigerator for a desk—and literally tossed millions of words (pencil-scrawled on yellow paper) into a packingbox in the middle of the floor. Here was life's hungry man, insatiable in his hunger for food and drink and more insatiable still with a hunger to know all places, all hearts, and all of fury and chaos.

All these things about Thomas Wolfe are true. But they are a portion of truth. And a thousand writers—eager, as people with typewriters always are, to work any mine rich with color—have piled this lode out and atop the other Tom Wolfe. And thereby they have all but buried truths that contain what may be the most vital Wolfe of all.

They have called him a new Whitman, turned inwards; they have called him an American Proust; they have called him a second James Joyce. Englishwoman Pamela Hansford Johnson's new critical appraisal of him is a volume titled only *Hungry Gulliver*. Gargantuan has become a favored adjective for him in the dozens of Wolfe clubs that dot American campuses. It is almost time that somebody should object.

It is true that Wolfe by his own gusto, his own turmoil, his own undisciplined flow of words has been partially responsible for this twisted view of him. He was full of raptures and incontinences. His real weakness was not perhaps that he dramatized his life, but that Wolfe the writer dramatized it even more than Wolfe the man.

Yet—and here we are at the point—it is doing this terribly lonely man a disservice if you are to consider that he intended his major theme to be Thomas Wolfe, gargantuan.

No! *Every* man was gargantuan. When Wolfe spoke it could only be that he spoke of the troubled souls of all men and, so speaking, he touched them all with a new dignity, a larger significance. Truly, his family was gargantuan. Truly, his town was gargantuan.

Put this to the test. Walk Asheville and you will know; be so fortunate as to know the members of his family and you will see.

In a foreword to *Look Homeward, Angel*, that first urgent novel that burst on the American literary scene in 1929 with something of the effect of a bombshell, he protested that he "meditated no man's portrait here." But the *Angel* and the millions of words that followed in the next decade were more directly biographical than any similar group of novels yet published in this country.

The storm of protest and fury this astounding frankness about his neighbors engendered in Wolfe's own Asheville is now indelible in literary history. The best and, by the way, the most dispassioned telling of it was

and "Altamont"

done by Wolfe himself in his magnificent essay *The Story of a Novel* (1936), based on a series of lectures delivered by Wolfe at the University of Colorado's Writers Conference in Boulder in 1935.

From those venomous attacks, says Wolfe, "I learned another lesson which every young writer has got to learn. And that lesson is the naked, blazing power of print . . . The thing a young writer is likely to do is to confuse the limits between actuality and reality. I can see now . . . it is not, for example, important that one remembers a beautiful lady of easy virtue as having come from the state of Kentucky in 1907. She could perfectly well have come from Idaho or Texas or Nova Scotia."

But out of the misfortune of this emotional vortex in his home town did come one fortunate thing: Because it

is possible to know with such clarity the substance and the people out of which Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel* sprang, it is then possible to know with certainty that Tom Wolfe dealt in the specific in which every man is giant.

To this day it is possible for you to come to Asheville, start at the site of "Oliver Gant's" tombstone shop on Paek Square, now the location of the towering needle that is the Jackson Building and trace, step by step, the progress of the sire of the Wolfes to the family home. There, at the corner of the yard beside the small retaining wall, is even the flower bed across which he used to stumble. And "Eliza Gant's" boarding house, "Dixieland" in the *Angel*, is door for door, gable for gable the "Old Kentucky Home" which Wolfe's mother, Julia, operated at 48 Spruce Street.

Names of streets, Wolfe often changed little or not at all—Patton Avenue, for instance, became Hatton Avenue; College Street was made into Academy Street. So clearly, indeed, did his scrawling pencil define people and locales that today more than one person in Asheville has a well-thumbed copy of *Look Homeward, Angel* annotated with scores of real names, real dates, real places. And here's a note for collectors: Don't go to Asheville prepared to buy one of those copies unless you carry an exceedingly full purse. The price on them far surpasses what you would have to pay for an early Wolfe first edition—and Wolfe "firsts" are, anywhere in America, the most costly editions of any contemporary writer. You may consider yourself lucky to find a mint-condition (perfect state) copy of *Look Homeward, Angel* for \$100. A sixteen-page, gray-wrapped pamphlet, *The Crisis in Industry*, a prize-winning college essay which was Thomas Wolfe's first-printed work (1919), published by the University of North Carolina, has sold in New York auctions for \$400. (Asheville collectors

"Five minutes from the public square, on a pleasant sloping middle-class street." Ch. XI. The Old Kentucky Home.



Thomas Wolfe and Altamont

(Continued from preceding page)

like the story of the second-hand book dealer who once chanced on a copy and placed it in his window marked at twenty-five cents. His wife, thinking her spouse underrated it, re-marked it at half a dollar. It is said to have sold promptly.)

Of W. O. and Julia Wolfe's four surviving children, only the eldest son, Frank, still lives in Asheville. A widower of 60, he stays on at the 22-room home. "Sometimes," he says, "I feel like half a ghost." But his days are busy: There is scarcely a summer in the Southern Appalachian tourist center when the register at the Wolfe house does not list visitors from every state and several foreign countries.

Julia Wolfe, who died in 1945, two years after publication of a great piece of Wolfeana, *Thomas Wolfe's Letters to His Mother*, was again proof that there were giants in Tom's world. She passed away at 85 in New York City, to which she had traipsed off alone for a visit "with some of Tom's old friends." A few months earlier, and all by herself, she had journeyed across the continent to Hollywood to see how a proposed film version of a Tom Wolfe novel was coming along. Once in her book-strewn old sunporch, she sat and recollected: "Tom wrote that I was Mr. Wolfe's second wife and bore him seven children. And that is only half-straight. I was his third wife. Cynthia, his second wife, was a good friend of mine before she died. Lawsy, I even knew his first wife, Hattie, who divorced him on grounds of impotence! Later on her father, who was a photographer, made the first photograph of the first of my seven children!"

"You know they call me a string-saver. I want to show you something." She went across the drafty hallway and unlocked a huge room literally crammed with tables, clothing, manuscripts, pictures—all things that had been Tom's. "Someday," she said, "somebody will want this."

Out of it came, after her death, seventeen unpublished Wolfe manuscripts, along with a hoard of other material. Today it is part of a Harvard College Library collection of Thomas Wolfe being newly hailed as "in size and completeness, a record of a man and a man's mind probably without parallel."



"An old pre-war house set on a hill." Ch. XVI. North State Fitting School on Buxton Hill.

Books by Thomas Wolfe

- THE CRISIS IN INDUSTRY*, University of North Carolina, 1919.
LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1929.
OF TIME AND THE RIVER, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1935.
FROM DEATH TO MORNING, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1935.
THE STORY OF A NOVEL, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1936.
A NOTE ON EXPERTS: DEXTER VESPASIAN JOYNER, House of Books, Ltd., New York, 1939. (Limited to 300 numbered copies.)
THE WEB AND THE ROCK, Harper & Brothers, New York, 1939.
THE FACE OF A NATION, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1939.
YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN, Harper & Brothers, New York, 1940.
THE HILLS BEYOND, Harper & Brothers, New York, 1941.
GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS, Black Archer Press, Chicago, 1942. (A play.)
THOMAS WOLFE'S LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1943. (Edited with an introduction by John Skally Terry.)
A STONE, A LEAF, A DOOR: Poems by Thomas Wolfe. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1945. (Wolfe passages selected and arranged as verse by John S. Barnes, with a foreword by Louis Untermeyer.)

Books about Thomas Wolfe

- THOMAS WOLFE: A BIBLIOGRAPHY*. By George R. Preston, Jr. Charles S. Boesen, Publisher. New York, 1943. (The final authority on Wolfe's works, including a collation of American and foreign editions, Wolfe's contributions to books and periodicals, and a listing of major criticisms and reviews to 1943. A must for Wolfe collectors and students. A revised edition is in preparation.)
THE MARBLE MAN'S WIFE: Thomas Wolfe's Mother. By Hayden Norwood. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1947.
THOMAS WOLFE. By Herbert J. Muller. New Directions Books, Norfolk, Conn., 1947. (A volume from the New Directions series, *The Makers of Modern Literature*.)
HUNGRY GULLIVER. By Pamela Hansford Johnson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1948.

Sweet Tom

by MORTON SEIF

Greatheart Wolfe, your restless ghost grieves me this stormy night.

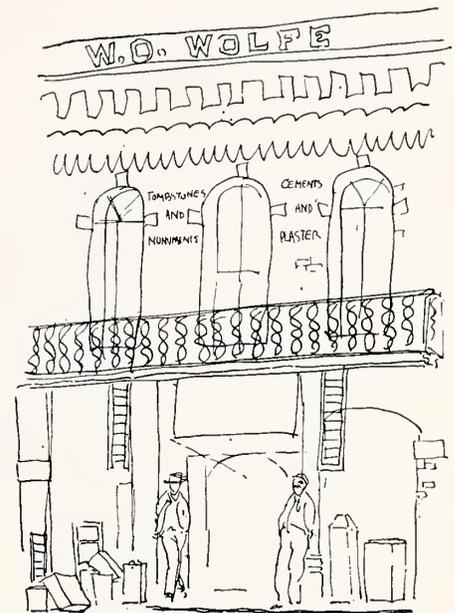
The stone soldier still holds the hill,
His musket sweats with rain tonight,
Old East and West flank the Old Well,
Static sentinels of undue height.
The febrile earth is sick with muck,
The moon swims through the amethyst sky
Like a lame and spastic duck . . .
Sweet Tom, why did you have to die?

No doubt you knew such nights as this
When you were here long years ago.
Did you seclude yourself and miss
Listening to the clean wind flow
Swift and sibilant through the pines,
Or did you rush into the wood
And leap about the dark green ruins
Of Gimghoul in a stallion mood?

This sprite-filled night thoughts of your sad
And panting life brood through the pages of my book,
Dispel my work—a yearning lad,
Why was that hunger of your soul so huge you took
My songs from me before I knew to sing
Or cared to have my lesser lyrics heard?
You made a starwick of me, crushed my wing
Who found you father, and the buried word.



"That Arcadian wilderness where he had known so much joy." Ch. XXXIX. Old East Building at Chapel Hill, where Tom roomed.



"Gant's fantastical brick shack . . . sagging with gravestones." Ch. IX. The Monument Works on Pack Square.

At the Grave of Wolfe

by JOHN FOSTER WEST

With youth my greatest gift, ambition
near
In magnitude, I stood by his small
plot,
Carved from the universe to pay in
full
His flesh for that lost world his mind
begot,
And gave unto my world procreating
thought
And understanding of his time and
mine.
Sleep well, ye not so "lost and wind-
grieved ghost;"
Your boisterous laughter thrills the
highland pine,
And Appalachia's mountains boast
your name;
Mount Mitchell condescends to doff
a cloud,
And Blue Ridge cataracts know prose
that sings
A song of granite angels, tall and
rugged brow'd.
This quiet Riverside offends my soul
That leaps to comprehend the great-
ness here,
Unseen, unheard, but breathless with
a weight
Adumbrated on the static air.
Each minute germinates ten thousand
years,
And yours, though stopped—as lean-
ing on the wind
The Epic, *Mankind*, waits for denoue-
ment—
So bravely launched, anticipates no
end.



A Prophecy For

Headlining the Class of '48

From *Collies* magazine, March 21, 1960:

BENSON MCCUTCHEON, noted Durham, N. C., veterinarian, advanced a dogmatic opinion this week. McCutcheon, the man who hired Laurie Hooper to erect the South's best-equipped animal hospital on the old Duke University site, will be remembered as owner of the popular Pet Dispensary which Ruth and Mary Moore manage on Starr Street in Raleigh. He attended North Carolina University where he was president of the senior class while boning through pre-med with Conway Rose, Goldsboro's new mayor.

"When these fashionable bitches come to me all sickly and distempered," Benson said, "I tell them they must return to the old, unhurried way of life and go barefooted one day a year. Just once it would do them good to give up those confounded paw pads Charlie Blackburn designed for Chapel Hill dogs who stump their toes on warped brick sidewalks."



From *Monotony*, show world newspaper, November 2, 1960:

EVELYN "STORMY" PETTITT, first among America's ten best undressed women, dashed offstage at Ken Gammage's Gams Theater in New York for another exclusive Miriam Evans' *Monotony* interview, revealing all about "How to Make Men and Influence Boys." An ex-college cheerleader who developed a complex for getting up before crowds to make them yell with spirits, "Stormy" explained that she wrote her best-seller "to lay even my mind bare."

Fresh offstage, show business's Pettitt took off her sun glasses and insisted that her profession required more natural talent than Annie Ben Polgar's. And modesty? Certainly not now that the Barbara Cashion Betterment League has given up trying to decorate "Stormy" in ribbons. And women everywhere are taking up the Kneed Look again and wearing fashion expert Stan Marczyk's shockingly short skirts of the Tippling 40's. "I am, too, a good wife. I cook, I knit, I sew, and Charlie had already been married five times. He knew what he wanted by the time he made me the sixth Mrs. Norton."



From *The Chapel Hill Weekly*, September 19, 1960:

BILL TATE, house detective at the Carolina Inn who was brought back to Chapel Hill because of his cleverness in robbing the city bank in Morristown, Tennessee, took the stand yesterday in the Craig-McGee divorce trial. The former Honor Council president shed new trite on the case of the shapely Dean of Women and the brutish boxing instructor, testifying to the charges of assault and battery in the Inn as justifiable grounds for separation.

After Tate supported such former witnesses as Betsy Anne Barbee, Carolina Inn food dehydrating expert, and Bob Goldwater, chief pencil sharpener in the athletics department, in testimony as to the character of said parties thrown from Room 69, the defense displayed as evidence three missing teeth and two bruises.

Judge Eller, ruling Mary Locke Craig guilty as charged, granted Ed McGee freedom and the cost of crutches.



The Year 1960

From *Untrue Love* magazine, February 14, 1960:

JACK FOLGER, world traveler and boudoir diplomat, recently wrote to Gene Johnstone, agent for Professor Kinsey, to tell for the first time why he left Al Lowenstein's geology expedition and hotrock throwing for a sultan's life in Thighbet. The Mount Airyan, a UNC graduate, became famous because he was student body vice-president and student legislaturffie speaker and still did not smoke Chesferfields for Foo Giduz.

"I felt the urge," Folger wrote, "for a harem DeVan Barbour was selling cheap. Bob Haire wanted me as Grand Mogul of Burpzibar anyway. So, sight unveiled, I bought Bonnie Thrash and Cattie Holt and Geraldine Williams and Jane Lee Parker, and we went into closed harem sessions. I redistricted my affections proportionately and financed Tom Belk's cut-rate negligees for Turkish costumes. Man, how I needed Ambassador Todd to operate an Intersorority Court."



From *Woman's Shack Companion*, May 9, 1960:

MRS. DONLEEN MACDONALD VULNERABLE, the New Orleans housewife whom Governor Bill Porter thanked publicly for bringing more people to Louisiana than the Mardi Gras and Sugar Bowl combined, has been named Mother of the Year. The Thursday Spinsters of America selected Mrs. Vulnerable because of the unusual maternal devotion she first developed while nursing coed government at the University of North Carolina.

Betsy Anne Barbee, T. S. twelfth vice-president in charge of ritual candlesticks, said that Mrs. Vulnerable will be given a wide variety of prizes, ranging from McWilliams Bootsies for all her children to an Ernie Prefabricated House. She will also receive an expense-paid trip to Washington where Senator John Zucker, head of a special committee on Homefront Entangling Alliances, will investigate her as a possible solution to further delay in UMT. "I am expecting," Mrs. Vulnerable stated, "Hubby to accompany me if Jim Paschal finds another nightwatchman for his mattress factory."



From *Hoboe News*, December 7, 1960:

FRED JACOBSON, the king of highbrow hoboese, today assumes editorship. Only last week Warden Jim Lilly paroled Jacobson from the intellectual ward at Belleview upon Psychiatrist Pat Lane's startling assertion that the ex-magazine editor might be human.

Jacobson's feature writers are to include Bill Hepburn, authority on boxcar brewing; Merrily Brookes, serciety snooper; Raney Stanford, flophouse finder; and Charlie Hodson, Toookie exterminator. His fifth columnist, writing under the nom de plume of Anne Arky, will be Junius Scales.

In a sincere effort to keep the best material his bum subordinates can furnish in print, Jacobson plans to adopt crossword puzzles, to scratch and pat politicians' backs, to use yellow paper, and to shoot the first Graham Memoron to become literate enough to spell "referendum."



Text: Charlie Gibson Illustration: Bill Harrison

So What, Old

GRANDPA sniffed at the bowl of clabber my aunt set before him on the table. He tasted it, then wiped his uneven mustache with his hand. It was just thick enough. He looked at my aunt without raising his head, and a smile washed over his face. It was a signal that the clabber was good. I was sorry he smiled. I hated that smile.

Ever since my ma had another kid I hated that smile. Before that I didn't care much whether he smiled or frowned. When he was happy I didn't care. When he was angry, I outran him. I've seen him so much . . . I hate his smile.

I'd rather be in school than here. You get seed in your head on a farm. But ma and pa said I couldn't go to school again 'til January. I don't care 'cepting I have to be here. They said I had to get good and strong like other boys.

Grandpa reached for the bread in front of me. So I grabbed it and ran across the kitchen. The door was open so I bounced out across the porch to the barn where grandpa fed the old hens.

I called the chickens and threw the bread on the ground bit by bit. My aunt hollered, "Dick! Come back here! Dick, do you hear me?" I heard her all right, but I wasn't afraid of her. I didn't turn around, but moved closer to the barn. I put my hand on the ladder to the hay loft. "Come and get me!" I crossed my feet and watched the chickens peek at the dirty bread.

"Dick! You get in this house immediately or I'll tan your hide." Her voice came over footsteps this time so I swung up the ladder. But I didn't get up that ladder. Somebody grabbed me around the middle. It was Uncle John. He pulled me off.

"Let go! You dirty bum!"

I tried to scratch his arms, but those coveralls bent my nails. I didn't stop to think but kicked and screamed. When I bit his hairy paw he dropped me.

"Not so fast, young man." Uncle John clenched his teeth. And he had a grip on my shirt collar that choked me. I started to unbutton my shirt, but it was so tight I couldn't pull the buttons out of the holes. By that time Aunt Mary was in front of me. Scolding, scolding, scolding.

"Bring him in the house, John," she said. "He needs a whipping." Uncle John threw me over his shoulder. Aunt Mary picked up the dirty bread plate. And the three of us started for the house. I beat with my fists and kicked, but nothin' happened. Uncle John was

bony and so was I. My middle hurt but no one cared. I screamed all the dirty words I knew, but we didn't stop. It makes me mad when they don't yell back at me.

When we passed grandpa in the kitchen I stuck out my tongue. He had tears all over his beard. He's a silly old guy. Ma says he's got good sense for a man of ninety.

Uncle John brought me to the first floor bedroom where grandpa sleeps and tossed me on the bed. I tried to roll off but he caught me again and held me down. He almost sat on me. Aunt Mary stood over me. She almost cried she was so angry. "Dick, why are you so mean? Why did you take the bread? Answer me, Dick?"

Why did I take the bread to the chickens. She knew why I took it, maybe. But she wasn't my mother. Even if she was I didn't have to answer. It was none of her business. But when Uncle John said, "Mary, get my strop," I changed my mind.

"Aunt Mary, I didn't do nothin' wrong, honest. I just wanted to go to the hay loft." They didn't listen so I used a good trick and started to bawl.

"All right, boy," Uncle John said, "why did you take the bread?" He eyed me with the look that comes before his razor strop so I bawled some more and sobbed, "To eat it. That's why. To eat all of it."

"You didn't have to do that to eat it," he said, "Besides you gave it to the chickens."

"No I didn't!" I screamed. I stumbled . . ."

"Watch it, boy."

They kept at me and I hated them. I screamed and hollered and cried until they left me alone. The door closed and I was alone so I stopped crying. I wish they could see me sneer. No one is going to tell me what to do. My pop would be on my side. I can lie to him. He won't believe anyone but me.

I went over to the door and opened it a crack. I wanted to hear what the dirty bums were saying about me. If I had my gang from Minneapolis I'd show 'em. We'd tear up their stuff like we did my kid brother's clothes one night. I was the big shot of my gang. They'd do anything I'd tell 'em. I was the smallest, but the oldest. A guy of thirteen seems old to them even if he is little. Ma told me I was

little because I had been sick about five years. But I'm tough now. No one dares call me runt.

I heard my grandfather say I needed supervision. I don't know who's going to give it to me. I dare anyone to tie me up. As I listened through the crack to all the mean things they were saying about me I planned for a way to get even.

"John, that boy's got to be straightened out," Aunt Mary cried. She sounded like she meant it.

"I'd like to do just that, Mary, but how?"

"You could tan his hide every day," Aunt Mary said. "He's never had a whipping except from you. And that only once. One's not enough."

"One would be enough if Al would give it to him. A boy might be good if his father would whip him."

Then that silly old man, my grandpa, said, "I'd whip him if I could catch him." He would, would he. I'll show him. I'll make him eat those words.

All of a sudden I heard Aunt Mary's steps coming from the kitchen so I quickly closed the door and shot back to bed. When she came in I pretended I was asleep. She turned around and walked out. And I laughed.

No one knew when I crawled out the window and dropped to the ground free. But no one asked me. No one said anything to me the rest of the day. I was just as glad. It gave me lots of time to think. So I went to bed that night without a whipping; and planned to get even with grandpa.

The next morning when Aunt Mary yelled, "Get up, Dick, breakfast is ready," I was dressed. I left the light on in my room. The stairs were so dark at five in the morning I'd break my neck without a light.

Aunt Mary looked surprised when I slipped to the table. "Well, boy, you're the first one here. I'm glad you got up without me having to hike up those stairs."

"I was awake. How could a fella sleep with all the racket down here?"

"No more racket than usual." Aunt Mary looked over her shoulder. "Here, get away from that table. Go wash your face. You can sit down when your Uncle John gets here."

No use in making her mad. I went over to the wash basin and slopped my face two or three times. I wiped on

Man!

by Virgie Matson



a clean towel Aunt Mary had put there. It was black when I put it back. They couldn't expect a guy to wash clean in a basin. No wonder farmers looked dirty all the time.

At breakfast they tried to talk to me, but I didn't have time for talking. I swallowed a greasy egg and some hard toast and beat it away from the table. Grandpa would be out in a couple of hours. I had to get busy.

I cut around behind the house to grandpa's window. For luck! The window was wide open and the stupid old man had his crutch propped against the chair at the head of his bed. I

reached in and pulled it out slowly so I wouldn't wake him up.

As soon as I got it outside I ran across the garden to the woods behind the house. No one would see me in the woods. I plunked on a stump and held the crutch in front of me. They're all stupid. Grandpa's worse'n any of 'em. Well, he won't bother me no more. He'll never whip me. I pulled out my uncle's hunting knife from inside my shirt and cut down in the Y of the crutch. Sure hard wood. I kept whittling down in the corner. Gee, I cut my finger. I stuck it in my mouth. As I sucked on it I saw the sun coming

out pretty strong. I didn't have any more time for whittling.

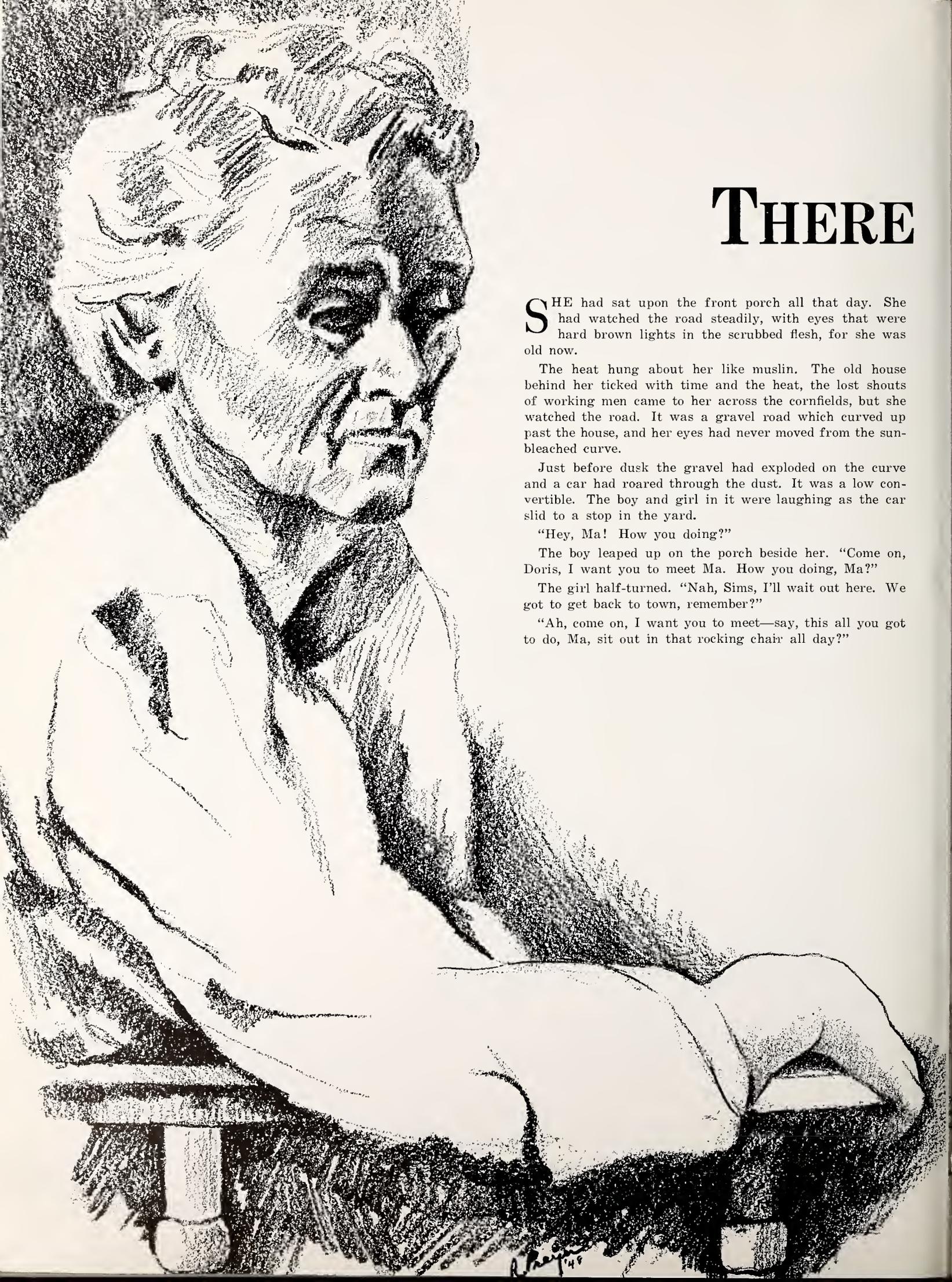
I rubbed the cut with a lot of dirt so it looked old like the rest of the wood. I peeked out from behind a tree to see if the way was clear back to the house. It was real quiet. So I dashed back through the garden and up to grandpa's window. I put the crutch back on the chair. Just as I turned away I heard it fall to the floor. Grandpa must have stirred then

(Continued on page 41)

Illustration by Dick Preyer



I pulled out my hunting knife and cut down in the Y of the crutch



THERE

SHE had sat upon the front porch all that day. She had watched the road steadily, with eyes that were hard brown lights in the scrubbed flesh, for she was old now.

The heat hung about her like muslin. The old house behind her ticked with time and the heat, the lost shouts of working men came to her across the cornfields, but she watched the road. It was a gravel road which curved up past the house, and her eyes had never moved from the sun-bleached curve.

Just before dusk the gravel had exploded on the curve and a car had roared through the dust. It was a low convertible. The boy and girl in it were laughing as the car slid to a stop in the yard.

"Hey, Ma! How you doing?"

The boy leaped up on the porch beside her. "Come on, Doris, I want you to meet Ma. How you doing, Ma?"

The girl half-turned. "Nah, Sims, I'll wait out here. We got to get back to town, remember?"

"Ah, come on, I want you to meet—say, this all you got to do, Ma, sit out in that rocking chair all day?"

R. P. [unclear] '48

AREN'T MANY LEFT



"Come on, Sims." She had stood and gripped his arm. "Come around by the well house where we can talk."

"Ah, for Christ's sake, Ma. Now take it easy, Doris, I'll be right back."

The shadows by the well had been deep and moist. The boy sat on the mossy boards of the well, the grey buildings and the grey hot fields behind him.

"What's the matter, Ma?"

"I been waiting for you, Sims. I want to say something to you."

"All right, Ma, all right." He lit a cigarette. The small silver lighter clicked.

"Sims, you aren't doing right. Ever since you left for town you been getting softer and wearing clothes like—where did you get that car?"

"That ain't my car, Ma, it belongs to Doris. But I'll have one pretty soon, you'll see, because I got money, Ma. Money like we never had before."

"The department store don't pay like that."

"Nah, Ma, not the department store. Bootlegging, Ma. I go across the state line every night and bring back four cases. The guys pay sixty bucks a trip. And Ma—I'm a real careful driver."

The woman's head had jerked and her arms crossed and clutched. "Ah, fool, fool!"

"Hey, get this!" The boy laughed, and he reached and touched her. "Don't be like that, Ma. It's good money and I can get you anything. Name it and I'll get it for you."

"Think what the Old Man would say, Sims. He was like you, he didn't go to church and he drank hard, but Lord he would work. He dug that well you're sitting on and

he built that barn and would sit on the steps and on the hottest day you could see him down in the corn rows—ah, there aren't many left like that."

"I know. But where is he now?" the boy had said, softly.

"Don't you talk like that. Look at your own hands. Like a girl's. You can get me anything—make me something with your hands—get your Daddy's tools and make me something I can see. Make me a new chair to sit in."

"For Christsake. Okay, anything, anything. But I got to go now, Ma, because Doris don't like to stay too long in one place, you know."

"A chair, Sims."

The sun had gone down and she had begun the old patterns, that of cooking supper and going to bed, listening to the wind's rattle on the roof, waking up with the sun to cook breakfast again.

The next afternoon an express truck had rounded the curve and stopped before the house. Two men carried a chair up to the porch. It was wrapped in brown paper, but she could tell it was a chair. She signed the pad and the truck disappeared into the dust again. The paper came off easy, and underneath was glimmering green-and-white metal, with a tag which said "Glid-O-Chair."

So she had moved the weathered rocking chair indoors and set the new chair in its place. She went into the yard and stood there, her arms crossed, squinting at the new thing. It reminded her strangely of Sims' brown-and-white shoes propped on the grey-mossed boards of the well.

But she had sat in the new chair, her eyes upon the sweltering stretch of road, waiting again. And yesterday a dusty Model A had rattled to a halt before the house. An old man leaned out the window.

"Heard about Sims, Miz Brannon?"

"No. You?"

"Yessum. I was down at the courthouse today. Somebody said they caught him hauling licker across the line. They say he might get a year on the roads for it."

"That's just talk."

"Yessum. Well, thought I'd tell you."

"Good day."

"Yessum."

When the Model A had bounced out of sight, she picked up the metal chair and quietly dragged it off the porch and down past the barn. There was a gully full of tin cans and rusty bed springs and a spider-webbed Ford chassis. She tipped the chair into the gully. It fell with a crash and lay there, strangely new amid the hot rust.

She had gone back to the house and pulled the stained old chair onto the porch.

She sat there now, the lights of her eyes no longer on the road but sweeping across the golden burnt fields and the sad grey barns. The chair creaked softly on the porch and the lost child cries of the years were in her head and behind her the fat blue flies buzzed home to death.

by Sandy Grady
Illustrated by Dick Preyer

UNC's First Lady

Mag Woman of the Month



STROLLING along East Franklin Street, one's fancy is drawn to a moderate-sized white house flanked by rolling green lawns. The large white columns which set off the front porch whisper a subtle suggestion of the ante bellum period; for a moment we almost expect Scarlet O'Hara's Mammy to yank up a window sash and rebuke us furiously for staring.

The lady of the house appears on the porch in a freshly starched dress to continue her knitting in the sun. She has the appearance of an amiable Southern lady—perhaps the word could be “aristocrat,” but that has taken on a tinge of stuffiness and the attractive woman on the porch isn't that.

Another woman goes up the walk to greet her smiling hostess. “Hello, Mrs. Graham. How are you?” she asks. “Fine, thank you, Mrs. Jones,” she answers. “Oh, I want you to see the hand-carved silver which Frank brought back from Java. Won't you come inside?” Then the wife of the President of the University of North Carolina disappears into her home with her guest.

Mrs. Frank Graham is a true Southerner. In her own words, “I'm Tar Heel born and bred.” The little girl who was born in Edenton, North Carolina, passed through the jump-rope, high school prom, and college examination stage and grew into a smiling woman who wears a combination of refinement and informality as few women can. It is known among her Nags Head friends that our first lady was once a skillful and daring swimmer in the treacherous waters near there.

Mrs. Graham's most distinguishing trait is a drastic allergy to beasts who adorn the backs of their ears with pencils and back her into a corner at the point of a camera. She is convinced that it isn't news when a woman keeps house each day in preparation for the return of her husband at night.

The college days of Mrs. Graham were quite different from those of the Carolina student today. “We used to begin classes in September and remain on campus until Christmas. After the holiday break we returned to stay until spring, and we loved it,” she assures us. “There's so much happening in Chapel Hill, I can't understand why so many students want to leave on weekends.”

Perhaps the one phase of her college life which was identical with ours is the severe cerebral cramps which accompanied examinations of that day as well as this. She also enjoyed an abundance of extra-curricular activities but modestly insists that she starred in none of them. However, a glance at her annual would reveal that she isn't telling all; she is listed as salutatorian of her class, member of the basketball team, and inter-society debater.

Out of St. Mary's she returned to her hometown, Edenton, to continue her interest in education through teaching. For two years first graders sang “Good Morning to You” and learned to read under her guidance. After the death of her mother, she shifted her interest to housekeeping for her father, who was rector of St. Paul's Church in Edenton for 56 years.

During the year of 1930 the young Edenton girl took a weekend trip to Hillsboro to visit some friends. On Saturday night someone suggested, “Let's go riding.”

The ride terminated in Chapel Hill at a white house on East Franklin Street. “Miss Drane, this is Dr. Frank Graham,” a member of the group said. Two years later in the summer of '32 Miss Drane became Mrs. Frank Graham.

Since she moved into the house on East Franklin Street, Mrs. Graham has made an honored place for herself in the community. She has become an active member of numerous clubs, including the Garden Club and Episcopal Church Woman's Auxiliary, as well as one of the sponsors of the Newcomers' Club. Last year she was elected president of the local chapter of the National Needlework Guild. A real homemaker, she is especially fond of flowers, trees, and birds.

During the shortage of rooms in Chapel Hill the Grahams have opened their home to ten boys who weren't able to find a place to live in town or in dormitories. They refuse to accept rent but insist that the boys pay due homage to their books.

Mrs. Graham has taken her place beside her husband at the open house which they hold each Sunday night. “We just stay home and hope that someone will drop in,” she says. For one of the most pleasant evenings in four years, we recommend that you do drop in some Sunday to meet the first lady of the University of North Carolina.

DORIS WEAVER.

So What

(Continued from page 37)

because I could hear a couple of voices in the room. Aunt Mary was in there now.

I went and peeked in the kitchen window. Aunt Mary came back to the stove. She warmed the coffee and oatmeal, and was too busy to see me at the window. Uncle John wasn't around.

When grandpa came in the kitchen I jumped up on the porch and opened the kitchen door. His crutch wasn't broken. "Hey, Grandpa," I yelled from the door.

He turned slowly around to look at me. He rested his short leg down on the floor. He must have forgotten yesterday. "Hello, Dick. Come in and have some more breakfast."

"Nope."

He stood looking at me for a long time. Then he sat himself on his stool at the table. I listened to him eat, and wondered if his next meal would be in bed.

"Hey, Grandpa. Can I go out with you to feed the chickens?" I added more to my plan. He didn't answer me. So I just hung around waiting.

When he started for the feed room at the barn I stalked him. He puffed on his old pipe and hummed a little under his breath. You could scarcely see his white hair under his dirty hat. His game leg dragged after the crutch. His pants didn't hang like they should. He was old, and when people get old they don't have any business hanging around. They're always wanting to tell you what to do. I'll show 'em.

When grandpa opened the log door of the feed room, I quickly hid behind it. I heard him prop his crutch up against the door. He dragged over to the corn bin. That was my signal. I stepped out of hiding. Quicker than you could say Al Capone I hauled off and kicked him hard in that game leg, then beat it out. I fell over that darn crutch. It threw me for a loop. When I got to my feet who should be coming out of the barn. Uncle John! He saw me. I guess he thought I'd done something wrong because he lit out after me. I ran clean across the yard to the other side of the pig pen. He caught me all right. His legs are so darn long.

Before I knew it he had dragged me back to the feed room where grandpa was nursing his leg. That old fool was crying again. Then I got real mad and bit and screamed. It didn't do any

good. Uncle John layed me over a feed bag in front of grandpa.

"All right, dad," Uncle John said, "here's your chance. Grab that stick against the wall."

"No. No, John." Grandpa just sat there looking at me. He threatened to lick me, but now he was yellow. So I quit fighting and just layed there sneering at him. That must have been the wrong thing to do because he grabbed the stick, leaned against the corn bin, and let go with a wallop on my end. That stick didn't hurt, but I screamed bloody murder.

After grandpa walloped me a few times, Uncle John picked me up like a gunny sack. He dragged me into the house, told Aunt Mary to pack my things, and then stood over me with a strop while I washed my hands and face. He wouldn't even let me put on clean clothes, but hauled me out to the car like I was.

I didn't say nothin' all the way into town. I wouldn't even say a word waiting for the next bus to come in. He put me on the bus for home and said he'd call my folks to tell them I was coming. I just sneered in his face because he was too dumb to know I was glad to go home. My gang would be waiting for me.

After I got home ma landed on me for being mean, but dad made her shut up so nothing more was said.

Ma and that kid brother of mine went to the farm about four or five times after that, but I wasn't asked to go. I was just as glad. Anyhow school had started and I was busy showing those old teachers a thing or two.

One time ma came home with the news that grandpa was sick. She went around with a long face. So did dad. Then Uncle John called late one night to say grandpa just died.

In a couple of days we went up to the farm. I didn't want to go, but it seems I had to. When we got there nobody was crying. All the people were sad, but they didn't act like someone had died so I decided to show them what to do. I cried all the time anybody was around. I got a lot of attention from everyone. So I kept it up right to the hole they put grandpa in. I guess some people did cry at the church, but not like I did. I heard Aunt Mary say that maybe this was it, maybe this was the thing that would change me. It was funny to think how dumb they all were. They all thought I missed grandpa. And nobody cried like I did.

No one knew what I said to grandpa when he went down in the hole. "So what, old man!"

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describe

the

food,

pleasures

and

services

at

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On Durham Road

**University
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Station**



Odis Pendergraft

Proprietor

Roses

(Continued from page 16)

Daisy read slowly. "Have been indefinitely called from town. T. L. Day."

Shivering, she leaned over to find the money and saw a wadded newspaper under the bed. She smoothed it carefully and tore out the underlined advertisement of a vacancy in Mrs. Hartsell's boarding house.

Miss Daisy stood up and threw the newspaper in a waste basket. She

placed the five dollar bill in the envelope and held the crumpled advertisement in her hand. Walking to the windows, she pulled them tightly into place.

"It's all right, Hannah. I think we understand. I'll go out and tell the others."

Hannah went back to the kitchen shaking her head and Miss Daisy walked slowly toward the porch.

"Our roomer has gone," she told her sisters. "He left money and this note."

She handed the note to Dixie.

"Well, I never!" said Miss Rosa. "I just don't understand," Miss Violet began to cry.

Daisy, leaning on the porch rail, smiled and quietly released the wadded advertisement. It slipped away with the wind, over the rose bushes, across the block, and past the young man carrying his luggage into Mrs. Hartsell's boarding house. It rested for a while between the twigs of an oak tree and then it blew far out, even to the clean country beyond the town.

"Number seven people sometimes turn into scholar gypsies," Dixie was



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Durham

saying. She sat detached, watching a piece of paper escape to the outside world.

"Oh, but Mr. Day is an artist. Did you notice his hands? Mr. Day is a musician." Violet whispered out her last sentence. She looked with mild disgust on Rosa who had not heard a word she said.

"No, sir," Rosa was cooing to Windy, "no, Windy won't meet Mr. Day."

"Eh?" Mrs. Morrison wondered why her daughters seemed disturbed. But, as no one wished to interrupt her darkness, she wrapped a shawl closer about her shoulders and went on rocking.

Brazil

(Continued from page 13)

center of attention. People were staring in amazement at the stranger who stood in the middle of the "praça," looking about in search of something, disrupting the routine.

Joe had no luck that night and the only consolation was to get some beer at the next "venda."

His work kept him busy and happy during the day. But at night he would try again. People no longer bothered about the peculiar creature who stood like a statue under the large mango tree. Finally, he spotted her. She was coming down the main lane, arm-in-arm with another girl, and another next to that, and another . . . They were all talking at once. He was so glad he almost cut across directly at them. But he remembered in time that he must be cautious, so he waited patiently until she had passed by at least three times. "Now, the approach," he thought.

Joe's Portuguese was more or less limited to getting food, beer and a haircut. He remembered that in Rio there had been no need for much knowledge of the language in his social relations, since most of the men and women he met could speak English. It was easy enough to say "Boa noite, Senhorita," yet the giggles that followed told him something was wrong with the accent. He wanted to say "I'm Joe Mitchell—may I know your name?" but all he could do was to whisper "Oh, hell!" under his breath. The girl seemed to guess his embarrassment and flushed. The



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STILL ONLY 5¢

others were giggling. Everybody was looking at him, the whole town, it seemed. All that Joe could think of was "Oh, Lord, let's get out of here!" But no, he couldn't very well run away now. Suddenly, as if by inspiration, he remembered the verb "to walk" and turned hopefully to the girl—"Andar?"

She couldn't help smiling while the others giggled with more gusto. Yet she seemed almost as relieved as he to get away from the spotlight. She promptly said "sim" and started to put the idea into action. Instinctively Joe started to take the girl's arm, but realizing what he was doing, quickly put his hand into his pocket instead.

"Now I'm really in a fix," he thought. "How am I going to make myself understood? If only these guardian angels were not following us! But every time they giggle I lose my self-confidence and can't remember a word!"

The girl came to his rescue. Understanding his difficulty, she pronounced

her words clearly and asked where he was from.

Joe was happy that he could answer back pronouncing the words "Es-ta-dos U-ni-dos" almost as clearly. He also managed to introduce himself by saying his name and pointing to himself with his forefinger.

The girl caught on and told him her name was Maria Lucia de Campos. In typical American fashion, Joe mentally reduced the whole thing to "Lucy."

They didn't get much farther in conversation that night. But Joe went home feeling glad that Lucy was quick and could understand his pigeon Portuguese much better than he had expected.

He went to the "praça" religiously every night, and his presence ceased to excite any curiosity. Lucy's friends got used to him and welcomed him with a smile instead of giggles. It actually got to the point where they would walk on and leave the two of them sitting on one of the "praça" benches until it was time to go home. But then he would never be allowed to go past the corner.

Joe was learning the language and enjoying their parleys immensely. He was finding out about the customs and



feelings of this people. Before that, Rio. But now he was beginning to he had only known the cosmopolitan side of Brazil, displayed in places like understand the country's folkways. And Lucy, too, was getting a different notion of America from what was shown in the movies.

"Mr. Moore," Joe said, "now that I am living at your house, can't we ask Lucy over some time?"

Mr. Moore laughed and winked at him. "Well, my boy, if you are willing to take the consequences . . ."

"But she is a sensible girl, Mr. Moore. She knows it is an American custom. And your wife will be home . . ."

"All right, Joe. Whenever you say." It was settled for Saturday.

LIFE SAVER JOKE OF THE MONTH

Freshman: May I kiss you?

Co-ed: Jeepers! Another amateur!

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When Joe asked Lucy that evening, she hesitated.

"Mother would let me, but father . . ."

"Why, of course he would, Lucy, it's so natural . . ."

"Yes, but he—he already suspects I have a—I talk with somebody every night. Only he doesn't know who it is . . ."

"That's all right. Things will have to change in this place some day. Want me to ask him myself?"

"Oh, no! I'll do it!"

Lucy had promised to be at the

Moore's at 6 p. m. But Joe was thinking he really should pick her up. He was sure that if he saw the father—and if the old man were as sensible as a judge should be—he would have no difficulty convincing him how innocent the whole thing was, and perhaps would get his permission to date the girl after all.

Judge Campos received him in person, with a puzzled look. Lucy was in the parlor when he got in and looked at him, terrified. Then she suddenly disappeared before he could talk to her.

"Well," thought Joe, "the monster is not as frightening as I was led to believe." He addressed him very appropriately as "Mr. Judge" and, after a brief introduction, set out to explain the commendable American custom of dating, with all its advantages.

Judge Campos looked at him gravely. Then, in a very polite tone:

"Hm. That is all very well, young man; only here we cannot break traditions like that. I am sorry, but I cannot allow Maria Lucia to go out with you alone until you are engaged. So, if you don't mind, I will take her over to Mr. Moore's myself and call again for her at 10 p. m. Unless . . ."

"Yes, sir, I understand." Joe's eyes opened wider in panic. "I am very sorry, sir, and I can quite see your point of view . . ."

Out on the street, Joe inhaled deeply in relief. ". . . not until you are engaged. Golly! Just because I want to date the girl!"

The Privy

(Continued from page 23)

as I walked past. I pretended not to see them. It was not easy.

"Where ya' going, mister?"

"You have a most obvious sense of humor," I grumbled under my breath. It was all I could think of at the moment. Somehow it seemed most inadequate.

I slammed the door behind me and chained it. It did not do a bit of good. I was still not alone. I could see through the window that my audience had followed. They stood at a respectable distance outside, but they were there.

There was a torn shade and a flimsy shred of what was once a ruffled curtain at the window. I yanked the shade. It refused to come down. I jerked again. It fell.

The Girl Scouts were delighted. They rolled with glee on the grass, but only for a few seconds. They were soon on their feet again, watching eagerly.

I put the shade back up. It was now evident that it was meant only as an ornament; it absolutely refused to come below the top sash. I attempted to pull the curtains together. There were too many holes therein to serve as a shield of modesty.

"What," I asked myself, "am I supposed to do now? What do they expect me to do now?" I opened the door and walked out. "Well, I won't do it."

The Girl Scouts were disappointed. "I hope you're satisfied," I told

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I asked you not to take any off the top.

them as I walked toward the nearby woods. "You have deprived me of the last vestige of civilization."

From then on it became an obsession with us. I no longer noticed churches; I looked for the privies behind them. We tried to enjoy the scenery; we struggled to appreciate the neatness of the valley farms we passed.

"That's a beautiful little farm over there," Audrey would say.

"Yes, it is," Lennox would reply. "I bet they have a nice privy too." A gloomy silence would settle over the group.

By that time I had absolutely given up hope of improvement. I reconciled myself to the primitive truth. The whole trip became a sort of privy-to-privy existence. It was the focal point of the day, the thing still hoped against but nevertheless fully expected.

The climax came at the last hostel before we reached Montreal. From Montreal to Quebec we were to take the train, and then there would be running water.

At first glance the structural set-up of the place seemed no different from any other. The privy was attached to a two-story building. It had the standard two holes. Lennox and I surveyed it with profound satisfaction.

"Tomorrow night," he said, "we'll be using real plumbing. Just think of it. No more of this kind of thing."

"Yes," I said, "it certainly will be a relief."

A soft feminine voice interrupted our reverie. "Isn't there something below this?" the voice asked.



"Yes," said another, "I guess there must be, but what in the world do you suppose it is?"

"I don't know. I never heard of a two-story privy."

"Good God," said Lennox. "You don't suppose theirs is up there over us?"

"Well," continued the sweet voice, "it certainly is a long drop down there, isn't it?"

"Yes," giggled the other.

"John," gasped Lennox, "we ought to say something. We really ought to let them know we're down here. This—this is downright dangerous."

The discussion upstairs continued. Lennox squirmed and reddened. "Why don't we do something?" he said. "We can't just sit still and let this happen to us."

"I just can't figure it out," said the voice again. "How in the world do you suppose it works?"

"I think we have much more of a right to be concerned than they," groaned Lennox.

The voice went into ecstasies. "Well, however they figured this thing out, it's just the most ingenious thing I've ever seen."

"That remains for us to say," said Lennox. "And I have yet to have it proven to me."

"Your curiosity will soon be satisfied," I said.

"Good Lord, John. How can you joke about a thing like this?" Lennox looked cautiously at the ceiling.

We survived the ordeal unscathed. Lennox was trembling. "They ought to put a diagram of this fool thing on the wall so nobody would be having those horrible suspicions. Who in the world do you suppose could have the perverted mind to figure out a thing like this?"

The girls came down and stood outside the building to inspect the architectural wonder more closely. They summoned all their friends from the various parts of the hostel. A large mixed group awaited Lennox and me as we came out of our retirement.

"Good heavens," said the voice, now connected to a body. "How long have you been in there?"

"Too long," said Lennox feebly. "Entirely too long."

The girl blushed. "And you're all right? I mean—you're not hurt or anything?"

"Not physically."

"Well, I frankly don't see how the thing works."

"Neither did I, at the time," said Lennox.

"Well, for goodness sake, tell us



how it works," came the general murmur. We were the center of an excited group.

"Remarkable," said the dried-up little graduate student from the University of Chicago, as she threw her punctured inner tube over her shoulder. "Really remarkable."

"There's nothing like Yankee ingenuity," said the fat little boy from the Bronx.

Lennox groaned.

"Please tell us how it works."

It was then that the inspiration hit me. "Not on your life," I said. "If you want to find out the mechanics of this—this remarkable structure, all you have to do is purchase a little book I'm going to write. It's going to be an architectural study of New England: 'The Two-Holer, from Boston to Quebec.'"

Vignette: As You Wanted It

SLOWLY, gently in soft curves the greenyellow trees are curving against the sky. In the park it is April and a fine rain is falling from a pearl sky. The grass is soft and each blade is tenderly alone. In the pearl sky is the soft haze of tall city buildings. It is so quiet that you hear the tiny drops of rain as they fall on the green bench beside you. You are happy; the air has a taste of sugar.

There is nothing, nothing at all wrong. You are alone, as you wanted it. She, the lady in violet, is no longer with you. You are happy; you are alone, as you wanted it.

The sweet rain pitters into the placid flesh of the lake. A gray squirrel poses silent in the path. Three slim trees sweep whitebarked into the sky. She, the pale lady with the pink lips, is not at your side for you are alone, as you wanted it.

You are alone, as you wanted it. The sad trees curve, the rain on the back of your hand is soft, caressing. The pale city against the pearl sky. It is April and the grass is soft and each blade is tenderly alone.

BOB SAIN



BUFFETED by strong and never-ceasing gales of criticism and impeded by a long chain of ill luck, the *CAROLINA MAGAZINE* has run the full gamut of student publication hardships since its shaky debut one hundred and four years ago.

As the Magazine moves out with this issue, it seems fitting that attention be called to a quotation from the initial issue of the *CAROLINA MAGAZINE*:

"There may be a vanity in thus offering you our productions; it is the only method of exciting the ambitious labors of the Student."

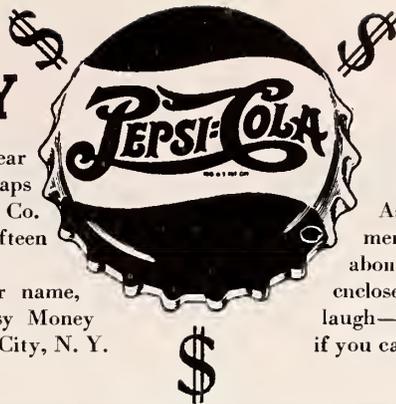
That has been our heritage. And for the past one hundred and four years we hope to have realized the responsibility of inspiring "the ambitious labors of the Student"—whether they be in his thinking or writing. We have presented a cross section of freedom of thought, criticism, and expression in the moments of the Magazine's first page to this, the last—for the time being.



EASY MONEY

If your letters home read like this: "Dear Folk\$, Gue\$\$ what I need mo\$t?" then perhaps we can ease the parental burden. Pepsi-Cola Co. will cheerfully send you a dollar... or even fifteen for gags you send in and we print.

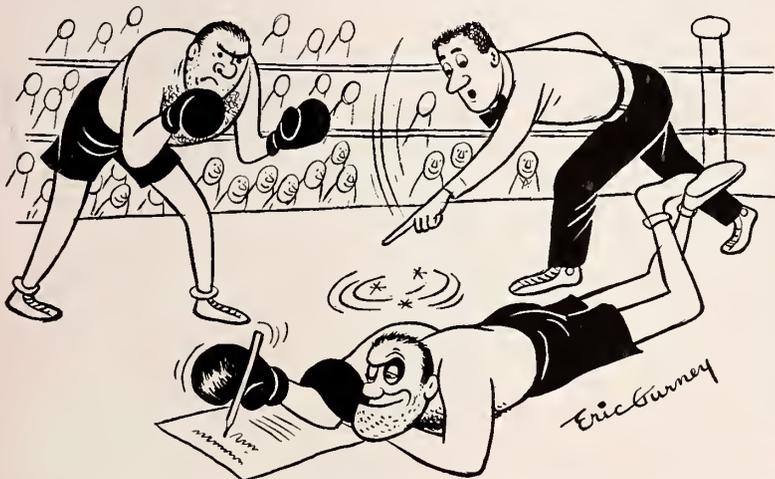
Merely mark your attempts with your name, address, school and class and mail to Easy Money Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y.



DEPARTMENT

All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print. As you might imagine, we'll be quite mad if you mention Pepsi-Cola in your gags. (Simply mad about it.) Remember, though, you don't have to enclose a feather to tickle our risibilities. Just make us laugh—if you can. We'll send you a rejection slip . . . if you can't.

GET FUNNY...WIN MONEY...WRITE A TITLE



"... well, as long as I'm down here I'll fill out my entry blank for the Pepsi-Cola 'Treasure Top' Contests."

Got a good line for this gag? Send it in! \$5 each for any we buy (Don't worry about the caption that's already there—that's just our subtle way of reminding you about Pepsi's terrific \$203,725 "Treasure Top" Contests. Latch onto entry blanks at your Pepsi-Cola dealer's today!) Or send in your own cartoon idea. \$10 for just the idea—\$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

January winners: \$15.00 to Philip Gips of the Bronx, N. Y., and to Rosemary Miller of Mary Washington College. \$5 each to Jerry H. O'Neil of Washington University, Jack Marks of Columbus, Ohio, and C. A. Schneyer of New York City.

HE-SHE GAGS

You, too, can write jokes about people. These guys did and we sent them three bucks each for their wit. To wit: Joe Murray of Univ. of Iowa, Bob Prado of the Univ. of Texas, King MacLellan of Rutgers Univ., and Ray Lauer of Cicero, Illinois.

She: Thanks for the kiss.
He: The pressure was all mine.
* * *

He: Yoo-hoo!
She: Shut up, you wolf!
He: Pepsi-Cola!
She: Yoo-hoo!!
* * *

She: What's the best type of investment?
He: Air mail stamps.
She: Why air mail stamps?
He: They're bound to go up.

* * *
She: If you kiss me, I'll call a member of my family.
He: (Kisses her).
She: (sighing) Brother!

* * *
Can you do better? We hope so. And we're ready to pay for it. \$3 is waiting. Try and get it!

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

\$100.00

DAFFY DEFINITIONS



\$1 apiece is shamefully sent to C. R. Meissner, Jr. of Lehigh Univ., Bernard H. Hymel of Stanford Univ., T. M. Guy of Davidson College, and Irving B. Spielman of C. C. N. Y. In fact we're almost sorry we did it.

Atlas—a geography book with muscle.
Spot—what Pepsi-Cola hits the.
Paradox—two dueks.
Laugh—a smile that burst.

* * *

Hurry and coin a phrase . . . you might face some coin. If that isn't easy money, we don't know what is.

LITTLE MORON CORNER



"Yuk, yuk, yuk!" we said when we read this. And promptly peeled off two crisp leaves of cabbage (\$2) for June Armstrong, of the University of Illinois:

"How do you like my new dress?" asked the little moron's girl friend on the night of the Junior prom. "See, it has that new look—with six flounces on the skirt."

"Dnuuuh," replied our little hero, "that ain't so great. Pepsi-Cola's got twelve flounces!"

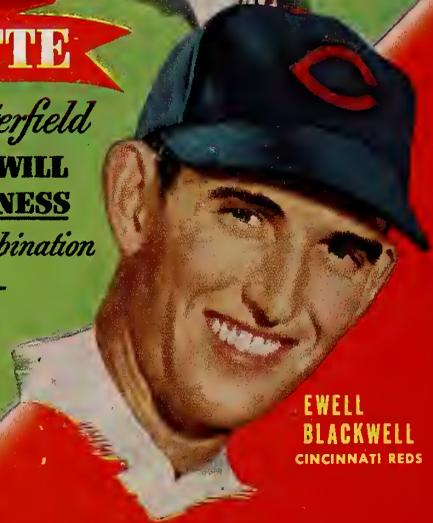
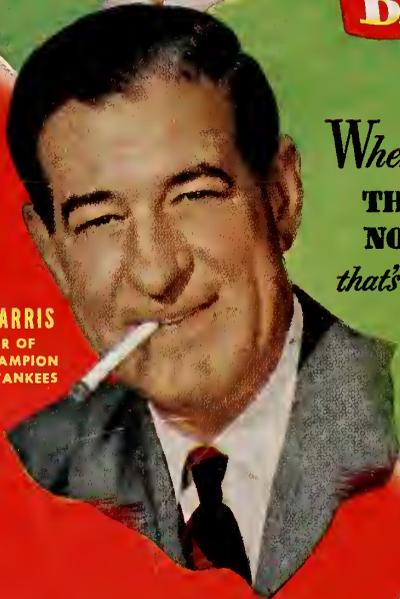
Do you know any little morons? If so, follow them, send us their funny utterances and we'll send you \$2, too. Nothing personal, of course.

TED WILLIAMS
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