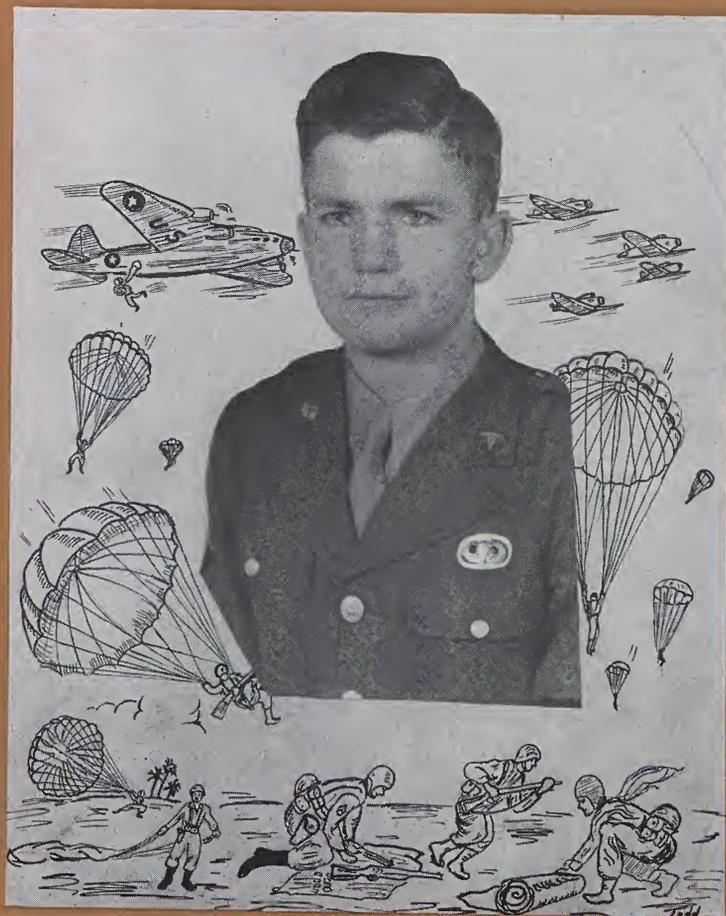


1943

# THE STUDENT

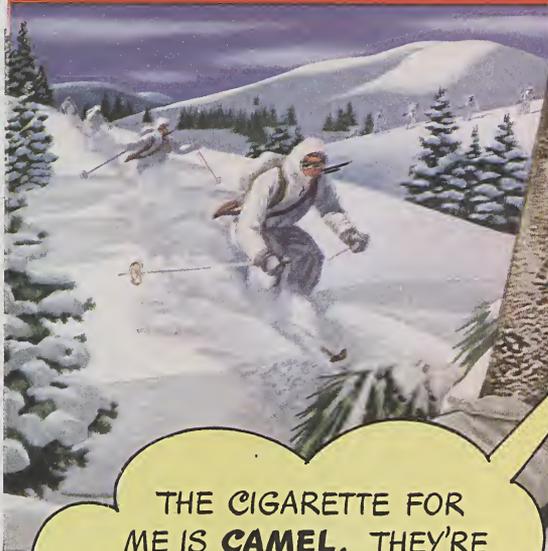
VOL. LIX  
NO. 4

FEBRUARY



THE WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE

# SOLDIERS ON SKIS



THE CIGARETTE FOR ME IS **CAMEL**. THEY'RE SMOOTH AND EASY ON MY **THROAT**—AND A REAL TREAT TO MY **TASTE!**

—says former Olympic ace  
**DICK DURRANCE**  
who trains ski troopers  
for the Army

TAKE IT from a busy housewife, Mrs. Ruth Martin (below). When it comes to squeezing more pleasure out of every smoking moment, Camels really hit the spot.



I FIND **CAMELS** SUIT ME BETTER ALL WAYS. THEY HAVE SUCH A FULL, WELCOME FLAVOR



where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

○ A new set of champions is training on America's ski trails today—ski champions, 1943 model, U. S. Army!

Yes, from goggles to Garands, these new champions are soldiers through and through—even to their liking for Camels. For Camels are the favorite in *all* the services.\*

As Instructor Dick Durrance (above) says: "Camels suit my throat to a 'T'—and there's nothing like Camels for flavor."

**FIRST  
IN THE  
SERVICE**

\*The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)



COSTLIER  
TOBACCOS

# CAMEL

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



### APPRECIATION

ONCE AGAIN this issue THE STUDENT is indebted to a Wake Forest alumnus in the armed forces for contributing to this publication. Pictured on our cover is Seavy A. W. Carroll, '40, who left law school at the close of his third year last year for service in the 506th Parachute Infantry of the United States Army. He sent with his article in addition to pictures, a sheet of regulation paratroop stationery from which staff artist Frank Todd reproduced the action drawing of the border which frames the portrait of Carroll.

Seavy is one of the several boys now in the armed forces of the country who has kept in close contact with the college and its publications since leaving here.

We have received two articles this year from Ensign Eugene F. Brissie, '40, editor of THE STUDENT his senior year here and editor of *Old Gold and Black* in 1941. Ensign Tom I. (Boredface) Davis, '40, former business manager of *Old Gold and Black*, contributed to our first issue. Cpl. Robert S. Gallimore, now in the medical detachment of the army, was a mainstay on our staff for the first three issues before he was drafted out of school in December. Pvt. Mike Connelly, most familiar to us standing behind the Book Store soda fountain, contributed the short story found on page 10 of this issue before leaving to study meteorology in the U. S. Army Air Corps last month.

To those men who have taken time from their work in their various branches of the service to write once again for their college publication we are grateful.

# The Student

## of Wake Forest College

VOLUME LIX



NUMBER 4

FEBRUARY 1943

### The Staff

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Paul B. Bell.....	Business Manager
Dr. E. E. Folk.....	Faculty Adviser
Dr. H. B. Jones.....	Faculty Adviser
Alan Stansbury, Frank Todd.....	Staff Artists
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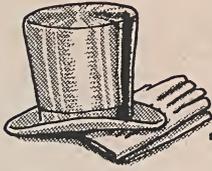
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Gil Brande	

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# Strictly Incidental



• *THE STUDENT bids adieu* this issue to Business Manager Paul B. Bell, who was swept along in the current



of Army Air Corps reservists leaving last month. A hard-working staff member for three years, credit is due him for an efficient job of keeping *THE STUDENT* on its feet for over three issues, despite the financial difficulties confronting collegiate publications this year. Ad man Bell was the third publication head to leave school for the armed forces since the opening of school in September. Taking his place beginning with this issue, junior James Hoyt Dozier of Marion, South Carolina, assumes new duties as business manager.

• *Back-slapping politico* James Allen Crisp, recently elected Senior representative to the Student Council, can rightfully boast of holding as many different campus positions as any other one man on the campus; but for some time this year Politico Crisp went all BMOC's one further with the distinction of being the only man on the campus to be president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and sole member simultaneously of any one organization.

At the beginning of the year ministerial students Crisp and Fred Lipe were the only returning members of Delta Kappa Alpha, honorary ministerial fraternity. Lipe was president of the organization and Crisp held all other offices. Enjoying the exclusiveness of their little clique, there was no bother to hold elections for new members. But some weeks after Lipe had transferred to Duke at the end of first semester, Crisp began to grow tired of being the only one to attend his meetings, decided to give some of the other boys a break, sought faculty

aid, and finally elected nine new members.

• *The college library* has certain rules and regulations for everyone, but they are followed for the most part only by the NYA assistants working there. The most common of these is no talking above a whisper. Last Tuesday Library Assistant Henry Buxton Parrott, Jr., strolled out of the building after tip-toeing about his work for a quiet three-hour stretch, walked over to Dean Bryan's office to get a story for *Old Gold and Black*. Reporter Parrott tripped quietly in and over to Secretary Georgia Godfrey's desk, leaned over closely and whispered: "Have any more boys withdrawn from school since last Wednesday?" Miss Godfrey looked at the birdman quizzically for a moment, then answered in a normal voice which sounded like an explosion to the listener: "Yes, I believe three left last week." Reporter Parrott jumped back as if she had dashed cold water in his face, then regaining his wits, discovered that he was off duty and could speak normally again.

• *Congratulations are in order for the Little Theater* for an excellent production of "Wuthering Heights" two weeks ago. The dramatic clique has driven its way to the fore as a major campus organization with its two presentations this year and has



brought to Wake Forest a playing group of which the college can feel justly proud. In evidence at the last production was the fact that much work had gone on behind the scenes in order to make for a better performance. And in our opinion the ingenuity of student director Arthur Earley brought forth one of the

crowning moments of the performance—the reappearance of Joseph (played by J. D. Davis in the Little Theatre production) in the third act when the original script did not call for a reappearance at all, but voice from off set. During a rehearsal, Director Earley hit upon the idea of changing the original script in order to let the audience see the abused Joseph, reworked lines accordingly, with the result that Joseph's reappearance created more excitement and brought forth more comment from the audience than any other single moment in the performance.

• *There have been spurned lovers* since time immemorial, and debonaire Lambda Chi Rutherford R. Friday took his place among the rank and file last week. It seems that Lambda Chi man Friday was calling a former innamorata at Appalachian State to arrange a date for the Tri-Fraternity dance. They had not seen each other for a year and a half, and our man Friday nervously paced the floor of Hardwick's Pharmacy waiting for his call to go through. He wondered if she was as lovely as she used to be. Minutes hurried past. Finally the phone jangled, and he nervously jerked the receiver from the hook. After a few "hello's" and "how the world are you these days's," Rutherford softened his voice to its silkiest tone, asked her to come down for the dances. Replied the damsel: "R-u-d-d, I'm married now—." Then later the melodious voice of the operator: "That'll be one dollar and a half, please." Lambda Chi man Friday swore bitterly.

• *Judging from comment* made by men who jump from planes several times a week, Paratrooper Seavy Carroll's story of his first jumping experience (found on pages 4 and 5

(Continued on page 16)

# The Siege of Stalingrad

Against the Gates of the City of Steel,  
Hunnish Supermen Knocked in Vain.

By PAUL BRUNNER

*Across the dreary Russian plains the men of Hitler trod,  
As lean, lank wolves to sink their teeth in mighty Stalingrad,  
Around the world the Fuehrer shrieked his Hunnish wartlike cry.  
That men who dwelled within its gates were damned and doomed to die.  
And as the summer twilight waned across the azure deeps,  
And Autumn moonbeams cast their light far down the Western steeps,  
The supermen of Europe heard the steady beat, beat, beat,  
As each heart throb of those besieged cried out to damn defeat.  
For those whose spirits worship at the foot of freedom's shrine  
Will never let the slaving serpent round their breast entwine.  
But greedy were the Hunnish hordes who lusted Russian soil,  
Who wished to buy with Aryan blood what peasants bought with toil.  
Try to crush them, supermen, grind them with your heel!  
We laugh at you, O supermen, for they are made of steel!  
Steel that breaks a grasping clutch that holds men in its snare.  
Steel that severs bone and flesh, that lays a bosom bare,*

*The fingers of the Nazi hand broke through the city wall  
And bathed the ruins crimson red—the price to see it fall—  
The price of greed—a burning thrust—an agony of pain;  
A throbbing breast, a choking gasp, and lips that curse in vain;  
A groan—a scream—a blinding crash! "O, Christ, we charge again!  
"They will not fall, their souls endure, O, God, we can't go on!"  
No, German youth, you'll fight in vain—till all your strength is gone.*

*The Spirit men call God looked down, and swore to do his part,  
And sent from northern climes a wind that chilled the German heart.  
A bitter, biting wind that froze, and made the siegers feel  
That nature was a stronger foe than smoke and gun and steel.  
The Russian legions rose and cried, "Arise, pluck out their soul!"  
A German stood and damned the cold—a crack—a bloody hole.  
Forward surged the pent-up souls of those in Stalingrad,  
And fathers died for freedom's sake while mothers prayed to God.  
Yes, fathers died, but O thank Christ, the vultures turned to fly,  
For who would rather be a slave, than fight awhile and die?  
Sons of Stalingrad, you're free, your blood has purged your gate,  
And burning tears of sacrifice have justified your hate.  
We honor you, great Stalingrad, the city made of steel;  
The years of freedom, one by one, before your altar kneel.  
And we from here take up your torch—the torch you set aflame,  
To burn upon the Fuehrer's heart the letters of your name.*

# To Jump or Not to Jump

A Story of His First Adventure by the  
Jumping Corporal of Cumberland County.

By SEAVY CARROLL

I WELL REMEMBER the air circuses which used to come to my community. Grandpa wouldn't let me go to the landing field just a mile away, but I could stand in our back yard and see the planes rise above the tree tops. I thrilled to the bone as the pilots performed their stunts—climbing almost straight into the sky and sending the plane spiralling toward the earth, only to level out in the nick of time. The climax of the thrills always came with the parachute jump.

"No one but a fool," said my grandfather, "would have so little sense as to jump out of an airplane with nothing but a parachute and a strong hope that it would open. If the Lord had meant for us to float around in the clouds, He would have given us wings." At that time I hadn't committed myself to any definite opinions as to what the Lord had intended for man to do if he should manage to rise above the earth, but I did believe that the men who jumped from airplanes were doing something which even the average fool wouldn't dare attempt. Little did I realize that some day I would celebrate my first airplane ride by bailing out at 1,500 feet—and experience the greatest thrill of my life.

I can easily remember the details of the first qualifying jump which we of the 506th Parachute Infantry made. We were awakened by the shrill sound of a whistle, and we arose by moonlight (5:30 a.m.). After chow we policed our barracks, put on our jump-helmets, and assumed a "Men of Mars" appearance. The men line up (as for everything else in the army), and we headed for the jump-field. A check-up revealed that one man was missing. It was thought at first that he was refusing, but we learned later that, because of a bad eye, the doctor would not permit him to jump.

Every man was honest enough to admit that he was afraid. Afraid of what? Afraid that the parachute wouldn't open? That's what we all feared. That's what we feared, in spite of the fact that in the history of the Fort Benning Parachute School more than 100,000 jumps have been made, and in no case did a 'chute fail to open when the jumper followed the rules. That's what we feared, in spite of the fact that for four weeks we had watched mass jumps daily, and no 'chute failed to open. That's what we feared, in spite of the fact that we had packed our own 'chutes, understood each fold and seam, and knew how easily it would respond to the touch of the wind. To relieve the nervous tension which had been growing for several days, we sang the songs which are common to the men in the ranks, and we joked about what we would do if the 'chute wouldn't open.

As we approached the jump-field, the red lights surrounding the area, and the revolving beacons were clearly visible in the slowly retreating dark. Nerves became more taut as we saw the huge jump-planes and heard the

twin-motors warming up. We were guided into the hangars, where we had packed our 'chutes the night before. With fidgety fingers I buckled the main pack upon my back and then secured the chest strap to the reserve. The inspector made a few minor adjustments and gave me an O.K. "Gosh!" I thought, "I'm ready to jump—or—am I?"

I followed the line into the waiting room, which was a tin-roofed shed with a sawdust floor. As we awaited our turns to jump, we sat and kicked the wood crumbs with our feet—perhaps to relieve the nervous tension. Some men mentioned a recent increase which they had made in their insurance policies. Some smoked. Some talked about plans for the approaching furlough. Some talked about what they would do with the extra jump pay. Some seemed to sit and think, and some just seemed to sit. I sat.

Then a loud-mouthed sergeant bellowed for twenty-four men, another plane load. That was my group. We went on the double, as would a true paratrooper, climbed into the huge twin-motored plane, and took our seats—twelve on each side (two jumping groups). The jump-master checked to see if the safety-belts were fastened (required of all airplane passengers during the take-off). We gazed out the door and windows for a last-minute close-up view of the Good Earth which we were about to leave, but to which each man knew he would soon descend in a parachute. I serewed around in my seat for a better angle of sight through the small pane of glass which was my window.

The plane taxied down the runway for a good take-off position. My heart pounded in my chest like a mammoth sledge hammer. My throat became full. It was my first airplane ride. The pilot gunned the motors. The ground beneath us began to move, and with a deafening roar the plane reached for the heavens. The men nervously lit their cigarettes and puffed away until some guardian angel broke the speechless tension with a strain of an old favorite. Twenty-four men croaked in unison the words to "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here."

As we switched to "I'm a Ramblin' Wreck From Georgia Tech," the trees and the houses on the ground seemed to become smaller. The songfest ended in the middle of "I've Been Working on the Railroad," for we had reached fifteen hundred feet, and were approaching the jump-field.

The jump-master bellowed—"STAND UP!" The twelve men of the first group forced themselves upon their feet and firmly grasped the anchor line with the right hand. I was number seven. The only significance which number seven held for me at the time was that I was directly behind number six. After five men jumped out of the door, number six very likely would go—and after

number six—"Gosh! It would be my turn—" The jump-master made a hurried check of our equipment. Then he assumed his position, stomach flat on the floor with head over the edge of the door, looking for the jump-field.

"HOOK UP!" My heart stepped up its production of hammer-beats; my knees quivered, and my throat became full again. I don't know what the other men did, but I took my static line (which was attached to the apex of the 'chute) in my left hand and snapped the fastener onto the anchor line, a long cable running overhead through the center of the plane. This was one movement which, above all, I wanted to execute correctly, for in that instant I re-



There was no one ahead of me. I left the plane.



"That was a lot of fun—don't you think sir."

membered the story which was told of the man who had jumped without hooking up. Having no static line to rip off his pack cover, his main 'chute did not open. For some reason he didn't pull the rip-cord of his reserve, and now, he doesn't talk about it. I wanted to be sure not to tangle my arm in the static line, for, although in such a case the 'chute would open, it could easily tear my arm from my shoulder. The instructors told us of one man who had not followed instructions in regard to this matter. Today, he has one arm.

"CHECK EQUIPMENT!" Each man checked his own front and the back of the man in front of him. Number eight, directly behind me, tapped my arm and said, "O.K."

"Yes," I thought, "It's O.K. as far as you know—but I wonder about that break-cord which you can't see inside the pack." I racked my brain. I could remember very plainly having helped my partner tie his break-cord on the packing table, but I couldn't remember very clearly whether I had tied mine. I realized that the

'chute would open without a break-cord, but I knew that it would be a delayed opening—and that reminded me of the story told by the instructors of the man who had failed to tie his break-cord. The opening was delayed—so, he pulled his reserve. As he did this, the main 'chute tried to open, and the two fouled together. Friends now tell his story for him. It was too late to examine the break-cord, so I decided to take a chance.

"SOUND OFF FOR EQUIPMENT CHECK!"

"Twelve O.K.!" The men moved nervously.

"Eleven O.K." I wondered if my 'chute was really packed all right.

"Ten O.K.!"

"Nine O.K.!" It would soon be time for me to sound off "O.K." Would I really mean it?

"Eight O.K.!" But he didn't sound too happy about it.

"Seven O.K.!" Gosh! That was my squeak. The jump-master must have heard me, though.

"Six O.K.!"

"Five O.K.!" We'd soon be ready to hurl ourselves into space.

"Four O.K.!"

"Three O.K.!" I knew that it was my privilege to refuse this jump. If I turned back at this point, the Army would not penalize me. I could go back to earth in the plane, and everything would be all right.

"Two O.K.!"

"One O.K.!"

"IS EVERYBODY READY?"

"Y-E-A-H-H-H—!"

"STAND IN THE DOOR!" Number one took his

(Continued on page 13)

# Over the River

An Allegory of a Little Girl Who Follows  
Her Mother into the Land of Fairy Unreality.

By ELIZABETH JONES

ONCE upon a time,  
On the bank of a river,  
There lived a little girl and a little old lady.  
For as long as the little girl could remember  
She and the little old lady had lived there  
In a little house beneath a big oak tree,  
There on the bank of the river.

Each day the little girl played by the river,  
And sat by the river  
And looked across the river.  
She watched the fairies frolic and play  
On the other bank,  
In the land of dreams.

"How I wish that I might play with them  
And dance with them  
And laugh with them,"  
Mused the little girl as she looked across the river,  
Watching the fairy people.

Then one day the fairies called to the little girl:  
"Come across the river and join in our play.  
We'll laugh and sing the live long day.  
We'll sip the dew from a violet;  
We'll sip the nectar from a rose;  
We'll have a feast of honey and strawberries  
On a toadstool table and toadstool chairs.  
Come dance with us;  
Come play with us;  
Come laugh and be gay with us."

"First I must ask the little old lady,"  
Said the little girl,  
An obedient child,  
And quickly she skipped to the little house  
In the shade of the big oak tree.

"Please, may I play with the fairies  
On the other side of the river?  
I'll only be gone a little while,  
Only a very little while,  
I'll only stay a little while,  
And then I'll come back again."  
The little old lady turned very pale  
And clutched the arm of the little girl.  
Her wise eyes burned in her wrinkled face  
And her cracked old voice said this refrain;

"Never cross the river.  
Never, never cross the river.  
For if you cross the river you never will return.  
Never cross to the land of dreams

For you never will return.  
Once your mother heard the fairies,  
They called to her to come and play.  
And she listened to the fairies,  
She went across the river,  
She didn't mean to stay.  
But she never came back again,  
She never came back.  
Once you've crossed the river you never will return.  
Never cross the river.  
Never . . . never . . . cross . . . the . . . river . . . never  
. . . never!"

The next day a funny elf sat on the river bank.  
He was Christmasly dressed in green and red  
From his pointed cap to his turned up toes.  
He was fishing with a fishing pole,  
A fishing pole and a piece of string.  
Out he pulled the silver fish,  
And he threw them in again.

"Come over," he called to the little girl.  
"We'll have a really jolly time.  
I'll take you down beneath the ground  
To the world of the gnomes in the caves underground.  
Our lanterns will light the icicle rocks,  
And the tunnels lead up  
And the tunnels lead down  
And we'll dig enough gold to make you a crown.  
Come over, come over.  
I'll harness a big green grasshopper for you.  
Grasshoppers are fairy kangaroo.  
He'll hop about like a pogo stick.  
It will be such fun.  
Come across the river.  
Come over."

"I mustn't cross," said the little girl.  
"I must never cross the river.  
It would be such fun.  
But I mustn't come."  
"Come cross the river," called the fairies.  
"We'll dance in a fairy ring.  
We'll dance by the light of the silver moon  
And we'll fly through the sky on the wings of a lark  
And bring you a glittering star—  
A glittering star for your very own.  
It will make the night more silvery  
As we dance in a fairy ring.  
And you shall sit on a golden throne  
With a golden crown  
On your golden hair.

(Continued on page 12)

# This Food is My Undoing

Death by the Pork Chop—or a Short Cut  
to Scurvey, Beriberi, Apoplexy, and Rickets.

By H. B. PARROTT

I WAS WALKING down the street in Raleigh the other day, when an elderly man came up to me and said, "Young man, have you been drinking?"

Wondering how he knew I was from Wake Forest, I replied indignantly that I had not.

"Well, then, why don't you walk straight, or are you just naturally bowlegged?"

"That's not intoxication, brother," I shot back at him; "that's rickets."

I had just left the doctor's office and was in no mood for puns. The doctor told me that I was the most undernourished specimen he had seen since he left Belgium in the last war, and it was only with difficulty that I convinced him that I was not from India, but from Wake Forest. When I left he handed me a card with a list of twenty-five diseases from which I suffered. As soon as I was rid of these, I was to come back and he would give me a list of the rest of them.

I scanned briefly over the first line: "apoplexy, beri-beri, deficiency of Vitamin D, scurvy. . . ." I closed my eyes in horror, only to see a greasy pork chop, chased by a bottle of ketchup, come floating across my vision.

This was too much. I called a taxi and with the voice of the dying ordered him to the S&W.

An hour later, I emerged, Wimpy fashion, and my nerve restored, ambled back to the bus station and bought a ticket to Wake Forest.

That ride back was indeed a nightmare. All along the road were all sorts of people with white hair and toothless gums, struggling along with canes and crutches, trying to get out in the country to get some food. (I learned later that they were the kitchen crew of a Wake Forest boarding house.) As the bus approached Forestville, I observed a group of students over on the hill lying flat on the ground eating grass. The driver turned to the passengers

and shook his head sadly. "Scurvy," he said.

I began to feel ashamed of myself for my extravagant and lavish orgy of eating in Raleigh. The sunken and hollow eyes all around, the fleshless arms, made a pitiful spectacle. Even the sleek, well-fed soldiers of the AFS seemed to be depressed by the situation.

As I got off the bus, however, I met a co-ed who, although a trifle pale, seemed to be the picture of health—at least she was very round. I learned later that she secretly ate raw Irish potatoes and washed them down with root beer and baking powder.

This, my friends, is the Wake Forest of today. For twenty-six long weeks now the students of this college have fought the good fight, knowing full well the fate that awaits them—death by the pork chop.

The students of Wake Forest eat pork chops with the same regularity that the Japanese eat rice, the differ-

ence being that in Japan, rice is washed and thoroughly cleaned before it is served.

The amazing thing about the whole situation is the independent attitude shown by the waiters in the local "houses of death." The other day, feeling the pangs of hunger to be unbearable, I forced myself into Ptomaine Teddy's, an exclusive eating place (they have screens) and took a seat not far from the main entrance. After waiting for forty-five minutes for my ration of grease, I spoke to the waiter nearest me in what I considered a civil manner and asked for a glass of water. He looked at me as if I had insulted his ancestors for ten generations back, and with an extremely offended air informed me that if he had the time, he *might* do it after awhile. Then with a sigh of extreme weariness settled back against the wall and resumed his perusal of "Ace Comics."

The waiters too have their own  
(Continued on page 16)



Texas Ranger.

Coffee Shop food aint that bad, Flybait.

# After Forty Years

As a student here Charles P. Weaver gave us "Here's to Wake Forest"; together with Dr. Hubert Poteat he now gives the College another Alma Mater Song

By MARTHA ANN ALLEN

## Gentle Mother

Words by

Music by

CHARLES P. WEAVER, '04 HUBERT M. POTEAT, '06

*Old Wake Forest, Gentle Mother  
We, thy children, joyful sing;  
Join our voices with each other,  
Praise today to thee we bring;  
Though we hail from headlands, mountains,  
Though of many creeds we be,  
Though we've drunk from many fountains,  
We are one in love to thee;  
Ever onward, ever upward,  
Lead us gently by the hand,  
Ever, Gentle Mother, onward,  
Lead us still, thy loyal band.*

*Alma Mater, we invoke thee,  
Let us see thy shining face;  
Let us feel, we now implore thee,  
All thy true, enduring grace;  
With thy wisdom, Gentle Mother,  
Gives us eyes that we may see  
Truth our goal, our sacred duty;  
Truth alone can make us free.  
On thy banner ever glorious  
Truth forever shall appear;  
Crown thy children's hopes victorious  
With the love that casts out fear.*

*Old Wake Forest, Gentle Mother,  
Other sons shall come to thee;  
Come to love thy holy visage  
In the years that are to be;  
Give them richly of thy bounty  
Generous, and naught withhold;  
Give them courage for the battle,  
Give them wisdom, make them bold;  
May they feel thy benediction  
As their names and fame are known;  
Smile upon each new achievement;  
Love and crown them for thine own.*

**F**ORTY YEARS AGO, Charles P. Weaver, Wake Forest College junior, wrote the spirited "Here's to Wake Forest." He and Hubert M. Poteat stood in the bass section of the glee club, near the middle of the front row when his song was sung for the first time in

1903. He describes it as "the thrill of a life time when we sang for the first time my first song." His song headed the concert program for the tour of the glee club his senior year.

Today Dr. Charles P. Weaver, teacher and writer, writes his second Wake Forest song, "Gentle Mother," and Dr. Hubert M. Poteat composes the music. This song is expressive of a man who is no longer a college student, but who has matured under the lasting influence of his first college. "Its inspiration was the college we, her sons and daughters, love so dearly, the best of all foster mothers in the world. That is the way I feel about Wake Forest, and if I have managed somehow to say what thousands of others have felt but been unable to say, I shall be humbly grateful."

Young Weaver and Poteat will not sing the premier performance of "Gentle Mother" in a college glee club, but when the initial performance is sung, it will be the joint effort of Dr. Weaver and Dr. Poteat. When Dr. Weaver decided that "Gentle Mother" might be appropriate as the Wake Forest alma mater, he sent the words to Dr. Poteat for music. Dr. Poteat wrote original music which fits the words in such a way that the song practically sings itself. This is one of the two Wake Forest songs which have had original words and music, the other being "Sing of Wake Forest," composed by Jack Sawyer and Bobby Helm, then students at Wake Forest, in 1939.

Music Director Thane McDonald wrote the script for the cut of words and music on the opposite page, and analyzed the song. He says that for a hymn-type of college song, "Gentle Mother" has great possibilities. He pointed out the fact that the words and music blend extremely well.

There is a definite contrast in the two songs written by Dr. Weaver, but there is also a strong kinship of spirit. From "Here's to Wake Forest"



Words by  
Charles P. Weaver, '04

# GENTLE MOTHER

Music by  
Hubert McNeill Pateat, '06

Her sons they are many, unrivaled  
by any;  
With hearts o'erflowing we will  
sing her hymn.

And from the first verse of  
"Gentle Mother"

We, thy children, joyful sing,  
Join our voices with each other,  
Praise today to thee we bring;  
The comparison may be drawn.

Writing has been as much a part  
of Dr. Weaver's life as teaching.  
He started his career at the age of  
eleven, and he was elected class poet  
of the graduation class of Greens-  
boro High School, and class poet  
of his graduation class, '04, at  
Wake Forest. *The Howler* of 1904  
carries a number of poems by him,  
one of which is the following:

## INSPIRATION

The hills are steep, dear heart,  
Come lay your hand in mine,  
And I will reach that topmost peak  
Whereon the sinking sun doth shine  
And carve thy name and mine,  
Beyond the biting rust of time.

While a student here, Dr. Weaver  
won THE STUDENT short story  
medal, the Thomas Dixon essay  
medal, and was an editor of THE  
STUDENT. He was also president  
of the Philomathesian Literary So-  
ciety, and graduated Magna Cum  
Laude. Once through high school  
and college, Dr. Weaver got his  
Ph.D. in English in 1922 from  
George Peabody College.

The course of his writing took  
him into the field of journalism for  
a brief interval, reporting for the  
*Baltimore News*, associate editor of  
the *Winston-Salem Journal*, and editor of the *Peabody  
Reflector* and *Peabody Alumni News*.

Wake Forest is by no means the only college with  
which Dr. Weaver has been intimately connected, but  
his continued devotion to his first college is expressed  
in his words, "Wake Forest's children do not really  
grow old, and I feel a great fondness and nearness for  
those who constitute her present student body. Somehow  
this song which I sang in the college glee club summarizes  
the wholesome attitude of Wake Forest men everywhere  
and in every age." It goes like this:

At twenty, when a man is young,  
He thinks he knows it all;  
He likes to wag his native tongue  
And exercise his gall;  
He struts about in noble rage;  
The world is all his own;  
He laughs to scorn the world of age  
And lists to self alone;  
At forty, as you may suppose,  
He's knuckled down to biz;  
'Tis not till sixty that he knows  
How big a chump he is!

Old Wake Forest, gen-tle Mott-er, We, thy chil-dren joy-ful sing;

Join our voic-es with each oth-er, Praise to-day to thee we bring;

Though we hail from head-lands, mourn-ing Though of man-y creeds we be,

Though we've drunk from man-y foun-tains, We are one in love to thee;

Ev-er on-ward ev-er up-ward, Lead us gen-tly by the hand,

Ev-er gen-tle Mott-er, on-ward, Lead us still, thy loy-al band.

"Parenthetically, I think most Wake Forest men most lovable chumps."

He was a teacher of English at Wake Forest, Chowan College, University of Maine, University of Kentucky, Tennessee College and Alabama Polytechnic Institute.

Dr. Weaver has retired to his 42-acre farm at Smyrna, Georgia, where he raises cattle, chickens, strawberries, apples, grapes, figs, and Boston bull dogs.

Dr. Weaver has written several songs and plays. Other songs from his pen are: "Love and Spring Have Come to Town," "My Chowan," "Sir Thopas," "A Lover's Landscape," "Help Me to Know, Lord," "God of the Universal Plan," "Baby Dreams," "Dearest Mother Mine." The music for the last selection was written by Mrs. E. L. Ashford, author of "My Task."

His plays are "The Masque of Fools," "Darling," "The Music Box," "The Meal Ticket," "The Path of Glory," "The Love Doctor" (musical comedy), and "Caroleen," an unfinished opera.

A teacher, a writer, a Wake Forest man, Charles P. Weaver has given to Wake Forest College a new alma mater.

# None But the Brave

Pride and Courage and the Love of  
a Girl Go With a Soldier's Death

By MIKE CONNELLY

THERE HAD ALWAYS BEEN that something that shoved him on. Pride, he had honestly labeled it. Pride had made him fling his frail body into football in high school, pride had kept him with his spare time jobs—at books in those three years of college. It had always pushed him forward when his every impulse was to flee. Nor had he wanted to fight, but like so many other American boys he had volunteered when his country called. Was it still pride that drove him? He told himself yes, and yet he could not be emphatically sure. That he had never been brave he was certain. Anyone would have saved that boy's life at the camp lake; he had simply had the opportunity—there was nothing else to do. The out of doors he had come to love, his books, yes, but they were secondary. His family, father, mother, younger sister, held his greatest loyalty. But for them he had thought to himself many times he would have been happy just to lead the life of a wanderer. Quietness he loved, but he yearned to see and know the world. Then there was that side of his life about which he said or did very little. There was a picture tucked away in his diary, but he was shy. He thought to himself that she would always be more like a sister to him, something that held him back. But now was hardly the time to verse all this.

"The God of War's having a field day, and I'm right under his nose," he thought. He visioned the task ahead. "What makes me want to do this, I don't know . . . somebody's gotta; may as well be me . . . always liked to smash things anyway."

"You spoke first, Rann," the Lieutenant was saying, "I suppose you know what your task will be." Determination covered the fear in his eyes. They met those of his superior.

"Yes, sir, I'm ready." He wrung the hands of his buddies in the trench. The officer shoved the dynamite into his hands.

"Good luck, Corporal; we'll cover you the best we can. Remember, that bridge must be blown up. If the Japs thrust again over that point we may not be able to stand. With the river between us, we can hold them off till the new men come up."

"I'll do my best, sir." He peered ahead into jungle.

"Take it easy, fellows; save a cigarette for me." As he pulled himself up over the trench edge, his mind raced back to the night before. He had glanced at the picture in the back of his small, crumpled, black diary. She wasn't beautiful; just an ordinary brunette; fresh, cute, American. He had written opposite her picture on the last page: "I have no more space, these may be my last written words:

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair. So I have gone to war, for you and for America."

Day was breaking as he began to creep on hands and knees the fifty yards to the bridge. The mist, rising into the already sultry air, helped to hide him from the snipers on the other side of the river, but only added to the discomfort caused by the perspiration that soaked his shirt and trickled from under his helmet. The dew covering the thick undergrowth through which he crawled made his footing none too steady. He wormed his way through the first net of barbed wire hidden in the bullet-riddled jungle that spanned the distance between the bridge and the entrenchments of the American beach-head on the island. He was alone now; the tittering of the few birds left in the vicinity grated his nerves.

He crept forward, every nerve on edge, oblivious of the scratches he was receiving from the rough terrain.

How lovely the Christmas eve before had been. The soft chords of the organ, the glow of the tall white candles in the little church. He was getting restless as the service droned on; she nudged him and indicated the face of her tiny watch . . . twelve midnight. "Merry Christmas," she whispered, smiling up at him. He smiled down. A Merry Christmas. Reality jarred memory from its seat. "None but the brave. . . ."

Now he was nearing the bridge. He lunged too heavily against a small bush; it twitched nervously to and fro. He flattened himself against the ground just as a rifle's crack broke the stillness and mud splattered up beside him. The heat of the jungle vanished before the cold sweat that beaded on his forehead. Every muscle in his body snapped taut. He lay still, dreading to move, glancing back over his shoulder to the foxhole. "None but the brave. . . ."

They had discovered him now; he had to move more slowly, every movement of the growth about him brought a new burst of firing from the enemy snipers. Soon a machine gun joined them and sprayed the thicket with pellets of steel. He hugged the ground closer . . . the bridge couldn't be far now. Planting the switch he moved on, stretching the wire behind him as he went. There it was ahead . . . a few clear feet and then the long, low suspension bridge stretched over the murky river. It was a solidly constructed bridge, but supported only by the steel and concrete pillars on each side of the river. This contact destroyed, the Japs could be held until reinforcements arrived.

Rhapsody in Blue . . . they both loved that. Dancing in the dark; walking hand in hand by the little lake in the park. The campus magnolias in the spring. Spring would have to come again for him; it must. . . .

He dashed across the open space amid a burst of machine gun fire from the opposite shore. The batteries behind him answered and the hot steel sang over his head.

He dived flat on his stomach into the mud under the bridge.

Shouts came from the opposite side. The enemy was starting to move across the river. He could hear the vibrations of the cables as the troops advanced against the withering fire of the American posts. The Japs fell back. He worked feverishly as he made the final connections . . . they were coming again, faster, harder, this time. He dashed for the bushes . . . a machine gun sprayed his back from half-way across the river. He stumbled, fell, pulled himself forward on all fours. The blood was gushing fast now . . . he could see the switch ahead through the blur . . . he rose, staggered forward . . . the staccato bark of the machine gun came again. He fell limp across the switch.

The bridge head erupted with a deafening roar . . .

"None but the brave,  
None but the brave . . . deserves the fair."



It seems that the gate broke down between Heaven and Hell. St. Peter appeared at the broken part of the gate and called to the Devil. "Hey, Satan, it's your turn to fix it this time!"

"Sorry," replied the boss of the land beyond the Styx. "My men are too busy to worry about fixing a mere gate."

"Well, then," growled Pete, "I'll have to sue you for breaking our agreement."

"Oh, yeah," said the Devil, "where are you going to get a lawyer?"  
—*Urchin.*



Mother: Sonny, don't use such bad words.

Son: Shakespeare used them.

Mother: Well, don't play with him.



Feudal Lord: I hear you misbehaved while I was away, son.

Knight: In what manor, sir?



Cinderella: Godmother, must I leave the Ball at Twelve?

Good Fairy: You'll not go at all if you don't stop swearing.

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Over the River

(Continued from page 6)

You shall be the fairy queen,  
If you will come over across the river.  
Come over, come over."

"What harm can it do?"  
Thought the little girl.  
"I won't be gone long.  
I'll only stay a little while.  
I will play with the fairies for only a little while.  
Then I'll come back again.  
Then I'll return from the land of dreams,  
And the little old lady will never know."

So she crossed the river to play with the fairies.  
She went across to the land of dreams.  
She meant to stay a little while,  
Only a little while.  
After a little while she would return.

The little old lady came out of the house,  
Looking for the little girl,  
Calling to the little girl,  
"Where are you, little girl?  
Come now to me,  
Come to the little house beneath the great oak tree."

"Here I am," called the little girl to the little old lady.  
"Here I am across the river,  
In the land of dreams.  
Come over, come over,  
It's so lovely here."

"Come back," screamed the little old lady.  
"Come back to me!  
You must not stay.  
You must not stay.  
You said for a little while,  
Only a little while—"

"Oh, no," said the little girl,  
"I'll never return.  
I'm one of the fairies,  
I'm queen of the fairies.  
See how I sit on a golden throne  
With a golden crown  
On my golden hair.  
I'll never, no never, I'll never return.  
How strange you look on the other shore!  
You must be in the land of dreams,  
For the fairies are real.  
And you must be a dream.  
Come, fairies, let's dance in a fairy ring.  
One, two, three.  
Who wants to dance with me?  
We'll sip the dew from a violet;  
We'll sip the nectar from a rose.  
We'll ride the grasshopper kangaroo.  
We'll fly through the air on the wings of a lark.  
We'll have a lovely, lovely time.  
The land of dreams is a wonderful land.  
I'll never go back to the other shore,

I cannot go back to the other shore.  
I'll laugh and play the live long day  
In the beautiful land of dreams."

The little old lady held her old gray head  
In her little wrinkled hands.  
Back and forth she rocked,  
Back and forth.  
Moaning, groaning,  
Groaning, moaning,  
Over and over again intoning:

"She went across the river.  
She went across the river.  
And she never will return.  
No, she never will return.  
For once you've crossed the river  
You never can return."



## To Jump or Not to Jump

(Continued from page 5)

position—left foot forward—right foot back—knees slightly bent, hands on outside of door, chin up—eyes straight ahead. It was the same position which we had practiced thousands of times in the mock-up planes and towers. My position in the door didn't bother me much, for I knew that I had practiced it enough. My fear was that my jump from the door might be too weak. There was a story in the parachute school about a man who barely stepped out the door. When his 'chute opened, it was so close to the plane that it caught on the tail. After the plane circled the field several times, a knife was dropped by a cord to the man dangling from the tail of the plane. He cut himself free, pulled his reserve, and made a safe landing. Only a short time later, he broke his neck in a motorcycle accident—but, I fought to forget such stories, for I knew that they would be an inducement not to jump.

Number two took his position, ready to pivot into place to leave the plane as soon as number one jumped. The rest of us pushed up—close to each other. The suspense was heavy.

"GO!" And number one was out—where—I didn't know. Anyway, he was no longer there. Then number two jumped, and the shortening line moved toward the door. As the next three men jumped, I tried to look out the door for a last-minute assurance that the 'chutes would open. From my position I could see nothing but the pack cover as the static line ripped it off.

Suddenly, I realized that number six was gone; there was no one ahead of me! I left the plane—under what power, I don't know. Even now, I can't say whether I jumped, or whether someone pushed me. I remember a tremendous prop blast catching me outside the door, and it felt as though I sailed horizontally for several yards. Then—jerk!—I seemed to stop. Something strong and powerful pulled upward on my shoulders. I raised my hands and felt the risers leading to the suspension lines. I looked upward, and in that moment I experienced the greatest thrill of my life. Strongly supporting me in

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the clouds was a big, white canopy. It looked like an umbrella, but in that moment, much more beautiful.

Then I remembered that I had failed to count, "One-thousand—two-thousand—three-thousand," as I had been taught in the Parachute School. I was supposed to be ready to pull my reserve, if, when I said "three-thousand" the main 'chute hadn't opened—but, for some reason, I didn't worry about that as I floated toward the ground.

One jumper drifted under my feet—about five yards nearer the ground than I. For a moment I feared that I might descend fast enough to land upon the 'chute below me. In such a case there would be a possibility of collapsing both 'chutes—which, in turn, would cause a rather speedy descent. I yelled to the man below me to get out of the way. We slipped in opposite directions, and the danger was soon passed.

There was only a minor sensation of descent. I remember a pleasant tremor in my muscles, and it seemed that I was supported by a cloud—high above the earth. I could feel the wind as it blew in puffs and caused me to oscillate, like a giant pendulum. Then as I neared the earth the collapsed canopies of previous jumpers seemed to grow larger, and I realized that I had one more important problem—that of making a safe landing.

I had a sore left-ankle, and I knew that it would be necessary to violate the rules of landing which I had learned in the school. Instead of coming in forward, I came in backward. Instead of having my back to the wind, I had my face to the wind. Instead of landing on two feet, I landed on my right foot only. Instead of tumbling to absorb the shock, I relaxed, and fell on my right side. But one rule I followed. When I was five-feet from the ground I gripped my risers and gave a vigorous downward pull which checked my downward descent. That was the easiest landing I had in all of my five qualifying jumps.

For a moment I lay upon my back and gazed at the blue sky—and, as I lay there I saw tiny objects tumbling from the door of an airplane high above the earth. Above the objects, small, white umbrellas blossomed, and the two floated earthward—and I laughed to myself with an unrestrainable self-satisfaction, as I realized what I had done.

"Anything wrong, Corporal?" I turned my head and saw a lieutenant approaching. Having seen me lying upon my back, gazing into space, he probably thought that I was injured.

"Oh, no, Sir—I'm quite all right. That's a lot of fun—don't you think, Sir?"

"I guess so," he said as he walked away with a smile on his face.

I rolled up my 'chute and headed for the truck which was waiting to carry us back to the hangar—and I don't doubt but that grandpa began spinning in his grave.



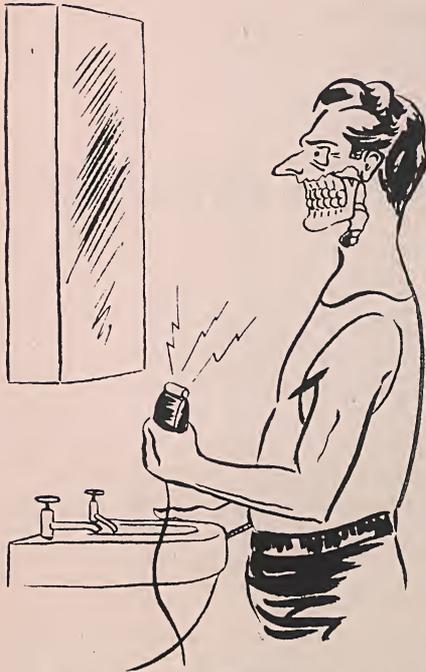
A member of a Psych class on tour asked an inmate his name.

"George Washington," was the reply.

"But," said the perplexed lad, "Last time we were here you were Abraham Lincoln."

"That," said the inmate sadly, "was by my first wife."

—Froth.



"HAS MY LIL' SWEETIE-PIE  
BEEN USING HER GREAT  
BIG MAN'S SHAVER  
AGAIN?!"

—Purple Parrot.

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**This Food is My  
 Undoing**

(Continued from page 7)

ideas as to what their customers should eat — a circumstance which no doubt contributes greatly to the present condition of things.

For example, I stopped by the "Greasy Spoon Eats Shoppe," a downtown establishment, for dinner not long ago. Walking in, I met a serious-faced fellow, who glared at me with such ferocity that I involuntarily saluted. He shoved me into a chair, and while I eringed, waiting for the blow, he asked me in a very gruff voice if someone had taken my order. I managed to tell him, finally that I wanted stew beef, cole slaw, and candied yams and coffee. Ten minutes later he returned with a burnt pork chop, a double order of butter beans, and a glass of sooty orange juice.

At this point I am filled with nausea. Some day when the war is over, maybe we can return to those Elysian days of fried chicken, ooco-

nut pie, and strawberry shortcake. But until then we can only say with the ministerial student who, called on to ask the blessing, began, "Protect us our Father. . . ."



**Strictly Incidental**

(Continued from page 2)

of this issue) is well worth the reading time. Carroll's commanding officer, reading the article for censoring purposes, commented that he had read quite a few accounts of first jumps but that Carroll's was the most realistic of any he had yet encountered. Barracks mates declared upon reading it that it made them "shiver even more than the jump itself." Those are the reactions from the article of men who do the same thing time and time again.



An angry kangaroo suddenly yanked its offspring from its pouch and smacked it across the snoot, exclaiming bitterly: "I'll teach you to eat crackers in bed."



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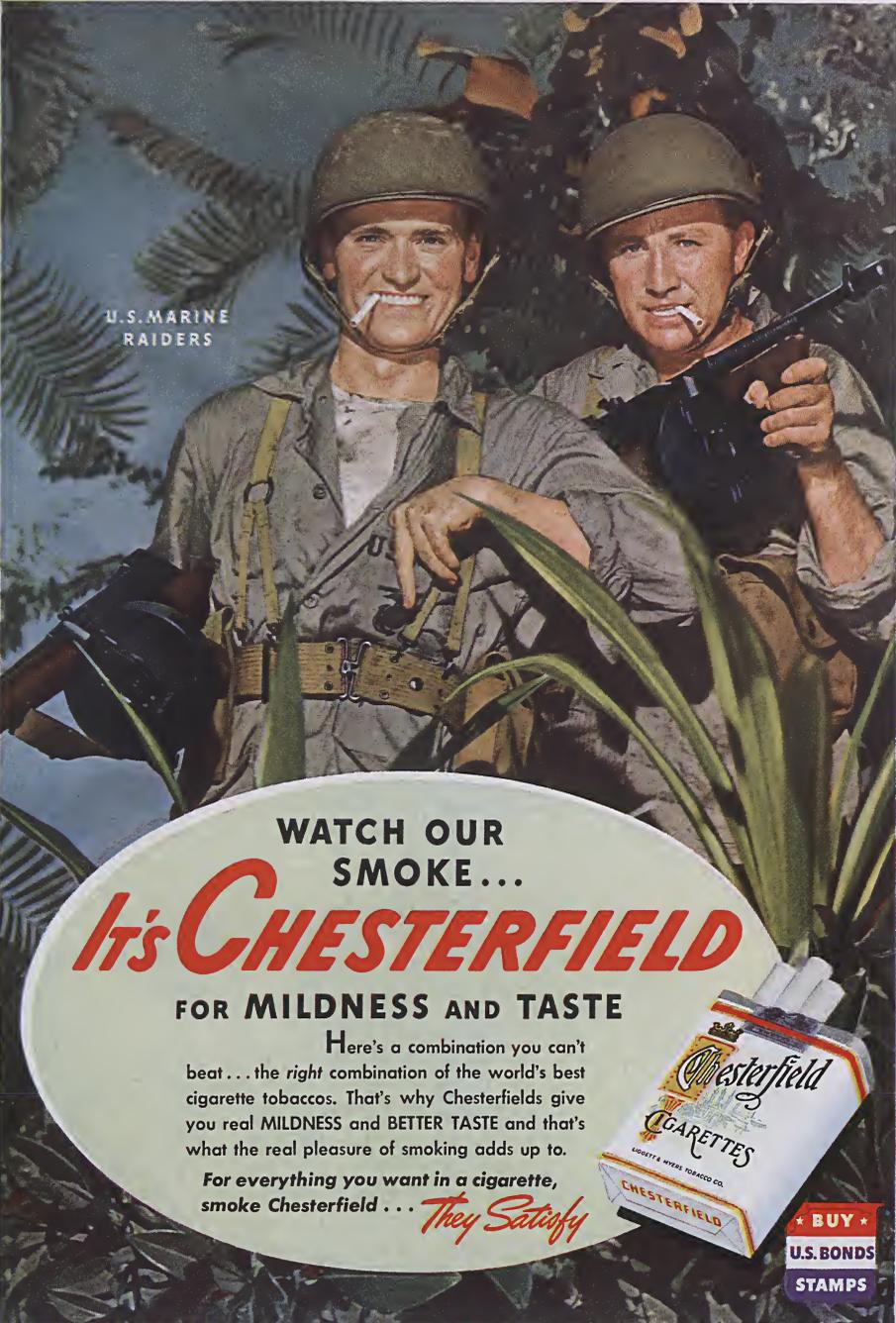
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