

THE STUDENT

VOL. LIX
NO. 3

DECEMBER 1942



THE WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE

HERE'S ANOTHER WAY to give hours—*days*—of Camel's milder, tastier smoking pleasure—the Camel Holiday House containing four boxes of the popular flat fifties (200 cigarettes). This gay gift package (below), with space for your Christmas message, makes any other wrapping unnecessary.

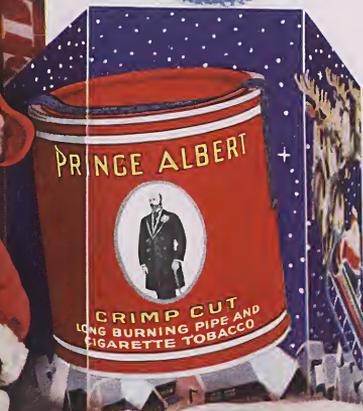


Yours for a
good Christmas—
and the very best
in smoking pleasure



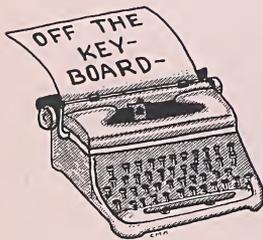
TO MILLIONS of smokers, to many of your friends, Christmas isn't quite complete without a gift of Camels. Make it complete with a carton (left)—the famous Camel Christmas Carton of 10 packs of 20's that says "Merry Christmas" in every flavorful puff. It's ready to give, handsomely packaged, with space for your holiday greeting.

HE'LL BE PROUD to receive, you'll be proud to present this Christmas-packaged pound canister of mild, tasty, cooler-burning Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco (below). The National Joy Smoke always gets a joyous welcome—so rich-looking in its Christmas jacket—richer-tasting in his pipe!



CAMELS. It's fun to give Camels for Christmas because you know your gift will be so genuinely welcome—doubly welcome to those lads of yours in the service...over here—or over there. For cigarettes are their favorite gift—Camel, their favorite cigarette. Remember *all* your friends this Christmas with Camels.

PRINCE ALBERT. Give him Prince Albert if he smokes a pipe. Give him the big pound of P. A. that spells smoking joy far into the New Year. Whether he's at camp, at sea, or at home, he'll welcome the National Joy Smoke. For mild, cool, tasty smoking, there's no other tobacco quite like Prince Albert.



ON OUR cover this issue, seated at his desk in a pose that is familiar to all who know him, is Professor Robert Bruce White, M.A., who officially retired last spring from teaching duties in the Wake Forest Law School at the age of 70 and thereby rang down the curtain on 26 years of distinguished service to the town and to the college of Wake Forest.

THE STUDENT takes pleasure in dedicating this issue of the magazine to the man who has been a sturdy pillar of the local law school for so long; who has aided instrumentally in shoving it up to standards that compare favorably with those of other law schools of the country; who has impressed colleagues, students, and legislative leaders of the state in such a manner that they have only the highest commendation for him; whose progressive ideas and liberal attitude have been important factors in moulding the personalities of the graduates the law school has turned out during his time.

His liberal attitude and progressive outlook have been key elements of his character from the day he enrolled in Wake Forest College at the age of fourteen; in his school days he foresaw the future of fraternities at Wake Forest, becoming a member of Kappa Alpha long before fraternities were legalized here; and after graduation during his career as a teacher and as a lawyer, his work may be summed up in one word: *progress!* No more need be said about his work as a member of the faculty of the law school here.

Today he takes his place on the list of retired professors, after 26 years of distinguished service to the college and town, carrying with him a highly honored and respected name in his profession.

The Student

of Wake Forest College

VOLUME LIX



NUMBER 3

DECEMBER 1942

The Staff

Herbert Thompson.....	Editor
Paul B. Bell.....	Business Manager
Dr. E. E. Folk.....	Faculty Adviser
Dr. H. B. Jones.....	Faculty Adviser
Alan Stansbury.....	Staff Artist

Business Associates

Hoyt Dozier	Ned Thomas
Betty Stansbury	Betty Black
Fred Hofmann	Gil Brande

In This Issue

Strictly Incidental.....	2
<i>Timely bits of campus lore</i>	
The Flying Colonel.....	3
<i>He leads another team on touchdown jaunts</i>	
Profs and Comic Strips.....	H. B. Parrott 4
<i>Captain Easy's tops with the faculty</i>	
The Class of '43.....	John McMillan 6
<i>The largest freshman class has dwindled to sixty</i>	
They Wouldn't Understand.....	Elizabeth Jones 7
<i>A defense of puppy love</i>	
Professor Robert Bruce White.....	8-9
The Teacher.....	Herbert Thompson
The Man.....	Neil Morgan
Red Slippers.....	Martha Ann Allen 11
<i>They bring joy and sorrow</i>	
The Pledge.....	Arthur Earley 15
<i>A dramatic poem</i>	

Photographer: Bob Gallimore, Jim Middleton

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Wake Forest, N. C., 11 January 1932. Under Act of Congress of 3 March 1879. Published during the months of October, November, December, February, March, and May, by the students of Wake Forest College.
Subscription Price, \$1.50 per year. Advertising rates on request.



Strictly Incidental



• *Short men are the victims of many mishaps*, and diminutive, stumpy little Shelton Carl Canter, staunch



GOP supporter, is one who will readily admit that he has had his share, that well ought his theme song be "Everything Happens to Me." And truly he has a strong argument

for being woeful. Six weeks ago little man Canter, who has felt the hot breath of his draft board on his neck for some time now, journeyed over to the Raleigh office of the Naval Reserve to enlist and be deferred, lest Uncle Sam get him before graduation time in January. Short man Canter passed everything with flying colors but, yes . . . the height requirement; he measured 5 feet 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches—one quarter of an inch too short.

Never giving up hope though, he returned to Wake Forest and began a series of stretching exercises, frequenting the gymnasium three times per week regularly, going through every exercise imaginable which might help him to lengthen his body that last quarter of an inch required to pass the examination. Then he was ready; he could pass it now. When the Reserve enlistment officers came to the college several weeks ago, he sauntered up, all necessary application blanks in readiness, confident that he would make the grade. Right off hand the examiner asked: "Little man, how tall are you? Step over to the wall and let's measure you before we start anything else." Smiling triumphantly, short man Canter marched over to the wall, stood erect. But alas! He was now *one-half* an inch too short . . . he had shrunk another quarter of an inch!

Dejected, but nonetheless still hopeful, Canter continued his visits to the gymnasium and his stretching

exercises with even more effort this time. He was going to Norfolk in a couple of weeks to try out; he had heard that requirements were more lax there. Then the final blow came to little man Canter. He learned last week that all reserves were closed up, that draft boards would handle all manpower now as they saw fit. He was out in the cold.

A merry Christmas, little man: you well deserve it.



• *We can't exactly swear to the absolute veracity of this incident*, but it does come to us as straight stuff. It seems that one of Wake Forest's well-known spinsters was passing the afternoon in conversation with a student recently when the discussion drifted around to the subject of the many Wake Forest students now leaving for service in the armed forces. Several boys were mentioned as having departed for Uncle Sam's army recently, and then the lady chanced to mention a boy she had heard so much about lately but one whom she did not know. "Green was his name," said she, "'Lucky Strike' Green, I believe they called him!"



• *Comic drawings for the "Profs and Comic Strips" article* found on pp. 4-5 of this issue were done by Lambda Chi Alpha's Frank Todd,



who got out of bed to come to our rescue two hours before the deadline. Students who have noticed political posters around election time during the past three years will recall that Todd is an artist par excellence when it comes to drawing comic strip characters. Those in this issue are typical of his work in that line.

• *By way of commendation*, THE STUDENT recognizes College Music Director Thane McDonald for giving the college one of the best music concerts in recent years in the Church auditorium Thursday night, December 3. Music Director McDonald has rounded out this year one of the finest musical groups the college has seen recently. He has introduced two completely new elements to the collegiate musical world at Wake Forest with the Little Symphony Orchestra and the Girls' Glee Club, both of which in our opinion gave an excellent performance that night. The male glee club was top-flight. Particularly commendable is the way in which Maestro McDonald has worked with the members of the various musical organizations, rather as one of the boys than the traditional, stiff, proud collegiate musical director. Our hats are off to him.



• *All Japs are Japs to us*, and yellow pigs at that, but we feel it our duty in this case to put the public in the know about one certain Nipponese, a Wake Forest graduate in 1910. As a farewell gesture to publications, army bound Old Gold and Black editor Bob Gallimore was doing an article, a "Remember Pearl Harbor" number, for this issue of THE STUDENT on K. Akiyama, now Lt. Colonel Kunio Akiyama, "official spokesman for the Japanese army," whom the *News* and *Observer* some time ago featured on the front page as a graduate of Wake Forest College in 1910. Writer Gallimore had all information in tow for his story and was ready to start writing when he noticed the given name of the Jap. The Japanese spokesman is Kunio Akiyama; the Wake grad, Konosuke Akiyama. But rather than allow a given name to smother a good story, Gallimore accosted Dr. H. B. Jones of the English Department (Wake Forest 1910 and a classmate of Konosuke

(Continued on page 5)

The Flying Colonel

Former WF Blocking Back Now Paves
The Way on Greater Touchdown Jaunts.

THE SPEAKER arose, walked toward the front of the rostrum, spread his feet wide apart, looked all about him at the many excited and thrilled expectant faces, and waited for the applause to die down.

Colonel Frank Armstrong had returned home.

With a nervous look toward the man who had introduced him, and with a calm, steady voice, he said: "I don't exactly know how to begin, Dr. Kitehin. I wish Murray Greason were standing behind me. Then I'd feel more like I was running interference."

Thus Frank Armstrong, the athlete—an athlete in his school days in the early '20's, when he paved the way for Murray Greason and the Demon Deacons of that year to cross the goal line the many times that led them to the State Championship in 1924, and an athlete today as he leads a much bigger, more powerful team to touchdown after touchdown, over enemy territory in Europe—began his speech to the throng of students, professors, and townspeople who crowded into the church auditorium two weeks ago to hear him.

Many of the people who heard Colonel Armstrong speak, and who knew him in his college days, probably remembered him as the 180-pound college athlete from Hobgood, N. C., of the early '20's—the lad who played first base and captained the baseball team his senior year in college, who was so far in front of competitors that he was the only man mentioned on the mythical All-State nine of 1925, who ran from the wingback position on the football team and blocked the path clear of would-be tacklers for his running mates, who, although he wasn't in all games, due to injuries, was one of the most valuable men in the backfield on the championship team, and was considered the best blocking back Wake Forest ever had, one of the best defensive players in the state.

Coach Murray Greason remembers Colonel Armstrong as an excellent athlete, a stalwart, dependable teammate in football and baseball, one of the hardest hitting blocking backs he has ever seen play.

For five years Frank Armstrong played football and baseball, was manager of the Law basketball team, on the special gym team. A candidate for a B.S. degree, he graduated in the spring of 1925. *The Howler* of that year

went so far as to predict him as "Coaching athletics in the Durham Public Schools."

After graduation from Wake Forest he did teach and coach, but at Selma, N. C. Growing restless with this occupation, he soon traded his teacher's certificate for a pair of wings in the Army Air Corps in 1928. Soon after he earned his wings, he served as pilot for Admiral Byrd. Regarded as one of the best pilots in the country, he piloted Army "bosses" around for some time. For four and one-half years, he served as an instructor in the Air Corps.



In November 1935, while stationed at Albrook Field in the Panama Canal Zone, Colonel Armstrong (then Captain Armstrong) performed a heroic aerial feat that two years later was to award him the Distinguished Flying Cross. He was directly responsible for saving five lives when a motor of his amphibian failed while flying over Ocu in the Province of Herrera. In the plane with Captain Armstrong were the Director of Communications in the Republic of Panama, his co-pilot, a captain and a sergeant.

Retaining control of both the plane and of himself when the motor stalled, Captain Armstrong ordered the four men to bail out; three of them leaped and were found shortly afterward near Ocu, but the co-pilot decided to stay with the Captain and ride the plane down. By skillfully maneuvering the airship with its ailing motor, Captain Armstrong brought himself,

the ship, and the co-pilot down to safety.

The next year, 1936, he was awarded the DFC for the performance.

Colonel Armstrong first went to England in 1940 to do aerial reconnaissance work for the Army Air Corps. He was there for three months on this mission, after which he returned to the United States.

In February of this year Colonel Armstrong returned to England, this time on another mission. Since that time he has been operating with the American Bomber Command as aide to General Eaker.

In August Colonel Armstrong was awarded the Silver Star Decoration for his part in the first all-American invasion of German held territory by air in World War II.

(Continued on page 12)

Profs and Comic Strips

Captain Easy Noses Out Li'l Abner and Henry in a Faculty Popularity Poll as Superman Fails to Score.

By H. B. PARROTT

ALL THIS started because some psychologist has come out with the idea that the way to reveal a person's "suppressed desires" is to find out what kind of comic strip he reads. That is to say, his choice of "funnies" often indicates a secret longing or a certain unconscious satisfaction in seeing himself



caricatured (whatever that means). That was the spark that lit the powder keg.

The Chief, it seems, had been turning this idea over in his mind for quite a few minutes. He leaped up from his desk, slammed his fist down and shouted: "I've got it!"

I got the jump on the rest of the staff and made for the door. I didn't like that look.

"Come back here."

I was trapped.

"What this magazine needs?"—he had now returned to his inspiration voice—"is to stir up an investigation or conduct a poll of some sort."

(I started to ask him if he had ever heard of the *Literary Digest*, but he continued): "I've got it. We'll investigate the faculty! Professor So-and-So revealed as a Moon Mullins fan. Dr. Whoozit carrying a torch for Tillie the Toiler. That's it! Character revealed through comic strips!"

Striding over to my corner, he clapped me on the shoulder; "And you're the man to do it!"

I felt a bit weak. Why, down in my neck of the woods college professors are looked on as being as dignified and unapproachable as the sacred cows of Kashmir. The idea of springing something like this on them was a little too much. But in the end I mumbled something about I'd try and slunk out the door.

For almost a week I stalled around, hoping to shift the assignment off on some other member of the staff. No such luck! Suckers aren't that bountiful.

It's asking an awful lot of a fellow to take it upon himself to find out what comic strips a professor reads and from that derive his suppressed desires. Why had that psychologist come out with all that rot! Finally, though, equipped with a leaky fountain pen and a scratch pad, I resigned myself to my fate and reluctantly tackled the job. Following is an account of my campaign.

My first victim was Dr. C. C. Pearson. He leaned back, chin in hand, and smiled. "For good old-fashioned melodrama you can't beat Captain Easy. If he can't solve his predicament, his fists settle the problem. And that newspaper girl, Jane Arden—boy, she can kick! But when she falls in love I get disgusted and



throw her away until she gets into another good adventure."

Leaving his office, I headed over to the Alumni Building for Shakespeare class. Dr. H. B. Jones, I learned after class, is also a rabid Captain Easy fan; reading the funnies is his favorite form of escape. Ella Cinders and Li'l Abner rank high on his list, but he thinks that



the writer of Maggie and Jiggs should go on a vacation. Professor Max Griffin has only one hero—Li'l Abner. Dr. Folk thinks there is nothing like Captain Easy for sheer romance. Professor Aycock thinks that cartoonists have become "Too often too ridiculous, no longer comical." But his choices follow those of his colleagues.

On my way downstairs, I turned into the physics department.

"Well," drawled Dr. Speas, "I like little Henry. Not much reading to him." He doesn't go in for the new-fangled ones much, still enjoys Jiggs and Mutt and Jeff.

From there I went over to Wait Hall, where I found 'Fessor Carroll sunning a blue print.

"Well, I reckon a feller ought to tell the truth," he chuckled, "looks like you're going to show us up." Pause. "I like the Lone Ranger. He's the best. Freckles and Boots are pretty good too."

Professor Gay reads the comics to

his little daughter, and though he doesn't particularly care for any of them, he picks Henry and Donald Duck as favorites.

Over in the biology building, Dr. Bradbury thinks there ought to be a law against "that fool from Dogpatch—what's his name?—Li'l Abner. He's all out of reason." The fact that Jiggs has gotten a flower pot or a rolling pin over his head almost every day for years and years and years also has become boring. He prefers Captain Easy and Jane Arden because they have more originality and variety than any of the rest. Dr. Cocks likes them all from Major Hoople to Dick Tracy and "enjoys them very much."

Back in Wait Hall, Dr. Reid shook his head in amazement. "How a man can think up a strip like that Li'l Abner. . . ." He reads the comics not



for enjoyment, but rather "just to see what foolish things those men can think up."

Professor Browning enjoys nothing better than Hans and Fritz—the Katzenjammer Kids—and Li'l Abner.

I walked into the News Bureau. Professor Memory leaned back in his chair, propped his feet on the desk and took a long puff on his cigar. "There's a scrap at my house every morning to see who can get the paper first—me or my boy. Then we sit down and read Tim Tyler's Luck together. I'm Spud—he's Tim." He thinks Dick Tracy with its characters such as "Prune-face" is too horrible—especially for children. His personal choice is Popeye.

Dr. Hubert thinks that all comic strips pale into insignificance except They'll Do it Every Time and Major Hoople. The former is a "remarkable portrait of human nature."

Little Orphan Annie got the biggest vote of any comic strip heroine excluding Jane Arden. Miss Lois Johnson, however, expressed her

disapproval in no uncertain terms; she thinks Orphan Annie is "an insult to human intelligence." Gasoline Alley is her favorite because "the characters grow up naturally."



She "likes little Henry too—he's so talkative."

The highest praise given any comic strip was that of Professor Carlton P. West. He exclaimed emphatically that "there is nothing that can compare with Donald Duck and Henry—they're very true to life." This view was echoed by Registrar Grady Patterson. Dr. Rea likes Out Our Way and Side Glances. Professor Clonts doesn't "pay much attention to any of them."

From the history department I went into Dean Stansbury's office.



"Nothing like Dick Tracy for a good detective story, but for the best comic strip of all I'll take Joe Palooka," he laughed. "I can't stand Li'l Abner—he's too ridiculous."

The most enthusiastic supporter of comic strips on the campus is Dr. Binkley of the Religion Department. "Ah yes," he told me, "Cartoonists are preachers! They use their mediums to moralize and they are very effective." After a pause—"and Little Orphan Annie ranks above all the rest!"

After having contacted a representative number of the faculty, we discovered that a popularity race had developed between Captain Easy and

Li'l Abner, with Captain Easy winning by a nose. Close behind the leaders was Henry, followed by Donald Duck, Jane Arden and Little Orphan Annie in that order. Superman was the goat—he had no sympathizers.

"Suppressed desires?" Could be. But you name 'em. I've got to pass some courses.

Strictly Incidental

(Continued from page 2)

suke Akiyama) to get things straight. Dr. Jones convinced him that it wasn't the same Jap. A classmate of theirs and a very good friend of Akiyama's while in school here had told Dr. Jones that the Jap had committed *hari kari* several years ago.

NICHT WHAR?

By courtesy of the Duke and Duchess we pass on this little ditty for your reading pleasure:

A guy on whom I'd lay a hex
Is the jerque who reads in search of sex

He judges a magazine or book
By a flip of pages, a hasty look.
With a sigh of disgust, he throws it aside.

"There ain't no sex!" is his one bromide.

The horses were lined up waiting for the starting signal. Blue Blood turned to the horse on her right and spoke. "Fighting Spirit," she said, "you're a comer. There's no question but that you can win this race without any effort, but you've got to let me win!"

"I certainly will not," replied Fighting Spirit. "I don't throw any races."

"This isn't any race," explained Blue Blood. "My owners have threatened to send me to the glue factory if I lose. I know I can beat all the horses in this race except you. You've got to let me win!"

"Nothing doing," snapped Fighting Spirit.

At this point, Fido, the pup, interrupted, "Be a sport, Fighting Spirit. Let Blue Blood win."

Both horses froze in their tracks. They looked at Fido the pup and then at each other. Both exclaimed: "My gawd—a talking dog!"

—Showme.

The Class of '43

The Largest Freshman Class In History Has
Dwindled From 412 Members To 60 Who Will
Graduate In May.

By JOHN McMILLAN

PART I—"Oh Where, Oh Where Has the Class of '43
Gone?"

THAT September day back in 1939 was a momentous day in my life and I still remember every detail of it. That red-letter day marked my entry into college life, wherein one "pursues knowledge" at an "institution of higher learning." I enjoyed framing those high-sounding phrases in my mind.

That night I sat on the gymnasium floor with 300-odd (I might have left off the hyphen) raw, bewildered academic recruits whose temples fairly gleamed with a greenish halo common to all freshmen. The freshman advisory committee was holding its first rat court for us. Embarrassed and subservient, different members of our class performed their goatish antics up on the platform—much to the delight of the other freshmen who had been spared. Later that night we were invited to a free show at the newly-built Collegiate Theatre. In a long and rambling column we quietly marched downtown. In the course of the evening I had met any number of freshmen but only three names stuck at the time—Jimmy, Kenneth, and Morgan. All three boys are still here and are known to everyone as

Jimmy Northington, Kenneth Williford, and Neil Morgan.

Such was my impression of the beginning of the class of '43 of Wake Forest College. We soon learned that there were about 330 of us who had come in for the first time—the biggest class in the history of the college up to that time—and added to that number were about 69 gentlemen whose grades the years before had not been of the most superior kind and who had acquired the ignominious names: "Second-year Freshman," or "Third-year Freshman," and so on up the arithmetic series. In the spring semester 13 more joined the ranks. Altogether then, there were 412 of us, and (after the greenish hue had faded away) a self-confident, vainglorious class we were. We strolled around the campus in great droves and, despite the shiny gold-and-black buttons which immediately classified us, we felt quite indispensable and important. We felt that we had great potentialities. For one thing, we were from all over the place—North, South, East, and West. Furthermore, all but two letters of the alphabet were included in the first letters of our surnames—these two being not X and Z but Q and U. For X we had none other than Nathan Paleologos Xanthos of Wilmington, and Z was represented by balding Frank "Pop" Zakim of Patterson, New Jersey. We had in our midst probably the heaviest freshman that has ever trampled the pretty green grass of this campus: Marshall George, the 300-pounder who was not only adept at darkening doorways but also knew how to write songs. For Tommy Dorsey, when he was in Raleigh, Marshall wrote and sang "My Charming Lady."

We freshmen lived and learned (?) up through the finals in May. Next fall, with our ranks somewhat depleted, we came back and noticed a good many familiar faces missing. But we were then sophomores—confident, hopeful, and more indispensable than ever. Then came the finals in May and matriculation again in September, this time as juniors. But somewhere in there Congress had passed a Selective Service Act, and the act was taking its toll. Quite a few faces were missing in September of '41. Of course, there were transfers from junior colleges to fill some of the gaps but certainly not all of the gaps. The class was definitely growing smaller. We had lost much of our starch and felt far less indispensable.

Then came December 7, 1941, that day when the United States was at once put in and almost put out of the war. Enlistment fever raged so high that I hardly expected to see any classmates returning after Christmas. But most of them did return. Recruiting offices only cut away a small chunk of the class. The draft boards were what hurt.

Under the tension of a nation at war, the members of

(Continued on page 13)

300 Pounder Marshall George.
He sang his own music.



They Wouldn't Understand

They Called it Puppy Love and Said it Was a Trivial Affair, But I Shall Never Forget Him.

By ELIZABETH JONES

"DARLING, aren't you feeling well?" mother inquires anxiously. "You haven't eaten a bite all day. I think I'd better call Dr. Smith."

What can I say to her? The family doesn't understand—they don't understand at all. They don't realize that my heart is broken.

Why do older people think that, to the young, love is a trivial affair? Weren't they ever young themselves? Can they have forgotten so completely? They call it "puppy love," but I know that whatever the future may bring, I shall never forget this—my first love.

I was walking home from school one ordinary, everyday day when suddenly HE overtook me.

"May I carry your books?" he asked. "I hope you won't think I'm being fresh or anything, but I wanted to meet you."

I didn't think he was fresh a bit; I thought he was cute. He has brownish hair which is always falling over one eye and the nicest grin. And he got his letter for football at high school this year. And, well, he's just wonderful.

In the weeks which followed we were together all the time. We danced and skated and went to games and on picnics, and we sat for hours and talked about life and love.

Then there was the beautiful night when he asked me to wear his high school ring. The moon was a mere mark in the sky, a line drawn by a silver pencil, but the stars sparkled like diamonds as if to make up for any brilliance which the moon might lack. The trees cast deep night shadows all around. It was like fairyland.

He held my hand and said, "Please wear it. I'd like you to—very much." And he kissed me.

The next days were just like floating. I walked about in a happy daze, my head 'way up in the clouds. I guess I'll never be so happy again.

Then one day I introduced HIM to HER. It was a mistake. I should have realized that. She has shining, black hair and long, red fingernails and a certain air of sophistication. The minute he looked at her I felt my heart sink down to my toes.

Now I sit at home at night and try to study, but the words seem to swim around on the page in confusion. I sit and sit and wait for the phone to ring—but it never

does. I jump at the sound of the doorbell, for it might, it might possibly be he. I lie awake at night and think and think. And she wears his ring now.

"You haven't answered my question, dear. Aren't you feeling well?"

"What? Oh yes, mother. I'm quite all right. Nothing's the matter at all."

What can I say to her? The gulf of age separates us. She doesn't remember and I can't explain to one so far away.

Are all men so shallow, so fickle? Does another pretty face mean more to them than the devotion of the one they so casually leave behind? Are none of them capable of constancy? It's enough to shake one's faith in life, in the universe, and even in God.

Though my family treats it lightly, to me this is far more than a trivial affair. My whole future may be changed because of it.

For me there will never be another. I'm very sure of that. I shall spend the rest of my life alone, for another could never take his place.

I shall probably become a Red Cross nurse and go to Europe or Africa. I shall be

the Florence Nightingale of the modern world. I shall go my rounds with a sad gentle smile on my face and a kind word for all the boys sick in body or spirit. Dozens of soldiers will fall in love with me and beg me to marry them, but with a wistful, haunting smile I shall answer them—

"I can never forget my first love. Though he was unfaithful to me I shall remain true to him always."

And finally when I die with a stray bullet in my heart, he will hold me in his arms and say with tears in his eyes, "I realize now that you were the one I loved all along."

But then it will be too late.

"Are you enjoying the book?" daddy asks, looking at me quizzically.

"Oh yes, daddy. It's a very interesting book."

"Well," he continues, "you haven't turned a page in thirty minutes and the book is upside down, you know."

But what can I say to them? They just wouldn't understand.



Professor Robert



The Professor On Class.
His boys listened and learned.

The Teacher . . .

He Was A Past Master Of The Subjects He Taught;
Examiners Found It A Difficult Task To Stump Any
Student Who Had Studied Under Him.

By HERBERT THOMPSON

People who know anything about Wake Forest and her Law School can readily tell you that the times have been very few and far between when one of Professor Bruce White's students was stumped on any question given him in the North Carolina Supreme Court's examination on Wills and Administration.

When Professor White did not return to his classes after Christmas holidays last year because of illness, J. E. (Hap) Tucker, assistant to the Attorney General in the North Carolina Supreme Court, was called over to teach his class on Wills and Testaments. One day an incident occurred which should amply illustrate Professor White's knowledge of his courses and the respect held for him by legislative leaders of the state.

In the discussion of a law involving heirs—lineal and collateral, a dispute arose and it appeared that the law was unsettled on the question so far as anyone knew. Class was dismissed with the problem still unsettled. When Tucker returned to class the next day he informed the students that he had spoken to Chief Justice Stacy of the North Carolina Supreme Court, asked him to explain the law on the subject, or if he didn't know what the law was, what he thought that the Supreme Court would do if a case involving the question were to appear before it. Mr. Chief Justice Stacy's reply was that he did not know what the law was or exactly how the Supreme Court would act. "If you want to know exactly how the Supreme Court would dispose of the case," he said, "ask Bruce White of the Wake Forest law school faculty. He is the only man in North Carolina who can tell you what the Supreme Court will do in any case before it is brought to trial."

This story is typical of the way in which Professor White has impressed his students and associates in the

legal field frequently on matters of law that are unsettled. Down through the years he has been able to predict with unerring accuracy the attitude of the High Court and what its disposition of difficult cases would be. And this has been one of the foremost characteristics of his teaching—his ability to predict the law—an ability based on a vast knowledge of economic, social, and political conditions of the country, combining his knowledge of the three to make his prophecy.

First, last, and always in his teaching of the law Professor White has been a liberal; as his subject, his profession progressed, he progressed with it, never set in his ways, ever welcoming new methods and ideas.

Professor I. Beverly Lake, a student under Professor White in 1925, and a faculty colleague for the past ten years, recalls that when he was in school under him all of the faculty used the textbook method of teaching. This was one of the primary objections of the Law School Association when Wake Forest endeavored to join. They objected because the Wake Forest school did not use the more modern case book method of teaching law. Professor White immediately adapted himself to it, and proved very successful teaching under the new method. Even before the case system came in here he knew a good deal about cases—practical experience as a lawyer had laid a good base to work from.

When Professor White came to the Wake Forest Law School in 1916 the law library was more like a cubby hole filled with books than a library, consisting of only one set of North Carolina Reports, North Carolina Statutes, United States Supreme Court Reports, Corpus Juris, and a few miscellaneous books. A very small library indeed, compared with the law library of 1942. From the day of his arrival, he has taken an active interest in the workings of the Wake Forest Law School, and along with faculty colleagues helped to build up to the present library, and instigate various other improvements for the school's benefit.

Professor White is a past master on the subjects he taught. Constitutional law, according to his colleagues, is his greatest field. He is a thorough master of the Federal Constitution and of the Constitution of the State of North Carolina. He knows the constitution, federal and state, in all aspects, is considered one of the few men to completely master it, and in addition to his mastery of his subject, he knows how to interest his students in it.

From the beginning of his career as a teacher in the Wake Forest Law School, Professor White was recognized as a good

(Continued on page 13)

Dean Stansbury a
"He had a rare com"



ert Bruce White

The Man...

He Had A Way Of Getting Along With Students;
Today His Boys Scattered All Over The World
Remember Him With Love And Respect.

By NEIL MORGAN

His features suppressing a sly grin, Robert Bruce White, M.A., rapped on the bar and called for the bar- risters to keep the hearing out of the gutter.

Moot court, Wake Forest School of Law, 1934. George Thomas vs. (Lt.) Dortch Langston. Langston, State's attorney, charged improper relations with a young girl of northeast Wake Forest. His case vociferously pre- sented, the prosecution rested.

His gavel obeyed, Professor White called for the defense.

Slowly, with dignity, the accused marched from a side door. Holding tightly to his arm was a girl of perhaps 18. Pigtails, though—and a dress that reached interestingly just above her knees. A niece of a Wake Forest professor of note.

The defendant, George Thomas, also was interestingly dressed.

With one look at Thomas, Professor White shuddered. They were his very own—those shined spats, those grey- striped trousers, that Prince Albert coat. His shudder turned into a glare.

The little girl swore before the court that the charge was false—in fact, she coyly remarked with a little aside at the gaping jury—she “hardly knew Geo-rge.”

The jury couldn't do otherwise. They cleared the man in the Prince Albert with the cute little girl in pigtails on his arm.

Professor White hastily dis- missed court and went to inspect his Prince Albert. He couldn't get mad with Thomas—he wasn't known to have done anything like that in all his 26 years in the Wake Forest Law School. Fact is, he enjoyed the exhibition of his dress clothes.

He was just curious, that's all. Thomas looked uneasy, and explained quickly: “Er, Professor—that is, your wife unpacked your clothes for me when I told her what I needed. I—ahem—thought it might help in the testi- mony.”

Thomas was one of Grace White's “four boys”—for they've always had four boys from the



Professor R. B. White, Retired.
He now relaxes at his home.

law school rooming out at their big place on Faculty Avenue—and, Mrs. White remarks—“we get to feel like they're our very own.”

To which Professor White adds: “I don't remember a single boy in all my years here I really disliked. And for all I know, there never was one who disliked me. At least, they didn't tell me about it!”

Their sons are the “real boys”: Robert Bruce, Jr., who for five years has been State probation officer with offices in Durham, and Charles Ward, now a DuPont chemist in an explosives factory at Tulsa, Oklahoma.

The Whites have always been popular with boys—which is a pretty handy characteristic for Wake Forest folks. Mrs. White will tell you how well Colonel Frank Armstrong can wash dishes—for he and a girl friend used to visit in their home often during the evening—and, according to Mrs. White, the Colonel had to wash dishes with unceasing consistency.

Just now, Professor White relaxes at his home with Mrs. White looking after him mighty well. Seventy this year, he was retired last spring after a siege of illness which still leaves him weak.

But, much like Dr. Gulley and other of the College's greats, “his boys” all over the State—now all over the world—remember him with love and respect.

His son dropped by to tell him last week of running into two men in Washington, N. C., who asked to be remembered to their former teacher. One was John Rodman, to sit in the State Senate which convenes in January; the other was Bryan Grimes, to occupy a similar post in the House—both representing Beaufort County.

Most folks agree with Mrs. White that “R. B. is the hardest person I know to get to talk about himself.”

But this much we know: He was born in Raleigh—the son of James McDaniel (WFC '59) and Martha Ellington White. At the age of 14, after his mother died, he entered Wake Forest—with sophomore standing, due

bury and Colleague.
re combination. . .”



to the efficient home teaching of his father, who was associate principal of Lovejoy's Academy.

Just to keep from graduating in the same class with his brother (John White, famous Baptist minister), Bruce White went ahead to get his M.A. at the age of 18.

Then he taught—at Franklinton and in Duplin County. Reading law in his spare time, he entered the Wake Forest School of Law the year after Dr. Gulley founded it in 1894. By attending summer sessions, he received his license in 1896.

Riding the crest of an anti-saloon movement in Franklinton, he was elected mayor in 1898 and immediately halted the granting of licenses to the saloons.

In 1898 he was named Franklin County superintendent of schools. Early in the new century, he launched a statewide campaign to arouse interest in public schools, speaking in 51 counties. During his 14-year term as Franklin superintendent, new schools were built in every district.

Such work couldn't go unnoticed; in 1903 he was elected to the State Senate, where he introduced the bill changing the old Literary Fund into a loan fund for school building. It remains such on the books.

For several years the State school system employed him as attorney.

In 1915, again in the State Senate, he drew up a bill finally enacted, giving the State its most advanced prohibition law.

A law partnership with T. W. Bickett continued until Bickett was elected governor in 1916.

WAKE FOREST LAUNDRY & CLEANERS

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO ALL

Season's Greetings

from

Hollowell's Food Store

In that year, he turned down an offer to the Superior Court bench to become professor of law at Wake Forest.

From 1917 to 1921 he was secretary-treasurer of the North Carolina Railroad Company; and by appointment of the governor he served from 1935 to 1939 on a commission to revise estates laws. Work in that capacity brought high commendation from fellow committeemen.

From 1917 to 1922 he was superintendent of the Wake Forest Baptist Church Sunday school. Later he was judge of Recorder's Court here.

And for 14 years—from 1917 to 1931, he was on the school board of the Wake Forest Graded School. During that period one of the biggest school fights in the town's history occurred.

Here's how Professor White tells the story:

"When I came to Wake Forest, the public school was in about the sorriest fix I ever saw. They were holding classes in a little three-room building above where Groves Stadium is now. I was used to good schools. So I got elected to the school committee. Two of the members didn't want a new school—two of them did.

"But we finally got the thing through and the Legislature approved our bond issue. That's when we built the plant that is now the grammar school."

Just like that!

Wake Foresters will confide, however, that when Professor White stepped in, he broke a long-standing school deadlock which had resolved into a sort of stalemate.

Professor White has been on the executive committee of the college ever since 1919. He was named to the athletic committee in 1936, and—from what we can find out about the workings of that secretive body—he has been an ardent advocate of building up the school's football team. It's not all coincidence that Wake Forest's football status has been on the upgrade ever since the year he joined the committee.

He actively backed Coach Jim Weaver when Weaver sought to put Boston College on the Deacon's schedule. Several other members of the committee vociferously opposed that and similar moves.

The College, incidentally, cleared \$6,000 on the Boston game this year—which isn't so bad for an event this season, and which proves that Weaver and White were right.

Nobody was happier than was Bruce White when Wake Forest beat Duke. And he is staying just like that—thoroughly interested in the "boys," and anxious to help them what he can—even though he's out of the classroom.

Anything Dr. Needham Y. Gulley says about law or lawyers goes—according to our observations. And Dr. Gulley—who first taught Professor White his law, then later watched him as he taught other Wake Foresters their law—has this to say:

"Bruce White was a very efficient teacher and unusually popular with the student body. Always quiet and studious, he is admired by all who come in contact with him. He is a good lawyer."

Wake Forest teachers seem to have a habit of reaching their peak of mellowness along about the time of retirement. Add another name to that distinguished list.

Red Slippers

By MARTHA ANN ALLEN

OTHER shop windows along the street were wilted and worn out with the Christmas season, and looking forward to day after tomorrow when all of the decorations would be taken down for another year, but not so the window of the smart little shoe shop on Main Street—the window crammed full of red slippers.

Christmas bells framed the window as the stirring night air gently rocked them to and fro. They silently tinkled their Christmas greetings and rang out that they were the guards of the glittering window full of red slippers.

Red slippers looked out from the gay shop window; scarlet slippers nestled there in the sparkling, cotton snow, away from the coldness of the night air; warm slippers absorbed tints from the sparkling Christmas lights outside. They made a cozy little world in that window; a world so vivid that if you looked into it long enough, it became a part of you.

Across the street a Salvation Army Santa Claus looked at his watch . . . fifteen more minutes to stand post. It had been a rewarding afternoon, but now the streets were deserted, the stores closed, people home putting out Christmas toys for their children to find in the morning. Twelve more minutes before Christmas day. These last two hours would have been unbearable had it not been for that window across the street, glowing at him and warming his heart. His eyesight was so bad that only the blur of red was clear, but he found that if he kept his eyes fastened on that spot of warmth, he forgot the hour and the chill of his bones.

The street-cleaner rolled by, spraying water over the street and splatters fell on the sidewalk in puddles. The vermilion slippers from the shop window reflected in the pools of water like drops of blood.

A bedraggled woman shuffled along the sidewalk, but faltered before the window as she pulled the cheap black coat more closely around her; she

stared into the window. Pink shoes! Why with pink shoes she could rouse the smartest of men. Maybe with pink shoes on her feet she could recapture the appeal she had in her youth. She could once again become the Madam. If only that glass were not there, she could reach in and feel of those pink shoes and get just the pair she wanted.

She scurried down the street as a policeman neared the window, making his rounds. The ugly scowl which had drawn his brows close together became questioning as his eyes came to rest on the window. What could



that hag have been frantically clawing at the window for? Then he noticed the shoes in the window, and his eyes wandered over the lot until they came to rest on a pair of sturdy, maroon, lace slippers. Comfortable looking, even if the color was a little loud. Maybe that was just what Fannie needed, maybe if he bought her a pair of those she would feel like walking to work with him like she used to. And he moved on, covering his beat.

The capable corporation lawyer left his office building and started across the street to his car which was parked in front of the shop window. As he opened the door, his eyes were caught by the display . . . the lighted window was inviting and happy, shining there in the early morning hours. Somehow that splotch of color had a depth to it which made the whole world right again. It didn't matter now that he had been forced to

leave a dinner party on Christmas eve to check over some contracts. In fact, he was going to sleep much better now for having done his job well.

A drunken fellow with a snarling mouth slouched down the sidewalk on his way from one joint to another. He was muttering that he had rather be caught empty-handed in hell than have found that guy with Molly tonight. What was wrong with him, anyway? He took her that sparkle tonight and she told him that he had her all wrong; that she liked the other guy and the presents he brought her better, because they had class. Those red slippers in the windows had class. Molly might like them, oh but what the hell, it wasn't worth the trouble to break a window. Mike and the other boys would be waiting for him anyway, and he wobbled down the sidewalk.

A girl and boy reporter had just gotten off the hoot-owl shift and were walking by the window to the taxi stand. Her eyes had been glued to the window loaded with red slippers since they came in sight of it. Together they walked up to the window and looked in at them and slowly their spirits rose again. Working the late shift on Christmas Eve had been a disappointment to both of them, but the reflection of their expressions as they stared in at the brightly lighted window changed from weariness to contentment.

Her eyes brightened as she spied a pair of carmine pumps perched up on a tall standard, and a plan slowly formulated itself in her mind. If she bought those pumps, she could prove to the boss that a girl reporter could be stylish and efficient at the same time. She would make him see her as something more than a working girl. He had to see that she had the assurance to handle big stories and meet important people on equal footing.

Red slippers in a shop window in the dim light of early Christmas morning, and worn red slippers walked on the pavement. The young girl hurried off the first bus to get to

the cafe on time, and on her feet was a pair of red slippers that had once been in a shop window. They were run over at the heels, the color was almost gone, and only a sort of dull rust remained. She looked in at the shop window as she passed, a little less brilliant in the hazy morning light, but lurid yet; then she looked at her feet.

She gave a throaty chuckle, remembering how she had saved for three weeks to buy those red slippers which she had seen in the window. She had thought that with red slippers the boss would notice her enough to make her hostess instead of waitress. Her red slippers had failed her, and she was still catching the early morning trade.

But those red slippers in the window were much prettier than hers could possibly have been. They almost made her glad that she had come to work instead of playing sick so she wouldn't have to work on Christmas day. If only she had on a pair of red slippers like those on this side with brass knobs on them, today would have to be perfect; she might even get a bonus check.

Perhaps if she saved up and bought another pair of red slippers, brighter and more daring, then maybe they would change her luck and she could be hostess after all. And as she tripped up the street, the bells framing the window rang out a joyous Christmas greeting to her.



There was a young writer named Timer,
Who aspired to be a rhymier.
He'd make out just fine
Until the last line,

Into which he always tried to crowd all the ideas that he
hadn't expressed in the first lines, which isn't very good
technique . . . is it?

Wishing You a
MERRY CHRISTMAS
and a
HAPPY NEW YEAR



STEARNS ENGRAVING
COMPANY

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

The Flying Colonel

(Continued from page 3)

He was among the party which on August 17 bombed a German-held railroad in France.

Since then newspapers throughout the nation have carried accounts day after day of his raids on Axis territory, crying out his name as one of the key men of the American bombing raids from England.

Clayton Knight, Associated Press Correspondent in London, in an article on Flying Fortresses appearing recently, wrote:

"Perhaps, the best illustration of just how good the 'Forts' are was brought home to me after I arrived back in London. It was in the form of a letter from a friend of mine, Colonel Frank Armstrong, a native of North Carolina and formerly of Richmond, Virginia, commanding an American bomber group that has seen plenty of action over Nazi-held territory. I had spent several days at his headquarters. The letter brought this good news:

"No doubt you have read of our attack last Sunday—it certainly was a 'doozie.' We fought approximately 40 enemy aircraft all the way in and to the target. Their attacks were head-on-nose-to-nose when the bombing run was being made. Once I was forced to pull straight up to prevent a head-on collision with a Messerschmitt 109. I am delighted to say that not one of my boys was denied. My No. 3 man was hit in three motors but he managed to stay in long enough to unload—and only then went down. It is estimated that we accounted for 15 Huns. One of my nose gunners set a Hun on fire, and he fell just beyond the leading element as it moved over to give him room. He was a beautiful sight."

Further on Knight told of another raid which Armstrong and the Forts proved to be revolutionizing day bombardment.

"Without the cover of darkness, without even friendly pursuit protection, Armstrong's big bombers set out for a daylight raid on occupied France.

"They hadn't much more than crossed the channel when they were attacked by 25 enemy fighters.

"How did the Huns perform?

"The Huns paid for that attack, Armstrong told me later, with three enemy aircraft confirmed and a total of twelve probable aircraft shot down. That makes a total of one entire enemy fighter squadron and they never had the satisfaction of seeing even one of our aircraft shot down."

Of the same and of similar incidents occurring in the stormy war clouds hovering over Western Europe Colonel Armstrong told in that chapel speech, much the same way he might have told a group of listeners about a football game he had played in.

Eighteen years ago Wake Forest sang the praises of the athlete, Frank Armstrong, as he scampered about the baseball diamond, and galloped down the gridiron clearing the way, taking out two and three tacklers at the time, for his running mates to cross the goal line.

Today, eighteen years later, in a vastly different world, Wake Forest still sings the praises of the same athlete, Colonel Frank Armstrong, still "the best blocking back," who is paving the way for great runs, who flies at the head of the formation and leads the way to goal after goal, touchdown after touchdown, and sparks his great team on to another championship.

Professor White - the Teacher

(Continued from page 8)

teacher, improving through the years, steadily advancing. He had a knack for getting along well with his students. He was more than a professor to his "boys"; he was rather a friend, and they were more than just students to him. He knew what he was teaching; and his students were acutely aware that he knew it. Examiners have found it a difficult job to trap any student he taught.

According to Dr. Dale F. Stansbury, dean of the law school, "One of the most outstanding things about Professor White as a teacher was his possession of a rare combination with which to teach from, practical experience, a brilliant mind, and a progressive viewpoint. Old graduates have expressed a deep appreciation, time and time again, for his teaching of the practical side of law as well as the theoretical."

Professor White, according to associates and students, has the reputation of being a very clear lecturer. His lectures have been very interesting and thought out in advance, delivered in a forceful manner that is easy for students to follow, showing that he had done a great deal of studying himself in preparing them. He not only stated what the rule of law was, but also went into the background and explained its applications.

Dean D. B. Bryan summed up Professor White's teaching, giving three characteristics of the man: "1) he has been devoted to teaching; 2) because he has an acute and analytical mind his analysis of situations seems to stand out in his work. He has brought to his teaching an interest in state and national legislative matters that has lifted the horizon of his students; 3) his 'boys' have been a circle of intimate friends with him, eager to grasp everything from his teaching."

As Professor of Law at Wake Forest College for the past 26 years, Robert Bruce White, M.A., ended an illustrious career as a teacher when he officially resigned last May. But his teachings will live on—in the Wake Forest Law School, in the graduates it has turned out during his term, and in the historic annals of North Carolina law.



"Yeah," said the sophomore, "When I first came here I was pretty conceited, but they knocked all that out of me and now I'm one of the best fellows in college."

The Class of '43

(Continued from page 6)

the class of '43 tried hard to continue their studies—obediently complying with exhortations of military and educational bigwigs—but they found it difficult. Their conversations and their thoughts centered around the big question, When, where, and how will I be in it?

With summer came summer school, and many of the class of '43, now seniors, decided to attend the summer session so that they might be able to graduate in January. Others found jobs. Hardly any loafed away the summer as they had done in years past.

Then this past September rolled around. When the 1942-43 Directory came out "corrected with matriculation files as of September 17, 1942" only 76 of the original 412 who were freshmen in September 1939 had returned now as seniors. In other words, only 18.44 per cent of our freshman class had arrived at senior classification, according to the normal four-year college course! As it stands now, 16 of these 76 will graduate in January, leaving only a paltry 60—or 14.56 per cent of the original 412—who now have hopes of receiving their sheepskins in late May of next spring.

There are factors that might easily decrease this already small percentage: 1) it might be safely assumed that all of the remaining 60 are of draft age; 2) there are likely some of this number who are not yet in a reserve branch which permits deferment until graduation; 3) voluntary enlistment has now been closed, and the draft boards will handle allocation and distribution in all branches of the service. A conclusion that we must draw is that some of the remaining 60 may be drafted before they can graduate in May.

A classmate and I were reminiscing recently about ye good olde days of yesteryear. We couldn't help but ask ourselves the questions: What has happened to our class? Where have the 336 gone who are no longer with us? At first blush these questions rather worried me. That so many students should leave didn't speak so well for a class which three years before had "had great potentialities." As I continued to think on the subject I decided that it wasn't so bad after all. I came to some conclusions, among them being the fact that our class indeed *had* and still *has* great potentialities.

* * * * *

PART II—"The Class of '43 Has Gone to War"

I recalled that September 1939 was not only the month

**COAL PAINT
PLUMBING REPAIRS**

*A Real Deacon
Merry Christmas To All*

City Fuel & Supply Co.

**A Merry Christmas
and
Happy New Year to All
Our Sincere Wish**



HUDSON-BELK CO.
"Eastern Carolina's Largest"

of the birth of our class but also of World War II, a conflagration that swept first through Europe and since has enveloped the whole world. Yes, as the members of our freshman class walked into chapel those September mornings, the Panzer divisions of the Nazi juggernaut were driving into Poland with relentless efficiency. While the yellow Piper cubs buzzed along leisurely over our heads, screaming Stukas were loosing sticks of bombs over Warsaw. When our class graduates in May, it will have been the first class in 25 years whose whole college span has been embraced in a world at war. Though our own country has been at total war only a year, it had been engaged in a war of nerves up until December 7.

The main conclusion that I drew as I considered reasons for the drastic numerical decrease in our class was simply this: the class of '43 has gone to war! The main reason why the 336 of our classmates are no longer with us is that many have gone directly into the armed service, either because of the draft or because of voluntary enlistment. What is left of the class will soon be in the war effort in some way or another—be it combatant or non-combatant service. Other minor factors causing the decrease might include financial disabilities, transfer to other colleges or specialized schools, return to home and to work, and graduation in three years (including summer schools).

In a year or so from now many of the 412 who comprised the original class of '43 will be just buck privates or apprentice seamen or yeomen or timekeepers at construction projects. Others, however, will be lieutenants, ensigns, captains, maybe a major or so, and who knows but what some may even climb up to be a colonel or admiral or general? Some will be tumbling out of huge transport planes as paratroops; some will lean over the shattered bodies of wounded soldiers and perform operations; some will bark out orders to gun crews on merchant vessels; some, as chaplains, will conduct worship services despite the din of noise and the inferno of destruction all about; some will rip through the skies in fast pursuits; some will be plainclothesmen who go about quietly and get information; some will leap out of invasion barges onto the soft wet sand of enemy beach heads. They will all help to perform the many duties that make up specialized warfare.

No, the more I think about it the less puzzled I am as to where the 336 have gone. They have gone all over the world. They have gone to war. They are only an infinitesimal fraction of the college students who have gone

mission to perform—that of ridding the world of war-mongers who seem to delight in hacking heads off with bayonets and in seeing starving children's bellies stick and will continue to go to war. All of them have a grim out. Though it is often hard to see how any good can come out of a war, there is a powerful feeling deep down in the hearts of the members of the class of '43 that some day in the future there will be "peace on earth, good-will toward men"—when yellow Piper cubs can cruise leisurely over the rice paddy fields of China, the steppes of Russia, the wheat fields of Germany, the cotton fields of Georgia, and the olive groves of Italy, and where the pilots can land at any convenient field and simply say "Fill 'er up!" in whatever tongue might be necessary.



"Lady, if you will give us a nickel, my little brother'll imitate a hen."

"What will he do?" asked the lady, "cackle like a hen?"

"Naw," replied the boy in disgust. "He wouldn't do a cheap imitation like that, he'll eat a woin."

—Awgwan.



"Well, I'll be —"

—N. Y. U. Medley.

A BIG SANTA CLAUS
and
A Prosperous New Year
SHORTY'S

SAVE YOUR SOLE
Have Your Shoes Repaired the
New Way
No Stitches or Nails
★
Smith's Electric Shoe Shop
We Call for and Deliver
Wake Forest

The Pledge

"It's late," he said;
"I must go."
"Yes, you must go; you must leave me now."
The trees around us move and sigh,
And I feel faint.
"Give me your arm, John.
I must rest a moment, then you will go."
Your arm!
Oh, God! how I'll always hold
That firm clasp in my heart.
"Yes, you must go—
You must leave me now."
"Darling," I heard him say,
As I looked at him through the mist in my eyes.
His clear-cut features,
The way the khaki of his suit blends with his sea-blue
eyes,
Makes my heart swell, and swell, and nearly burst.
"Darling," I heard him say again,
"There are tears in your eyes.
You do hate to see me go.
You will miss me.
It'll be a long time you know."
I heard his words—
God, I dare not think,
For even now I can see him
Wounded,
Bleeding,
Bleeding that precious blood that keeps him strong for
me.
I must not let him see the fear my heart knows.
God, don't let my eyes betray me!
"Yes," and breathing deep, I said,
"I do hate to see you go.
I will miss you;
But you'll come back."
"Yes," he said—
And I could read a new strangeness in his voice—
"Yes, I'll come back for you."
It was late.
Around us I felt the early morning coldness,
But as he gathered me in his arms,
A new warmth swept over me
As the night seemed to close in and engulf us.
That was last night.
Today I am alone.
Today, he, too, is alone.
He left with gun in hand
Perhaps to give his life for me.
I, too, have a uniform and a weapon;
I, too, have a battlefield—in the factory.
I grit my teeth and give the bolt an extra turn for him.
My hands are greasy,
My face is smudged,
But the lips he kissed are still warm—
For him.
The machines sing softly, smoothly,
Humming,
For me!
For him!
For me!

For him!
Again, again, again!
I'll work for you!
Till you come back—
For you!
The machines sing on.
I hear your song of hope—
Your pledge that blends with his—
With mine!
I lift my face
And smile.

—ARTHUR EARLEY.



He: Please . . . please!
She: No!
He: Just this once.
She: No! I said.
He: Aw—hell, ma! All the rest of the kids are going
barefoot.

—Exchange.



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 . . . B-z-z-z went the dentist's drill.

—Exchange.

Welcome Finance Students



We Specialize in

Barbecue : Brunswick Stew
Beer and Sandwiches



The Novelty Bar and Grill

Corner Hargett and Salisbury Streets
RALEIGH, N. C.

Patronize
Our
Advertisers

ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW
THE
VOGUE
SHOP FOR MEN



FINANCE STUDENTS

Come To See Us For Gifts For
 Your Family

CLOTHIERS
HABERDASHERS
HATTERS

The
Vogue
 Shop For Men

Raleigh, N. C.

The little old gray woman bent over the cherub in the cradle.

“O-o-o. You look so sweet, I could eat you.”

Baby: “The hell you could, you haven’t any teeth.”

—Froth.



Kadiak, the Eskimo, was sitting on a cake of ice telling a story. He finished and got up. “My tale is told,” he said.

Spartan.



“Well, bless my wool,” said the ram as he plunged over the cliff, “I didn’t see that ewe turn.”



Mistress: You know, I suspect my husband has a love affair with his stenographer.

Maid: I don’t believe it. You’re only saying it to make me jealous.

—Yellow Jacket.

From my files, cross-indexed under both “aquarium” and “gender,” comes this little household hint on how to tell whether your goldfish is a boy or girl. To the water in the goldfish bowl add one-half ounce of sulphuric acid. If he comes floating to the top, he is a boy; and if she comes floating to the top, she is a girl.

—Exchange.



Captain: Why didn’t you salute me yesterday?

Private: I didn’t see you, sir.

Captain: Good, I was afraid you were mad at me.

—Joker.



Neighbor: Say, have you folks got a bottle opener around here?

Parent: Yeah, but he’s away at college.

—Maryland Old Line.



“Eavesdropping again,” said Adam as his wife fell out of the tree.



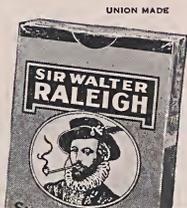
“Why should I hit him? He promised me some Sir Walter Raleigh after the fight”

Blended from choice Kentucky burleys, Sir Walter Raleigh is extra mild—burns cool—with a delightful aroma all its own.

SIR WALTER
RALEIGH

PIPE TOBACCO

Smokes as sweet as it smells



Season's Greetings



Edwards & Broughton Co.

Established 1871

Printing — Lithographing — Engraving

Raleigh, North Carolina

May Your Christmas Be A Happy One



We'll Talk About the New Year
When We Get To It.



The College Book Store



More than
ever

It's Chesterfield

... the milder, better-tasting,
cooler-smoking cigarette

Again Chesterfields are out front with their bright and unusually attractive *Special Christmas Cartons*. Send them to the ones you're thinking of... their cheerful appearance says *I wish you A Merry Christmas*, and says it well... and inside, each friendly white pack says *light up and enjoy more smoking pleasure*.

They Satisfy