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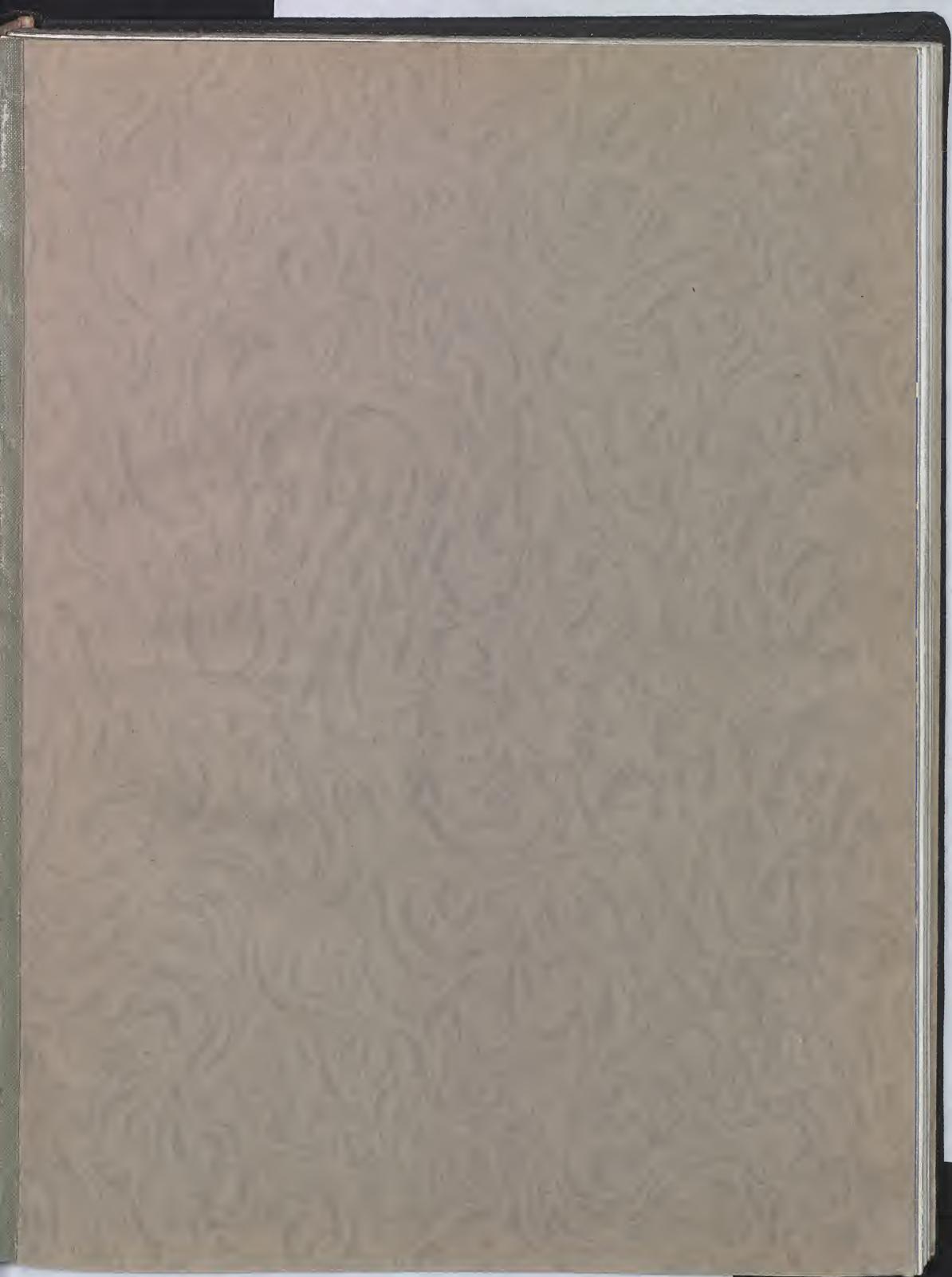


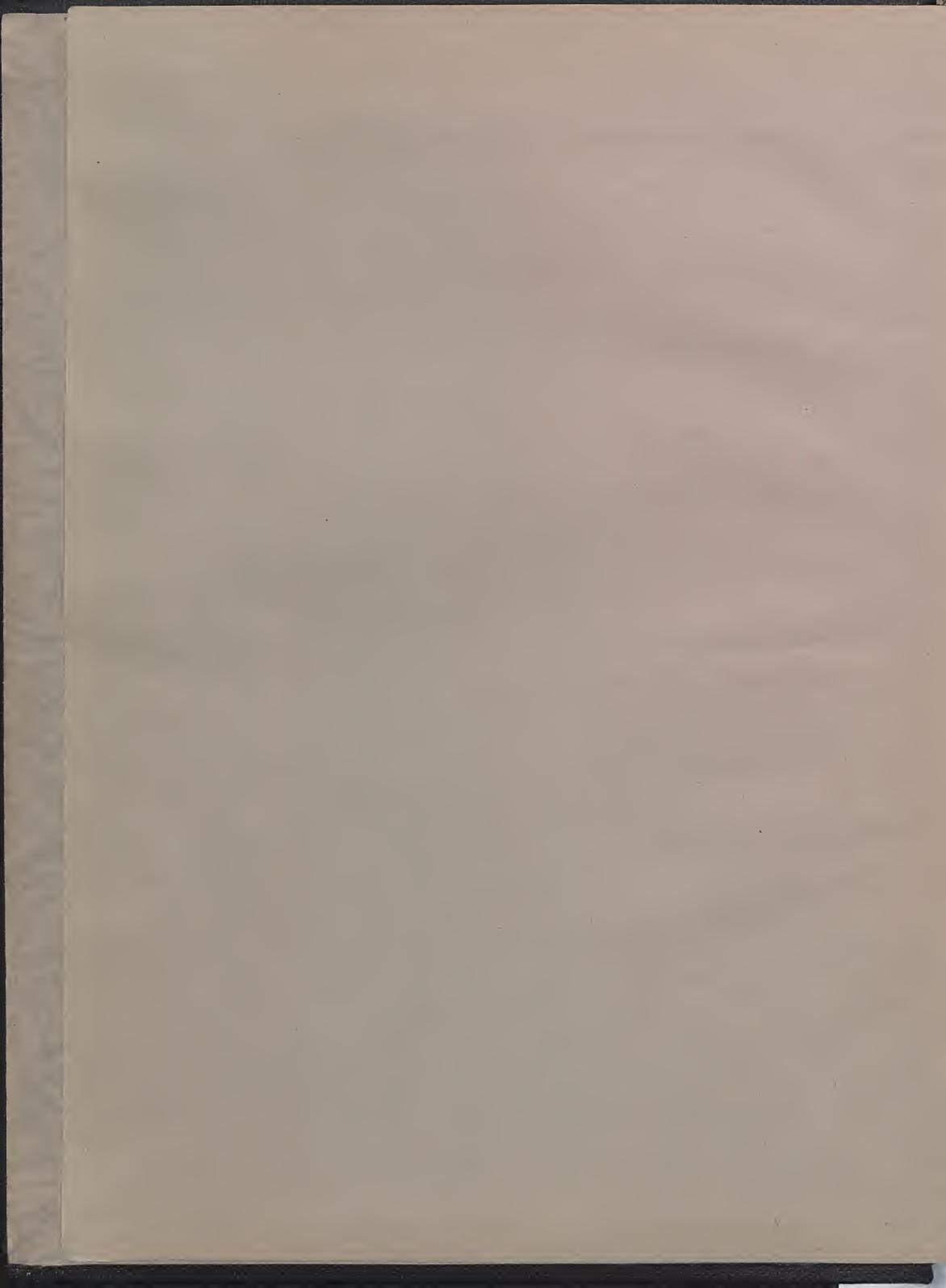
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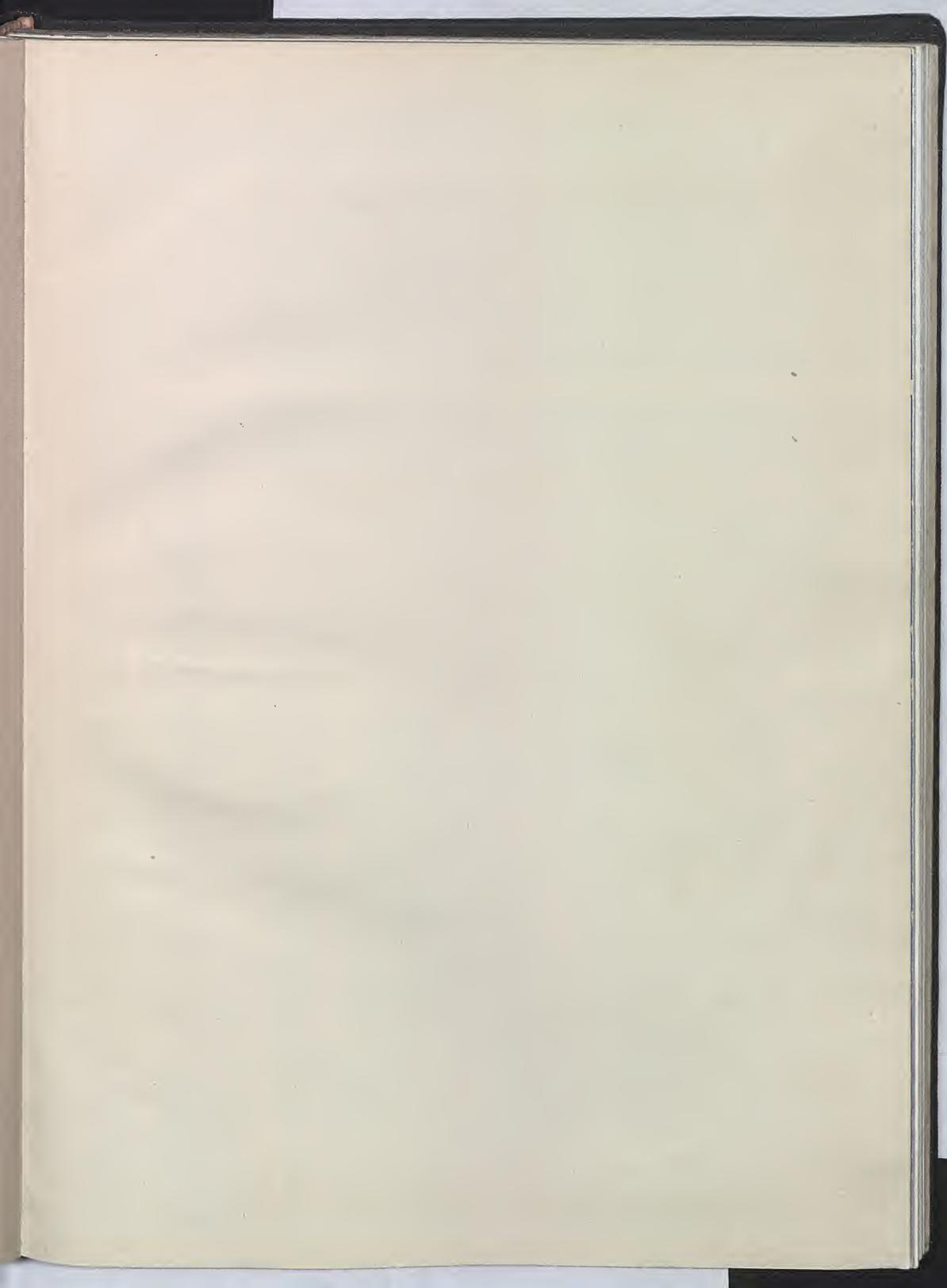
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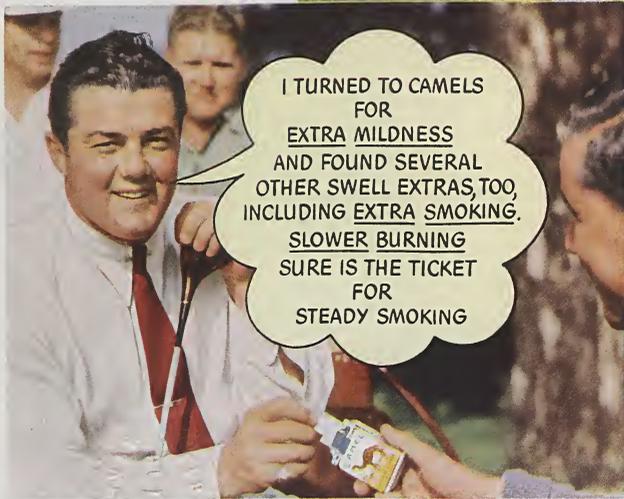
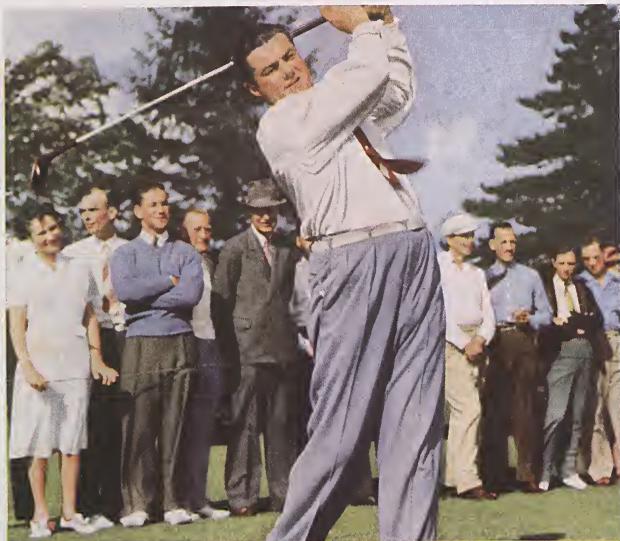
VOL. LVII
NO. 1



STUDENT PUBLICATION - WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

EXTRA DISTANCE IN HIS DRIVES— EXTRAS IN HIS CIGARETTE

YES, LARRUPING
LAWSON LITTLE—NATIONAL
OPEN CHAMPION—PREFERS
THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES
THE "EXTRAS"—
SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS



I TURNED TO CAMELS
FOR
EXTRA MILDNESS
AND FOUND SEVERAL
OTHER SWELL EXTRAS, TOO,
INCLUDING EXTRA SMOKING.
SLOWER BURNING
SURE IS THE TICKET
FOR
STEADY SMOKING

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

WATCH OUT, PAR—here comes *Little!* No, Lawson Little is never content unless he can better par . . . in his golf . . . in his cigarette. "I want *all* the mildness I can get in my cigarette," he says. "Camels burn slower and give me extra mildness. And Camels also give me something else I never found before—flavor that doesn't tire my taste." Yes, Camels give all the qualities you want plus an extra measure of each. The extra flavor of costlier tobaccos preserved by slower burning. The natural mildness and coolness of costlier tobaccos plus freedom from the irritating qualities of too-fast burning. And on top of *extra pleasure*—Camels give extra value (see panel at right).

GET THE "EXTRAS"—WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS
THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

YOU WATCH that ball go screaming off the tee and you shake your head. *How* does he do it? Form, timing, power, wrist action, control . . . he has them all—but Lawson Little has that *extra measure* of each which makes the difference between a good golfer and a champion. Just as the *extras* in his cigarette . . . Camel . . . make the difference between smoking and smoking pleasure at its best.

EXTRA MILDNESS
EXTRA COOLNESS
EXTRA FLAVOR

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**





"Why shouldn't I laugh; the school has to pay all the expenses.
I got it playing football."

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH
(The guy in the Box Office)

"Boy, it sure makes a difference when you got a good team. Everybody wants to see them play. I haven't had so many chances to insult people since I gave up teaching. This sure is swell. I put them right in their places when they come around trying to buy tickets. "Nope! Not a thing left for this Saturday's game. No reserved seats left for the rest of the home games!" Guess that puts the skids under that guy. The nerve of him asking me to sell him tickets for *this* week's game. You've got to keep them in their place, or they'll run all over you. "Two on the fifty-yard line? You're nuts. Bud. I'll let you have a couple in the last row, they're not together and each one is behind a pole." Boy, I've got this guy scared. "You heard me. I said that's all I got. If you don't want them, that's O. K. with me." Am I getting good! I'll soon be able to insult them without opening my mouth. There's a guy here trying to get my attention. Now what shall I do to keep him waiting? Boy, is this fun! I could answer the phone. It's been ringing the last half hour. "Hello, nope, not a thing." Ha, ha! Hung up before she could say a word. Guess I've kept this sucker waiting long enough. I'll insult him now. "Huh? Not a chance. Move! There's people behind you trying to get waited on." That should teach him not to bother me any more. The nerve of these saps trying to buy football tickets here when the whole town is full of ticket speculators.

He has a nice head of skin.

BIG CITY BLUES

"I'm really ashamed of this salad, and if you don't think it tastes right, please don't eat it."

"Oh, it's fine."

"That's mighty nice of you. But everything went wrong today. I suppose those biscuits are as heavy as lead."

"Honestly, they taste swell."

"Well, I usually have pretty good luck with biscuits, but—"

"They're just marvelous, I think."

"Thanks, but I know you won't like the grilled chops. They're terrible."

"Well, I can't see or taste anything wrong with them."

"That's certainly kind of you. But I just didn't seem to be able to do anything right today. Everytime I started to cook anything, someone came in with a prescription to be filled."

"How much for this radio?"

"\$50 cash."

"How much on payments?"

"\$65; \$50 down and \$3 for five weeks."

He: I haven't been off my feet all day.

She: Oh, do they come off, too?



"Bender here is my best student. He never forgets a thing."



"SURE AND IT'S good riddance to an ugly-smellin' pipe!" snapped Mrs. McGinty, dropping the pipe into the water. Quick as an Irish temper, down went McGinty after it!



"NICE WORK, MISTER!" said a young lad on the dock. "But you betters smoke a mildertobacco to stay out of the 'dog house'. Try the world's best-smelling blend of burleys!"



UNION MADE

Tune in UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE
Every Tuesday night—NBC Red network
Prizes for your "Dog House" experience

REMEMBER THESE OLD NIFTIES

What's your name?
Howard Hughes.
Fine, how are you?

What's over an angel's head?
Halo.
Hello yourself.

Where're you from?
Hawaii.
Fine, how are you?

Big machines armies use.
Tanks.
You're welcome.

What's 5Q and 5Q?
10Q.
You're welcome.

•

The way to keep your feet from falling asleep is not to let them turn in.

•

He played halfback on the team,
and way back on his studies.

•

Office Boy: There's a man outside to see you about a bill you owe him. He wouldn't give his name.

Boss: What does he look like?

O. B.: He looks like you'd better pay it.

•

In spite of the date all football
games are played on holler days.



IN MEMORIAM

"Alas!" I heard them say, "Alas, that he
Should die so young! So much of ecstasy

As yet untasted—and his work not done—
The victor's palm still waiting to be won;

What waste!" I heard them say, "What cruel waste,
That Death should come in such unseemly haste!"

But I have seen it in another way—
For in far-northern climes the season's stay

Is short, and hardly has the springtime's blush
Deepened, ere comes the summer with a rush

Which merges into autumn's harvest-home.
So in one quick, bright span these seasons come—

The cycle perfect and complete, though brief,
And glorious and rich beyond belief.

While others take it drop by drop, and slow,
These dip up Life in brimming handfuls. Oh,

They know their stars and rainbows, dusk and dawn;
Wear happiness as haloes; on and on

A shining youth is theirs until life flees,
For winter never comes to such as these!

No dream is wasted—happy moment lost—
They strive—they live—they love—and comes the frost!

Like these, our friend, through busy days and fleet—
He, too, has made his span of life complete—

And so triumphantly our prayer can be:
"We thank Thee, God—*He lived Abundantly!*"

EDITH EARNSHAW.



DONALD PFOHL

Keats and Shelley were just tasting of the sweet but ephemeral cup of youth when their lives were brought to tragic ends. They experienced much in their short times on the earth, and each left something for posterity.

And so it is with Donald Pfohl: his life was cut short, but not so short that he did not know of the happiness of young manhood. He, too, left things that will live after him. His understanding, his devotion, his untiring efforts at anything he began will always be recalled as outstanding attributes of the man whose one brief year at Wake Forest College will be a shining gem in the institution's crown of achievements.

Every member of the college band will always visualize September 16, 1940, on the calendar and envision a thick black line around it, symbolizing the tragedy that took place on that day.

His accomplishments were many, his success with the music department marvelous. He possibly would have lived to do greater things had he thought of the one word suggested to Thomas Wolfe: "Relax."



"The Roll Call"

THE TALK OF THE CAMPUS

AMONG the last Americans to leave Paris this summer was at least one Wake Forest graduate, Robert Lee Humber, attorney for Gilchrist Oil Company. For a number of years Mr. Humber had been a resident of Paris and his duties caused him to remain there even after the invasion. While at Wake Forest he was editor of *THE STUDENT* and *The Old Gold and Black* while the World War was going on. A letter reached here from him recently and he stated that "since I left France, it has been my desire to record my experiences and impressions, but the leisure has not yet come to me. Perhaps it will—I trust so—and if it does, I shall be pleased to communicate with you. Particularly agreeable would it be to have this article published in *THE STUDENT*, a magazine with which I shall always be linked by many happy ties and associations." Humber continued, saying "the old college is very dear to me and looms significantly larger in my life as the years recede."

An old Ford rattled to a stop at a filling station in South Carolina this summer, and an ebon head projected from a window. "One gallon gas."

The attendant adjusted the hose, letting flow the gasoline while the automobile swayed with the motion of the apparently inebriated Negroes. Finished, he strode up to the window, asking matter-of-factly: "How's yo' oil?"

Black lips parted from ear to ear, and white teeth shone in vivid contrast to the skin. "We's fine. How's y'all?"



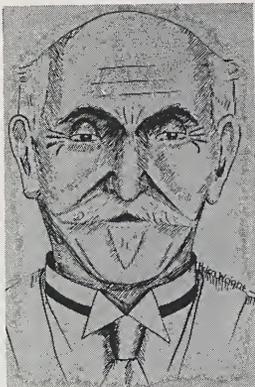
This year marks the beginning of the second decade of service of our president, Dr. Thurman D. Kitchen. For ten years he has stood at the helm of the college, and year by year gradually improve-

ments in more ways than one have been seen.

Our enrollment has increased remarkably, new structures have been erected, funds are being raised for another, a four-year Medical School is soon to replace the old one, and Wake Forest alumni are still leaders in their chosen professions.

With such a panjandrum to direct affairs, the future of the college augurs, to say the least, extremely well.

Every college has its professor who is a typical Mr. Chips. Brenau College's "own Mr. Chips" is Professor James Henry Simmons, En-



Professor J. H. Simmons

glish head at the girls' school in Georgia and brother to the late Evabelle Simmons, Wake Forest's first co-ed. Professor Simmons himself is an alumnus of this school. The sketch of him here was made by a student at Brenau, and it was run with an article in the school's paper, *The Alchemist*. Dr. T. J. Simmons, brother to James Henry, made Wake

Forest the beneficiary of a treasured art collection this summer, evidence enough of the fact that a college's alumni have a great deal to do with its welfare.

The record-breaking number of co-eds who add a touch of pulchritude to our campus would, several years ago, have been considered unusual. But now to say that one sat by a pretty girl in English class is not an anomaly any longer. For there are something over a half a dozen co-eds in the Academic School, one in Law School, three in Medical School. There are some freshmen in for a great deal of embarrassment if a girl with superior knowledge in the classroom can provide it.



At the beginning of this term, three venerable and almost traditional characters were missing on the campus: Dr. Sledd, Dr. Lynch, and Coach Caddell. Though each is gone, the memories still linger. We remember them for the little things in life: a friendly word when a Freshman, a bit of wit in English, the toll of the bell for another victory on the diamond.

Our next governor is a Wake Forest man—be he Broughton or McNeill. The latter had a son to graduate from here, and the former has a son, Melville, Jr., in the freshman class. Broughton, pictured here, finished Wake Forest in 1910.



Wake Forest Joined the Colors

Students have answered the call of patriotism in four different wars; and even during the first session a military company was formed.

FOUR wars involving America have taken place since Wake Forest was founded 107 years ago, and one that threatens to obscure all of these in destructiveness and ferocity appears now approaching a crisis. In these struggles Wake Forest students have participated to greater or less extent, forsaking their college careers. Once the few remaining students were taken from the campus and placed in the army compulsorily.

Although we have never had a unit of the R.O.T.C. here, Wake Forest's military history goes back to the beginning of the history of the college. The school was founded in an era of peace, one of the longest America has known, but soon after the first classes had opened, President Samuel Wait ordered the students to assemble in front of his residence one Saturday morning. He stood on his front porch (now the Overby boarding house on Wingate Street), and played on his flute such martial airs as "Hail Columbia" and "The Star Spangled Banner," according to Dr. Paschal's *History of Wake Forest College*.

Thereupon the men organized "The Wake Forest Invincibles" with J. C. Dockery as captain, since he had had some military training. Then Dr. Wait addressed the new soldiers, telling them in part:

"Young gentlemen, you must recollect the deeds of the heroes of the Revolution—of Washington, Lafayette, Putnam, and your own ancestors; imitate their example. If your country is ever invaded, defend it. Be men; set your mark high."

Afterwards, the company marched into the campus grove, to the music of flute and drum, and out into the big road. Half a mile on, they met the enemy—a jennet—and captured him.

Capt. Dockery was placed on the animal, sans bridle and saddle, and the company returned to the campus in triumph.

So ended Wake Forest's first military adventure. The company of Invincibles did not last much longer. For a time the men drilled on Saturdays, but soon the Board of Trustees voted against a petition of the students to be allowed to have a military company, and the Invincibles were dissolved. Wake Forest settled down to academic peace.

The small army in the Mexican War drew several students and former students of Wake Forest. Major S. M. Ingram, in an article in *THE STUDENT* in 1895, declared that there should be a monument to the memory of those of Wake Forest who served in this war. The men, he said, filled high offices, and all except one had had no military education; what they knew came from experience and from study by campfires. Ingram himself was one who rushed to the rescue of General Taylor and served under him and General Scott in Mexico. In his article he told of the time when at Vera Cruz

"we were marching about 15,000 Mexicans out of that strongly fortified city, after fighting a week, day and night, the band struck up 'Hail Columbia,' and I immediately thought of Dr. Wait and the advice he had given me. . . . Four old Wake Forest boys were there—Dr. Osear Baxter and Quintin Busbee of the United States Navy, and Colonel Junius Wheeler of the United States Army."

The Mexican War, however, soon over and far away, did not agitate the college very much. Many North Carolinians, indeed, were opposed to the war itself, and there was no wave of patriotism to sweep the campus. The story of the next war is far different.

All through the decade from 1850 to 1860 the rumble of the approaching "irrepressible conflict" was echoed on the Wake Forest campus. An examination of the recorded subjects debated by the two literary societies bears evidence of the keen interest of the students in the great questions disturbing the nation. At the time they could do little more than talk, but that they did with the rest of the country.

When South Carolina seceded late in 1860, to be joined by other states one after the other, the atmosphere of the campus changed radically. The students were restless for action. Some left. And when it was apparent that North Carolina would secede in the spring of 1861, many of the boys were held only by the promise of an early commencement which would let them take their places in the armies. The graduation was held just a week after the state seceded, and the day the news of Bethel was received. There was no commencement speaker, because the invited orator was unable to come on the short notice of the change in dates.

At a big rally at Forestville, one hundred of the students volunteered and formed a company to go to Virginia. They elected as their commander the professor of classical languages, James H. Foote. He saw twenty-five of them killed or wounded in the first battle of Ellyson's Mills in Virginia, and later many others slain in battles in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania.

In the fall of 1860 only thirty students enrolled in college, and as the number continued to dwindle the college suspended in May, 1862. At this time the conscription laws of the Confederate Government made all except five of the remaining students subject to military duty, but few of them had waited for conscription. President Manly Wingate and Prof. William Royall served in the army. The records show that virtually every able-bodied Wake Forest man, even those of middle-age and past, took his place in the army.

In 1863 the Confederate Government commandeered the college building as a hospital, and later when the

GOLD STAR MEN OF ★ WAKE FOREST ★

*The Twenty Men Who Were Killed on
the Battlefields of France in the
First World War*

Berry Buford Bost
Andrew Jackson Harris
Percy S. Harwood
Aureus Tilden Howard
Haywood T. Lockerman
Thomas Sims Mast
Collier Carlton Olive
John Edwin Ray
Gordon L. Rhodes
Charles Oscar Riddick

Kemp Battle Roberts
Tilton Young Robertson
MacClaudius Robinson
Edward Hanson Smith
Lloyd Wood Speight
Paul Evans Sprinkle
Adlai Ewing Stephenson
Robert Hurst Turner
Hugh David Ward
Sidney W. White

wounded overflowed its rooms erected a number of temporary wooden houses for the same purpose.

After the war, the college did not reopen until January, 1866, and then only with difficulty. Its endowment, much of which was invested in Confederate bonds, had been swept away. About \$13,000 was salvaged. Prospects for students were slim. Before the war the college had been patronized generously by the large planter class, now penniless. Many of its former students who should have been returning to complete their education were dead or wounded or bankrupt.

In the first session after the war, seventeen men registered for college courses and thirty-four for preparatory courses, made necessary by the condition of the school system and by the fact that these were men who had grown up without benefit of education other than military. Only two had previously been in college. Most of them were army veterans. They lacked overcoats, and wore thin brown army blankets with "N. C." or "Va." in big black letters on them.

No other war, of course, has affected Wake Forest like this one. It is to be hoped that no other one will. Certainly, as far as Wake Forest was concerned, the Spanish-American War in 1898 did not make much impression. The conflict itself lasted only 115 days, and no students are known to have gone to Cuba. However, one or two from the Town of Wake Forest did join the North Carolina Regiment which took part in the fighting.

That the students knew the war was happening is attested by only one recorded incident. On April Fool's Day only about half a dozen students showed up for chapel service, then compulsory. Finally one of the faculty, who also went to chapel, found a note on the door stating that the students had gone to war. The terms of the treaty of peace with the faculty are not recorded.

Nearly two decades of peace followed. Then in the spring of 1917, after Europe had known war for three years and after American sentiment had swung sharply from neutral to anti-German and pro-Ally, the United States declared war.

In the Midsummer Bulletin, July, 1919, there appeared the statement that "more than 400 sons of Wake Forest responded to the call of their country in the recent national emergency." They served and gave their lives in every branch of the military: aviation, army, navy, marines. On the walls of the old Chapel which burned several years ago was a plaque with the names of those who had died in service.

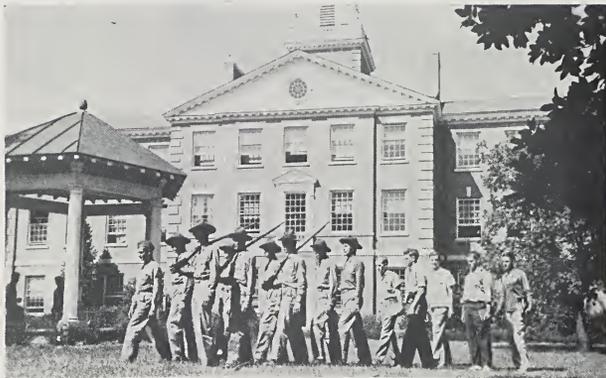
The campus itself resembled a military camp, as military officers in charge of the S.A.T.C. took over the college (as the faculty complained they did.) Dormitories became barracks, and kitchen police, reveille and other military terms became familiar. Uniforms were worn regularly. As a sketch in *THE STUDENT* in 1919 said, even the mellow tone of the historic old bell gave way to the shrill commanding notes of the bugle. There was little spare time on one's hands, and most minutes not given to physical activity were

usually spent in a study-hall with a sergeant watching to see the work done correctly.

A tragic insight of what war actually meant to the boys was found in *THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT* of April, 1919. The article was entitled "As a Boy in France Saw It." It was a symposium, containing clippings from personal letters. One youth wrote that he was supposed to write to the fathers whose sons had been killed in France, and that he would thus have to write to Mr. Geyer, whose "son was with me in the 82nd Aero Squadron but now lies in the cold blue waters of the Irish Sea." The letter continued: "And last, I will write to my boy chum's father in California. He kept a smile on his lips while I knelt beside him. I shall never forget those last words from his dry lips as I pressed them to mine: 'Give them hell, boy,' he whispered, and fell asleep."

When the 1918 *Howler* found its way into the hands of the students, it offered itself as evidence that courage and good cheer had not departed from the Wake Forest campus even in the midst of wars and alarms. The next year the annual ran several pictures of the S.A.T.C. unit that was organized on the campus. The publication of *THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT* was suspended in 1919 because of the international difficulties whose ramifications touched Wake Forest. At first, soon after the organization of the military unit, the staff of the magazine was made up accordingly. Then when things were being smoothed over and a publication date was being considered, the unit was dissolved. And again the staff had to be reorganized. From April 20, 1918, to February 15, 1919, no *Old Gold and Blacks* were published because of the "national exigency," and only occasionally for the rest of the year.

William Louis Poteat, president of Wake Forest during the World War, stated then that "the disasters of the European War are many and far-reaching." Today that statement applies just as much as it did then. And college students may soon be called upon again to bolster the ranks of the American army. If they are, alumni can smile sorrowfully and mutter, "It isn't the first time."



The National Guardsmen have gone to camp; conscripts are to follow soon. Are we to march from the classroom into the army?



"It was little more than a small hill covered with undergrowth."

"Give Me The Coast"

By STUART BENSON

Four miles off the coast of North Carolina, near the small town of Soutport, is Bald Head Island. Closer to the sweep of the Gulf Stream than any other possession of the state, it is infinitely warmer; so warm that its growth is semi-tropical. It is completely surrounded by water and is accessible only by boats seaworthy enough to navigate the four-miles stretch of turbulent water in which the Cape Fear River meets the Atlantic.

TORTURED tires screamed as a coupe careened around a curve, straightened itself and shot out of the hills. Inside, a glassy-eyed man of thirty-eight peered through the spattered windshield, but he was barely conscious of the outline of the road; he seemed really to always have his eyes focused on something over the edge of the horizon. His clothes were expensive but dusty and wrinkled.

As the road straightened for a stretch, Francis Craig trusted the wheel long enough to pack and light a pipe with a bowl so huge that it forced his prominent jawbone to become even more noticeable. He drank in as much smoke as his lungs would hold and reluctantly allowed white wisps to escape seconds later. It had been five years now that he had been denied tobacco in any form, five years in a scrupulously clean and bare mountain sanatorium. But from this point on he was free from the rules on man; he was going back to the one spot on earth he loved the most.

Three hours out of Asheville and the gas needle threatened the "E"; he stopped at a filling station three miles west of Gastonia. Francis mumbled "Fill 'er up," and stepped out to stretch. The intense heat of the sun rebounded off the cement of the station; the pungent odor of hot tar and gasoline made his stomach uncomfortable, so he paid and drove off as fast as the car would accelerate from second.

In Charlotte he bolted a light lunch and had his pipe loaded again before it was cool. He was ten miles out of town before the pipe went out from lack of tobacco; he knocked the ashes and brought the empty, warm pipe to his nose. It had a rich, mellow odor. Francis sporadically kept one eye on the road and critically examined his pipe at the same time—turning it slowly. It had been so long, he thought to himself, since he had smoked in peace.

Kaleidoscopic scenes fell across his consciousness: he remembered five years ago when he had revelled in his island paradise. He liked to begin with the little ceremony he made of entering the neck of water that widened into a friendly cove.

Even while he raced along the highway, he once again, in his mind, reversed the engine and brought the boat to a standstill, turned the ignition, raced around the narrow deck aft and dropped the anchor with a plop into the blue-grey water. He heard the indolent lapping of the water against the sides of the boat as he stripped off the dingy, once-white duck pants. The boat drew only two feet of water, and he could have maneuvered close enough to the shore to wade in, but he always stopped just inside the crooked finger of the righthand side of the cove, a little over two blocks from shore. The sun had been beating down for the last hour on the little wooden top that covered the wheel, and Francis recalled the dryness in his throat, and how perspiration ran in little rivulets down his back. Then up to the edge of the deck and thrill of the engulfing cool water as he cut through it with deft, sure strokes.

He remembered with a wry grin how his breath began to give out on him those last few months; how he fought with deep gasps for enough air to reach the shore line. But he always made it to the shallow water no matter how great his chest seemed to grow or how much it burned. It seemed that the more pain he went through the more angry he became, and the more powerful his strokes; finally, the comforting feel of the damp beach sand beneath his feet, staggering up to the dry sand, and falling face downward.

Again he knew the joy of the loving sun, the rays sending waves of warmth along his back. After an hour's nap he arose, washed himself in the breakers, and climbed his own High Tor.

It was little more than a small hill covered with undergrowth and a few palm trees, but from its apogee one could see the white sand of the beach gleaming like a band of scalloped silver around the island. And a little further out, the interminable ruffle the sea formed with its breakers. To the east loomed the lighthouse beacon for dreaded Cape Fear. From there he could barely see the mainland on the best day, four miles away, and men became as insignificant as that unimportant looking grey strip he perceived in the distance. There on the hill-top, with his big bowled pipe filled with tobacco from a well protected cache on the hill, he regained his breath completely, flexed his muscles, and thought that he should never die so long as he received his strength from his island.

But after fourteen years of this, a great sorrow had struck the life of Francis Craig. Where he used to be able to swim the distance easily, it became more dan-

gerous daily for him to attempt it. He had gone to see a doctor for a general check-up—he had tuberculosis. The doctor had told him his only hope was a quiet life in a higher altitude. At thirty-three he began "to serve his time," as he put it. There were the endless nights during which he lay awake for hours at the time, clammy in his own cold sweat.

But added to the physical discomforts of his disease and general malaise, there was his intense hate for the mountains themselves. The winter days when he sat by the windows of the sanatorium with his tobacco-less pipe in his hand and looked past the swirling flakes into a world in which waves joyfully tossed themselves over one another.

Even worse were the long summer days with the eternal scratchings of the katydids, the crushed feeling in the pit of his stomach when he looked up at the vast mountains towering over him. If he tried to read, he caught himself reminiscing on the taste of salt spray or the encouraging clatter of his engine as he turned it over before starting across the sea.

God, how he hated his life, the mountains that held him prisoner, and those multiple creatures within his breast that cared not for his misery. Nothing the doctors could say would make him quit his pipe; no woman gave him courage. It was the hope that someday, soon perhaps, if he took care of himself, the monthly examination would prove favorable enough to give him back his island.

But yesterday the doctors had agreed that Francis could hope to live two months under the best of conditions. He had lost. It had taken most of the morning to complete his arrangements and pack, but by eleven-thirty he was winding his way through the mountains. To his mind, everything had been taken from him, but he was going back to his island to die.

If he could only feel the shattering tingle of cold water; if he could only know the feel of the warm sun on his back, then he would have the courage to climb the hill and die. The more he thought about it, the more determined he became to reach that island.

It was a wasted but resolute man behind the wheel of that coupe. The river of cement flowed swiftly beneath the hungry wheels. Every few yards of cement blocks were pieced together by an asphalt strip, and the thud of the tires against them set up a rhythm with the beat of his heart. Outside, the earth, filled with the first warmth of spring, alternately waved young corn and tobacco sprouts at him, but he methodically adjusted the chromium radiator cap on a line with the edge of the road as it twisted and turned under him.

A fragment of poetry he had learned in high school persisted in his mind:

"Five years have past;
Five summers with the length of five long winters!
And again I hear these waters. . ."

He twisted the windwings until they scooped up the air and angrily tossed it back into his face. The land was now flat and the pines gave the air a fresh fragrance. Twilight came, and with it the Brunswick County swamp-lands. Francis, pipe tightly clenched between his teeth, batted his eyes as swarms of insects dashed themselves against the windshield.

Francis was almost to Southport before he began to wonder about how he could get to the island, for he had sold his boat before he left for the sanatorium. He knew every shoal, eddy, and current at any stage, but he still couldn't make it across the four miles without a boat.

The sun completely lost itself as he came across a broad-beamed dory pulled up on shore, complete with

a healthy pair of oars. The bottom of the boat scrapped along the fine sand of the shore and then splashed into the water with a sound that brought a smile to Francis' lips.

As soon as he fitted the oars to the oar-locks, he rowed frantically, trying to get out of distance before someone caught him. However, as the shore-line began to fade, he put all his power behind the oars for the sheer joy of feeling the boat leap under him. The river was at ebb and it ran before a rapid current.

Within fifteen minutes he was just off the three second flashing buoy he knew meant Battery Island. His back began to ache and streaks of pain shot up his chest into his throat, but the old defiance he used to feel also welled up.

Again and again he strained against the oars. To the left he recognized the distant lights of Fort Caswell that punctuated the night like many fire-flies. Over to the right was the red buoy which flashed every second, and he knew his course was true. Overhead a persistent south-east wind drove up scattered clouds and made itself felt on Francis' face.

The light of day had totally left the sky, and only that eerie glow was left during which the earth totters between a sombre blue and black. The atmosphere gradually took on a greyness, and the evening star winked mischievously through the mottled clouds. The very change of color in the sea seemed to bring an additional dampness to the air.

Francis felt acutely and fought the ball of fire in his chest with longer, more powerful strokes. At every

(Continued on page eighteen)





The Thoughts Behind Her Letters

There's an Art to Find the Mind's Construction in the Face

By BILL ANGELL

THERE is usually a great deal more in a letter than is written on the lines. It appears to me that a lot of people never consider the fact that what they write in their letters conveys more thought than the actual words they use. At least I always get more meaning out of the letters I get than is actually written there in blue on white; and, furthermore, I always put more in my letters than just what the words themselves say. Reading the words in a letter is to me like looking at the face of its author: there is a mind behind that shows through. In other and more definite words, I read between the lines. I consider not only the words that are written there on the paper but also the thoughts and events that must have caused those words. I attempt to think the writer's thoughts along with her, always keeping in mind the facts that I know about her personality and the circumstances under which she wrote. Reading between the lines is an art, and a very helpful one at that.

Nevertheless, I do not mean to say that the author of a letter is necessarily evasive or indefinite, although such might indeed be true. Writing is a slow process; thinking is a very swift process, or at least is supposed to be. Naturally, then, when someone writes a letter she thinks dozens of sentences every time she writes one. Furthermore, the sentence written will almost invariably represent the trend of thought contained in the other sentences which got no further than her mind. It is a key to the writer's whole frame of mind. The logical thing for me to do, therefore, is to reconstruct the writer's whole frame of mind from the sentence which she has written, thereby gaining a much more complete, thorough, and adequate correspondence.

This reading between the lines, moreover, requires no special skill or mental ability, as a consideration of the author of this essay makes evident. It is necessary only to have the power of psychological analysis, mental transmigration, and perhaps extrasensuous perception. With a super-conceptive power akin to mental telepathy, one needs only to perceive the thought-forms and psychological concepts that must have been present in the writer's mind at the moment of physical recording, and upon this basis to reconstruct the totality of mental attitude and perspective, keeping in mind, of course, the constant intervention of environmental factors which invariably tend to influence that mental attitude and perspective. The simplicity of the action is evident and needs no detailed description.

Nevertheless, in order to be more exact in the proof of my contentions, and in response to any Doubting Thomas who might read only the lines of this, I shall present a few specific examples of my reading between the lines. One letter reads: "Yes, it is raining!" And between the lines I read: (Bill likes rainy weather, and he'll be interested to know I'm noticing it. Our last three dates together were on rainy nights. Those were swell dates. I wonder why he has that peculiar characteristic of liking rain? That's what I call good individualism; and it makes him write poetry, too. But this rain is keeping me at home, doggonit! Anyway, it's good psychology for me to write about something he likes; I've got to write something.) There's little doubt in my mind that such was her trend of thought, and subsequent events always show that I was right.

Again a letter says, "By the way, Bill, do you by any chance know a

young gentleman by the name of? Someone wants to know. I never heard of him before." And I read: (So and so knows at Wake Forest, and I wonder if Bill knows him. If I ask about him Bill will wonder how and why I know him. I'll explain to him that I don't know the boy myself so that he won't get the wrong idea. It's not good to ask one boy about another—I know that—and Bill is sensitive.) Such is the general idea of reading between the lines; but of course the letter as a whole, the state of the relationship, the time of its writing, the events that have just taken place, and in fact the whole environment must be taken into consideration before the writer's mind can be correctly reconstructed by the reader.

The value of reading between the lines is self-evident. Would it not be most interesting to know the real and unadulterated meaning that lies between the lines of your letter from the girl with whom a break is looming, or from Dad when exams are over and the grades have been sent home? Nothing is of more importance in our relationship with others than the ability to analyze the secret workings of their minds, for it is thus that we best appreciate and understand them, whether it be for better or for worse. Moreover, since many of our important relationships are through correspondence, we are greatly enhanced in being better able to master the situation. Many a heart can be saved from its pining, many a dame can be beat to the draw, if we develop and apply the ability to read between the lines. Bill Shakespeare said, "There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face," but I contend there is an art to find the mind's construction in the space—that blank between the lines.



No Kick Coming!

America Needs God's Blessing

By EUGENE BRISSIE

Or just what did Irving Berlin include when he wrote "God Bless America . . . My Home Sweet Home . . .?"

IT wasn't more than a month ago that I stood in a police station one night and saw a stringy-haired woman locked into a cell for killing another woman, one who was "messing with my man," the Negress told officers.

Her words, however, were hardly audible, for across the street an annual State Young Democrats Club convention was in full sway. And when North Carolina Young Democrats get in full sway, residents of the convention vicinity usually move out for three days.

This particular night, I recall, was unusual. No sooner had the alleged murderess been locked securely behind steel bars than the Young Democrats began to sing "God Bless America" in a thousand different pitches.

"God Bless America," I thought. It was a song written by Irving Berlin, the man who used to sling hash down at Nigger Mike Salter's place in New York, and who now writes more hits for Hollywood than any other composer of so-called popular music. When he was at Nigger Mike's, he used to call himself a "singing waiter," and now he lets the radio, magazines, and newspapers give him all sorts of names and titles.

What did Berlin mean by the word "America"?

My question was brought more closely home again last week when I read that Wake Forest was to have two war refugees in the 1940-41 enrollment. An English lad, I understood, who was only fourteen years of age, had left his native land in May to escape the murderous raids of Herr Goering's Junkers. John Oatfield was the youth's name, and his home had been Hertfordshire, England, for the first 254 days of John Bull's conflict with Der Fuehrer.

Edward Chow, the Chinese student, sought to flee the stage of another theater of war, one which has raged indefinitely and one whose effect has yet to be felt in remote sections of the vast Yellowman domain. Both students, the reports indicated, hoped to return eventually to their respective native lands.

Then the son of the passive Far East had met the product of an island whose active temperament virtually parallels one of her Spitfires. Their mutual ground was to be the scene of an eminent question mark, America, which will have a million uniformed sons make their debuts this year in circles of the better armed.

They, too, wondered about Berlin's song. The youthful exponent of John Bull has undoubtedly heard many of his hosts comment: "Let God save the king this time!" The son of the Far East has doubtless received inferences that China's destiny is no concern of the Western Hemisphere. God's blessings, then, were to be generally invoked for the world and specifically invoked for America. . . .

But Berlin's musical prayer isn't beside the point. When God has blessed America, He will have moved upon the face of perhaps earth's most diversified nation, geographically, and upon the souls of the world's most heterogeneous collection of nationalities. Distance and nationality in America know no limit.

America takes in trains of thought that vary from the political, in complexity, to the scientific genius in difficulty. Neither Oatfield nor Chow was accustomed to a government where elections of some sort were held annually. Both, no doubt, have been virtually bewildered by the show of keen rivalry between candidates for the country's executive leadership—a job that pays but \$75,000 yearly, in salary. On one side stands the stalwart of utilitarianism, who, while in Indiana, was known as the "Elwood yokel boy who made good." On the other hand is President Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was mimicked in his distaste for war and whose wife is a personified present tense—with everyday "My Day."

Here was a land that six years ago resorted to plowing under crops when starving families took to the open road, a land where National Guardsmen trained with broom handles and women were allowed to vote. The refugees were located in a State where sea breezes swept through the needles of long leaf pines on the coast, and where sportsmen donned ice skates and bob sleds for a winter in the western section of its empire of variety. Less than ten blocks away from the world's largest tobacco factories, families prayed to God and cursed Him for want of food.

Imagine how fascinating these stories must sound to the refugees who had never heard them, though we hear them daily—from the platform and pulpit, the printed letters and spoken words. Then America must be interesting. Its diversity is most remarkable.

During October more planes and men will be fitted for combat, if combat draws close to our shores. They must protect democracy. And in November, millions of voters will go to the polls to select a leader. They, too, must protect democracy, the politicians say. In fact, the name America and Democracy have become synonymous. And what a range of persons and things do Democracy and America take in!

Maybe it's still like the jail episode. An Irish cop arrested a Negro woman for shooting another Negress in front of a Greek restaurant while two German Jews were inside eating a midnight lunch composed of Swiss cheese and rye bread. Charges were preferred to the tune of "God Bless America," sung by a State Convention delegation of North Carolina's Young Democrats.

Mr. Berlin, you have given the Lord a tough assignment.





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The reversible box coat comes in handy during the quick-changing fall weather. For a sporty appearance, a dark gray single-breasted herringbone suit, striped oxford shirt, broad striped tie, and black wing tip shoes, are just the thing.

Ho! For The Life of a Sailor

*Or, can you match this for a
summer's vacation*

By HORACE CHAMBLEE

NINE Wake Forest boys sailed out of New York Harbor last August to begin thirty days' training in the United States Naval Reserve. Ben Cole, Jimmy Banister, Ralph De Vane, Hal Forbes, Jimmy Gilliland, W. H. Harris, DeLane Young, Hal Hoyle, and I were aboard the U. S. S. *Arkansas*. We had spent a day moored in the North River while yeomen issued white uniforms, bedding, lockers, and blue-jackets manuals. We were sailing to Panama. It was to be a test of aptitude and ability to "take it" under adverse conditions. We received no pay. Men recommended at the end of the cruise were to receive midshipmen's appointments and ordered to ninety days' training at some shore school.

All of us had finished at least two years of college and had passed physical examinations. Most of us faced the sea for the first time, hoping to be officers in the event of war or conscription. Some of the fellows had been out of college for several years. Some wanted to make a living this way for a while and others wanted a career as naval officers. Most of us didn't know what we wanted. We were all less than twenty-six years old.

The three battleships, *Arkansas*, *New York*, and *Wyoming*, carried fifteen hundred reserves. On the *Arkie* there were only Southern and New England boys. Boys from every State were making the cruise and the *Wyoming* even had thirty-three boys from Alaska.

Scrubbing decks and cleaning our own compartments was about all the ship's work we had to do. Keeping clothes scrubbed clean and shoes shined was the hardest thing to do under the circumstances. Fresh water and buckets were hard to get.

Classes took up most of the day. Instruction was by lecture and notebook system, no quizzes. Drill, seamanship, navigation, whale-boating, signalling, traditions and terminology, engineering, organization of the navy, aircraft catapults, battle formations, gunnery, small arms, and damage control were some of the subjects presented.

Watches were the laboratory part of the training. Reserves stood

watches just like regular seamen while the ship was underway. For example, a reserve taking engineering watches would spend an hour in the evaporator room, an hour in the refrigerator room, and two hours in an engine room. Later he'd spend four hours in the fire-room, where the temperature is one hundred and twenty-four degrees Fahrenheit. High pressure, low humidity, and salt tablets make it endurable. On navigation watches some reserves even steered the ship.

Nobody got seasick on the cruise but three typhoid vaccinations and one for smallpox made everybody sick enough.

We didn't like Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, the only stop in our passage to Panama. It is entirely a military



Senioritas in Panama Smile Back

and naval base. Still the sleek destroyers and swooping seaplanes were a thrilling sight as they maneuvered against a background of tropical mountains.

With regular Hollywood movies every night and the ship's band playing the latest jazz after dinner and supper, we didn't suffer for lack of entertainment. The ship has a library, soda fountain, photography

shop, canteen store, tailor's shop, cobbler's shop, and good medical, surgical, and dental staffs.

Food was pretty good and was served in our compartments. Colored reserve mess boys were being trained in order to keep us from having to take any time from our study-routine serving as K. P's. Folding tables and benches are stowed on the ceiling when not in use.

We preferred sleeping on deck to slinging our hammocks but only half the reserves could find space on the decks at a time. On clear nights we would sleep topside, where the stars over the sea said "goodnight" and a shrill bosun's pipe shrieked "Up all idlers!" at 0545.

Skirting the shores of Venezuela for half a day, we saw flying fish and porpoises. The squadron anchored in the harbor of Colon, Panama. All reserves were given two days' liberty. We took a railway excursion to Panama City and Balboa on the Pacific side, staying there all day. The crossroads of the hemisphere, Panama, attracts all the races of man. They sell the goods America imports for much less than Americans pay. Attracted by very low prices, reserves haggled with Japs, Chinese, Hindus, Panamanians, and everybody else for fine linens, cloisonné, leather goods, perfumes, ivory, carved teak, silks, and swindlers' cheap imitations of them all. Ironically, most boys spent all they had and few brought back anything of real value.

Beer is cheaper than Coca-Cola and both are sold everywhere. Old cronies crouching in doorways of vacant shops offer tickets on the national lottery.

Everybody speaks English and Spanish and most people speak at least one other language.

Panamanian cities have lovely parks, of palms or other tropical trees, threaded through with decorative sidewalks. Most parks have either statues to military heroes or a church. Houses are built right on the street and have ornate, pretentious fronts. Modernistic architecture is popular and harmonizes with the traditional farms.

From Colon we proceeded to Norfolk. We saw new aircraft carriers and mosquito boats in the Portsmouth shipyards.

All reserves were examined by a

(Continued on page twenty)

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POOL

6 TABLES GOING ALL THE TIME

Forgive Us Again

By EUGENE BRISSIE

SEVERAL thousands of Gold Star Mothers climaxed a week of reunion and celebration on Sunday, September 29, 1940, when the president of the organization read a message from the president of another organization: "... For your services and gallant attitudes... your faith in a nation... a cause..."—the message went on for some length. The president who read the statement was a mother who had a son killed in the last World War; the sender of the message was Franklin D. Roosevelt, president of an organization known to the outside world as the United States of America.

As a concluding note to the ceremony, the United States Army band struck up a tune, poignant with praise, dripping with sympathy for those whom it could possibly concern. "The Unknown Soldier" was the song.

The mothers—some thousands of them—had deserted their respective homes for a time to pay tribute to themselves and their dead offspring. The band had turned the most morbid of all monuments into the form of a song. The "Unknown Soldier" did the singing.

It was just five years ago that John Haynes Holmes said something about the Unknown Soldier. Holmes, a prominent New York minister writing for *Christian Century*, said that the Unknown Soldier lived in the West originally; later he moved to New York. His wife's name was to have been Ruth, Holmes said, but he went off to a war and died before all those unborn babies of which he had dreamed came to be realities at the foot of an ideal American father.

Somehow the Unknown Soldier was, in a way, just such an impression to me. Then again, he wasn't. As Holmes saw, I could see the soldier talking with a curl of cynicism on his lips and a note of contempt for those who would bring flowers to his grave every year—on Armistice Day, November 11. And men in black silk hats and grayish vests would make long speeches and bore the soldier while the crowd stood still, talked on in stilled whispers, and some of the women cried. The Unknown Soldier wouldn't have minded if the folks had come in sack cloth and with ashes on their heads, Holmes said. According to the writer, he was potentially an ideal American father.

But my visit to Arlington Cemetery wasn't on the occasion of Armistice Day, when the crowd stood in damp weather and watched officials put wreaths on the tomb of the lonely sentinel. It was a hot, summer day, when the streets of Washington had been alive with the newsboys' cries: "WAR... HITLER... BRITAIN... INVASION... FRANCE—DEAD..."

France was dead, the strategists were guessing. As dead as the Unknown Soldier. The streets were almost nervous with humanity, as small groups chattered about America's possible entry. Women, of all things, scurried here and there, discussing super-hysterical theories of war in the same breath with permanent waves. Paris closed? How about the style seasons? How about new recipes? How about—anything that seemed too pretty to be destroyed by war.

It was this same day that I journeyed out to Arlington, where the shrubs were green, the grass was damp with sprayed water, and the tomb of the Unknown

Soldier glistened in the heat that only District of Columbia residents had known. In the background stood the silent temple, and in the foreground the sultry city of Washington, Capital of the United States, glistened and boiled in the June weather.

The Unknown Soldier wasn't in a meditative mood when I arrived, as John Haynes Holmes found him at one time. He was jerky, worried by the heat, and only spontaneously interested in the European situation.

The sound of blaring trumpets and the roll of drums had put him in the mood to be drafted, he told me. He even begged officials to waive one qualification in the first draft—his weight. He was boisterous at times, just as you and I might be if we had to sit in the blistering sun of summers and the damp, drabness of rain and snow in winters. Right then he would be all ready to join the American Legion's big putsch to oust all radicals in our large nation. The next day he said he would have liked to go to Georgetown University to stir up feeling at an open forum discussion.

Yes, the monument represented a youth. He was full of youth. Somehow his very air was filled with hasty decisions rather than precision mixed with energetic power.

"Damn everything," he said once, speaking of the general conflagration of political, economic, and religious problems that were topics of discussion among all of his visitors, day in and day out. "Hell's abrewing on all sides, it seems... Why wait for the French to be thrown back to the gates of the damn sea? ... I didn't know there was so much glory in dying until they put all these flowers up here for me to smell... I didn't know that I looked like I needed a prayer every time a celebration comes around. You see, I'm rough and ready; ready for anything that comes along. I could have licked ten Heimies if I hadn't been plugged from behind. All hell broke loose after I got 'put out,' I understand. At that time I wouldn't have done it over again for anything... It was dangerous... I was out there blasting out the Germans' guts and spilling my own. My buddies had their bowels ripped out in a bayonet fight... I figure I got off pretty soft—it was a Luger from behind, right through here—my chest and shoulder..."

"... That was three days after a bunch of folks beat us out of ten dollars apiece down at the little town of, of—it must have been Saint Die. They said they was to help those who were wounded, dying, crushed about the chest and belly. But what did they think about us? Was they going to get money from us to pay our own funeral expenses? They did everything but rifle our pants' pockets while we still had them on... And a string of French women followed us down every street. Of course, there was a bunch of us, and you know when a bunch of the boys get together they just don't think too much... God, but they burned us up and out... We left for the front the next day..."

He chattered on and on. I became disinterested in his conversation, I had heard many like it, except this fellow got shot—dead, out for good.

... He had set the stage for an early marriage, the story of John Haynes Holmes went, I recalled. Then on the battlefield a hand grenade blew off his hands.

He sat on his haunches, bleeding, feeling the fleeting moments of life course rapidly through his veins. Then he remembered a story he had heard in Sunday school when he was a little boy. It went like this: ". . . and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, their spears into pruning hooks . . . each man shall sit under his own fig tree and none shall make him afraid. . ."

He died, the story of the minister goes. Then came the chant of American youth, acknowledging transgressions against the God of peace, seeking forgiveness and declaring:

Who goes there in the night
Across the storm-swept plain?
"We are the ghosts of a valiant war,
A million murdered men."

Who goes there at the dawn,
Across the sun-swept plain?
"We are the hosts of those who swear
It shall not be again."

Now the Soldier stands a monument in Arlington Cemetery, where he sneers at the big men of his country,

"GIVE ME THE COAST"

(Continued from page nine)

effort he told himself: "Nothing can break my will on the water—nothing."

The wind brought choppy little waves that hit the stern of the boat, spurted it along a few seconds and then left it behind.

He stopped rowing long enough to come out of a convulsive coughing spell, but he had to pull twice as hard to prevent the boat from swinging around sideways against the waves. His face was flushed to such an extent that he looked positively healthy; he felt the rush of blood, but attributed it to his nocturnal fevers. He rushed forward for a stroke, gave a great pull, and fell forward in the bottom of the dory.

One arm dangled over the side where the oar had disappeared. The left side of his face was covered by the dirty bilge water. For a few seconds it drifted there; then it exposed its side to the running tide and gently rolled over. Upon the surface of the sea a mop of brown hair writhed like a mass of seaweed, then disappeared.

The next morning the sun struggled through a labyrinth of grey clouds which a brisk wind quickly dis-

those who would pay him floral, verbal tributes, even with tears, long faces, brilliant speeches.

In any case the Unknown Soldier is with us. His valiant service was brought to mind back in 1935, when the Yellow man first sounded a new warning in the Far East and the tramp of marching men was to Europeans what the sound of the metronome was to Vienna in years past. His lonely figure as a symbol of the bravery in the past loomed on the horizon again in September, 1940, when an Army band played to the smiles and proud hearts of thousands of Gold Star Mothers. Several thousands of the mothers couldn't get there to hear the song, however. Some of them were back home, in a closet, maybe, still thinking of their America as a nation founded on faith and prayer. Some looked to a God daily, praying that the grandson would escape his father's fate or his uncle's tragic story that was never told.

Unknown Soldier's comrades are busy, too. Some of them talk from day to day—just like the soul of a monument talked with John Haynes Holmes; others chattered as the Soldier talked with me. Even others are busy clearing more plots in Arlington Cemetery, out of the hot streets of Washington in summer, and the damp drabness of a riverside city in winter.

persed. The weak, slanting rays of the young sun ran along the laughing sea, touched an island and overran it.

On the beach of that island a body was pitched face downward. A small, wandering shark had laid open the bone of the right arm. From the back trouser pocket peeped the stem of a large pipe. But the smiling sun beat down upon the lifeless back.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page three)

fill the vacancy of someone else. But upon graduation what course can he take? He is 21, sound in body and mind, and in the majority of the cases he has no job waiting. The army and navy will welcome him with open arms.

With all these ominous prognostications, however, the college senior, as well as any underclassman, can look on all sides and view the strife there, and then he will tilt his head and thank God that he is an American.

We had always referred to a get-rich-quick person as an Alger hero, and just last spring Tom Davis was described as something of a paragon for all subsequent Alger-like characters when he moved up into the position of business manager of *Old Gold and Black*.

But an article in *American Mercury* has disillusioned us completely. For Horatio was declared to be no hero himself, although his rags-to-riches novels sold like ice cream in the tropics. Unlike his chaste hero, Alger had many amorous intrigues, wrote book-length novels in less than two weeks in order that he might book passage abroad for a clandestine escapade with a married woman. His temptations were many, his powers of resistance few, his novels many and stereotyped.

And when near death he was not wealthy or important in social or political or business cliques. His largest view of happiness was probably when he received a note of appreciation from some boys on his deathbed.

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"On the Campus"

Press On, Gentlemen!



ONE author recently made the statement that all colleges are losing money and failing to serve their students by the annoying habits and mannerisms of the professors. We disagree vehemently; each person has his own distinguishing characteristics, which are called peculiarities by some. There is no logical reason for attempting to strip a professor of his simply because he is a professor. The mannerisms and habits sometimes play an important part in breaking the monotony of a class period, and seldom have we known such mannerisms to inhibit our learning. We offer the following personality sketch in substantiation of our belief.

Dr. H. B. Jones, head of the English department, is distinguished for his careful choice of words in his speech, and for his decorum in situations in which most people become boisterous. Usually when others are

showing violent emotions at some spectacle, he merely sits and squirms.

However, football is a colorful sport, and even Dr. Jones has trouble restraining himself when Wake Forest is winning. In this game the Deacons were ripping to shreds the supposedly invulnerable line of the opponent, and the fans were in a frenzy. Everybody around the professor was hoarsely screaming for another score, and Dr. Jones began to lick his lips and twist in his seat. Wake Forest reached the two-yard line, and the stands echoed and re-echoed the loud uproar.

Dr. Jones glanced over his spectacles at the people around him, and drew his handkerchief from his pocket. He fidgeted slightly, removed his glasses, wiped the perspiration from his brow. Cupping his hands, he enunciated calmly: "Press on, gentlemen, press on."

HO! FOR THE LIFE OF A SAILOR

(Continued from page fifteen)

dentist and three doctors. Sixty-one of the four-hundred and sixty reserves aboard the *Arkie* failed to pass. Later five per cent more were declared inept for other reasons. All Wake Forest boys passed.

Now we're appointed to shore school at Northwestern University, Annapolis, or aboard the U. S. S. *Illinois* on the North River in New York City. Everybody expected to go to school immediately but only eighty were taken from each ship for the first school. All who were taken at once are graduates who want immediate active duty. Jimmy Banister and Henry Hicks are at Northwestern now. We all go to some school of our choice by June 12.

While we are in shore training school we will be paid sixty-five dollars a month. If we pass the course we receive ensigns' commissions. An ensign's pay on active duty is one hundred and forty-four dollars a month.

Do you want to get on the bandwagon? Take a copy of your birth certificate, two letters of recommendation, and a transcript of your college work to a naval recruiting officer. He and the nearest naval reserve recruiting officer and physician will do the rest.

When we got back to New York we almost hated to leave the *Arkie*. Everybody aboard had been nice, trying to give us a good impression of the Navy. Saying "good bye" to the best big bunch of boys I've ever known was not pleasant at all. We had learned to like one another very much. I knew I'd never see most of them again.

But that evening during intermission at the theatre I looked about me in the balcony. Reserves filled half the seats! The show? A Forty-second Street burlesque.

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SHORTY'S

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ADVERTISERS**

WHEN JOHNNY STARTS WRITING HOME

September 20th

Dear Ma and Pa:

College is great! I am swell, hope you are the same. I joined a swell fraternity, Chi Zeta, and it's the nuts. They got a lot of pull, politically speaking, because they have the chairman of the sophomore handkerchief committee (you know, the sophs all buy handkerchiefs with the class and school emblems on them) and they say if I keep up the good work, I will be the chairman of that committee next year.

There are twelve other pledges in the house, and they are all swell guys. Eleven of them are on the Freshman football team, and the other is the intra-fraternity ping-pong champion. I will probably go out for ping-pong.

Well, anyhow, what I want to tell you is that we are going to have a dance at our house next week, and oh boy, am I excited! I got a swell date by the name of Millie, who one of the

boys in the house got for me. She's a blond, I'll tell you about her after the dance.

I am your loving son,
Johnny

* * *

September 29th
Dear Folks:

We had the dance, and I took Millie. And boy, is she a girl! She wore a long dress without a back. I called for her and when I brought her to the fraternity, she began to smoke. Gosh, I was surprised, but all the other girls were smoking, so I guess it was O.K. She offered me a cigarette, which I took, because everybody else was smoking. But, oh,



boy, I'm taking Millie to the Frosh formal in two weeks. Am fine, how are you.
John

* * *

October 10th

Dear Ma and Pa:

Well, we had our frosh dance, and it was swell. I took Millie and she wore that dress again, without a back, and oh boy—

In the middle of the dance, Millie took me upstairs and took out a bottle of gin, and giggled and began to drink, and I giggled, and I began to drink, too, because everybody

else was giggling and drinking, and I didn't want to be out of place.

I don't know what I did after that, except that I'm asking Millie to a show next week.

Love,
Jack

* * *

October 18th

Dear Parents:

Well, I took Millie to the show, and she's a blond, and she wore that dress again, and gee, she's beautiful.

There was another couple in front of us who were necking, and Millie looked at me and I looked at Millie, and we necked, too, because we didn't want to be out of place.

She invited me up to her house next week. I'll write you all about it.

John

P.S. I'm sorry you don't like Millie so much, as you said in your last letter. I think she's swell. I'll tell you all about my visit up to her house next time.
J.

* * *

October 24th

Dear Mother and Father:

I'm coming home.

Johnny

•

"Say, your girl friend just stole my watch."

"That's all right. She's worth any man's time."



"Defense rests, Your Honor."

Honor Roll

THE cartoons on this page have been selected as the best among those appearing in recent college magazines.

First Place

CHARLES MICHELSON
New York University *Medley*

Second Place

BUD NYE
University of Minnesota *Ski-U-Mah*

Third Place

JON DASU LONGAKER
University of Pennsylvania
Punch Bowl



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Tweeds are definitely in the fashion picture this fall for young men and for all men who want that youthful touch in the clothes they wear.

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Remember, with independent tobacco experts, with men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1.



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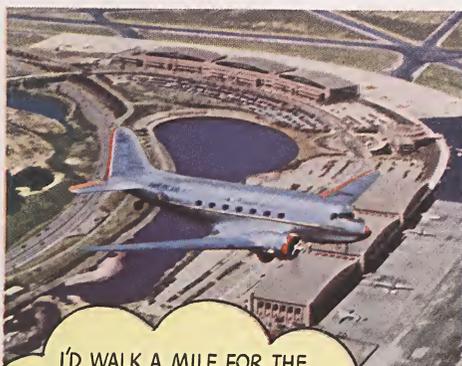
VOL. LVII
NO. 2



STUDENT PUBLICATION - WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

**YOU NEVER SEE HIM —
BUT HIS EXTRA SKILL
FLIES WITH YOU EVERY
MILE!**

WILLIAM H. MILLER
Flight Supt., American Airlines



I'D WALK A MILE FOR THE
EXTRAS IN A SLOW-BURNING
CAMEL. CAMELS ARE EXTRA
MILD, BUT THE FLAVOR'S ALL THERE
— **EXTRA FLAVOR**

THE ARMCHAIR above is his cockpit— but Bill Miller flies as many as 100 planes a day. North, south, east, and west from New York's LaGuardia Field (*air view upper right*) his radio control-room directs the course of *American's* giant flagships.

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THE STUDENT

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE



Volume LVII

Number 2

NOVEMBER 1940

EDITORIAL

Lord Tennyson once wrote that in spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. And about the same time another poet wrote of the "cold cheerless Winter and the rain of Autumn."

From time immemorial spring has been a byword for happiness, love, sunshine and all that goes with them. Yet why cannot autumn, generally described as the bleak harbinger of winter, be termed the season of happiness and good cheer just as well as spring?

What does spring have that autumn does not? Why cannot the dry brown leaves flutter merrily to the ground rather than float down with sighs and froufrous to form a brittle blanket over the cold earth? In spring our thoughts cannot turn to turkey dinners, to Christmas vacation, to the ringing in of a new year, to the boyish enthusiasm of the annual fair. The season of spring, with its warm rays of sunshine and still atmosphere, saps our energy; then our thoughts turn to love when we have nothing more important to think of or are too lazy for other more strenuous forms of recreation.

In autumn the chilly wind is a fillip to a mind softened and made listless by long days of inactivity. Books again become the constant companions of boys and girls alike; for it is a season of study, of classrooms, of lectures. It is the season for football, with basketball and boxing soon to fill the limelight. It is the rush season for sports writers, for photographers, for the stalwarts of the gridiron. From Maine to Florida, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the game fills the thoughts of thousands. We live for the hustle and bustle of the weekends, the shouts of a victory, the consolations of a defeat.

And yet, the lifeless leaves of autumn continue to clutter the earth with a carpet of dry mustiness, and the autumn mornings remain cold, shadowless, and silent.

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DOWN WENT McGINTY—

but he's out of the dog house now!



"SURE AND IT'S good riddance to an ugly-smellin' pipe!" snapped Mrs. McGinty, dropping the pipe into the water. Quick as an Irish temper, down went McGinty after it!



"NICE WORK, MISTER!" said a young lad on the dock. "But you betters smoke a milder tobacco to stay out of the 'dog house'. Try the world's best-smelling blend of burleys!"

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A FRESHMAN SPEAKS

By Stan Finkelman

Ed's note: From the deluge of freshmen themes which have been turned into the English department, we have culled this one and printed it for its unusualness. It is a polished version of "My Favorite Readings" and was written by a member of the freshman football team.

I find reading a most exhilarating form of indoor recreation. It is an excellent source of general information, besides being entertaining. I have acquired a host of facts through prodigious reading without being aware of going through any educational processes.

During the football season only light reading matter has any attraction for me. When I come home after a bruising day on the gridiron, the prospect of delving into anything more pretentious than the sports page does not appeal to me. I enjoy keeping abreast of the latest events in the sporting world. The various sports story magazines and books on athletics authored by our leading sports authorities are other favorites of mine. However, I also find some spare moments to delve into copies of the *Reader's Digest*, *Time* and *Newsweek*, and I am, therefore, fully aware of what is going on in the turbulent outside world.

After the grid game is packed away in mothballs with the advent of cold weather, my literary taste changes. I am a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and I always purchase the current choice. Both fiction and non-fiction are included in the list of select books. Some of the more recent novels that I have read are *Miss Miniver*, *The*

(Continued on page twenty-four)

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"The Roll Call"

THE TALK OF THE CAMPUS

THE autumnal scene pictured on the cover is representative of the various possible scenes on any American campus during this season of the year. Even in the spring the colors of the leaves do not outshine in brilliance those of autumn. In many places, especially on college campuses, it is oftentimes difficult to distinguish a great deal of difference between a warm autumn afternoon and one in springtime. In spring there is the languid feeling that everyone has when visions of warm summer nights on the beach, of sticky heat during the day, of dances at the lake by moonlight recur to displace thoughts of textbooks and classes. But in autumn there is a feeling of briskness, a feeling of activity, of work.

When John Thomas "Tarzan" Hughes, official bell-ringer the last few years, graduated last spring, many people began to wonder upon whose shoulders the onerous task would fall. Tarzan, a short, stubby youth, had raced back and forth, in rain and shine, to ring the bell so long it seemed a tradition was forming for a short person to have charge of the task.

Now the tradition lives on for Floyd "Dutch" Overton, the new ringer, is built just as low to the ground as his predecessor was.

Some little speculation was manifested over the possibility of President Roosevelt's running for a third term before the newspapers made much mention of it. In a recent issue of *Current History*, Vincent Sheean told of an incident which occurred three years ago when a reporter who was covering the White House asked

the President was he going to run for a third term. "Put on your dunce cap and go stand in a corner," he was admonished. When Roosevelt was renominated this year, the reporter, who is now a foreign correspondent, sent a cablegram to the President saying, "Who is the dunce now?"

There is always one of everything. If you ever lose faith in the womanhood of America, you can certainly find one who will restore it. For instance, a letter from a young girl in New Jersey was printed in *Life*, requesting that if her childhood sweetheart, who had had long curls, were one of the readers of the letter, he write to her. The girl was inundated with 156 letters, from professed imposters, from serious charlatans, from jokesters. One of these letters was from her childhood sweetheart. And the girl forsook all the other proposals of marriage and love to remain the sweetheart of her youthful playmate, who, incidentally, had lost his curls.

Dr. G. R. Brigham, Director of Journalism at Brenau College in Gainesville, Ga., and author of the article concerning the experiences of Dr. T. J. Simmons in obtaining the many pieces of the art collection which he gave to

Wake Forest this summer, had quite a task in writing about the art gallery. For Dr. Simmons is president emeritus of Brenau, and his collection has seemed to be almost a part of the school. However, she did remarkably well and we appreciate what she has done. Dr. Brigham expressed her interest in Wake Forest some time before and said that she

hoped that after the collection is in its place in the new chapel she can stop by to see it.

While perusing past issues of the *Howler* recently, we ran across many lists of senior statistics and prophecies and one list of faculty superlatives drawn up by the senior class of 1926. Many were the sobriquets attached to present faculty members when they were undergraduates here. Professor Clonts was known as "Nepo," Dr. Mackie as "Canine," Dr. Carpenter as "Giftie." In the faculty vote of 1926, Dr. Cullom was named the most athletic and thus acquired the name "Streak."



Some years earlier, two members of the faculty, Dr. Folk and Professor Memory, were classmates. The former finished in three years, holding the office of editor of *Old Gold and Black* one year, but his picture was in juxtaposition with the class of '21, along with Memory's. Memory transferred from State College as a freshman and was elected president of the first year class here. According to the senior vote, he lost in the race of the "biggest bullet-shooter."

That cowboys and the outlaws of the Old West carved notches on the handles of their revolvers for every man they killed was declared to be a popular fallacy by a contributor to a widely-read magazine recently. The legend that has come out of the West has no authentic origin other than the portrayals on the screen, according to this reader.



The Story of Dr. T. J. Simmons . . .

. . . the personality of the Wake Forest alumnus who has given his famous Gallery of Art to his Alma Mater.

By GERTRUDE RICHARDSON BRIGHAM, Lecturer

ONE of the early privileges enjoyed by every new student at Brenau College in recent years is a visit to the Simmons Art Gallery, and a meeting with the genial host himself, Dr. Thomas Jackson Simmons.

Soon the student begins to hear of his beloved wife, now deceased, under whose inspiration and in the companionship of whom, his collection was planned. It was peculiarly natural that in 1910 Dr. Simmons and his charming and accomplished wife, Lessie Southgate Simmons, should be drawn to Brenau College for young women; that Mrs. Simmons should devote herself to teaching music and voice there, and that Dr. Simmons should dedicate his collection to her memory, following her death in 1914, and should later wish to bequeath the gallery of pictures to his own Alma Mater, Wake Forest, near which he has erected an impressive mausoleum to this best of women, to whom he thought the description of a noble woman as found in the Book of Proverbs most fitting, and so he had engraved on this monument the words so applicable to her, . . . "but thou excellest them all."

Mrs. Simmons, who was, as many have attested, an exceptionally gifted musician and teacher, accompanied her husband on the world tours, during which he began the collections that have made his residence on Boulevard, in Gainesville, a veritable Museum, together with the priceless Oriental Parlours of Brenau College. It is with the selection of the paintings that our present article is concerned.

It is comparatively easy to write about a person whose life is based upon a single predominant idea, but to do justice to one whose interests are extraordinarily broad is a more difficult undertaking, as in the case of the subject of this sketch.

Of Thomas Jackson Simmons, LL.D., one of Wake Forest's distinguished alumni, to whom the College wishes to do especial honor in view of the recent gift of his famous art museum to his Alma Mater, it would be natural to infer that he must be somewhat of a



Rauthaus in Rothenburg—Fischer

counterpart of his illustrious father, Dr. William Gaston Simmons, of whom it was said, in view of the accuracy and universality of his knowledge, that he, like Lord Bacon, seemed to have taken the whole world for his province. To the son might very well be applied the well-known sentence from Terence: "I am a man, and I count nothing that pertains to man foreign to me." The great educational psychologist

Herbart gives as the foundation of a broad culture what he calls a many-sided interest. This is characteristic of Dr. T. J. Simmons, a many-sided interest, or, in other words, an unlimited intellectual curiosity.

One might naturally suppose that the subjects he teaches, Philosophy and Religion—especially the Bible, the teaching of which is his chief delight—were things in which he specialized in college. Not so, says he; at Wake Forest he did not study the Bible at all; and yet noted professors in some of the universities have expressed much interest in the results of his recent studies, which at certain points throw new light on the Bible and give a clearer understanding of its meaning.

As a guest lecturer to classes in comparative literature, the fluency and accuracy of his talks would naturally have led his hearers to suppose that when he was a college student he must have specialized in the literature of the ancient Greeks, but in reality such study was merely incidental. When he was in college he expected to devote his life to the natural sciences. He is still interested in reading about the latest discoveries in science, but this has at no time been connected directly with his half-century of teaching.

(Continued on page eighteen)



Gloucester Harbor—Gruppe

. . . And of His Art Collection

Director of Journalism, Brenau College
Gainesville, Ga.

. . . the interesting adventures he had in
obtaining these artistic treasures from all over
the world.

IT is very pleasant on a Sunday afternoon to visit the gallery and linger over the pictures while Dr. Simmons reminisces as to how he "discovered" and collected each one. His favorite is *Late Evening in Winter*, by the Russian artist, Karloff.

This canvas he found at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, while he was on his way to England for a summer at Oxford. He hesitated about buying it when leaving the country, but he could not forget the subject he had enjoyed so much. En route he wrote the dealer from Montreal that if he would hold the Karloff for him he would mail the cheque as soon as he received his cheque-book, for which he was also writing. When he arrived in Oxford he found a letter from the dealer, David Piggins, saying that the picture would be his, and the cheque-book had also arrived, so that he was able to claim the treasure on his return.

Sweetwater Lake, by Ella B. Ingle, is another chosen scene. He first saw it in San Diego on display with other works of California artists. Dr. Simmons was then on his way to Alaska. He met the artist, Mrs. Ingle, and liked her, too. He enjoyed this landscape so much, in its coloring, depth, and distance, that he purchased it, had it shipped to his home (while he went on to Alaska), and later added two more subjects by Mrs. Ingle, *Surf at LaJolla*, and *Sunset on El Capitan*, for which the painter received the highest award in California.

The variety of Dr. Simmons' taste is illustrated in his love for the picture in "wood mosaic," in color, *The Great Russian Cathedral in Warsaw, Poland*. This masterpiece, the work of several Russian artists of note, depicts the favorite architecture, with the "onion" domes, of the Greek Catholic Church, and is of further



Remembrance—Caser

interest because the original in Poland has since been destroyed.

Fortunate in acquiring several works by the late Frederick J. Mulhaupt, a member of the American National Academy, Dr. Simmons appreciated his splendid style even before the artist's death in Gloucester, Mass., in 1937. *Rainy Day on the Boulevards, Paris*, is truly a work for the connoisseur, depicting the charm of color and atmosphere at the moment in a city long the American artist's favorite haunt. Another Mulhaupt, *Central Park in Winter*, has a similar aesthetic quality to be felt in another city, today perhaps the greatest art center in the world, certainly in accessibility at the present moment.

On the Brink, a bathing girl, also by Mulhaupt, suggests the artist's versatility of style and theme, and is a pleasing woodland scene, another favorite in the collection.

Mount Cook, New Zealand, by the New Zealand artist, G. Thompson Pritchard, was selected from an exhibition here at which Dr. Simmons happened to be the only person present (except the artist) who had visited New Zealand, and had actually seen the beautiful Mount Cook. He liked it so much that he later purchased several other Pritchards. This artist is widely known throughout the world, though he has made his home in America for several years, traveling through the South and West for subjects. In each country, Pritchard strives to

(Continued on page nineteen)



Gold Transport in Siberia—C. Storloff

"A Joy Forever" to Wake Forest

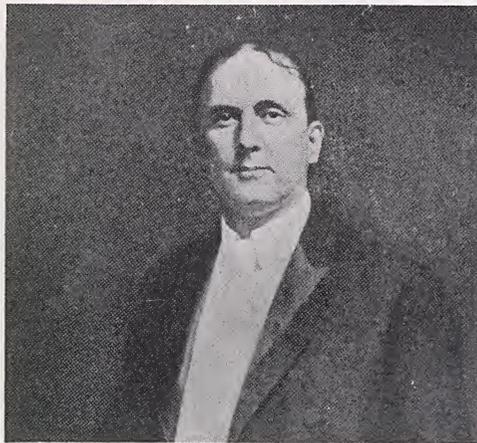
By A. L. AYCOCK

The teacher of art tells of his visit to the Simmons Museum and of what this gift will mean to the college.

Where should you go to see "the finest collection of paintings connected with any college or university in America"?

To Gainesville, Georgia, where Dr. Thomas Jackson Simmons has assembled, chiefly for the benefit of Brenau College and its students, an art museum to which the quoted phrase is often applied. Dr. Simmons was president of Brenau from 1910 to 1928, since when he has been president emeritus and professor of philosophy. A world traveler, as well as a ripe scholar, and a discriminating collector of beautiful things, he has brought back from his many voyages to many lands what is, in truth, a golden treasury. That alone would be a gratifying achievement.

But in his high-hearted quests Dr. Simmons was thinking of others rather than of himself. He was thinking mainly of the young women of Brenau—of the enjoyment, the enrichment, the revelation and the lifelong cultural values which a gallery of true art would bring to them.—Editorial in *Atlanta Journal* by William Cole Jones.



THOMAS JACKSON SIMMONS, A.M., LL.D. A.M. Wake Forest College; LL.D. Wake Forest College; President Emeritus and Professor of Philosophy, Brenau College.

IT was storming that afternoon last August when Dr. Simmons answered his door bell and invited me into his home and Museum of Art. In fact, it had been raining all day, and the driving, torrential downpour was just a foretaste of what the approaching hurricane might bring. Possibly the gale kept other visitors away. Anyhow, as I stepped into the restful calm of his home I found myself alone with the genial master of what Dr. Carlton Palmer has so fittingly called "this treasure-house of countless artistic joys." And I had, to quote Dr. Palmer again, "the good fortune to hear Dr. Simmons bring these

treasures to life with charming tales from his *Odyssey* of adventures."

As I recall my visit and refresh my memory by a restudy of the Art Museum catalogue, I am reminded of a passage in Wordsworth's "Daffodils" in which the poet says:

I gazed—and gazed—but little thought.

What wealth the show to me had brought, . . .

Since Dr. Simmons has given his Museum of Art to Wake Forest College I have asked myself (with special reference to those pictures in the main gallery which will come to Wake Forest as soon as adequate quarters are prepared for them) just why an outstanding art critic and lecturer should call the collection of pictures one of the finest he has ever seen. I believe that the answer is threefold. First, this is no provincial collection. In it are good pictures by leading artists from all over the world, including American, British, French, Italian, German, and others. Second, there is a pleasing variety in the subjects treated and in the treatment of similar subjects by different artists. *Late Evening in Winter*, by the Russian artist Karloff, is a winter idyll of quiet beauty, while *Gold Transport in Siberia*, by another Russian artist, Stoiloff, is another winter scene in which a swiftly moving cavalcade creates a sense of vigorous action. *Central Park, New York, in Winter*, by the American artist Mulhaupt, is a brilliant interpretation of the sense of loneliness of winter—loneliness even in the heart

(Continued on page eighteen)



Leaving Port—J. McCormick

He Couldn't Go Home Again

By HORACE CHAMBLEE

An Interview with
Thomas Wolfe's Mother

WHEN the door opened before me at a large wooden boarding house one morning last summer, the figure of a small, sharp-eyed old woman stood partly framed in the doorway. She clutched an old dusting cloth, and I could see that I had interrupted her task of cleaning the dark, dirty old house. She eyed me shrewdly, studying me from head to foot.

I told the woman that I had come to collect a bill from one of her boarders. She informed me that he had left to take a WPA job which she had got for him, the no-account fellow, she called him.

"You are Mrs. Wolfe, then, I suppose."

Before she answered I knew she was some relation to the author, Thomas Wolfe. And when she told me she was Wolfe's mother, I realized that here before me was the prototype of Eliza Pentland of *Look Homeward,*

Angel: the land-grabbing, pinch-penny mother of Eugene Gant. I praised his novels, but her flow of words soon cut short anything I had to say. She said that she had been gathering up some of her boy's papers and was going to have them published; they would show that Tom was a genius, she said. She rambled on and on, attempting to discredit anything the University of Chapel Hill had to do in making a genius of her son, attempting to show that Tom's genius was hereditary, that she too would have been famous in the world of belles-lettres had she had the leisure and associations Tom had had.

Like a stream bubbling through a small hole in rocks, her words tumbled out, evidence enough of her lack of training in the school room. Tom had traveled with her a great deal, and, contrary to an article in "that magazine at

Chapel Hill," he was not the ungainly, ugly green freshman as he was pictured. He was a huge man, measuring half a foot over six feet before his death, but his mother said he was always well dressed. According to her, he was the best read boy in Asheville; the librarian had once told her that Tom had read more books by the time he was fifteen than any other boy in North Carolina; not children's books either, she added.

Mrs. Wolfe's rapid flow of words could not be stemmed. She waxed indignant when she attempted a refutation of New York scribblers' statements that they had made a writer of Tom. Her infrequent talks with him were recounted in support of her argument. In *Look Homeward, Angel*, the father of Eugene Gant was depicted as a habitual drunkard, a rough, profane, inconsiderate man. But, Mrs. Wolfe told me, this is not a portrayal of her husband. Sure, he would take a drink like any other man, but he was no drunkard.

She told me about the Jonathan Edwards case, which seems to prove that a couple of high character will be likely to have children and descendants who will be of noble character and high ability. Remarking that I was old enough to know about such things, she gave me a smattering of facts of these cases.

Each word this woman uttered made an impression on me; but at the same time I was taking note of this gloomy boarding house and in my mind seeing it as the home of Eugene Gant. My eyes burned to catch a glimpse of the room in which Eugene had fought with his brothers, the room that clothed the secrets of Eugene's iniquity with the almost-middle-aged boarder. I expected to see Helen burst from behind one of the doors any moment, or old Gant stumble drunkenly in with bitter oaths on his breath. I stared at her and wondered if she could be the indifferent mother of

Gene, the scolding, parsimonious wife to Gene's father. I didn't wonder that Thomas Wolfe had been so suspicious of everyone; nor did I wonder about his peculiarities: using an ice box in the bathroom as a table for his typewriter, his coolness shown almost everyone he met. Here was spent the boyhood of Eugene Gant in *Look Homeward Angel*, of Monk Webber in *The Web and the Rock* and *You Can't Go Home Again*. No wonder he had his moods, his peculiar characteristics, his paroxysms of emotion!

But, she said, she could not take up much time with me. For she was forever and eternally bombarded with questions by visitors who expected hour upon hour of her time. Yet, in spite of her complaints she talked on. She failed to mention that interest in her son's hometown ranked fourth among reasons given by tourists

for visiting Asheville last summer. And while she talked I recalled incidents from Tom's books. I recalled the shooting by the old Negro in *The Web and the Rock*, and at the same time I thought of a similar shooting that actually took place in Asheville some years ago.

Mrs. Wolfe said something about the "infrequent" visits her son made to see her, but she had nothing to say about his never marrying. Thomas had often said that more than anything else he wanted a home and children; his friends said: "No woman possibly could have lived—not possibly." But Thomas Wolfe's extended sojourns away from his Asheville home are easily explained in considering the reception he would have received. It was not until after his death that his books were displayed prominently in his hometown. People say his books were autobiographies; truly, he "couldn't go home again."



The New Recruit in Brown

By EUGENE BRISSIE

Underweight, too young, inexperienced, Wilton sought a career in the army.

HE stopped in the middle of the sidewalk and looked at the top of the building. There was no mistake: "U. S. Post-office" he read aloud slowly, smiling almost sheepishly.

The double-breasted brown coat he was carrying on his arm was unfolded. He slipped his arms through the sleeves and began to tighten a stringy tie around a collar worn to a frazzle on the fold.

Passing down the sidewalk beside the white stone building, he passed in front of a sign. That's me, he almost said to himself, tightening his belt and looking at the picture of a top-hatted, goat-whiskered, blue-eyed, and lean-faced gentleman. "I WANT YOU," the sign read. "TRAVEL WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMY."

With an added gusto about his stride, the lad turned toward the side door, walked up three granite steps, and buzzed an elevator button vigorously. He stepped forward, slightly timid, when a bald-headed man opened the cage door.

"Army office's up here?" he asked.

"Third floor," the attendant returned, stepping back to the controls.

He turned to the boy and scrutinized him with a single move of the eyes.

"Joining up?" he asked.

Three floors up, and the youth stepped out on a slippery floor, marble, he guessed, and turned to a sign there before him. "U. S. Marine Recruiting Office," was written in big, blue letters. He peered in hesitantly, and then turned in another direction. Five doors down, and a turn to the left. There hung another sign: "U. S. ARMY HEAD-QUARTERS. JOIN TODAY!"

With a reluctant pace the lad in brown stalked down the hallway. The unbuttoned, double-breasted coat draped across his shoulders; the unpressed trousers showed spots of grease, and small ears stood out behind a sandy, bushy head of hair.

Several men were ahead of him as he walked into a room with a large table, another small table supporting a typewriter, an array of papers scattered around. A pair of scales

stood in the right-hand corner; a cuspidor sat against the left, front leg of the large table. Six or eight boys sat, squatted and leaped against the wall, smoking cigarettes, laughing nervously, occasionally looking serious, almost hard.

Wilton, the boy in brown, walked across the room to the window. He suddenly felt warm, hot, and small rivulets of perspiration were blotted against his ragged collar. Two sergeants were stripping men for physicals, bending over them, inspecting their teeth, and calling out numbers, degrees, and perhaps formulas to two other uniformed men who sat at a table and took down notes on long sheets of paper.

"Next," they would yell, and a boy would come forward with papers in his hand. One officer took the papers, another quizzed him so fast that he couldn't answer any of the questions, and another snapped, "Come over here, son!"

Wilton glanced over his shoulder at the process. He was confused. His blue eyes seemed to come out from behind raised cheekbones, and his stubbled, barely visible beard of tan whiskers seemed to stand out. He beat back his bushy, sandy hair with a rough right hand. Then he took off his coat and slipped it down to the floor. He reached for the coat again and produced an envelope from the inner pocket. This contained his application papers. His father filled out one of them with the help of a friend back in Bunner. The other he didn't understand:

maybe that was for the office to fill out.

"Lemme see the papers," a sergeant said, jerking the envelope from his hands. He took it and put it on the officer's desk. Wilton was next. Fingering into his vest pocket while the other boys were apparently looking the other way, he drew out a package of cigarettes and opened them. They were especially bought for the occasion, since he happened to remember that men in the Army could afford to buy smokes "ready-made." Lighting one he held in his hand, he nervously awaited the "Next!" signal from the uniformed man.

The telephone, sitting next to the typewriter, rang loudly. One sergeant pushed back his trench cap and picked up the receiver.

"All right. Yes sir, Captain. We Did! God save the king! That makes the second time in two months. Well what do you know about that.?"

He put down the receiver with a bang.

"Hey Sergeant Black," he shouted all smiles, "the captain just called. Our office has led the whole damn district for the second month in a row. And four of us do the whole damn job. My God, if we had ten men like the Marines do, or if we had twenty-five like the Navy does upstairs, we'd have an army of our own. Ha ha ha. Wait'll the newspaperman gets a load of this."

The officer stopped his work.

(Continued on page twenty-four)



"A Tale of Two Cities"

By BILL ANGELL

THE cold autumn wind whistled around the buildings of the capital city, and people on the streets began to shrink from the first chill of winter. I turned up the collar of my overcoat and pulled the belt tighter around me. This was going to be a regular winter night, and a raw one at that, I thought. People were hurrying up and down the street, in and out of restaurants, on and off buses. Everybody appeared to be chilled to the bone; a dreariness seemed about to permeate the atmosphere.

But everything about the scene wasn't cold and dreary. The glare of neon signs gave brightness and cheer to the street; shop windows, with their varied displays of styles and frills, appeared cozy and inviting; and all along the street there were jolly couples, laughing and joking as they hurried past. I drew on my pipe and looked up at the moon as I imagined it smiling down on the busy thoroughfare. No, everything wasn't cold about me; there was laughter and merriment about. I smiled at myself as I slowly turned and ambled down the sidewalk.

A greying lady with her little boy stopped suddenly in front of a decorated shop. I noticed they were looking down, a little anxiously, and I could hear soothing, motherly words from the lady. Before them, frightened and shivering in the wind, was a skinny little dog. It whined mournfully as the little boy leaned over and patted its head. The lady was telling the child, over and over, as though trying to convince herself, that the puppy was lost, that it was cold, and probably hungry.

Soon a curious group had gathered around the forlorn vagabond. He looked up at them pleadingly, whimpered slightly, and wiggled his tail, never realizing that he was attracting more attention than the governor who chanced to pass at the moment. Several of the group asked questions of each other concerning the little dog's plight, but no one seemed to know whose he was. Then the little boy asked his mother if he couldn't take the poor puppy home; he would gladly share his supper. Those around smiled as the little fellow almost tearfully pleaded with his mother. And we kept on smiling as the little boy and his mother boarded the bus that had drawn up to the curb, the lost puppy snugly hidden in the warmth of the little boy's coat.

But suddenly I saw a different scene. Again I was in the capital city; the cold autumn wind whistled around the buildings, and the great new moon smiled down on the busy thoroughfare. People hurried up and down the street, in and out of restaurants, off and on buses. Everybody appeared chilled to the bone, and a dreariness permeated the foggy atmosphere. I pulled up my collar and shiveringly shrugged my shoulders as I heard Big Ben in the distance, tolling off the hour of seven.

There was a genuine cold and dreariness about the scene. The long, clamoring street was dark except for a few shielded lights and the hand-lights used by the policemen. The shop windows were darkened and bare, giving the appearance of burned hulls where once stood fine shops and gaudy displays. Many stores were protected by stacks of sandbags, which tumbled half-way over the sidewalk. Signs and barricades cluttered up the street at regular intervals. In sight were two great

bomb-pits, surrounded by temporary fences. People hurried past the sandbag piles, around the barricades.

Suddenly a series of barking explosions were heard off in the distance. I instinctively looked upward as the air-raid siren began to scream with an eerie, rasping wail. The people around me began to race for shelter entrances. Some, thinking escape for the moment hopeless, crouched behind sandbag piles and in doorways. I hurtled into a crowded cement basement entrance just as a terrific explosion shattered several glass windows along the street above. Then all became fearfully quiet.

As I ventured out from the protection of the concrete pit, I noticed a gathering group of curious onlookers down the street. Slight screams and gasps could be heard from those who joined the group. I crept up slowly and peered over the shoulder of a helmeted policeman; then I saw the cause for the excitement. A dirty, ragged little street urchin lay limply against a burst sandbag. His face was twisted and blue, and in the dim light from the policeman's lamp I could see an irregular hole in the side of his coat, a hole through which his thick, warm blood was running in a sluggish stream.

Those around groaned and sickened as the officer lay the lifeless form on a stretcher and threw a drab cover over it. We kept on groaning as the little bundle was gently loaded on the large ambulance that had drawn up to the curb. I drew on my pipe, groaned, and sickened in the foggy, dreary atmosphere.

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So, You Want to Fly

A private pilot gives the prerequisites of the art.

By WESTON HATFIELD

WERE going to assume, for the sake of the article and the circulation department, that you're a college student. We'll assume too that you're free, white, and at least 18, that you read, write, and understand the English language, that you're non-alcoholic and of good moral character, and that you know a bargain when you see one.

Stretching the point a bit farther, we'll even take for granted that you feel a tendency to look heavenward every time you hear the drone of an airplane engine and that you feel ever-so-slightly envious of the gentleman at the controls.

The CAA (which, being interpreted, means the Civil Aeronautics Authority) offers a course to college students all over the country. And because, referring again to our assumption in the first paragraph, you're a college student you can take advantage of this government offer for little more than the price of a physical examination. Uncle Sam pays the \$400 and you fly and fly to your heart's content or until you get 35 hours, as the case may be.

Enough, however, of technicalities. Suppose, just for a good argument's sake, that you're a landlubber. That is to say, you've never been off the ground, except, of course, in assorted leaps of glee, carnival rides, pole-vaulting contests, and that nasty fall you took down the front porch stairs while enthusiastically celebrating your third birthday.

Suddenly, however, the whole course of your life changes. Not radically, perhaps, but with abruptness. To put it bluntly, you begin taking flying lessons . . . on Uncle Sam.

Now this procedure is becoming more commonplace every day. Thousands of boys have begun taking flying lessons, and that might tend to take some of the gee-whiz-look-at-me-I'm-learning-to-fly out of your own ambition. But take it from a neophyte, that's all you'll miss.

Flying is very much like eating peanuts, in that the more you fly the more you want to fly. In the case of peanuts, of course, it's the more you eat the more you want to eat. In the case of both, it's a whale of a lot of fun.

Your first lesson is confusing, though not difficult, and you experience quite a thrill when your instructor, after climbing the ship to approximately 1,000

feet, yells for you to take over. You do so, having already learned that the ailerons and elevators are controlled by the stick, the rudder by the pedals, and try to apply what you have learned on the ground. This is not so easily accomplished, what with the ship showing an alarming tendency to stand up on one wing and shout for merey and your instructor praying for more of the same. Three hours of flying time later and you wonder where those first awkward moments came from and where they've gone. You can do everything but take off and land, even though you can't do any of it with a very high degree of finesse.

Comes the fourth hour, and your instructor, whose patience by this time you've begun to admire even more than his ability, decides that you are normal and average and ready to practice take-offs and landings. During the course of the next four hours you become remarkably proficient in the art of one wheel take-offs and two point landings, which bits of artistry you couldn't duplicate at the conclusion of the course if you tried.

After something like eight hours, maybe more, prohibitively not less, your instructor gets out, ties a red ribbon on the plane's tail, tightens the safety belt, warns you about the faster climbing tendency of the plane without his presence, and kisses you goodbye. That flight, incidently, is the most costly of your government career inasmuch as after completing it you must buy your instructor either a quart of liquid refreshment of his choosing and instructors are notoriously infrequent milk drinkers.

You feel pretty good after your solo flight and begin to wonder why you couldn't do it all along. Landing practice is in order for the next four hours, then figure eights, then landing practice, then stalls and spins and simple aerobicic maneuvers, then landing practice, landing practice, and, lastly, more landing practice. Finally you're allowed to plot a course, triangular, encompassing something like 150 miles, and fly it by your lonesome. On this flight, you will most likely violate every air traffic rule ever invented, if for no other reason than that it's the first time you ever get out of the sight of your instructor.

In the meantime, you have taken a very elaborate ground course comprised of such necessary subjects as navigation, meteorology, and CAA regulations. Failure to pass these courses prohibits you from receiving any sort of license until you have fully redeemed yourself, and, in all frankness, there are an alarming number of failures.

After accumulating something like 35 hours in your log book, you graciously condescend to let a government inspector fly around with you, make notes on your behavior and attitude, and finally, God and the government willing, bestow upon you a private pilot's license.

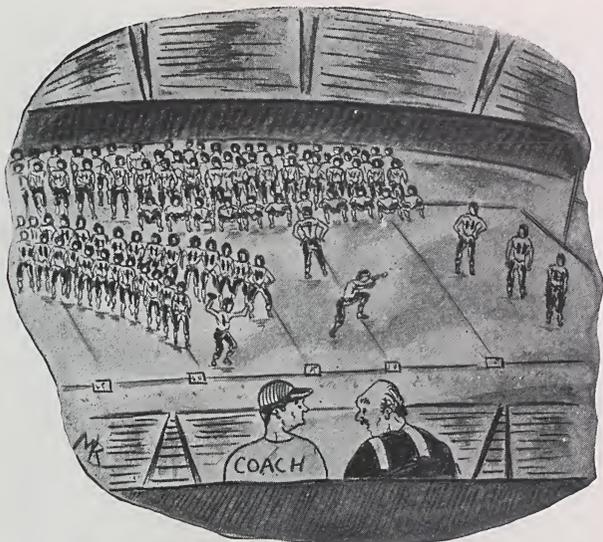
And so you're a private pilot and you quit flying on Uncle Sam's purse and begin to fly on your own. You can take your best girl up and be a man and you can experience the thrill that comes only from the incomparable peace and freedom of the skies.

All this and heaven too is yours for the asking and the asking is really very simple. . . .

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"Register fer wot? . . . It's raining outside!"



"It's most peculiar, but, Coach, there are more fellows trying out for the team than enrolled in the school!"

DOWN IN FRONT

"Listen to that big-mouthed guy shoot off his gap. If there is anything that makes me boil at a football game, it's these grandstand coaches."

"You're not telling me a thing. A lot of these guys think their admission stubs give them the right to tell a coach how to run his team."

"It makes me sick. A fellow that's watched twenty games tries to teach it to a guy that's practically been at it all his life."

"I agree with you. That kind of guy gives me one pain in the neck. But if there's any excuse for it, it is with a coach like ours."

"I'll say so. Some of the dumb things that guy does. And with all the experience he's had."

"Can you imagine him letting that brainless quarter-back call signals?"

"Well, what can you expect of a dumb guy like our coach. I never could figure out how he got a coaching contract here. He belongs in some high school."

"You mean elementary school. Look at the guys he plays and then compare them with the good players he keeps on the bench."

"Yeah, stinking!"

"My brother made a ninety-eight yard run last week."

"He did? That's great!"

"Yeah, but he didn't catch the man ahead of him."

UNCANNY DEFINITIONS

Hiccup . . . Part of the well-known phrase, "Hiccup the British!"

Mind . . . Past tense of what's left after a gold rush.

Aspen . . . Making an inquiry.

Wriggles . . . You get them as your face gets older.

Birch . . . A large hiccup.

Stares . . . Some thing to fall up after three beers.

Phantom . . . Rapid circulating of air-current, i.e. They fainted and I phantom.

Marry . . . It comes before Christmas.

Groan . . . Past participle of to increase, i.e. My savings account has groan.

Prizes . . . Marked on things in stores and always unreadable.

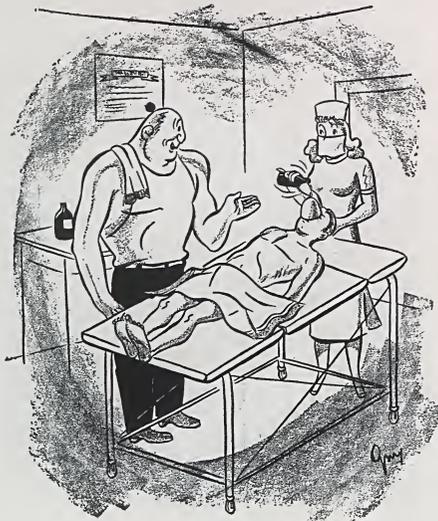
Ellipse . . . To stagger slightly, i.e. Ellipse on account of his sprained ankle.

Write . . . Something to stay away from in a boxing ring.

Hymns . . . Possessive form of the pronoun *he*.

Hears . . . Possessive form of the pronoun *she*.

About the only business that makes any money today without advertising is the Mint.



"He's very ticklish—."

Q



*Double and redouble your
pleasure with the
Smoker's Cigarette*



Chesterfield

COOLER

MILDER

BETTER-TASTING

*Do you smoke the
cigarette that
Satisfies*



Q



①

The team takes the field—



②

Passing behind the line



③

Interference



④

Signals on



⑤

Signals off



⑥

Kick formation



⑦

One yard to go

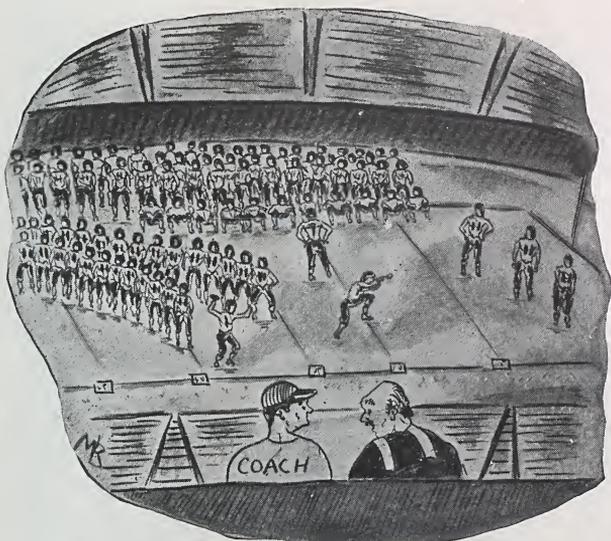


⑧

No goal; gaol!



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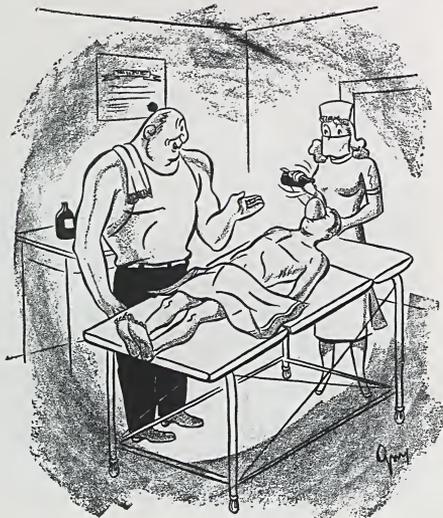
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① *The team takes the field—*



② *Passing behind the line*



③ *Interference*



④ *Signals on*



⑤ *Signals off*



⑥ *Kick formation*



⑦ *One yard to go*



⑧ *No goal; gaol!*



GIRL BY MAIL

A Student Vignette

HE sipped her steaming coffee and smiled across the table at him. Elliot, better known as Runt because of his height, almost choked on the piece of potato, offered a weak semblance of a grin in return.

At last she was here for his fraternity dance. For six months he had written to her without having seen her before now, and she had written just as willingly and regularly as he. Elliot was another of the college addicts of foolish antics and had done everything from swallowing wriggling goldfish to dressing as a girl and dating an innocent though pompous freshman. But in his latest trick, he had obviously gone too far. He had picked a number at random, and used it as a box number address for a mushy, propositional letter to a nearby girls' school.

He had received a reply two days later, and the girl, Joyce, was willing to begin a correspondence with him. According to her letter, she was pretty, possibly kissable after the first date, and a senior. Then she had sent him her picture: a beautiful portrait framed in white. Later, after sending her snapshots of himself, Elliot had received some photographs of her taken on the beach. Queer, he had thought, that she had them all snapped while she was sitting down. Yet she had a pretty face, and what he had seen of her figure had not seemed half bad.

And now she sat across from him at the fraternity banquet. Soon the dance would begin. What misery, he thought, as he visualized himself

Haircut . . . Student Short Short

BEFORE I sat down in the wobbly chair, I noticed a dusty cardboard sign on the yellowish wall. The number of heads, sixteen in all, were topped by well-groomed hair, each head having a different type of haircut. It was difficult to discern the lettering because of the thick layer of dust.

The lone, shaggy-haired barber took no notice of me at all. He clipped the hair from the head of an overalled figure and punctuated the clip-clip of his scissors with noiseless expectorations of streams of tobacco juice. I watched the thick fingers as they moved the scissors back and forth and as the red-bearded barber formed a trim round line of hair on the farmer's neck. I glanced back at the chart to find a corresponding type of haircut, and, to my surprise, there it was, number thirteen.

I moved closer to the chart; still the barber evinced not the slightest movement that might prove he knew I was waiting. The first head on the sign was labeled: Sugar-bowl Haircut. I recognized this immediately and recalled the many such clippings I had had as a lad in elementary school. The head was clipped clean to a line that ran from just above one ear around to the corresponding point above the other ear. Another was clipped high in the back with thin sideburns; a third was scarcely trimmed at all except on the back of the neck, and the sideburns were cut to a point near the bottom of the ear.

One was cut high all the way around and was typical of the types of haircuts actors use in depicting Nazi spies. The hair was brushed straight up and resembled fine pieces of greased wire. I wondered how I would look with such a haircut. But then another attracted my attention: a haircut for unruly hair, hair that would not stay in place. It had no particular name, but it might be

termed a Hitler haircut; for the long string of black hair was cut just short enough not to get in one's eyes.

The types ran on and on, from bangs over the forehead to curled ringlets on the back of the neck. Each was numbered. Then, just as I had finished reading every word on the sign, the farmer stirred from semi-consciousness and stared at my clean white shirt, my flannels, my brown and white shoes. "Rather out of place here," I thought to myself. The filling station across the street and the general store next door were the only other places of business I had seen when I stopped to have a tire repaired. The barber pole standing the height of the building had drawn my attention, but now I wished I had gone on in spite of the tire.

I removed my collar and tie while the towering farmer clambered out of the large chair. I was small for my age then, and when I started to climb up in the seat, the barber drawled, "Wait a minute, sonny." He aimed for the cuspidor about ten feet away, placed two fingers across his lips, and a dull ring marked up a bull's eye. With that he pulled a wide cloth-covered board from a drawer and placed it on the arms of the chair. "Now get up," he said.

After I was perched high up on the board, I told him, "I'll take haircut number eleven."

He stared at me and guffawed. "Why sonny, that highfalutin' thing went out of style long ago. I quit using that chart ten years ago and cut hair just like I think best. 'Cause after all there's only two kinds of haircuts: the sugar-bowl haircut and the one that ain't."

After a pause, I responded: "Well, give me the one that ain't," and wondered to which type on the chart I would be able to compare my haircut.

with her. He was a senior, a devotee of any form of swing, and things had turned out like this!

Thirty minutes later the members of the fraternity were filling into the dance hall. Elliot immediately pulled Joyce over to the nearest sofa and sat down. In a few minutes an understanding brother strode over

and politely asked: "Would you care to dance? Runt doesn't dance, you know."

The girl looked at Elliot in astonishment, but when the latter replied, "He's right Joyce; I don't dance," she unlimbered her six-foot frame and glided across the floor with the end on the football team.

When the Governor Was a Student

"Dutch" Broughton, former Editor of *THE STUDENT* and right guard on the football team, finished Wake Forest in 1910.

By NEIL MORGAN



J. M. Broughton Today

IT was a dark, cold night in January, 1909. The snow was swirling down through the limbs of the magnolias on the Wake Forest campus, and the wind was piling the flakes against the historic buildings of the college. There was little sign of life on the campus, and only an occasional student scurried through the storm.

Two sets of windows above the library were brightly lighted though, and activity that couldn't be halted by a snowstorm was taking place in the halls of the Euzelian and Philomathesian Literary Societies. Attendance was a bit below the usual hundred and fifty in the Eu hall, but the show would go on. An important debate on United States trade had been scheduled, and four of the Society's topnotch debaters had been pitted against each other. The quartet were called to their places at the front as the session was opened; only one man responded. Sensing program disaster but determined to give this man his chance, the president called on him to speak.

Tall and lanky, with a mass of black hair pushed back from his forehead, this young fellow, who looked to be about nineteen, took his place at the front of the hall. Easing into a fine conversational tone with naturalness and sincerity, he told in a straightforward fashion why the United States should endeavor consistently to extend its trade throughout the world. Then he sat down, his fellow-students applauding.

The president, mechanically following parliamentary

procedure, called for the absent opposition to take the floor. The black-haired young orator who had just finished his speech rose once again and took over.

At the end of ten minutes he concluded: "For these reasons, the United States must adopt a policy of strict economic and commercial isolation in regard to Europe and the Orient. A program of trade-extension would be disastrous."

His listeners incredulously rebuked themselves for having ever allowed themselves to think world trade should be fostered, and three judges retired from the hall.

After twenty minutes of fierce debate among themselves, they returned to point out which was the young debater's better self. The session was adjourned and the men trudged through the blizzard to their rooms.

"That debate of yours did pretty well tonight, Dutch," commented Hubert Jones to Melville Broughton once the pair reached their room.

Modestly brushing aside the remark, the man who became the governor of North Carolina on November fifth sat down at his desk and began work on his next article for the college publications.

His classmates say that Joseph Melville Broughton during his years at Wake Forest was a steady, industrious boy who did not seek spectacular honors. But the *Howler* of 1910 tells us of a Broughton who was member of the debate council, member of the college senate, president of the Y.M.C.A., right guard on the football team, assistant editor of the weekly and its athletic editor, president of the junior class and editor of *THE STUDENT*.

It was back in the late summer of 1906 that Hubert Jones, now head of the Wake Forest mathematics department but then a Raleigh boy, a junior here, met Melville Broughton on Raleigh's Capital Square and said, "Pack up your suitcase tomorrow, Dutch, and go over to Wake Forest with me!"

Dutch, as he was called by his best friends, complained that he wasn't quite ready for college then, but he nevertheless entered Wake Forest that fall as a freshman. He, Jones, and Santford Martin (now editor of the *Winston-Salem Journal*) occupied a suite in what is now the Old Hotel. (Santford, Jr., and Melville, Jr., both freshmen here this year, room together.)

Then, just as now, it was a cooperative affair. Jones, strong even then in mathematics, and Broughton, always the literary individual, offered help and guidance



WAKE FOREST FOOTBALL OF '09
Leggett, L., q.b. (Captain); Forehand, J. B.; Duffy, r.h.b.; Allen, L.h.b.; Utley, r. end; Harrison, r.t.; Broughton, J. M., r.g.; Powell, P. E., center; Horton, l.g.; White, T. S., Lt.; Leggett, V., l. end. The team was coached by Meyers.

to each other. Broughton relates vividly instances of hazing during his freshman year, and tells how for him the pen proved mightier than the sword. It seems that he had had some training in German before he came to Wake Forest, but the sophomore in his German class had not. The upperclassman promised that in return for aid in his German he would protect Broughton from any mistreatment at the hands of his fellow-students. The Governor went through his whole freshman year carefully guarded by this upperclassman and never once suffered the ignominy of hazing.

Broughton was not altogether freed, however, from the ridicule reserved for freshmen. One of Professor Jones' favorite stories concerning the Governor is of two rubber-lipped Negro boys who acted as janitors in their rooming-house. Jones, outside the room, overheard the Negroes' conversation about Broughton one morning while they swept.

"Do you know dat long-legged, bushy-headed boy what stays in dis room?" one asked the other. "Dat's a mean-looking scoundrel!"

Young Broughton was not fully orientated at Wake Forest before his activities began to branch into the many fields in which he excelled. But primarily he was known as a "regular fellow." Modest, witty, and brilliant, he won the friendship and admiration of the entire student body. His genuine interest in his acquaintances and his willingness to lend a helping hand wherever needed caused him to be well-liked by all who knew him. A weekly event with the boys in his rooming-house was the bull session in Broughton's room, when the cheroots were passed around and Dutch, feet propped up on his desk, acted as master of ceremonies.

The Governor tells of a flat car that was sidetracked here during his sophomore year. Loaded with peanuts, it offered too great a temptation to him and his friends to be resisted. After dark one fall night, Broughton headed a group which took pillowsacks to the car and filled them with peanuts. The coup was successfully completed, and for several days Wake Forest students enjoyed nuts and more nuts. Ten days later, however, according to Mr. Broughton, a dignified gentleman stepped off the train as it stopped in town. Word flew from nowhere that he was a special detective, sent by the railroad to investigate the loss of peanuts. Broughton took his peanuts to the attic, others of the culprits hid them in the basements. It was a restless night for the boys, but it developed next day that the visitor was a representative of *Collier's Weekly*.

The Governor's activities during his vacations prove that he was "one of the boys." During one summer he traveled north as a salesman of stereopticon slides. At another time he toured the wheat fields of Kansas, the Dakotas, and Minnesota, handling the harvest. Still another summer he went to Europe, paying his passage by working on a cattle boat.

One of Mr. Broughton's prime interests while at Wake Forest and a field to which he devoted much of his time was politics. And even in his college days, he was outstanding in this work. Practically all campus politics was built around the literary societies, as their vote controlled not only class offices, but the personnel of publication staffs. Leading the Euzelian ring was Broughton, together with Fred Brown, Sanford Martin, W. H. Hipps, and J. M. Adams. Speaking well for their efficiency were the tremendous sums, up to \$500 and more, paid in by society members on the night before elections to insure their eligibility to vote.

"Politics in those days overshadowed on the college



J. M. Broughton in 1910

campus anything now called by that name," Mr. Broughton says.

Due more probably to the personal ability of the clique than to their political skill, but reflecting their energy at the same time, are the lists of offices held by the members of this political group. Broughton was led by it to hold several different offices in the Euzelian Society itself as well as the many positions already mentioned. Adams was president of the senior class at the same time Broughton held the presidency for the juniors, while Martin was the commencement speaker, Hipps was an officer in the society, and Brown was also a leading speaker.

Reflecting the respect his fellow-students held for his political ability is the senior prophecy that places Mr. Broughton as Secretary of State.

During 1906 and 1907 Wake Forest was restrained by the athletic committee from having a football team. But when in 1908 permission was granted for a Demon Deacon eleven, young, muscular Melville Broughton was among the first to report for practice. Standing six feet, one inch, and weighing 170 pounds, he was assigned to the right guard position. Although no powerhouse in either of Broughton's two years on the team, the Wake Forest boys did nevertheless win a good percentage of their games.

Broughton tells an interesting story about a game played in Charlotte against the Medical School there. The field was used in the summer for baseball, and a wire fence ran down the sidelines. One of Broughton's teammates was thrown out of bounds by two Charlotte men. The Deacon hit the wire, bounced back on the field and kept running, scoring a touchdown. The Wake Forest boys, led in their verbal battle by Broughton, took the position that since the runner had never hit the ground outside of bounds the score was good.

The ruling that a recovered fumble is dead was not then in effect, and it was this which helped right-guard Broughton himself to score in one game. He recovered the ball on the midfield stripe and ran through his opponents for the touchdown.

"I was long-legged," the Governor explained, "and I was able to get off to a good start!"

Professor Jones tells of a game played in South Car-

(Continued on page twenty-two)



At Candlelight—Lanier Abele

"A JOY FOREVER" TO WAKE FOREST

(Continued from page six)

of New York City. *Rathaus in Rothenburg, Bavaria*, by the German artist Arthur Fischer, is interesting not only because it depicts part of a mediaeval city that has changed little if any in five hundred years, but also because of its fidelity to detail. It reminds one of the early Flemish masters. *Leaving Port*, by the British artist McCormack, has a quality that recalls lines from Masfield's "Sea Fever":

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,

And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white
sail's shaking, . . .

To mention all of the other interesting pictures would be to reproduce a large part of the catalogue. One other, however, I mention because it illustrates the third reason why I find the collection to be such an excellent one—the variety of mediums represented. The lovely *Remembrance*, by the Italian artist Ettore Caser, is painted in egg tempera. This gives it a subdued delicacy of tone that harmonizes beautifully with the subject and with the artist's treatment of the subject. In addition to this and the numerous oils there are several interesting and one most unusual water color. A unique picture is *The Great Russian Cathedral in Warsaw, Poland*, the work of several outstanding Russian artists. In the catalogue description Dr. Simmons says: "This is one perfect example in existence of this special branch of art—Wood Mosaic."

All of these observations add up to one inevitable impression, an impression which an artist and art teacher voiced last summer. I had shown the catalogue of the Museum of Art to Mr. Nuse of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the artist who painted the portraits of Dr. and Mrs. Paschal in Wake Forest last summer. After studying the lists of artists and their works he said (and I think I quote him accurately),

"Although the collection was made by an individual, fortunately that individual has shown excellent taste and a fine sense of discrimination." Dr. Simmons modestly claims not to know a great deal about art—especially "book" art. However that may be, he has demonstrated an innate taste for beauty and a remarkably fine sense of discrimination in acquiring these "bits of loveliness from many lands." How fortunate we are at Wake Forest College that we are to have the privilege of enjoying them and of preserving them for the enjoyment of those who are to follow. The architect of our new auditorium has designed a special gallery in it for these pictures and for the pictures and other art objects that will join these at a later date.

Yes, it was storming that afternoon last August when Dr. Simmons invited me into his home. But I stepped out of the storm into a realm of calm and beauty. And somehow a part of that beauty was the spirit of the man who was my host.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

STORY OF DR. T. J. SIMMONS

(Continued from page four)

Sometimes people have spoken to Dr. Simmons of Art as being his "hobby," but he disclaims having ever had any hobby at all—unless they might so call the great enjoyment he has in hearing the highest type of music. But such enjoyment, of course, is personal and cannot be passed on to others, since he is not a musician. Neither, in the usual sense, is he an artist; but he can transmit to others the beauty (and he is superlatively a lover of beauty in all its forms) which he finds in graphic art by putting before the eyes of others the pictures on which he has lavished his means.

Yes, a limitless intellectual curiosity, a love of beauty, and an insatiable desire to help others enjoy what he has so greatly enjoyed in life—these are an explanation of the activities of the subject of our sketch. His is the true spirit of philanthropy. It is shown not only by his gift to his Alma Mater, but by his constant effort



Late Evening in Winter—I. Karloff

to help wherever he finds that he can really help, and his field of service has no geographical limitations.

"I was born an introvert," says Dr. Simmons, "with my interest centering in myself." If so, how a man's viewpoint in life can change! He seems now almost the opposite, an extreme extravert, forgetting himself in behalf of others. He has sometimes said facetiously to his pupils, "God has been mighty good to me—especially in seeing to it in the past that investments I made which I thought would make me rich always resulted in my losing every dollar so invested, thus curing me completely of all interest in money—except in the proper spending of such money as I have—for in consequence there has been so much more worthwhileness to life."

Another mistake one might make in trying to understand Dr. Simmons would be, in noting how extensively he has traveled in every portion of this world, to judge therefrom that he has a sort of roving disposition. On the other hand, one has only to see how great is his interest in the beautiful surroundings of his home to realize that his local attachments are strong.

... AND HIS ART COLLECTION

(Continued from page five)

paint in the temperament of that land. He has been a sort of soldier of fortune in the varied experiences of his career.

Gold Transport in Siberia, by the Russian Stoiloff, is a bold and vigorous canvas that gives Dr. Simmons much pleasure, interpreting, as it does, the character of Russia and the Cossacks in a wild ride on horseback and in a troika, through the frozen Siberian countryside. Visitors, too, like this picture.

In passing, *Old Violinist*, is another favorite, believed to be by a European painter of note, but as yet unidentified, though shown here in a fine copy. *The Reading Magdalen, after Correggio* (a large canvas), also pleases students greatly, and is an excellent copy.

The Rathaus in Rothenburg, Southern Germany, by Arthur Fischer, is of great interest to Dr. Simmons because of his fondness for this quaint old city of Bavaria. The artist was officially selected as the Imperial Court painter during the time of the former



The Mill—George A. Aldrich

Kaiser Wilhelm II. It may be added that, *Streets of Old Rothenburg*, by Boehme, a rare example of pyrography and color, is an even greater favorite.

The *Autumn in Brenau Park*, by John F. Weygandt, recalls to Dr. Simmons a delightful friendship of many years with the artist, who was director of the Art School at Brenau, and is now in New Hope, Pa., as shown by his summer landscape.

At Candlelight, a large canvas of a Spanish-type model, by Lanier Bradfield Abele, recalls to Dr. Simmons another friend, a pupil of Professor Weygandt and a talented Brenau alumna, who later studied in Paris.

Portrait of Studio Model, an exceptionally brilliant water-color by Frances Hungerford Combs, of Washington, D. C., is worthy of note here, not only because the painter is an officer of the Arts Club of Washington and of the Water Color Society there, but because it is unusual for a water-color picture to stand exhibition so well among the generally more brilliant canvases in oil.

Winter in the Catskills, by D. F. Hasbrouck, is a lovely water-color drawing in delicate coloring of the mountain forest and snow, and was selected by Mrs.



Central Park, New York, in Winter—F. J. Mulhaupt

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Simmons, in 1910, with two others by this noted artist of the now nearly forgotten Hudson River School.

Remembrance, by the Italian Ettore Caser (illustrated), is also prized by Dr. Simmons for its revival of an old method, egg tempera painting, as well as for the pensive charm of the figure and autumn scene. One can hardly believe that the same artist painted the distinctly modern and realistic still life, green jar and roses.

Gloucester Harbor, by Emile Gruppe, deserves special notice as a favorite of Dr. Simmons, who also greatly enjoys the two Vermon landscapes by the same American artist.

The Mill, a winter scene in Brittany, by George Ames Aldrich, pleases for its charm of color in the water reflections and its French atmosphere.

The spirited genre marine view, *Leaving Port*, appeals to Dr. Simmons because of his love of travel and pleasant adventure. It is by McCormack, an English painter, and has been widely copied.

Several pictures have been "discoveries" of unexpected value like the large, fine Dutch canvas of cows and the milkmaid, by Weber, painted probably about 1880, and accidentally lost sight of until it was by chance turned up in an antique shop, purchased for a song, cleaned, framed and revarnished, and proved to be an original worth hundreds of dollars.

A similar find was the Ludwig Knaus (1829-1910), *A Desperate Fight*, painted in Paris, probably about 1870, certainly during the artist's stay there from 1852 to 1874, when he went to Berlin. In 1853 Knaus won the gold medal in Paris. This picture, too, had disappeared until lately when it came into Dr. Simmons' hands in a similar way, considerable research revealing its value as an original by this exceptionally able German artist.

Dr. Simmons' inherent taste in the selection of pictures and his unexceptionable judgment are illustrated in this collection, but especially so by an incident of his first visit to the National Gallery in London years ago. With a friend he was looking at a canvas labeled "Rubens," when he said, "I would swear that is not by Rubens." The friend laughed at the young Thomas Jackson's presumption, but later they learned from Baedeker that the canvas was actually in question as a Rubens, but had been wrongly labeled in the gallery.

More recently Dr. Simmons noted in the published description of the Mellon Collection in the new National Gallery in Washington a mention of "canvases by Jan Van Eyck." Dr. Simmons wrote the author of the article, questioning whether any Van Eyck canvases exist, as the Van Eyck brothers painted on wood, and the inquiry resulted in a long investigation, followed by a letter from the head of the Mellon Collection, stating that there are not any authenticated canvases by Van Eyck (died in 1435), though about the middle of that century or later, two other Dutch painters used cloth for some small pictures. Dr. Simmons says that the first important picture painted on canvas was done by Botticelli in 1475.

In connection with his wide travels a large painting of the walled roadway from Jaipur to Amber in India is one which the students here always find interesting, for—as shown in a photograph among the travel pictures—it was over this highway that Dr. and Mrs. Simmons rode on the Maharajah of Jaipur's state elephant, a gorgeously caparisoned animal which he lent them for this occasion. Readers of the *National*

Geographic Magazine may perhaps recall that a few years ago the *Geographic* in its section of large pictures in full color featured this particular animal as the largest and most valuable elephant in the world.

The *Portrait Study* of the collector himself, Dr. Simmons, is by Nell Respass, a Brenau student, who has caught the sitter's expression in a more thoughtful moment. The larger three-quarter length of Dr. Simmons, by the Italian artist Landini, presents him as known at Brenau, and the portrait of Mrs. Simmons, by A. Edmonds, shows her in the later years of her life.

In trying to comply with the request from the editor of *THE STUDENT* for a story about the two pieces of Italian sculpture sent to Wake Forest a few days ago, it is necessary to refer again to Dr. Simmons' love of the beautiful, which he associates always with the true and the good. Asking him for the historic facts regarding that statuary, this is what I get:

"There has never been brought together anywhere else so large and fine a collection of Italian statuary as was shown at the 1915 International Exposition at San Francisco. Naturally I enjoyed it. But the representation of Dante's Beatrice moved me more deeply than any other piece of marble had ever done. I tried to refrain from buying it, but could not. For twenty-five years it has not been removed till now from its place on top of a revolving book-case in my office in the Memorial Building. A little later, another revolving book-case was added, which, if a similar piece of sculpture had been available, would have contributed to the symmetry of the room, but nothing that would have been a suitable companion piece to Beatrice seemed to be in existence.



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NEW RECRUIT IN BROWN

(Continued from page eight)

"Here you go, men," he began. "We've got to get this bunch off in a hurry. Now here's your meal tickets — for the cafe across the street—for supper. We'll get you out to Bragg on a bus tonight. Now you're in the Army and we expect you back here in an hour to get all set. Here you go—and you can eat anything you want up to thirty-five cents worth."

He shoved out the meal tickets. The boys gathered around, and then filed out the door. All had gone. Wilton still stood waiting for his turn.

"Here's another boy who hasn't been fixed up," the sergeant looked at the officer at the desk—another sergeant.

"O.K. We'll get him in a minute so's he can eat and get in with the bunch."

The thought of eating brought Wilton back to his normal senses for the first time since he entered the building. Eat. Free meals—from now on. Something more than cornbread, bacon, and a little grits mixed in here and there. Jess had always told him about how good the Army food was.

"What's this, son?" the sergeant's voice rang out at Wilton who was still thinking of the food. "This application blank says that you're only seventeen years of age. We can't do a damn thing for you, then."

The youth looked up, puzzled.

"But, I—I—I thought it was all right if your folks said all right?" he asked, amazed.

"But wait a minute. If you're under twenty-one your folks have to sign up—but the strict ruling in the Army is that you can't get in under any condition until you're at least eighteen."

Wilton's heart sunk. He couldn't think. His father had signed the papers and sent him on his way to military service. Of course, he didn't know exactly what had to be done, but the friend had helped his father fix the papers.

"When'll you be eighteen?" the officer queried.

"Lemme see. That'll be in December. Yeh, December 22."

"That's too bad," the sergeant continued, tossing the papers back into the envelope. "We'd like to use you, son, but we can't go around breaking Uncle Sam's rules. And besides, I believe you're underweight, aren't you? Where'd you get that scar over your cheek there?"



"Oh, that?" He felt his face with his red hands. "I got that when I fell off a wagon years ago."

"Tell you what," the officer went on, while he looked at some other papers on his desk, "I'd advise you to go right back home and work hard — put on some weight, and come back to see us about the first of the year. But the Army just can't do things for a fellow when he ain't old enough. You see, we're working for Uncle Sam."

The sergeant turned his head and mumbled on for a few seconds. He talked with the other officers who were looking through steel filing cabinets. A man with close-cropped hair sat smoking a cigarette and typing out cards—regulation cards for the files.

Home again, Wilton thought confusedly. Home again. Back to the plough, back to the cornbread, fatback, and grits now and then. His face registered surprise. He couldn't apprehend what had happened. The officers didn't see him any longer, but laughed, told jokes, and slapped at each other. To the right, pasted on the wall, he saw a huge picture—an Army plane, a bomber, the caption read. "The Army Travels By Air." Placed close to it was another, with tanks roaring over a rough field. "The Army Travels by Land," the figures spelled under the picture. On the other wall hung a third picture. "Guardian of American Democracy," were the words under it, and the picture showed a series of huge guns blasting forth into a cloudy sky.

Wilton pushed back his hair again. He unfolded his boney frame, gathered up his coat and lighted another cigarette. He turned to speak to the sergeant who was still seated at the small desk, but he closed his mouth and started for the door.

By the time the youth had reached the elevator door, he had removed his coat. The same bald-headed man opened the cage door, and he got in-

side. Two uniformed Marines stepped on just ahead of him.

"What time does the Marine office shut up?" he asked one of the men.

"Anytime tonight," the man returned without so much as looking at the lad. "How long you had your application in?"

"I ain't," Wilton said, without questioning the man further.

The elevator stopped at the ground floor. The Marines hurried off and out of the door. Just as Wilton stepped out, a Naval officer, spotlessly dressed in white and blue, stepped forward into the elevator door. Wilton turned and looked at him thoughtfully. The door clanged shut behind him. He turned to the wall at his right. The building directory was placed there—a sort of black bulletin board, with white letters and a glass door. He traced his finger down the list of names and numbers until he came to "N A V Y." "NAVY," he thought. He looked again. Directly underneath the words were: "Rooms 303, 304, 306. Young Men Looking for Careers Wanted." Then he remembered. Not enough education, perhaps underweight, and on top of that they might find out his real age.

The early evening air felt cool as Wilton reached the sidewalk. He paused in front of a sign: "I WANT YOU . . . TRAVEL WITH THE U. S. ARMY . . . PANAMA . . . HAWAII . . ."

A sudden sweep of the right hand beat back the youth's bushy hair. He cleared his throat to spit.

A FRESHMAN SPEAKS

(Continued from page two)

Trees, Native Son, and Mr. Skeffington. Strangely enough, non-fiction possesses greater appeal for me than fiction. I like to get information of a factual nature. *Failure of a Mission* and *The American Presidency* are two recent non-fiction books which I have enjoyed very much. Biographies such as *I Married Adventure* also appeal to me. The most intriguing books for me, however, are those of a philosophical nature. I have just finished reading *Philosopher's Holiday* by Edman. As soon as the football season is over, I'd like to reread this book. It really impressed me as a worthy piece of work.

I am thankful that my reading tastes have been cultivated by the enthusiasm of my high school teachers. Still, however, I get a big kick out of reading Lil' Abner.

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Here's another famous Camel Christmas gift—10—200 mild, flavorful Camels—colorfully wrapped, ready to give. A perfect gift. Ask for the Camels in the Christmas cartoon!

CAMELS

● For those who prefer cigarettes, give Camels and you can be sure your gift will be appreciated. For more smokers prefer slower-burning Camels than any other cigarette. They are the cigarette of costlier tobaccos that gives more pleasure in every puff. Your dealer is featuring Camels for Christmas in the two handsome packages shown above. Easy to get—perfect to receive. Yes, there's nothing like Camels to say: "Happy holidays and happy smoking."

PRINCE ALBERT

● No problem about those pipe-smokers on your gift list! You just can't miss when you give them a big, long-lasting one-pound tin of the world's most popular smoking tobacco—Prince Albert! (Or a one-pound real glass humidor.) Pipe-smokers call Prince Albert the National Joy Smoke. They say: "There's no other tobacco like it!" Your local dealer has Prince Albert's Christmas-wrapped "specials" on display now! Get your Prince Albert gifts today!

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Gifts that are sure to please in beautiful Christmas wrappers.



MESS EDUCATION

We took a field trip.
 We are studying geology.
 I looked for rocks.
 A rock bit me.
 I swear it did.
 Maybe it was a snake.
 People put antiseptics on me.
 I laughed. It was fun.
 I dated a girl.
 We discovered sedimentary rock.
 I got sedimentary over her.
 I'm a sedimentary fool.
 The Prof. said so, too.
 We found something metallic.
 It glinted.
 It was an old bean can.
 Beans make me think of Boston.
 Boston is a nice town. So is Sacramento.
 We dug granite out.
 Jake slipped in a hole.
 We dug Jake out.
 Our field trip was a success.
 Our Prof. is full of poison ivy.
 He itches.
 College is fun.

Pastor: Don't get flip with me, young man, I may preach at your funeral some day.

Joe: If you do, it will be over my dead body.

Then there's the Scotchman who became an orchestra leader because when he was a boy his father gave him a lollypop and he didn't want to waste the stick.



HIS SMELLY PIPE WAS OVER-RIPE—

but he's out of the dog house now!



"**OUT YOU GO, PETER!** I won't marry a human smoke-screen! Where'd you get that tobacco anyway—in a fire sale? Snap out of it! Switch to a mild and fragrant blend."



PIPE AT A WEDDING? Sure! Pete made such a hit with his mild, grand-smelling Sir Walter Raleigh burley blend that even his mother-in-law smiled her approval!

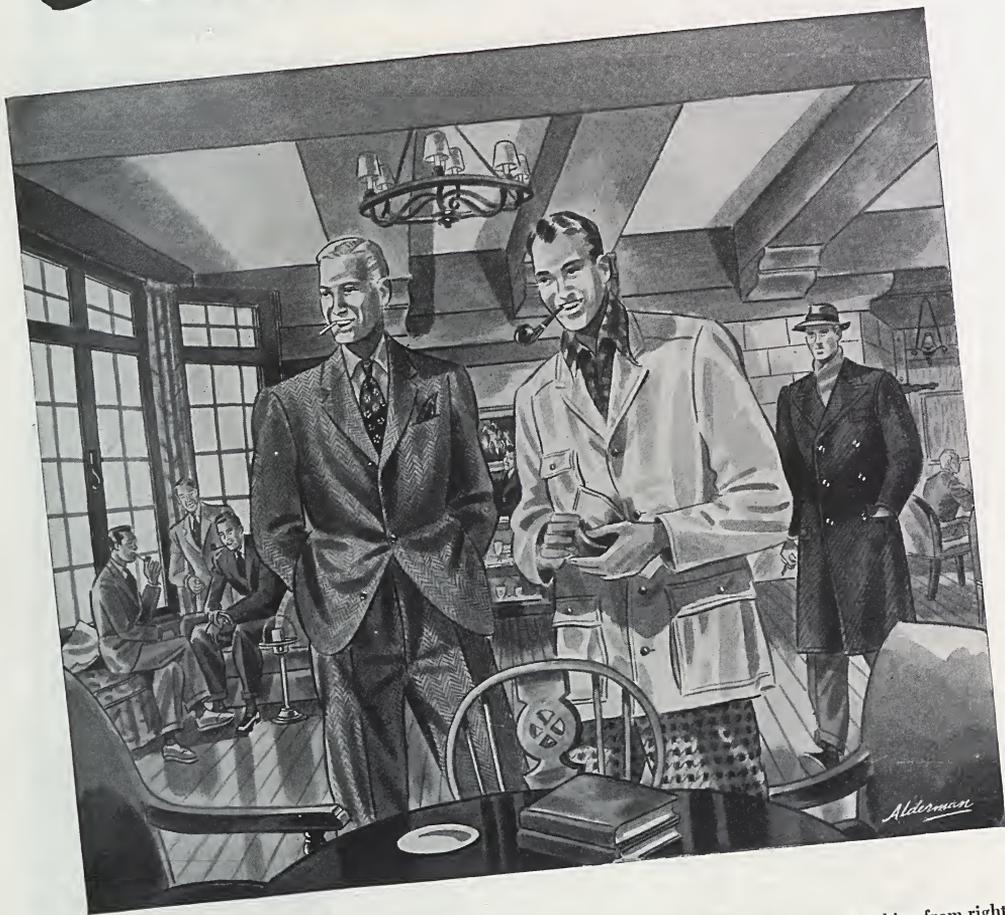
New!

Cellophane tape around lid seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!

UNION MADE

Tune in **UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE** Every Tuesday night—NBC Red network Prizes for your "Dog House" experience

Scene on Campus...



BETWEEN classes is a good time to check on what the well-dressed college man is wearing. Looking from right to left, just to be different, we find the overcoated young man, who just entered, trying to decide which bull session to join. He's wearing a three-buttoned, double-breasted coat of dark blue diagonal tweed. The pipe smoker believes in combining both comfort and practicability in his strictly campus togs. He's wearing a cotton bush jacket with patch-pockets and leather buttons. The pants are very heavy, but soft tweed with natural blue and tan checks. An open collar dark checked cotton shirt completes the "get-up." One outfit like this has kept many a fraternity going through a hard, cold winter. And now we have left on our left a fellow with a date just about due and not much money left in his pocket which, by the way, is attached to a stylish gray herring-bone suit.

(The Editor will gladly supply additional information regarding these outfits)

We're All Dumb

*That is the conclusion reached by a Wake Forest student
after some weeks of experience in working for the
American Institute of Public Opinion.*

By SEAVY CARROLL

We heard a man say recently that he wanted to find just once "a man who had talked to a stranger whose first cousin had known someone who had been interviewed in a Gallup Poll." He implied, of course (as we have heard others do), that Mr. Gallup must be a wonderful guesser, because no one had ever seen one of his representatives in action.

It chanced that the very next day we learned that we had one of the Gallup workers right here on the campus. Immediately we asked him for an article on his work and some of his experiences.—Ed.

I'VE reached the conclusion that we're all dumbbells! However, I haven't always entertained such an idea of mankind. There was a time when I thought that all the dumb people of the world either lived in the vast, unexplored wilderness of Africa, or were confined within padded cells on Richard's Hill (Dix Hill, to you), Raleigh. Personal experiences during the past summer have contributed liberally to my present point of view. These experiences came as a result of some interviewing work which I did for the American Institute of Public Opinion, the organization which collects data on the "public pulse" for the now famous Gallup Poll.

First let me explain briefly the nature of my work. The American Institute of Public Opinion is an independent research organization founded by Dr. George H. Gallup in 1935 to measure from week to week, accurately and impartially, rank-and-file opinion on important questions—to learn "what America thinks." More than 100 newspapers—Democratic, Republican, and Independent—pay for and publish results of the surveys three times a week. Since the inception of the organization in 1935, new methods of testing public opinion have been devised, with the result that the accuracy has been greatly increased.

In 1936 the Institute forecast Roosevelt's re-election within 6 per cent; 1938 primary elections in Kentucky, South Carolina, Georgia, and Maryland were predicted within 2 per cent; in the New York gubernatorial election, 1938, the Institute predicted Lehmann would receive 50.2 per cent of the vote—he won with 50.7 per cent. Such accuracy has been hailed as remarkable. But the predictions of the 1940 elections were even more accurate. The average deviation between the poll figures and the election results by states was only 2.5 percentage points. Likewise, the Institute's final pre-election figure on the national vote showed Mr. Roosevelt with 52 per cent of the total popular vote, or within less than 3 per cent of absolute accuracy. The average state-by-state error exceeded 4 percentage points in only four states—Idaho, Pennsylvania, Maine, and Utah. The Poll figures for five states were 100 per cent ac-

curate. Six states had a deviation of only 1 percentage point. Fifteen states had a deviation of only 2 percentage points. Ten states had a deviation of only 3 percentage points. Thus, in each of 36 states, the Institute's error was less than the 4 percentage points it normally must allow for on the basis of the laws of probability and Institute experience.

More than 1000 interviewers, following scientific methods of "representative sampling," are constantly getting opinions of voters in every state. The sample is a "cross-section" of Americans in all walks of life—men and women, rich and poor, old and young, representing all shades of opinion. And this is where my story really begins.

In my interviewing work there are two groups of people with whom I have to deal. First, there are those who willingly give answers to my questions. This group could be sub-divided into innumerable smaller groups on the basis of ability to give intelligent answers to questions pertaining to current national and world affairs. Taking a cross section of the people according to their economic levels, I've found that very few people can give a very good answer to questions which I ask. Most of the people can very readily give an answer of "yes" or "no," but the majority falter when asked to give a reason for an answer. In the higher economic levels—such as well-to-do farmers and business men—I do some of my most interesting interviewing. The chief difficulty here comes in keeping the respondent from talking too much. Since I am paid by the hour for my work, it is urgent, in all fairness to my employees, that I complete an interview as rapidly as possible. In spite of the seemingly intellectual superiority of this higher economic group, I find now and then a stagnant mind in regard to world affairs—but such is an exception rather than the rule.

Some of the best answers are given by school teachers, and those connected with the educational system. Strangely enough, the first person I ever interviewed was a Negro—who had close connection with a Negro college. He showed that he was well informed on current topics, but I had some difficulty getting him to talk about the subject matter without digressing. Despite his intellectual background—and the fact that none of his race has given me a better discussion of the questions asked them—I'll have to brand his logic as faulty. Analogous to this is the case of the student who stayed up all night in order to cram for a test—the brain just couldn't put two and two together the next day.

Then I interviewed a business man. He very readily

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"The Roll Call"

THE TALK OF THE CAMPUS

With football but a memory until next year, there are many reminiscences that are likely to persist in recurring: the victory over Carolina, the fiasco at Clemson, the good times that followed. At least one person will recall the season with bitterness. For he wrote a telegram to a girl which read, "Have gotten tickets for game. Meet you at station." When the telegram reached its destination, it read, "Have got ten tickets for game. Meet you at station." The girl friend arrived with her eight companions to cause a minor catastrophe; in short, it was higgledy-piggledy. Since this experience this particular young man has washed his vocabulary of the word *gotten*.

Rumors have been floating around the campus that Harold Bailey, vice president of the senior class, wishes to hold a class meeting which is to be conspicuous by the absence of the president, Archie MacMillan. The latter has never



bothered to take time to rent a box at the postoffice, and many think that for the president of the senior class of Wake Forest to call for his mail at the general delivery window is an *ignis fatuus* for the other presidents. The seniors propose to take up a collection to rent Archie a box.

Quite a fad on many campuses is the so-called cram parlor, a place where education is supposedly boiled down to a nutshell, turned to flow into the ear of a dull or too-busy-with-other-things student, and on through a pen onto paper. Recently a Northerner wrote that such tutoring schools were necessary in the South in order that football players could



be safely coddled past examinations; he admitted the prevalence of cram parlors at Harvard, Yale, and other schools, and stated that several years ago two-thirds of the student body at Harvard were regular customers at the cram sessions. Last year the administrations of the Eastern schools waged war on the private, higher-paid tutors and their systems, and there was a marked drop in the number of frequenters to these classes. Whether the South is as culpable in the campus practices of wholesale theme writing, cram parlors, and even purloining of quiz questions, no one can say. But it is an interesting subject for research.

Despite the act that our thoughts are gradually being drawn from football to basketball, we feel that it

is not amiss to acknowledge the work and sportsmanship of the captain of the football team, Jimmy Ringgold. His name has seldom been streamed across the papers in headlines, but he has been doing his share and more. He has been so consistent in his three years of varsity play that he has been taken too much for granted. Here are happy hunting grounds for professional scouts who are interested in a good collection of rookies next year, especially blocking backs.



It has been a long time since a Wake Forest publication has had occasion to pay tribute to the memory of a classmate whose college career was interrupted by sudden death. Richard K. Holloman's death was extremely unfortunate; he was finishing the last lap of his four-year course and was able to get a glimpse



of his goal that was slowly rising in the distance. Those of us who were his classmates will always carry memories of him as the quiet unassuming boy that he was.

At Princeton last spring the student of the senior class who was voted the most likely to succeed failed his history examination and did not graduate. He probably has little faith in senior prophecies; yet, others put great stock in such statistics. The prophet in Professor Aycock's class predicted "that his [Aycock's] wit will add spice to his lectures and his bald head dignity to his appearance," and said that he would be "head of the English department in Wake Forest College." In searching for what we hoped would be a fitting bit of pre-aging for punctilious Grady S. Patterson, we were disappointed to find that he was not told of his future. Perhaps the prophecy was censored, for Patterson was senior editor of the annual.



Interesting was the prognostication given to Zon Robinson: he is, according to the senior prophet of his class, to be instructor in the Social Science department in Wake Forest College as a modern co-ed university! A former editor of THE STUDENT, Bursar Earnshaw, along with his classmate, Dr. Hubert Po-teat, was not given any light about his future. Holding the office of assistant bursar for three years during his undergraduate days evidently did not necessitate such useless forecasts.





Santa Comes

Were some Wake Forest students to go home for the holidays, their Christmas celebrations would be far different from ours here in the United States.

By NEIL MORGAN

IN a few days the world will celebrate Christmas. It'll be Christmas in the midst of bomb-shattered London. It'll be Christmas far back in the Brazilian jungles. It'll be Christmas for many of China's war-torn millions. And it'll be Christmas for millions of happy, carefree Americans who will wake up and know that "Today is Christmas!"

Yes, the world will celebrate Christmas. And most of us at Wake Forest will go home to do our share. But there are some men at Wake Forest who won't be able to go home Christmas. They'll just be picturing in their minds how things will be.

Take Charles MacMurray, for instance. Charles has lived for many years with his family in the Canal Zone. His father is a utilities executive in Ancon. His sister married an air officer last month, and his brother is at the University of Virginia. Charles is taking special work at Wake Forest in training for diplomatic service.

"Will there be Christmas in Panama?" THE STUDENT asked.

"You bet there will!" he answered with a smile.

And Charles went on to tell about it.

There are two types of Christmas celebration in Panama. The Amer-

icans in the cities celebrate much as we do here; the natives in the hills celebrate with their machetes.

These Panama natives know Christmas as a religious holiday. When Christmas week rolls around, they don their best and, leaving their lonely thatched huts, come down out of the hills and congregate. Staying drunk for days, they are heightened in their Christmas spirit by religious fervor; they don't know what Christmas is about, often, but it's a time of celebration. Toward the end of the week, the long knives—machetes—often see active service. News always seeps down to Panama City, Charles says, of a number of native murders on Christmas day.

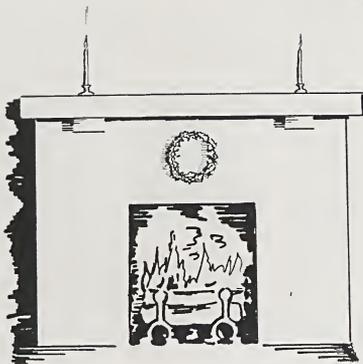
Now in Ancon and the other more American cities, Christmas is the joyful holiday of the United States flavored with the South American. Charles used to spend every Christmas Eve with his best friends dancing at one of the famous night spots. At midnight the whole thing stopped, and for an hour the boisterous celebration would be replaced by Catholic mass. Then back to the club. A couple of hours sleep before breakfast and the Christmas presents would be handed out by Charles' father. His is a golf-loving family, and so Christmas day usually meant a day on the golf-

links. The height of the celebration was reached in the MacMurray home at Christmas dinner, in the evening. That's the thing that catches the real Christmas spirit; the family has to be there. Charles hates to miss it this year.

Edward HaoSeng Chow left China last summer and came to Wake Forest as a freshman. But Edward's family will celebrate Christmas in a land that is slowly becoming a mass of hapless ruins.

Edward was at a Christian school in Shanghai last Christmas, and he celebrated after a fashion typical of all Chinese Christian students. There was a holiday of three days—beginning on Christmas Eve. At night he and a group of his friends walked through the bomb-wrecked streets singing carols at the homes of missionaries. On Christmas morning, the school held religious service. Then in the afternoon, he and his fellows would buy bags of rice, even though the price was sky-rocketing, and take it to the poor whose homes had been ruined. They were non-Christians, Edward said, but somehow the gift brought them the Christmas spirit, and they got the idea. At night the boys of the school presented a Christmas play in the church.

This Christmas, Edward remarked, his family has been sep-



In So Many Ways

arated by war. Of the nine members of the family, only three will be together—his mother, father, and youngest brother. The others are in various parts of China and America. But they all will celebrate Christmas wherever they are, and hope that the peace of Christmas will somehow reach into the hearts of the Japanese.

John Hayes came from Brazil last summer to enter Wake Forest. His father is a Baptist missionary, and John has lived in Recife most of his life. There are two kid brothers and a kid sister, and Christmas will be big at the Hayes' home in Recife; it'll be an American Christmas.

Brazil knows no Christmas cards, no Christmas trees, no carols. In fact, the South American people are too dignified, it seems, to make any sort of public demonstration of the Yuletide spirit. Of course, it's a national and school holiday, but primarily it's a religious holiday; the church plays an important part, especially among Catholics. Even the social aspect is minor; the people give only small gifts, if any at all. The children usually receive dime store trinkets, but adults seldom bother to make presents.

The Brazilians reserve most of their celebration for a spring festival. Then, just as at Christmas, the liquor flows freely, and everyone who really takes hold of the holiday spirit drinks his share.

Franz Marashek, born in Austria, but a junior now at Wake Forest, has most of his relatives over there, and he knows what's going on.

They'll spend Christmas Eve as a day of religious fasting—more or less. After a glass of milk at dark, the children will be hustled off to bed, and shoes will peep out from under every bed, eagerly set for the visit of the Noel. Sharp on the stroke of midnight, celebration will begin; the children are roused out of bed and gather around the Christmas tree. Presents won't be too numerous, for the emphasis on them is not as great as in America.

The big feature of Christmas day is dinner. Franz himself would like once again to sit down to a savory meal of roast goose and strudels. The strudels are pastry rolls of fruits, raisins, and nuts that Franz says can't be beat.

Hitler won't have changed the celebration much. There may not be as much butter in the pastry or as many presents on the tree, but the spirit will be there. Christmas is something big to the Austrian people.

Three years ago Dr. Camilli Artom was professor of physiology and biochemistry at the Royal University of Palermo in Sicily. Mrs. Artom's sister lived in Rome, and her mother in Florence. At Christmas the Artoms journeyed to Rome for a family reunion. They had a two weeks' vacation, and they made the best of it. But Christmas wasn't by



any means all of the vacation. New Year's was more important as far as social functions were concerned.

Christmas in Italy is primarily a religious celebration. Catholic mass, held at midnight Christmas Eve, is the height of the Christmas season, for during the mass is presented the Christmas story, beautifully illustrated by brilliant works of art, murals, and miniature settings which are exhibited only at Christmas.

Since Dr. and Mrs. Artom are in Wake Forest this year, they don't know much about how Italy will take Christmas. They feel sure, however, that celebration will be practically up to the peace-time level. Rationing, they think, will not noticeably stint the Christmas feasting. Military failures in Greece will not cause the Italians to lose the Yuletide spirit.

John Oatfield came over from London on a refugee ship last summer. He's a freshman at Wake Forest now, but he's keeping intently up with events back home.



"England will have the Christmas spirit," he said. "War can't get it down. Bombs won't kill the celebration!"

And John should know. The town in which he lived, and where his mother stays, is directly between two military objectives—an aerodrome on one side, a giant viaduct on the other; and bombs often splatter the town.

John's mother is head of a large department store in the home town, twenty miles north of London. His father, an orange dealer, has accepted a position with the Ministry of Exchange in London. Although the two are apart much of the time, they will be together for Christmas.

Christmas in England, John admits, is much like that portrayed in Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." There is always roast goose and plum pudding (there probably won't be much this time—too much rationing), and the family spirit runs high. "God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen!" is a traditional English Christmas song that still goes the rounds. The Christmas tree trade will be low this year, John thinks, because many of the children have left England; and besides, there won't be too many gifts. Radios, he said, will be one of the few gifts the manufacture of which has not been greatly affected by the war; and most families already have them anyhow.

December is a month between school sessions, John pointed out, and students have the whole month free.

Oranges, of course, are a big part of Christmas even in England. John used to work in his father's warehouse during the Christmas rush season. How about oranges in England this year? THE STUDENT asked.

"Dad won't be very busy," John replied simply. "There aren't many in England now."

And that's England. It'll be Christmas largely without gifts, oranges, plum puddings, but it'll be Christmas with a real spirit. A little thing like nightly bombings can't halt Christmas celebration.

The Road Back

After four years of separation, Morris rejoins his group with misgivings, all of which turn into cold, stark realities.

THE warm air in the automobile was, to the youthful occupants, a comfortable contrast to the dank cold of the crowded streets. Yet there was an atmosphere of cheerfulness that swathed the brilliantly-lighted main thoroughfare of the small town; the varied colors from the show windows shimmered on the wet pavement and Christmas shoppers moved like an endless procession of cattle.

To Morris, this was a sight that would have gladdened the heart of any Jew. He threaded his way through the close traffic, glancing back at intervals to a small department store with the one word GOLDSTEIN'S painted over the door. The corners of his mouth turned upward as he stared at the flow of customers through the doors of the store—his store. His thin lips twitched nervously and his beaked nose threw a startling image on the side of the glass when he passed under the street light.

Suddenly he turned to the figure beside him. He coughed as if to revive a lulling conversation and his frail frame trembled momentarily. "It's been a long time since we've had our group together like this, hasn't it, Margaret?" His voice was weak; one might have mistaken it for a girl's.

The girl nodded and whispered softly, "Hasn't it though?" How sweet her voice sounded, and yet Morris knew that somehow it wasn't meant for him. Four years ago she might have murmured the same words into his ears, and four years ago she might have thought that she meant them. But four years—what an expanse of time! how things can change! how friendships can shift! how words can take on new meanings! Time was when the word Jew brought no strained looks on familiar faces. But that was four years ago.

Morris turned up in the dark driveway and parked under the shelter. There were three cars ahead of his. Perhaps everybody else had already arrived; perhaps his former classmates were already celebrating a reunion after having been more or less separated for four years. While he and Margaret felt their way up the stone steps, a phantasmagoria flashed before his eyes. Past events appeared in his mind in such rapid succession that he might have been living his last moments, with the most vivid of his recollections taking charge of his imagination.

When he knocked lightly on the door, the noise subsided and the door was flung open. Bright rays of light dazzled him; self-consciously he blinked and held the screen for Margaret. Soon he was seated at the long table and the group was complete. Then Richard, who had been president of the group back in high school, arose at the head of the table. He shifted his feet awkwardly, fingered his fork, and spoke in a monotone. "Well, fellow Friars, we meet tonight for the first time since we parted four years ago. Then we were eight; tonight we are seven. The loss is not one that calls for grieving, for it is to the good of the club that such a member be ostracized."

Richard rambled on, rather self-consciously, but his

words were devoured by the small group. He commented on the heterogeneity of the members, a drastic change from the unified organization back in high school. Then everybody was of the same class, generally of the same opinion on most matters, with no egotism being shown by any. Then there had been a general aversion to girls, but now for the second time in the five-year history of the club girls were permitted to the meetings.

Morris was little impressed by the words of Richard. He was staring at the members around him. There was Mark at his left; he was a junior at a military school in Georgia. Once he had been Morris' closest friend. But that was before he went to Annapolis. His stay there had been short-lived, however, and he had returned to the military college after losing a year in the exchange. On his right was Everett, assistant postmaster in the postoffice in near-by Lancaster. Since graduation he had toiled behind a high desk with jumbled figures, but the work had not been detrimental to his wit, once so popular with his friends. Directly opposite from him sat Alex and Bennet, both on leave from the navy. They had been gone four years and had been home only twice before. Both wanted to resign now that their four-year period had expired, but because of the European war were unable to do so.

At the other end of the table sat Perk. This was his senior year at the University. Morris had always ad-

(Continued on page thirteen)



"Has college, the navy, sororities, done this to you," Morris screamed.



A Front Page Personality

Jack Dempsey, after retiring from active competition in the prize ring, is still intriguing enough to make front page news.

By WESTON HATFIELD

IT was 5:57 P.M. I was lounging in the control room of the radio station in which I was employed jawing with two of the engineers. It was nothing so unusual for me, this jawing with the engineers, for I have always found radio engineers particularly fascinating and know of no one I'd rather jaw with.

What was unusual, however—at least for me—was the abruptness with which our bull session was ended. The station manager popped in and casually informed me that Jack Dempsey would arrive at the station any minute, along with his entourage, and would I kindly see that he was taken care of and interviewed at 6:05. I meekly replied that he could consider the matter taken care of and had no sooner gotten the words out of my mouth than Jack Dempsey made his appearance.

Jack Dempsey is a mortal. He is very much like you or me or the Golden Glove champ who lives next door. Unlike you or I or the G. G. champ, however, Jack Dempsey is a tremendous name. Not the sort of name you read in Winchell's column with regard to such matters as "infanticipation," but the sort of name that's a household word and an ever present subject of conversation. Jack Dempsey endorses Krispy Krunch cereals, resultantly endorses a \$1,000 check for so doing, and also resultantly, and much more importantly, causes at least 10,000 Mamas to heed the tugs on their apron strings enough to buy Junior a package of Krispy Krunch. Jack Dempsey opens a restaurant and it becomes a New York shrine. Jack Dempsey divorces a wife and crowds the war news from the headlines. Jack Dempsey endorses a political candidate and swings 30,000 votes. And all because Jack Dempsey had a punch and used it and then quit and had a head and used it and hasn't quit.

But that's getting ahead of our story. I introduced myself to Jack Dempsey and he in turn introduced me to Red Burman, the fifth ranking heavyweight of the world, to a wrestling promoter, and to his press agent. After observing that the formalities were taken care of, Jack moved across the studio with his panther-like stride and assumed a crouching position on a corner chair. I say crouching because he looked as though any minute he was going to spring out of that chair and murder the lot of us. Perhaps that's putting it too strongly, for Dempsey is a reticent person. He's affable, polite, well mannered, and an interesting conversationalist. His physical condition, however, was so obviously perfect, and his 45 years so obviously a misfit, that he did leave me with the impression that he was ready to fight at the drop of a hat.

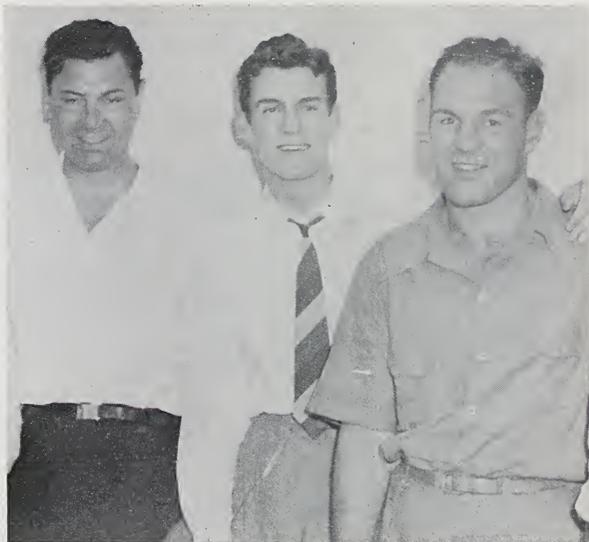
The interview went rather nicely. Jack was No. 1 on my list and answered the questions I put to him as though it were just another job to be disposed of. He talked like a machine, just as he must have fought like one. Red Burman was next and some of his remarks

seemed to interest Jack, who promptly got up and joined the conversation and made the interview—25 minutes of it—pass altogether too swiftly. At its conclusion, I was still incapable of deciding just where this man's power lay and the matter worried me for some days. After all, Jack Dempsey has not fought a major battle for at least 11 years, and yet he's more popular than almost any active campaigner you might care to name. Jack Dempsey lives with the crowd at his heels; Gene Tunney could very probably hide in the crowd. Perhaps Tunney is more fortunate, but Dempsey's power certainly makes him the more intriguing.

Two nights later I saw Dempsey in action. It was in one of the three fights that he fought with wrestlers during the past summer and it was more for the sake of the \$5,000 involved than with the hope of a pugilistic comeback that Dempsey consented to the campaign.

I was his guest and had a ringside seat. Twelve thousand fans had packed the stadium and all of them had come to see the Manassa Mauler in action. I was impressed by the impatience of the crowd, the mass restlessness that seemed fairly to rock the stadium. Eleven years out of competition and still the magic of

(Continued on page twelve)



Jack Dempsey, Weston Hatfield, and Red Burman.

Two Dawns Over England

... One brought a squadron of Nazi Bombers; the other carried us back to Canterbury of 600 years ago with Geoffrey Chaucer.

By EUGENE BRISSIE

ASQUADRON of war planes flew over the southern tip of England yesterday, so we read in the newspapers, bombing sporadically and effectively homes, a roadway, and even striking within a stone's throw of the world famous Canterbury Cathedral. So violent did the attack fall—prolonged by the diving Stukas and bomb-laden Heinkels—that all traffic along the famous Canterbury Road was put at a standstill; residents of the area clung to bomb shelters. Hitler's lions of destruction were roaring with a renewed vigor.

It is a strange coincidence that Canterbury Road should be undergoing destruction in a year just 600 years after the birth of the man who made it famous. Along this same roadway one of the greatest pilgrimages of all time was taken. That was Chaucer's pilgrimage, Geoffrey Chaucer, whose birth generally has been placed in 1340, on the very banks of the Thames, along which winds part of this road to Canterbury, where every year jovial groups of pilgrims passed. They were making their way to Canterbury to visit the shrine of Thomas à-Becket, the same spot that Hitler's war planes came near striking yesterday, or possibly did strike.

The light of a Dover dawn brought into full view many new and fascinating experiences to young "Jeff" Chaucer. With each passing parade of color, society and pageantry of his England, he viewed with keen eyes a slice of humanity. And one day he began a pilgrimage of his own—an imaginary trip, which lasted possibly four days and covered the fifty-six miles from the old Tabard Inn across the Thames to the outskirts of Canterbury. With him were twenty-

nine other pilgrims that we come to know by name, and together they comprised a group of characters whom the world has never forgotten.

So strange, too, is the fact that yesterday Herr Hitler's air armada roared across the channel at Dover, pounded the civilian population at Canterbury, and swept the Canterbury Road with a sheet of fire and death. They covered the distance of fifty-six miles in something like fifteen minutes. Where Chaucer and his comrades paused by an alehouse to quench their thirsts and listen to a story told by the yellow-haired Pardoner, Nazi bombers unloaded parcels of potential death and left the road in a virtually impassible condition.

But so real was the imaginary journey taken by the Canterbury pilgrims that some members of every generation since the latter part of the Fourteenth Century have followed Chaucer down this same road. So true to life were the characters who made the trip and so well told was the story that the author has come to be known as "the Morning Star of English Literature."

Few men, even considering the literary masters down to our own Twentieth Century, have reached the perfection of character portrayal that Geoffrey Chaucer has given us in his stories. From his "Canterbury Tales" we draw a group of persons so real that we can see them today, despite the fact that nearly 600 years in time has passed between us. Chaucer knew these characters, and we've seen the originals—as well as many like them—many times since his day.

And now, in 1940, six full centuries after the birth of this man, we continue to go each year to Canterbury. Proverbially, much water has flown under the bridge in the course of time, but we still have as our company



the ever-amiable host, Harry Bailey, the Miller, Wife of Bath, Pardoner, Nun's Priest, the Knight, Squire, Shipman, and all the others. Even the drone of airplane motors hasn't completely obliterated the memory of such characters from our minds, though, more than in periods of the past, the Canterbury Road has been subjected to the severest test since that April day in the Fourteenth Century when Chaucer's immortal journey began.

When we studied what was known as an English course in Chaucer, which began with the Canterbury Tales, we didn't read about the trip: we went with Chaucer to Canterbury. And the Wife of Bath didn't loom as a hazy generality on our mental horizon; we saw her, talked with her at the inns during stop-overs for the three nights on the road. Five times she had been married, and she had a gap between her front-most teeth. She was rather hefty and wore scarlet red stockings. And, incidentally, this woman was one of the most complex figures we have ever seen anywhere.

Down the road to Canterbury, we also listened to the tale of the Knight, and stories from other members of our "jolly twenty-nine." In our group was one who sat quietly and listened; he was Jeff Chaucer. There was also the Parson, who let everybody in the group rant and talk, but when time came for his tale he had studied each of us; and he didn't have mercy in laying out our sins before us when he projected his unforgettable sermon.

Perhaps the most vivid of pictures comes back when we think of the scene in the Tabard Inn on the evening before our pilgrimage began. The day was April 16, 1387, and Chaucer had watched a motley-looking crew come into the Inn. But, before sundown, which came at approximately 7:15, Jeff had spoken with everyone of them. Harry Bailey, the host of the Tabard, was the man who made everybody happy at the Inn, smiling all the time, but looking out for the cash register. Somehow we seem to remember that Harry Bailey had served as toastmaster at several dinners and banquets around Suffolk.

Every other member of the group gathered at the Inn that afternoon was so real that we couldn't forget. Characteristics running into mere generalities are soon forgotten, but just now we remember the Prioress, of whom Chaucer said—



Geoffrey Chaucer sat quietly and listened.

"... She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,
Ne wette hir fyngres in her sauce depe. . . ."

The Prioress would have been an "A" student under Emily Post. So dainty and well-mannered was she that she reached gracefully for her food and never left a rim of grease on her wine cup.

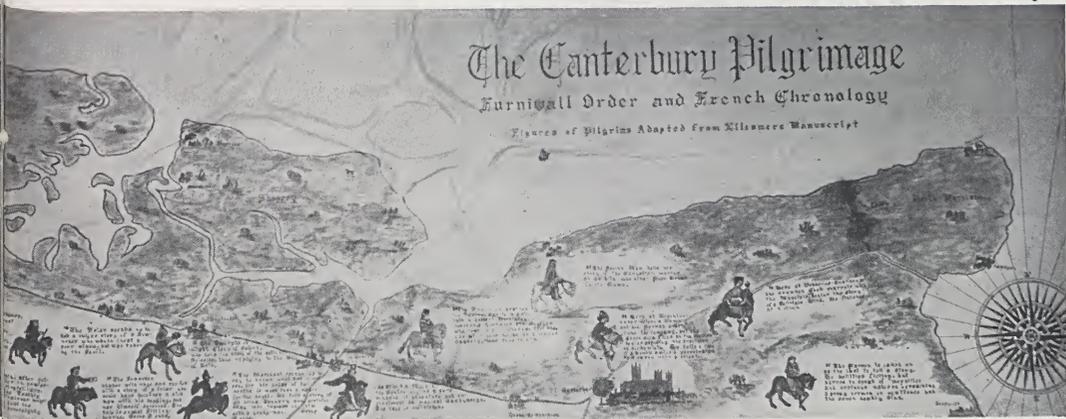
Chaucer was acquainted with chivalry and the clamor of battle. Even a Herr Hitler couldn't accuse him of being a slinker. Twice during his life he served with armies in France, and once he was taken prisoner at Rheims. On this occasion he was fighting for Lionel and Elizabeth in 1359-60. His knowledge of what brave

(Continued on page fourteen)

The Canterbury Pilgrimage

Journall Order and French Chronology

Places of Pilgrims Adapted from Ellesmere Manuscript



A FRONT PAGE PERSONALITY

(Continued from page nine)

his name had drawn a capacity crowd, a crowd that had come to see Jack Dempsey's murderous left and slashing right move again, a crowd that was waiting for blood and blood and more blood, and a crowd that knew Jack Dempsey, savage fighter and master showman, would not disappoint them.

The wrestler, whose name, Ellis Bashara, we don't have to remember but do, was the first in the ring. He knew when he crawled through the ropes that he might be maimed for life, but he was getting \$100, about 1/30 of Jack's fee, and that isn't to be scoffed at even by a wrestler. The crowd murmured and squirmed and Bashara wiped his feet in the resin and tried to look calm but failed miserably.

And then a roar that could be heard for miles shook the stadium. Jack Dempsey, clad in polo shirt and gabardine pants, was in the ring. His eyes weren't the round orbs that I'd seen before. They were narrow slits in an ugly face and they saw only one man—Ellis Bashara. Dempsey moved to the center of the ring, looking neither to the right nor to the left but only at Bashara. Benny Leonard, another pugilistic great and referee for the battle, gave his instructions. Dempsey pivoted, moved swiftly back to his corner, removed his gabardine pants and polo shirt hastily, and, looking more paunchy now but just as beastly, moved out for the kill. Bashara was still trying to look calm and was failing more miserably by the minute. Dempsey stalked him—stalked him like a panther—and Dempsey let him have it. Dempsey's eyes never moved from their object. They seemed to form a mask for his face and a guide for his fists. Short, murderous lefts, six inch blows that

ripped Bashara's face to shreds; slashing right uppercuts that lifted him literally from the floor—Dempsey used them mercilessly and effectively. Bashara spit teeth and blood and still Dempsey stalked him, his eyes never moving, his fists never ceasing to move.

The round ended and Bashara, still standing, moved to his corner. Round two took up where round one left off. Dempsey, measuring for the kill, was frustrated as Bashara fell to the floor from a particularly wicked series of lefts. Leonard stopped the fight. There is no question in my mind but what Jack Dempsey would have killed Ellis Bashara if no one had intervened. Friendly and talkative outside the ring, Jack Dempsey became a different person in it, cruel, ruthless, merciless.

As I left the stadium I thought of Jack Dempsey's New York and Florida restaurants and of the thousands of children and grown-ups who flock there for autographs. I thought of his triumphal personal appearance tours and his after dinner speeches.

And then I thought of the Dempsey I'd just seen. Cold-blooded, bestial, a study in human brutality. Was it this savagery that made him great? Was it this killer instinct that made him the idol of America and has kept him for 15 years on a pedestal? I wondered.

The whole case seemed to defy analysis. Bluntly and crudely, Dempsey has yoomph. Ruth had it and Grange had it and Jones had it and Tilden had it. Front page personalities, all of them, and they all present hopeless studies in what sells a man to the American public. Granting that Dempsey has yoomph and an undeniable front page personality, I wondered on. The secret eluded me.

And though that was at least five months ago, and though I haven't as yet lost any sleep over it, I'm still wondering.

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SMUT

THE ROAD BACK

(Continued from page eight)

mired him, not so much for his careless, happy-go-lucky attitude but more for his ability to make friends, to attract girls, to invite attention despite his stunted growth. His coarse white hair was sleek and perfumed, his clothes always of the latest cut, his pockets always jingling with money. Perhaps his automobile was a key to his success. Nevertheless, he was graduating this year from a four-year period "of ease, softness, parties, and carefree days," as he had once put it. Somehow he would be a moderate success, Morris thought.

Then Morris' eyes wandered to Richard, a tall youth who would graduate from a small college in Virginia in the spring. He was going to teach in a high school up there somewhere, or perhaps he would go to school some more. Richard was now completing his explanation of what would follow after the dinner. Everybody was to go to the theater, meeting afterwards at the recreation center just outside of town, where there would be a private dance for the party. When Richard sat down and the blessing was asked by one of the girls, Morris recalled the fate of the eighth member of the club, the black sheep as he was usually called. He had lapsed into slovenliness, become the prodigal of the town, taken a job as a clerk at a liquor store, been ostracized from the club. Then Morris began to consider himself. He looked down at his close-fitting suit, which made even more noticeable his bony frame. His long fingers twitched continuously, sometimes unconsciously scratching his sharp, pointed nose, sometimes running through his fine brown hair that was becoming thinner and thinner. He would hardly be recognized as the same Jewish youth of high school days.

There was not the unrestrained conviviality of former days present at the dinner that night. The conversation was trite, meaningless, with exaggerated tales being told about college, about the navy, about sororities. Morris was glumly silent. Pangs of sorrow pricked at his heart at the change in his friends; the giggles of the girls irritated him; the jibes about his store angered him. Mark seemed to have forgot the dinner his mother gave the club a year ago when Mark received an appointment to Annapolis, for he twitted the girls, recounted midnight escapades with daring girls from an adjoining girls' school. But Morris could not forget. He had been a classmate of Mark's at the military college in Georgia when he received the appointment, and he had felt proud of Mark, although he was a trifle envious of him. Mark had gone to Annapolis, failed his work, and returned to college in Georgia; but Morris

had not been so fortunate: he had filled in at his father's store, giving up his education.

Bennet drawled from the corner of his mouth in typical sailor fashion: "Morris, are you making any money? After three years of pinching pennies, you oughta have something to show for it. I bet your father is losing confidence in you if you aren't making any—and you a Jew, too."

Morris winced, for the words cut to the bone. Four years ago Bennet spoke of his niggardiness at will, but in four years things had changed, and Bennet evidently had no respect for the feelings of others. Morris attempted to take it all in fun and began to defend himself good-naturedly. Frigid looks from members of the group went unnoticed by Bennet, but they hurt Morris even more. With courage and endurance heretofore unknown to him, Morris lasted through the dinner, through the cutting remarks, through ambiguities, through supposedly friendly taunts by some of the girls.

An hour later the same group was seated at a table in a private room at the recreation center. Ale bottles and whiskey bottles littered the table. Lemons and other condiments were strewn over the table and on the floor. Mark and Emily were mixing more drinks, while at the opposite end Bennet, Alex, Everett, and three girls were smiling sillily and swapping questionable jokes. Behind one of the girls was a bold piece of pornography with penciled inserts made by one of the boys.

To Morris, such a scene was inexplicable. True, he was not the essence of health, but he did not indulge so freely as this. His friends astonished him, especially the girls. Everybody seemed to be so much at ease, so at home here. Had they learned this at Annapolis, at

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college, in the navy? Now they were saying a toast; glasses clinked together; everybody swallowed the drinks at a gulp—that is, everybody except Morris. He was bewildered, confused. The heat was stifling. Tobacco smoke shrouded the room in a hazy net. Dripping with perspiration, he groped about for the door.

A squeaking voice paralyzed him, drew him back to the table. "Doncha wanta drink, Morris?"

Morris wiped his forehead and with a weak "No, thank you," brushed aside the outstretched glass.

The girls snickered, and one whispered, "Panty-waist!"

Somebody began to sing a song about the sea; another began an off-key rendition of a vulgarized Christmas song. Then Bennet started a song about a Jew. Morris' thin, long fingers gripped the table. A filled glass was shoved in front of him and Alex yelled, "Let's make him drink it." Would he have said this sober? Would he have said this four years ago? Morris wondered.

"This is no way to celebrate our reunion and Christmas," Morris screamed shrilly. "What has happened to everybody? Did we use to carry on like this? Has college, the navy, sororities done this to you?"

"Why, you wizened little Jew," growled Perk. "You ought to be back pinching pennies and cheating customers." Perk was sobering up rapidly now. "You first-rate Shylock, I once thought you were better than your class, that you'd get out of the rut, and do something. But you, you're just another Jew." His laughter was broken by wheezings in his chest.

Morris was choked up with fury, and his eyes boiled with hot tears. How true was the fate of Shylock? Would he forever be a pariah because of something he

could not help? The immortal words of Shakespeare's character were stamped on his mind and each letter seemed to throb like a trip-hammer. He stumbled out of the door and at every step the speech seemed to be emblazoned before him. Was it not true? Was it not typical? He repeated snatches of the speech to himself: "Hath not a Jew eyes? . . . hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions, fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same disease, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer . . .?"

TWO DAWNS OVER ENGLAND

(Continued from page eleven)

men were like was brought out in his portrayal of the Knight of Canterbury Tales, a character who had seen service in many battles, in scores of single combats and one whom the most insolent dared not laugh at.

While we think of Chaucer just now, we are inclined to be selfish and wish that he were living today. The world of literature could use just such a man, one who was cool, well-balanced, and whose insight into the very heart of life made it possible for him to smile when others became confused. Perhaps there would be no Hitlers and Mussolinis today if Chaucer were living, for their rise to position would be constantly hampered by the influence of a man who didn't think with packs of human beings, but one whose balance could not have been shaken—even by a world going crazy.

But we of the year 1940 are dissatisfied in so many ways. And above all we can't go back 600 years and bring into our own mode of living the life of a man. Even so, we find the reality of Chaucer applicable to almost any generation. We're glad, too, that even wars can't remove from our mental dawns the spires of Canterbury, the winding road before us.

Many wars have come and gone since this Canterbury journey of which we have spoken was taken in the mind of Geoffrey Chaucer. Military leaders, belligerent toward England, have looked with eager eyes toward Canterbury Road and perhaps looked to a time when they would march from Dover to Canterbury, on to London over this route. While they have all failed, the old roadway is receiving today its most telling test of its near-600 years of history now, and today sections of it have been torn into small gullies.

But wars, like military leaders, come and go. Even the best of them tend to become dim in our memories when new leaders and current hostilities break into the light of contemporary interests. Regardless of the outcome, men like Hitler, Goering, and Mussolini will



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You better not cry
Santa Claus is coming to town."**

**Get Ready, Boys, U. R. Next
City Barber Shop**

Wake Forest, N. C.

go into a dim background of history some day, even as France's seemingly immortal Napoleon and Germany's Iron Prince Bismark and Kaiser Wilhelm have gone. Yet as long as the English language is spoken in any section of the world, at least a few persons from every generation will return to Chaucer's Canterbury Road and travel toward the Shrine of Thomas à-Becket. The speed of modernistic machines won't be of use, either, for they'll go on horseback and the roads will be muddy with April's showers. The trip will take four days, too, despite the fact that Stukas and Heinkels zoom over Dover to Canterbury, on to the very heart of London in something like fifteen minutes.

WERE ALL DUMB

(Continued from page four)

gave answers of "yes" or "no," but when I asked him to give a reason—he stuttered. It was quite evident that he had acquired fixed ideas about certain matters, perhaps from conversation which he had heard. Obviously, he had never stopped to reason the matter out. For example, I asked: "If it appears certain that England will be defeated in the war with Germany and Italy, do you believe that the United States should go to the aid of England with armed forces?"

Emphatically, he answered, "Yes!" Then I asked why, but he didn't know.

His only answer was, "Well, we just ought to go help them." That's the type of person to whom the minister of propaganda directs his blows.

Ordinarily, one does not think of a farmer as being a learned man. I interviewed one well-to-do farmer, though, who at first impressed me as being well read. He answered my questions and gave some good reasons—at first. But, when I asked him who his choice was for president, he refused to answer. And he wouldn't tell me what political party he favored—if any. And to make matters more confusing to me, he wouldn't give me a reason for his refusal. I thought perhaps he was a Republican and didn't want to let it be known that he was in the minority in the "Solid South." I explained that everything was strictly confidential—I didn't know his name (I am not supposed to ask a respondent his name), probably never would—and I would not tell anyone what his answers were. He still refused to open up. The case was hopeless.

As we descend the ladder of economic classification, we find that the reasoning of those in the lower income groups is much more stereotyped than the reasoning of those in the higher income groups; that is to say, the ideas of the poorer class are more directly dependent upon the radio and the press than are the ideas of the wealthy. This is easily understood. The wealthy, in most cases, have a superior intellectual background with which to reason, whereas the poor have to rely wholly upon sentiments of the press and the radio. In other words, I am advancing the idea that public opinion in the lower economic levels is shaped more independently than in the higher economic levels. Since the poor, in the most liberal sense of the word, are in the majority, we might well say that "as go the poor, so goes the nation." No better illustration of the practicability of this logic can be found than that of the recent election. Willkie was able to sell himself to the wealthy and to a few of the poor. Roosevelt won the hearts and minds of a majority of the poor. Willkie lost; Roosevelt won.

I'll never forget one particular instance in which a kind old lady wanted to be sure that she answered my questions correctly. In order to assure accuracy, she

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wanted to call her daughter and her two grandsons to help her arrive at an answer. I hurriedly explained that the only correct answer would be what she thought, and that the best interviewing is done without a third party making comments. Strangely enough, she gave some intelligent answers, but the poor soul asked me every time, "Don't you think so? Isn't that right?" I explained that I wasn't supposed to give my opinion—that I merely wanted her idea.

So much for the large group, those who are willing to answer my questions. The second group, those who do not answer, is surprisingly amusing. Of course, I occasionally approach one who is too busy to take time, and he politely excuses himself. But there are others who—well, I just call them dumb, for my vocabulary contains no single word which would adequately describe all of the group.

I was working after dark one day, when I drove up to a Negro farm dwelling. After explaining the nature and purpose of my work, I proceeded with my questions. I noticed that the Negro acted rather peculiarly, but I had seen so many queer people during the day that I did not pay any particular attention to him until I was about half-way through the interview. The lamp light was so dim that I was unable to observe my respondent very closely. However, the night breeze brought me a whiff of his breath. I was interviewing a drunk man. I discontinued the discussion, told him that I was through, and thanked him for his time.

On another occasion I drove up to a Negro farm after dark. The occupants of the house heard me as I drove up, and they came out to welcome me, but they didn't come out in the usual way. Just as I knocked on the front door I saw a huge Negro come around the corner of the house to my right. He asked me what in the h— I wanted. I approached him cautiously, disguising my quivery voice as much as possible, and explained my mission. He refused to believe that I was anything but a "gov'ment man," and he refused to cooperate in the proposed interview. He said that he'd had enough of this "D— lan' measurin' and crop control." And he wasn't going to answer any of my questions. I easily understood that I was in the wrong place, for, more convincing than his words, was my sight of the long pocket-knife which he held in his right hand—and the two Negroes to my left who peered at me from the corner of the house.

At another time I was unable to interview a woman, because her "bread was burning, and the baby was crying." One man told me that he would be "just too glad to help me," but he wasn't "very good on answerin' questions." He said, however, that his wife could answer almost anything. She did—quantitatively rather than qualitatively.

I don't do all of my interviewing in the homes of the people, for quite often I am able to talk with someone on the street, and in this way save traveling expenses. But, the difficulty here is in securing good interviewing conditions. When I stop someone on the street for an interview, I seldom finish without having a crowd congregated—listening and making comments, which is not conducive to obtaining the unbiased opinion of the respondent. I well remember one humorous incident which occurred during the course of one of my discussions on the street. A middle-aged man, in bad need of a shave, shabbily dressed, wearing a wad of tobacco in his mouth, stood for quite a while with a look of profound curiosity on his face, as I put my questions to another man. He peered over my shoulder a

couple of times to see what I was writing, and finally he inquired if I was registering men for the draft. Undoubtedly, my questions pertaining to the European conflict, coupled with general current talk concerning the draft, had kindled the question in his mind. Nor was he the only one that day who asked me the same question.

While doing work for the Gallup Poll, I have even been called a Nazi spy. It happened to be Monday morning when I stopped this particular fellow on the street, and asked him if he was a farmer. Well, his friendliness overwhelmed me. Before I had a chance to say anything else, he had offered his hand, told me his name, where he lived, how long he had lived there—and he was in town to get a prescription filled for his wife—who as “ailin’.” He talked in a rather loud voice, but I didn’t mind that. I judged from his friendliness that he would make a good respondent for my questions. I was finally able to explain to him what I was doing, and he agreed to try to give me his opinion—explaining that he didn’t know anything much except what he “heered and what he read in the papers.” After so long a time, I began the actual interview—but “began” was all. The first question was pertaining to his attitude toward the European war. To this he would give no definite answer. But, when I asked him about his choice for president, he flatly refused to answer—and then, shaking his finger in my face, he told me that the dictators didn’t want Roosevelt to be re-elected; that there were lots of German spies here already, trying to overthrow the government—and here he paused for a moment, reflecting. Then, in a solemn voice, he said, “Say, how do I know you ain’t a spy? You don’t happen to be a ‘furriner,’ do you? I’m sorry now that I answered any of them questions.”

I explained to him once more the nature of my work, and I told him that I was then in my home town—that there was nothing for him to fear in answering my questions. But, he refused to answer anything else I asked him. He added, that there were many people who weren’t loyal to the U. S., but that he was going to be “True blue.” No sir! He wasn’t going to give any information at all. Needless to say, I didn’t comprehend his logic. He wasn’t drunk. All I can say is that he was deficient somewhere.

Such are some of my interesting experiences as an interviewer for the American Institute of Public Opinion. My purpose in the beginning was to show that everybody is dumb, that no one uses his head as he should. But, on second thought, I suppose “dumb” isn’t the word for it. For, how are we to judge to what extent, and in what manner one is to use his grey matter? Surely, everyone thinks and acts only in relation to his ability—which is determined not through heredity alone, not through environment alone, but by a combination of the two—which includes a countless number of factors which the individual himself never fully realizes.

So, if anybody’s dumb, we’re all dumb; our differences lie only in the opportunities which we have had to form acquaintances and to broaden our horizons. The farmer may not be able to discuss very intelligently problems confronting this mad world; nor can the statesman determine the proper time for sowing winter wheat. And yet, who is to say which is the more important: problems of conducting a war for power-hungry maniacs, or problems of supplying food for the people of a nation who live not on the glory of conquest, but on bread?

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And then there's the fellow who spent so much money trying to win his girl he didn't have enough left to marry her.

And then there's the author who was so pessimistic he put stamped self-addressed return envelopes in with all his greeting cards.

And then there's the fellow whose girl was so deaf that when he proposed to her he had to talk so loud the woman next door sued him for breach of promise.

And then there's the fellow who went around trying to make all the money he possibly could at any sacrifice and all he had to do was put a penny in a scale and get a fortune.

And then there's the guy who dropped mustard on his salt and pepper suit. And then there's the drunken driver whose only excuse is that he didn't know he was loaded.



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The ten-year-old who got everything he wanted.

The college boy who spends one night of his vacation at home.

The villain who sells the signals.

The football coach who says, "Go in there and fight hard, but clean."

The announcer who broadcasts, "This game *stinks*. Even the band is *lousy*."

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28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself

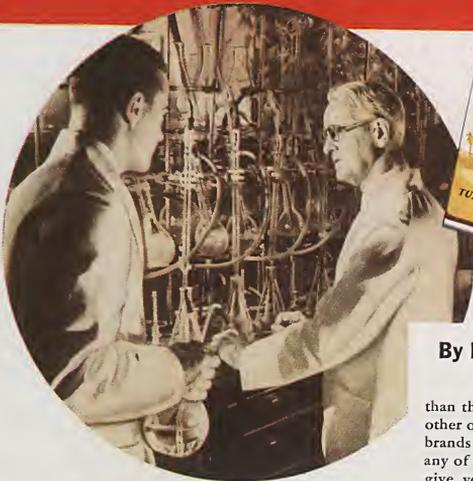
WHEN all is said and done, the thing in smoking is *the smoke!*

Your taste tells you that the *smoke* of slower-burning Camels gives you extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor.

Now Science tells you another important—and welcome—fact about Camel's slower burning.

Less nicotine—in the *smoke!* 28% less nicotine than the average of the other brands tested—in the *smoke!* Less than any of them—in the *smoke!* And it's the *smoke* that reaches you.

Try Camels...the slower-burning cigarette...the cigarette with more mildness, more coolness, more flavor, and less nicotine in the *smoke!* And more smoking, too—as explained beneath package at right.



By burning 25% slower

than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

“SMOKING OUT” THE FACTS about nicotine. Experts, chemists analyze the smoke of 5 of the largest-selling brands... find that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains less nicotine than any of the other brands tested.

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

CAMEL — THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE —



THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY

Two young swains, Nero and Rome, were in love with Claudia. Because she was so fond of music Claudia said, "The man I marry must first learn to play the volin." Rome tried hard to learn, but without success. On the other hand Nero was soon playing all of the gal's favorite tunes, and so they were married. It was then that Nero fiddled while Rome burned.

Co-ed: I dreamed I was dancing with you last night.

Soph: Did you?

Co-ed: And when I woke up, I found it was the maid hitting me on the bottom of my shoes with the end of a broom.

Oh, she's very well bred. Every time she throws a cup at her husband she always takes the spoon out.

Junior: What would you do if you were in my shoes?

Co-ed: I'd get a shine.

Everything my roommate touches turns to gold. Everything I touch, they make me put back.

"How d'ja lose your hair?"

"Worry."

What d'ja worry about?"

"Losin' my hair."

"Who was that man you were just kissing?"

"It's all right my dear—nothing to be ashamed of—he wasn't my husband."

Movie Attendant: Madam, take this opportunity to see "Love Eternal."

Lady: But I have only an hour to spare.

M. A.: Well, it won't last much longer than that—

PRIVATE KELLY'S PIPE WAS SMELLY—
but he's out of the dog house now!

"NO BLANKETY-BLANK rookie who smokes such blankety-blank tobacco can ever marry my daughter! Phew! Either *stay* away or switch to the Army's favorite!"

KELLY GOT DECORATED for fragrance under fire! You can, too! You puff Sir Walter in your pipe and every nose agrees it's the mild burley blend of grand aroma!"

New!

Cellophane tape around lid seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO
PIPE CHARRETTES
PURE TOBACCO
MADE IN U.S.A.

UNION MADE

Tune in UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE
Every Tuesday night—NBC Red network
Prizes for your "Dog House" experience

PREPARATION

He had one goal in life, and he was determined to be prepared for it in case he ever achieved it. He was no longer young, but that didn't stop him from giving up a business part of which he had devoted the better part of his life. He even gave up his friends and moved to a city where no one knew him.

In spite of the fact that a Phi Beta Kappa key jangled from a chain sprawled across his vest, he reentered college. He crammed his program with as many subjects as he could squeeze in, not even leaving himself a lunch period. But these weren't enough for him. He registered at night school under a different name.

For four years this went on. He raced home from day school to prepare for night school, and from night school home to prepare for day school. He never ate twice in the same restaurant for fear that a waiter having seen him once before might start a conversation and waste some of the precious time that he should be devoting to his studies.

Then came the day! And he was prepared! He was to be a guest on Information Please.



"Now these two bones we've never been able to classify."

WACKY WORDS

- Real* . . . You make home movies on them.
- Pier* . . . To look at sorority pledges.
- Dare* . . . Used to indicate place, i.e., 'The stadium's over dare.
- Solo* . . . A feeling you get after flunking five solid hours.
- Dally* . . . A newspaper that comes out every day.
- Shin* . . . A Chinese laundryman.
- Lacking* . . . You do it to wear a lollypop down.
- Classic* . . . Plural of class.
- Per* . . . Cats do it all the time.
- Bush* . . . Everyone does it when the convertible gets stuck.
- Ads* . . . several pork-pies.
- Bum* . . . Sound made by a dud shell.
- Eel* . . . Sorority girls call you that in private.
- Foreman* . . . A quartet.
- Mist* . . . You do it when you cut class.
- Noose* . . . Stuff you read in your local paper.
- Caddy* . . . Plural of cad.
- Yet* . . . A small yacht.
- Mere* . . . You use this to fix your tie.
- Peck* . . . Most mountains have them.
- Lamb* . . . Sometimes known as a branch. It grows on trees.
- Stamina* . . . You do it if your mouth is full of crackers.
- Smacked* . . . Past tense of smoke.
- Squabble* . . . Several squabs talking.





THE STUDENT

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE



Volume LVII

Number 4

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EDITORIAL

THE sore spot on many of the campuses in the United States, that of examinations with cram parlors, crib notes, ghost-writers, and purloined exam sheets, has festered and is now near the bursting point.

Last year the administrations of Eastern schools waged war on the private tutors and their systems of coddling athletes and others safely past examination week; and recently a ghost-writer was arrested on charges of having accepted \$55 for a thesis he wrote for one who was supposedly a New York University graduate student and a candidate for a Master's degree.

And despite what has already been done, such conditions still exist. However, if student tutors, who are allegedly paid by school officials, can teach another student enough in five or six hours to pass a professor's examination which is made out to cover his lectures over a period of several months, such a practice does not seem to be illegal. On the contrary, it seems that the student tutor should be given a fellowship; for think what he could teach a group of students in almost five months after what he is supposed to have taught one student in five hours.

The same process would seem logical in the use of outline series in certain courses. If a person can read a condensed version of United States history without looking at the regular text and make a better mark on the quiz than one who studied his notes and the text, then why not require everyone to buy the outline series. For surely a person who makes a better grade than another must know more about the course. Here again we hit another obstacle. For the honor system is not going to work smoothly with some students; some are going to bring crib notes to class, some are going to get answers from classmates, and some are going to bring to class quiz pads

(Continued on page twelve)

EDITORIAL STAFF

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Poetic Reminiscences

RAIN EFFECTS

The steady drum of rain on tin wakes me in the middle of the long winter night and ushers me as quickly back to sleep again. . . .

Or it may set me alert, beating out images of someone breaking in the cellar door or trying the casement window.

And still it may stir my thoughts from their winter lethargy by stinging at me visions of rain-drenched overcoats and streaming hats and slushing walkways.

Slowly I turn over and settle to drowse again, as the dripping picture is crowded away by the renewed downpour.

By NEWBILL WILLIAMSON.



SHE CAME

*She came—the stars blinked once in wonder;
Then they gazed in sheer surprise,
And knew they had a rival
In the twinkling of her eyes.*

*She came—the lovely bloom of springtime
Bowed its head in reverence,
And shed a tear, a dew-drop,
In sweet obedience.*

*She came—a lonely heart was quickened
By the sweetness of her smile,
And then two hearts became as one—
But bliss knows such a little while!*

*She came—she went—the breeze was startled
At the fragrance of her breath;
And just when love knew brightest hopes—
Ah! Such a stupid thing is death!*

CHARLES NANNY.



NIGHT

*As twilight turns to dark
And the velvety cloak of night envelops me,
I stand on a lonely hill, and know not why I came.
I listen, for all about the dwellers in the night are stirring,*

*As if some whispered word awakened them.
I stand and see with primitive eyes the panorama
spread before me
And within me swells a surge of life that makes me tremble.*

*And yet I feel no fear;
I feel no bonds of time or space
But freedom—in time, in space, in thought.
I stand with upraised face and howl a challenge to the
unlistening moon—*

And now I know that I have felt the spirit of the Night.
BURNETTE HARVEY.



MEMORY

*I sail each day to a mystic isle
From the port of Reverie,
Across the sea of Beloved Past
In the bark of Memory.*

*I leave my bark on a golden strand,
And down through a sylvan dell
I wander in search of a cherished past,
Far sweeter than tongue can tell!*

*The calm delight of a single hour
That in Memory's shrine I spend,
Brings strengthened hope of a brighter day,
Like the glad good wish of a friend.*

*No words I've heard from Poet's tongue
Have truth like this to give;
"When Memory's gone we may exist,
But we no longer live!"*

BURNETTE HARVEY.



A LAMENT

*Return departed Muse, once more,
And sing again to me,
As once you did in days gone by,
The heart's true melody.*

*Must throbbing pain of anguished heart
Be borne in silence deep,
Go burning on and unexpected
Because the Muses sleep?*

*The fleeting joys of transient dreams
Likewise pass on unshared.
Awake, oh sleeping Muse, awake!
And let the soul be bared!*

*Alas, the Muses still sleep on
In deepest lethargy,
And burning thoughts and longings deep
Stay—unexpressed in me.*

JAMES P. KIRK.



"The Roll Call"

THE TALK OF THE CAMPUS

THROUGH a small paper in Texas, Reno introduced a new type of chain letter some weeks ago. The advertisement read: "To Whom It May Concern: This chain was started in Reno in the hope of bringing happiness to all tired businessmen. Unlike most chains, this one does not cost money. Simply send a copy of this letter to five male friends. Then bundle up your wife and send her to the fellow whose name heads the list. Then, when your name works to the top, you will in return receive 15,176 gorgeous girls. HAVE FAITH AND DO NOT BREAK THE CHAIN. One man broke the chain and got his wife back."

It was almost a year ago that students were donning tuxedos, forgetting books, and escorting their girls to the Mid-Winter dances with music by Al Donahue. And it was only a short time later that the orchestra leader said: "This is the most orderly collegiate dance for which I ever played." Last week Jack Teagarden played for the Carolina dances, and his reactions to us may or may not be tempered by the decorum or lack of it there. In the *Technician*, State College paper, so one person says, there was the story that stated that Wake Forest offered Benny Goodman \$1,500 to come down, and he replied that he would be glad to; and he added further that for \$3,000 he would bring his band.

Time magazine acclaimed Winston Churchill the Man of the Year (1940). But in all contests there

should be two prizes given: The winning award and the booby prize. Therefore, to complete the contest, Adolf Hitler should be given the latter award. He is the scapegoat for many a pun and newspaper cartoon. For instance, when a London house painter's premises were bombed by Hitler's Luftwaffe, he posted a sign reading: "Professional Jealousy." Then there was the time when Hitler and Mussolini were polishing up on their study of English, and Mussolini, practicing his speech, addressed his companion: "Adolf, you are an ass." Hitler: "Il Duce, I represent that statement." There is the Biblical story of Sampson's ending a war with the jawbone of an ass, but the present war will go down in history as being begun with this same weapon.

It was cold and rainy out that night, and Bedford Black, one or two other students, and some girls were grouped around the open fireplace. And "Honest Bed," who was three times elected speaker of the house at the Student Legislature in Raleigh and—stepping out on a limb—who is a possible candidate for the presidency of the student body for next year, held the floor. A pause, and then one of the girls broke the silence. "You know, Bedford, a person told me today that she certainly wished that she had your hair and eyes." Bed beamed and settled back into his chair, basking in the warmth of the smiles of admiration. "And who was she, might I ask?" The girl hesitated: "I don't remember her name; but she was blind and bald-headed." The rain came down in



torrents; it was a bad night to be out in the cold.

From what are believed to be fairly reliable sources, we have heard that one fraternity has written to and received an answer from a movie starlet concerning the possibilities of her sponsoring a spring dance. The actress, who is supposed to be Ann Rutherford, is said to have answered the invitation, saying that if her manager completes the arrangements for her appearances in the South, she will be pleased to act as the fraternity sponsor. Nothing definite, according to our source of information, can be stated until next month.

If present plans are followed, the next issue of *THE STUDENT* will be published jointly with *The Acorn*, Meredith College magazine. The regular size of the Wake Forest magazine as well as the format will be retained. The number of pages will be increased considerably, with more pictures being used. The editors, Betty Brown MacMillan, and the business manager, Elizabeth Pruitt, were originators of the idea, and they made first mention of it, many months ago—at the Collegiate Press Convention at Charlotte. Incidentally, all positions on *THE STUDENT* staff have been long closed to applicants.



Old Gold and Black Has a Birthday

One month and twenty-five years ago the first issue of the college newspaper was printed and distributed among Wake Forest students.

By PHIL HIGHFILL

ON January 15, 1916, just twenty-five years ago, a small news-sheet bearing the name *Old Gold and Black* made its initial appearance on the Wake Forest campus. In make-up it was an ungainly cross between a pamphlet and a trade-journal, for it was only one-sixth the face-size of its modern prototype and its sixteen pages were crammed with local advertising, mostly of the general-store and picture-play-house variety.

There had been newspapers of a sort before at Wake Forest, but they had all sickened with various financial ills and died within a few months, with the exception of the *Wake Forest Weekly*, edited by Jo Patton,¹ which had flourished for a whole year in 1905. The *Old Gold and Black* has been an integral part of school life around Wake Forest ever since 1916 except for one brief period just after the first World War, when, as we shall explain, it hibernated for eleven months.

The first issue came out under the aegis of the Euzelean and Philomathean literary societies and R. P. McCutcheon,² then assistant professor of English, who was faculty adviser to the infant publication. Its first editor was Carey J. Hunter, now dead, and its first business manager was Percy H. Wilson,³ who had gone to Professor McCutcheon with the idea for a student-supported weekly. On the first staff were F. S. Hutchins,⁴ G. F. Rittenhouse,⁵ P. S. Daniels,⁶ L. T. Stallings,⁷ and J. Richard Crozier.⁸

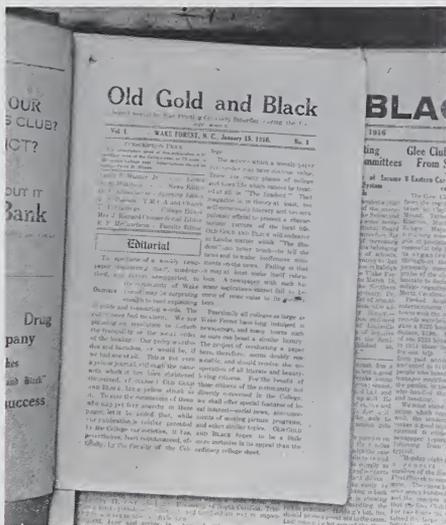
The avowed intention at the inception of the paper was to serve the town as well as the school, since the advertising which supported its publication was drawn from the town. This has remained, in greater or lesser degree, the policy of the *Old Gold and Black* ever since. Experimentation with different types and arrangements of type were also tried throughout the first year of publication and the type has been changed many times since to fit the expanding sheet and to conform with changing conventionalities in newspaper format. As a matter of fact, during this first year the size of the sheet doubled, the columns were widened and four columns were introduced. The sixteen pages dropped to four. Among the brighter features of the baby news-sheet were the drawings of Francis W. Speight,⁹ who has since achieved wide recognition for his syndicated cartoons.

In the fall of 1916 Rittenhouse took over the editorship and consolidated his paper with *Alumnus*, forerunner of the present-day *Alumni News*, in the interests of economy and the result was a circulation mark of 800 for the combined publication.

The war fever which gripped the nation in 1917 is reflected in the *Old Gold and Black* of that year, and the decimation of the student-body by the draft left the publications of the college in the financial doldrums which always accompanies a drop in circulation. During that year three separate editors occupied the office of chief: Robert L. Humber, who later achieved distinction as a lawyer and liberal philosopher and made his residence in Paris until the start of hostilities in the present debacle; J. A. McKaughan, who is now a New York City publisher; and W. B. Gladney. All of these men did outstanding work, but not even their brilliance and perseverance could keep the paper in publication, so from April 20, 1918 to February 15, 1919, the *Old Gold and Black* was suspended.

When the war ended, the paper was started once again, under the leadership of Robert R. Mallard,¹⁰ in the spring of 1919. In September of the same year E. E. Folk, who has kept up an active and helpful interest in the college's student publications ever since, took over the editorship, the first editor to be chosen by the general student body.

The paper steadily progressed in usefulness and improved in quality throughout the next three school years, under Carrol W. Weathers,¹¹ Edwin Holman,¹² and Wilbur J. Cash,¹³ in that order, and was on such a



"The first Old Gold and Black."

¹ Now an attorney of Morganton; the father of Billy Jo Patton, a sponsor this year.

² Now Dean of the Graduate School of Tulane University.

³ A lawyer living in Raleigh; town attorney for Wake Forest.

⁴ Lawyer of Winston-Salem; he was president of N. C. State Bar Association, 1940.

⁵ Now connected with the advertising department of the Baker and Taylor Co. in New York City.

⁶ Formerly Superintendent of Schools in Raleigh; now representing a publishing house.

⁷ Author of *What Price Glory?* and many movie scenarios.

⁸ Later basketball coach here; now an outstanding landscape painter.

⁹ Recognized as one of America's outstanding landscape painters.

¹⁰ Prominent insurance man of Chicago.

¹¹ Attorney in Raleigh.

¹² Now with the Associated Press in Atlanta.

¹³ On editorial staff of *Charlotte News*.



"When the Old Gold and Black was enlarged and made into a five-column paper."

sound footing that not even the failure of the elected chief to return in 1923 slowed up its steady march. Professor Henry Belk¹⁴ assumed the post of "editor pro tem" that year and the paper went ahead.

Many changes were made during the school year 1923-24. J. M. Parker,¹⁵ who had been elected to the editorship the preceding spring, started a campaign against the politics which had, to a great extent, dominated publications at Wake Forest up until that time, and proposed a competitive election system which, essentially, is the same as the one now in use today, except that the student-body elected publications officers then and the Publications Board performs the function now. The offices of the paper, which had been located in Bostwick and Hunter halls, were removed to the Powers building downtown.

During the years which we have outlined the *Old Gold and Black* had been a potent factor in the formation of opinion on the campus, and with the start of the controversy, in 1924, which raged around the teaching of certain theories in biology, the *Old Gold and Black* naturally became involved in the thick of it. The editor, L. K. Vann,¹⁶ stood solidly behind Dr. W. L. Potat in his fight against ignorance and bigotry.

Due to several causes the *Old Gold and Black* went almost out of publication again in November, 1925. Editor Zeno Martin,¹⁷ who had succeeded Vann, made a strong plea in an editorial to the faculty committee on publications and to the Board of Trustees for the establishment of a publication fund to support the newspaper and the yearbook. Numerous pleas for the same cause had been in vain. The literary societies had supported the paper for a time, but when this aid was withdrawn—the students had been given an option in the matter of joining societies—the *Old Gold and Black* had been left with nothing solid to fall back on in case of unforeseen financial difficulties.

T. W. Baker¹⁸ became editor in January, 1926; J. B. Paschal¹⁹ succeeded him in 1927; Elmer Cloer²⁰ was

Right: One of the issues of the 1937-38 series when the paper was judged the best Collegiate paper in the State.

next, in May of the same year, and covered the inauguration of Dr. Francis Pendleton Gaines to the presidency of the college with dispatch and clarity. C. A. Upchurch, Jr.,²¹ became editor-in-chief the following September.

National politics played a big part in the publication of the paper in 1928. George H. McNeill,²² who was editor that year had been president of the campus G.O.P. Club the previous year, and it was only natural that he should inject a little partisanship into the publication. The outcome of the 1928 election between Herbert Hoover and Al Smith was the center of a hot controversy and so a straw vote was held under the sponsorship of the *Old Gold and Black*. Smith won, 260 to 163, in spite of the paper's Republican bent.

Sports had played a big part in the news-features of the paper since the beginning, but in 1928 a sports section began to evolve, and after March, 1929, the third page became the sports page and remains thus today.

Under Dana E. Jester,²³ in 1929, the noteworthy feature was the institution of a March "high-school edition" which was prepared by the News Bureau and sent to high school seniors as a subtle advertisement of the desirability of coming to Wake Forest. This feature continued until 1938. In the years 1930, 1931, and 1932, the paper was edited, successively, by Joseph M. (Continued on page thirteen)

- ¹⁴ Editor of Goldsboro News-Arrow.
- ¹⁵ Owner, with his brother Roy Parker, of chain of newspapers in Eastern North Carolina.
- ¹⁶ Chaplain in U. S. Army.
- ¹⁷ Business man at Marion.
- ¹⁸ With Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minn.
- ¹⁹ Teacher at Bennet, N. C.
- ²⁰ Living in Washington, D. C.
- ²¹ Publicity director for N. C. State College, and editor of its Alumni News.
- ²² Washington, D. C. attorney.
- ²³ Staff adjuster, General Exchange Insurance Corp., Division of General Motors, Atlanta, Ga.



Are You Hep to the Verbal Jive of a Jam Session?

Even College Professors will sympathize with Freshmen when they realize what egregious influences they work under.

THE soft strains of a sentimental popular song wafted through the window of the freshman's room, and its rhythm seemed to inspire him. He paused for a moment, then scribbled furiously on the paper before him. In several minutes the song ceased; suddenly a different tune split the quietness, but the youth continued to write despite the noise that sounded like the rumble of war drums. Soon, after several more songs, the freshman found himself writing the words "I ain't got nobody," when he should have written something on the order of "I have no one to whom. . . ." This incorrectness in grammar was the unconscious result of the melody which was playing over the radio in an adjoining room; the paper was to be a prepared theme to be turned in on English class the following day.

This is only one of the many examples of the influence songs exercise over a person. One cannot state dogmatically, however, that the popular song is the primary source of a college youth's faulty grammar in writing or in speaking, any more than he can say the same about the cinema. Nevertheless, it is interesting to note some of the more recent song titles and their "lyrics" (whose meaning is distorted when used in this sense, although popular song writers use it consistently). We are hardly justifiable in blaming the song "hits" (another slang word coming from the popular song field) for the almost universal use of the word "ain't," for it has long been considered a part of the conversational American language.

But glance at the three lines of a song just recently written:

When a guy is called to training
Guess he's got no time explaining
Is it love or is it conscription?

The word "guy," the superfluous "got," the use of "explaining" rather than the infinitive, are all errors that would find a place in few of the writings of most of us. Yet, it has rhythm, and when it is sung it sounds all right.

Then there is the song which has as its title, "Nuthin' But." Parts of it read: "Has he clothes? nuthin' but. . . Do they fall? they do nuthin' but." Perhaps the misspelling of the word "nothing" here is the reason for the misspelling of it by others.

One of the most wide-spread of the misuses of the language is that of using "like" as a conjunction when "as" is the more correct word. An illustration of this is found in the song, "Like the Fella Once Said."

"Like the fella once said who sat on a hat,
Like the bale o' hay said that dropped from a load,
Like the bicycle pump once said to the spare,
Like the fella once said."

Two titles that have recently been released are slightly misleading, and one, especially, makes one wonder did the printer drop the line of type just before printing and throw the pieces of lead back together without looking for possible errors. The first is "Beat Me Daddy," which ends with:

A riff, a raff, a riff raff riff raff riffin' out with ease
And when he jams with the bass and guitar
They holler "Aw, beat me, daddy, eight to a bar."

The other is "Are You Hep to the Jive." Jitterbug translators are obviously necessary before any meaning can be derived from such a conglomeration of letters. Parts of it read: "Do you get in a groove, do you send yourself Jack and then Trilly it back again. . . . Are you hep to the jive?" I have heard rumors that devotees of swing have a secret code for talking and writing, and this song must have some other meaning than can be derived by one unversed in the code.

It is possible that the many slang words for the word "money" were not first found in songs, but there are many such uses that I have rarely seen or heard used except in gangster pictures. A song, "I'm Gonna Salt A Way Some Sugar" is confusing at first, but by reading over the words several times we deduce that the writer means that he is going to save some money. Reading on

down, ". . . before I get thru I'll have a lot of Do-De-Mi for two, and maybe for three, I'm gonna salt away some sugar for my sugar and me." Here we believe that the real meaning is that the person will have a great deal of money for two, possibly three, and that he's going to save some of his money for his sweetheart and for himself. When the song is sung, accompanied by some loud jazz band, the words are lost in the confusion, perhaps intentionally, but the blatant rhythm is still there.

One of the most unpardonable of the errors is that use of the word "don't" in the third person singular. Illustrations of this are numerous. Take, for example, the song, "Mamma Don't Allow No Lowdown Hanging Around." The first part might be interpreted, "Mamma doesn't permit. . .," but of the last part I hesitate in giving my interpretation. The mother

(Continued on page seventeen)



Recalled to Life

The story of a cub reporter's first interview—
and with a man who claimed to be dead.

By EUGENE BRISSIE

"YOU will soon find," the city editor said slowly, "that death and success are of greater news value when they are tragedy." He paused, removed his gold-rimmed glasses, and drummed lightly on his desk with a copy pencil.

"The life of a successful man isn't always interesting. So frequently he has gained by political pull, family connections, or just sheer fortune. But what of the man who started without a cent, made a million dollars, and now doesn't have a copper?"

Again he paused, laughing softly, though not sarcastically. He never smiled as a general rule, but a faint grin broke at the corners of his mouth. Then I thought I knew what he meant.

Several well-sharpened pencils, copy paper, a look at the clock and I hurried out into the corridor. I stopped at the coat hooks along the dull-gray wall and slipped into my reversible coat—wind-and-rain side out, for the day was drab, gloomy, and a fine mist was falling. It was one of those days when man seems not to be a part of the earth. The mist beat lightly against frosted skylights, rebounded, as it were, into the biting air, and swirled softly down onto the brick-paved streets of Vance, capital city of a proud state.

Through streets choked with wet and honking traffic I hurried. My first big chance, I remembered with pumping breaths. As I passed hotels and department stores, I could feel warm currents of air rush out. Down darkened streets of mid-afternoon on a rainy wintry day, I saw lights in artificially fashioned windows, kiddies clinging to the red coats of company Santa Clauses, who smiled in return and listened intently to the wild-eyed requests of the tots.

The season was Christmas.

On every corner Salvation Army Santa Clauses did their turns, ringing sharp-toned bells vigorously in the chill-soaked air. I had started for a feature story—one assigned by the city editor. I liked feature stories, and Hank Barnes was a good city editor: the type who liked to learn the special interests of the reporters. I was rather new, though I was loath to admit such a painful reality. This was my first feature assignment: it had been merited by my police-beat feature on the arrest of a Negro preacher, who was charged with operating a bicycle while under the influence of whiskey.

From then on I had wanted something big. First I had thought of the approaching season: if I could find

a Santa Claus who would drop dead, so that I could write a story like the one that appeared in the *New York Post*—"... Santa Claus fell dead at the corner of Walnut and Dean streets yesterday..." I remembered.

But now I had been referred to a "famous" man—Henry Miles Freeman, an old writer who had in his life published twenty popular-for-the-day books; a man who hadn't written in ten years because of ill health, the critics ventured to say.

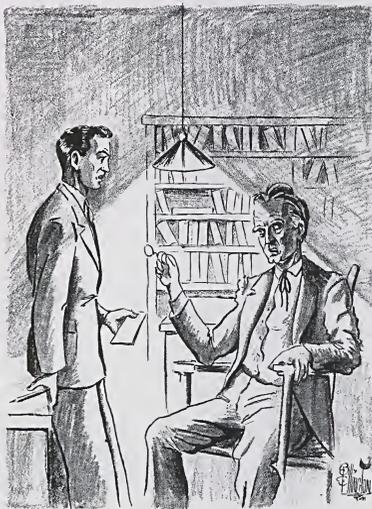
"Here is your time-peg," the city editor had said, pointing out the return of "At Last We Forget" to one of the city's theaters, a movie made from Freeman's book, *There Is Little to Remember*. A Civil War story, I recalled... days of desolation after the war—a fever, a malady to the South, incurable said this author, because the Southern people had been crushed at home—on their own soil, in sight of their very birthplaces, community churches, or small, crude schoolhouses. "You see," the editor was still talking, "this movie first came here ten years ago. Now it comes back. Does this man still feel the same way: does he still harken back to the past and defy those who now accept unionism as best always? Incidentally, his entire works have heaped coals upon the fires of descension, as you probably know if you have read him. He looks upon Abraham Lincoln as a meddler, and he portrays the South as a land leading blindly into the hands of the aggressor. Whether he is right or not is not ours to determine. Just where does this man fit into the picture of today, the return of his masterpiece of a lifetime, and into the South he has condemned?"

Hank Barnes had smiled again. Again I thought I knew what he meant.

And so I hurried on to the corner, caught a streetcar, and headed for Telfair's Hill, one of the more humble residential sections of Vance. I pulled out my "file notes" on Henry Miles Freeman: he lived at 1602 Hill-ton Avenue, with a single daughter.

Across town the car groaned. Negroes and Whites alike, hurrying from the stop stations, climbed aboard. Their coats were damp and smelly; some of the women stood in preference to taking seats by the "street urchin" newsboys who took streetcars to keep out of the rain. The Negroes coughed and smoked flat, crinkled cigarettes. One of them leaned over into the back aisle, placed a fore-finger over one nostril and blew his nose.

(Continued on page fourteen)



"Have you ever seen a dead man before."

The Hurricane

Many years ago there came a big
and ever since the territory
miles, has been called T

By NEIL NORC



WITHIN the shadow of the Wake Forest campus there lies the extreme eastern border of the Land of Paradox. Old timers and farm suppliers call it the Hurricane. But most folks don't know it's there.

Follow the road behind the gymnasium, take a right turn, a left turn, another right, and another left, and travel five or six miles east by northeast; you're in the middle of this Land of Paradox. I know. Because I spent six weeks last summer surveying in the heart of the Hurricane. There are something like 80 square miles of it—in Wake and Granville and Franklin.

The country? Just like its people. The people? Paradoxical. Industrious, but poverty-stricken. Friendly, but hostile. Happy, and yet despondent. Rough, still genuine. Rugged, but ragged. Clever, but ignorant.

Rough, bouldered, red hillsides with scraggly growths of cotton, and here and there a cluster of two or three log buildings around an old-fashioned open-well. . . .

Precipitous, rutty one-way roads that curve and bend like the contents of a dish of spaghetti—rocks big and little strewn around—weeds growing down the center of the road. . . .

Sprawling, dimly-lit, never-painted crossroad-stores with crushed RC-Cola crates for steps, flour barrels for chairs, oil stove crates for counters, and dingy shelves lined with Tube Rose, hominy grits, ten-cent socks, canned beans, Blueboy overalls, and sardines, all side by side. . . .

Giant 500-acre farms deserted—their streaked red dirt covered on every hill by brush and small pines—the only vegetation that will subsist; wagon paths erased and shakely houses and barns collapsing under the weight of tin roofs that mark the industry of immigrant farmers who didn't know that nothing will grow in the Hurricane. . . .

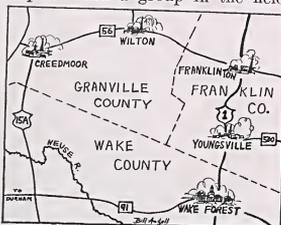
Two-room schoolhouses—relics of older days—still in use by white and black alike because the school bus "don't git that fur." . . .

An occasional lovely, painted home standing out in bold relief against the poverty of the Hurricane to pay tribute to education and culture—owned by men who went out into the world to learn the new way of life and yet came back home—home to the Hurricane. . . .

Rickety A-model Fords whose brawn have been defeated by the stones, the soggy clay, the bumps of the Hurricane but which have gained new leases on life with Willys wheels, tinned-up windows, homemade seats, and open-air windshields. . . .

All this is the Land of Paradox, the Hurricane.

When you go in search of the Hurricane, don't expect to receive guidance from the natives. If you stop and ask a group in the field,



General location of "The Hurricane," with surrounding towns.

they'll all look sheepishly at one another. Finally one of the old men will volunteer, take off his hat, scratch his white head, and striding toward you say as he points far off in any direction—it makes no difference which—say,

"Over that-a-way!"

But any Hurricaneer will gladly tell you how the country got its name. It seems that some generations ago—there is some disagreement as to whether it was during the lifetime of Great-great-grand-paw Ezekiel's third or fourth wife—"there were a big blow come through these heah parts. It kilt all the cattle and swep' down all the houses. Ruint all the crops that y'ar. We named this country the 'Hurricane' an' that's what folks has been a-calling' it ever sinct."

The rocky red land that char-



Land of Paradox

me "big blow" in the region,
territory, covering eighty
called The Harricane.

L MORGAN

acterizes the Harricane is pitifully unproductive. Cotton and corn are the only two crops that the people attempt to grow; and even these are not luxuriant. I stood atop a hill with a farmer late one cloudy afternoon in summer and looked over almost 200 rocky acres. We had walked over his entire farm and the only crops I had seen had been two rows of cucumbers and a row and a half of "roasting ears." The fellow was illiterate, generally ignorant. But he had keen humor and insight.

"This country used to have two good things," he said tersely. "Corn whiskey and good well water. Now it's got so you can't even get good corn whiskey."

So we walked over to his well and took some deep draughts. It was then that I saw his home. It was a two-room log cabin without windows or chimney; he lived alone.

Some chance remark of mine led him to try to explain his pitiful condition.

"Well," he said, "I had a little tough luck last year. I lost what little money I had in the bank, and then my wife and pigs died."

He appreciated my interest. He hastened to bring me three skinny cucumbers and invite me to return when his pears were ripe.

Through the middle of the Harricane the winding Neuse River crooks its way. Harricane roads reach dead ends on both sides of the river; and families on opposite sides, within calling distance of each other, go through their lives without knowing each other. Harricaneers could have these bridges built; they're rugged, industrious people. But they're obsessed with a supreme satisfaction in their life and that of their ancestors. Ambition has no place in the life of these people. It's because of this that Harricaneers are both happy and despondent. Because they know of nothing better they cannot but be happy with their lot; but an inward desire of man is for advancement. This desire they feel but cannot comprehend, and they are despondent.

Friendly folks? Well, their at-

titude is dependent on the outsider's approach. They hold no objection to an intruder so long as he holds none toward them; but let one display a feeling of superiority, and his position is precarious. Let one put himself at the Harricaneer's service, and everything the man may possess is in turn at the outsider's disposal.

The mark of education is found even in the Harricane. One gracious fellow owned all the land on both sides of a road for over two miles. We rode in his 1940 Buick to look over his crops. They almost prospered in among the rocks and clay. His home was a two-story brick affair, lavishly furnished. His family was educated, brilliant. He was proprietor of an up-to-date cross-roads general store, and operated too a cotton gin, a grist mill, and a saw-mill.

Before I completed work on his farm I learned his story. He had been the only child of a typical Harricaneer far back in the Harricane. His father had been killed, his mother died, and he had been sent by welfare officers to an orphanage. Accidentally, as it was, he gained some education. He studied modern agricultural methods at State College. Finally he returned to build up his oasis in the Harricane desert. With all its poverty, backwardness, and ignorance, the Harricane still seemed home to him.

An interesting contrast of this fellow were the big bad men of the Harricane—men who might have been like this prosperous merchant had they received education. Neighbors warned me of one fellow in particular. He had a reputation for meeting visitors with a shotgun. He was down on mankind, folks seemed to think.

I reached his place early one morning. His kids peeped out from behind shades as I walked up his front steps, which were almost collapsing from rot. Then, arms on hips, he appeared at his door and asked me what in h— I wanted. He was a giant of a man, raw and uncouth. His beard looked weeks old. His stride was like a panther's. His dog,



just as bad and worse, helped to circulate a bit of my blood with his hot breath at my knees.

I explained that I was representing the government and wanted to check over his farm, and asked him if he would please be so kind as to come along and help.

I backed gently off the steps as he exploded, and he followed me. This was his land, he said, and no blankety-blank government man had a right to be on it. Then followed an oratorical outburst which enumerated the injustices he had suffered at the hands of the United States government and the numerous letters of apology received from Henry A. Wallace. His forceful conclusion was:

"You can't measure my land. I got rights and privileges. I been having rights and privileges ever sinct George Washington discovered America."

But I listened to his troubles for half an hour, agreed wholeheartedly, finally got his consent and cooperation in surveying, and we parted firm friends. That's the Harricane.

There's one more side to these people—one that an outsider wouldn't expect to find in such men and women. It's sentimentality.

I remember an old, white-haired,

stoop-shouldered little man who walked with me around his small farm. He showed me one field, set off from all the rest, grown up in small pines and stubble. I asked him why that field was not under cultivation.

"We hain't tended that sinct my son did back in 1917," he said. "That was the y'ar he went over to France. He didn't never come back."

Raw and uncouth though he was, this man, I concluded, was paying his dead soldier-son a greater tribute than many other Americans ever did.

* * * *

It must be a pretty big world, after all, if a community within fifteen minutes of a great educational institution can remain fifty years behind.

But the Harricane is dying.

I talked to many old Harricane couples who told me of sons and daughters "making good" in mills and factories in the distant cities of Raleigh and Durham and Henderson.

"Susie and Ned wants us to sell our place and come on into town with 'em. Says we's too old and decrepit to stay out here by ourselves!" they would tell me.

And I would back up Susie and

Ned and ask the old folks why they didn't go. They never seemed to know—quite. But I did. The Harricane is its people; its people are the Harricane. Few of them have gone outside of Their Country for generations. The Harricane's life is their life—its habits their own.

But here and there new things are creeping in, and old ones going. Radio, telephone, and improved methods of transportation are finally biting through the Harricane's thick crust of antiquity. School buses are traveling deeper and deeper into this Land of Paradox; mail carriers are bringing daily news to many of them.

Old things are always being replaced by the new. There'll come another "big blow" one of these days. And the Harricane will go with it.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page three)

filled with answers to what the professor is going to ask—a result of stolen exams.

The only way that seems open for quashing such practices is to grade on a two-basis system—satisfactory or unsatisfactory—and thereby eliminate some of the evils, and to give only oral examinations.

Here They Are . . . Fellows!

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OLD GOLD AND BLACK HAS A BIRTHDAY

(Continued from page seven)

Minton,²⁴ C. H. Stroup,²⁵ and Hoke Norris,²⁶ the latter now with the Associated Press in Raleigh. O. L. Schaible²⁷ took over in 1933 and the autumn of 1934 found Thompson Greenwood²⁸ occupying the editorial chair. Greenwood experimented with various make-ups and during the year the paper appeared with eight, six, and four pages, depending on the experiment then in progress.

Charles Trueblood²⁹ edited the sheet in 1935 and seven columns were found necessary to handle all the news that Trueblood and his cohorts dug up and all the columns that they made up.

Arch McMillan,³⁰ of Shanghai (not to be confused with the Arch McMillan now in school), was elected to the editorship in the spring of 1936 and another straw vote was held under his direction. The edition which carried the results of this poll on the Roosevelt-Landon election boosted the circulation to a record high—5,600!

In 1937-38, Dave Morgan³¹ edited the most successful volume in the history of the *Old Gold and Black*, for it was accorded the considerable honor of being chosen one of the best collegiate publications in the United States by the Associated Collegiate Press, and the outstanding news-sheet in the state by the North Carolina Collegiate Press Association. The introduction of a completely new format, employing a great many "spot" pictures was undoubtedly one of the main causes of the success enjoyed by the publication that year.

During the year 1938-39 Ray Pittman edited the sheet and he was succeeded by George "Chink" Kelly, another journalist from China.

For the first half of the present school-year the paper has been ably edited by Ferd Davis, a graduate student, and as this goes to press a new editor, Eugene Brissie, assumes control because of the resignation from school of Davis.

This brief history is not merely the expression of respect which THE STUDENT is bound to accord a sister publication on her birthday; it is a recognition of all which the *Old Gold and Black* has meant to the life of this institution during its honorable and eventful history. It has reported the news faithfully and fairly; it has provided a medium of expression for those students who wanted to write; it has contributed much to the whole philosophy of life at Wake Forest. The *Old Gold and Black's* editorial policy has always been just this: to call them as it sees them. It has never cavilled at any issue or quailed at any authority. At the same time, it has very seldom run to sensationalism of the tabloid type. And nobody who has had anything expressive of sincere conviction to say and who has been articulate enough to say it has ever been denied the chance in its pages. This is a claim which many another larger paper cannot truthfully make and which any paper should be proud of and defend. And the greatest thing about it all is that the years ahead look even brighter than the years behind.

To the *Old Gold and Black* on its birthday THE STUDENT says "Happy returns and many of them!"

²⁴ Business man at Franklin, Va.

²⁵ Personnel director of Firestone Tire Co., Gastonia.

²⁶ With Associated Press in Raleigh.

²⁷ Pastor in South Carolina.

²⁸ Principal of Evergreen Accredited High School, Columbus County.

²⁹ On editorial staff of *Journal Sentinel*, Winston-Salem.

³⁰ Managing editor of *The Commission*, Richmond.

³¹ On staff of *Biblical Recorder*, Raleigh.



Keeping Posted

The Fastest Fascist

The story was recently told of an Italian who was supposed to be the fastest Fascist of the ten fastest Fascists of Italy. The Fascist was suddenly discovered in his hiding place by a Greek; he jumped up and streaked through the razed remnants of the city, but to his surprise, the Greek was behind him, and the distance between the two was rapidly being closed up. The fastest Fascist stopped abruptly, drew his sword from its sheath, and just before the Greek reached him, he swiftly cut down a side street.

Who Wrote Pepys' Diary?

The professor who asked on exam what Pepys was famous for received the answer "His Dairy." Another boy, on the wary for catch questions, was not to be fooled on the query that asked who wrote Samuel Johnson's biography; he printed in bold letters: Himself.

Found: An "A" Term Paper

A fraternity pledge was rummaging through some files in a fraternity house just before exams and came upon a term paper written some ten years ago for the same course he was worrying about. The pledge copied it, turned it in. Several days later the paper was returned—an unusual practice in that course—with these words scrawled in red lead on the front sheet: "This is, of course, not your own work. But when I wrote it ten years ago, it was worth an 'A'; and bygum it's worth an 'A' now."

Contents Acknowledged

In the postoffice the other day a student was seen to pull a letter from his box, rip it open, shake the contents furiously; when nothing was forthcoming, he wadded the letter up, unread, tossed it into the waste basket, and stomped out mumbling angrily.

Soap Opera Votaries

In *Current History* the other week there was the story on the popularity of the numerous *Soap Operas* given over the radio every day. One listener wrote in to "Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne" and acknowledged the packet of seeds she had received. On one side of the packet was a picture of many-colored flowers, on the other the directions for planting. But there were

no seeds in the package—an oversight in packing. The letter read: "Dear Joyce: I got the package. But there wasn't any seeds in it. I know you wouldn't send me anything wrong, so I planted the package with the picture on it under six inches of dirt, like it said. So far nothing has happened."

Fred Allen's Professor Quigley

In the same issue there was the incident of Fred Allen's broadcasting that since he had no more use of Professor Quigley, the escape artist who had been through his act for several weeks, that he would be sent to interested listeners. He told the radio audience to write their names—but not their addresses—between the folds of used tubes of Ipana toothpaste and send them in, and the Professor would be mailed, packing case and all. Twenty-three people wrote in; three asked for Professor Quigley, five for "the professor and packing case," and the others for "your free offer." What these people expected to do with such a prize is difficult to see.

The Solid South

It was said by one student the other day that clothing stores in South Carolina just last month bought stocks of union suits for the first time since the Confederacy was defeated in the Civil War. This is probably the surest sign of unity seen yet.

Dizzy Headlines

Bill Would Dry Up Wine Leaks in Dry Places. . . .
Bill who? Prominent Socialite Divorces Husband. . . .
Wonder whom else she would be divorcing?

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DRUG SUNDRIES

TOILETRIES

FOUNTAIN SERVICE

Make Us Your Headquarters

**HARDWICKE'S
PHARMACY**

RECALLED TO LIFE

(Continued from page nine)

The conductor appeared affable but business-like; between stops he looked bored.

Fifteen minutes later I stood in front of a gray, weather-beaten residence, single-storey bungalow, with dead running roses and wandering Jew hanging on to thick cords strung around a front porch enclosed by lattice-work.

A middle-aged woman, almost gray and bilious in appearance about the face, answered my rap at the screenless door.

"You're the newsboy who called, huh?" she said, rather coldly.

She reluctantly opened the door after I had assured her that I was the "newsboy who had called earlier in the afternoon."

"He's in the library—over there"—she pointed at a closed door opening to the left of the small, over-stuffed living room.

I waited a few seconds, but she motioned with her head again: "Over there!"

Almost frightened I cracked the door. It creaked loudly, and I heard couch springs crumple in the dark room.

"Yes!" came a cracked voice from the corner to my right. A light snapped on, and I beheld Henry Miles Freeman, as he sat upright on a dirty, reddish couch.

"Yes?" he said again before I could open my mouth.

"Er, er—Mr. Freeman—" I started.

"Yes?" he retorted, almost impatiently. "O, it's you." He spoke as if he were suddenly aware of his own dog when he was expecting bloodhounds.

"I'm Judson—from *The Capital News*. I telephoned—"

"I know," he said cutting me short. "I know; I know. Well what's worrying you now?"

I stuttered for a moment before I could get around to my questions, which I had forgotten entirely in the course of my youthful anxiety and excitement. The room was rather sprawling in appearance, with books and shelves lining the walls; papers, pamphlets and more books were scattered about over the floor.

Walking slowly the old man, fiery-eyed and with long gray hair overrunning his small, red ears, started across the room. He stopped in front of a huge desk, which I had already taken for an upright piano. He opened the desk, switched on a green-shaded light suspended from the ceiling, and then he relaxed in a cane-bottomed chair. Pushing his long, thin legs out, he leaned slightly forward, then crossed his legs and began to slap his house slipper up and down on his left foot.

**Look to us to help you
look your best**

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WILKINSON CLEANERS

WAKE FOREST

C. H. WILKINSON, Prop.

"Can you give me a good reason for such a call on an ungodly day?" He spoke sourly, and toyed with a crooked-stem pipe.

Then he drew his long fingers together, with the index digits meeting in a knotty slope. His eyes were piercing the semi-darkness of the room; his sharp knees appeared so much sharper now, his legs so much longer, because he was tall, rawboned.

"I understand your story—*There Is Little to Remember*, or rather the movie, "At Last We Forget," is returning here next week—after ten years on the shelf. I wondered—"

"I see!" he cut me short again. "I see!" He paused, looked about the cluttered, dismal room. A faint, sardonic smile broke over his face. "And you've come here," he began again, "to see what the 'Has Been' will have to say about people who continue to take money off dead men's eyes. Right?"

"But, you see—"

"But, Hell! Save your 'buts,'" he looked at me sharply. I could see the blue of his eyes grow deeper, the creases of his taut neck throb with emotion and fire, and his look was severe. "Why can't fools let an old man stay buried?" I could see then the somewhat frantic earnestness of his face, veiled thinly behind a glow of cynicism. Then he looked almost lonely.

"Mr. Freeman," I began, and I felt afraid, "I wanted to see what you thought of its return—do you still, well, do you—"

"Yes, and I'll always believe." He leaned over in his chair, tapped me lightly on the knees. "That WAS my life," he said.

"Listen," he began again, slowly, with a tone of conviction in his voice. "Listen: go back and tell the people who read your paper that Henry Miles Freeman shuns the return of that movie. Go back and tell this indammable public of a mad world that he thinks the age has made folly of his beliefs. Do you think that makes you a good story?"

He pointed to me with his spectacles. "And now the hell with your story. The hell with anything that pertains to a story. Stories are either funny, romantic, or feebly tragic."

As if he were a tiger, he whirled upon me suddenly. His eyes were flaming, white and blue on a background of red. His forehead was rigid, tense, lifeless in texture.

"HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A DEAD MAN BEFORE?" He stood erect as he could stand, and even then his shoulders were slumped forward.

"Yes sir," I began. "I remember it was only last week that I went down to the State Penitentiary to cover an execution. The man was white; he had killed his wife—" my voice perked up with interest.

"A white man. I see." He looked at me sarcastically, shaking his gray head. "I guess he had committed a crime against society."

"O, yes, sir," I was off again. "He had killed his wife and before he shot her with a Winchester rifle he called a seven-year-old son and made him kiss her goodbye. It was terrible—"

"And the State claimed the life of—"

"Jeffers Thomas of Dupaw County," I continued, foaming with a thrill that comes only to the one who speaks with authenticity. "And I went back into the cellblock with the chaplain and heard him pray; I heard him pray frantically, sir. Mr. Freeman, I heard him say he wasn't saved and—"

"And God have mercy on his SOUL!" he thundered out. For the first time I realized that his sarcastic remarks had been aimed only at a stemming of my

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SHORTY'S

— FOR —

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SANDWICHES : COFFEE
MILK : ETC.**

SHORTY'S

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running account. I became frightened, afraid of an unseen terror. He walked to the door, which was still slightly ajar, closed it closely and returned.

"That's a case for Jesus," he said, curling his upper lip under a set of tobacco-stained lower teeth.

"Young buck," he continued in a solemn, ghostly voice, "you are in the room with a D-E-A-D M-A-N!"

My backbone froze against the hard back of the straight chair. My hands went limp. He must have been crazy, I thought confusedly. I looked about me; the masses of books were still there and for a moment I imagined that I saw skeletons stalking out from the shelves, lounging among the dusty volumes, sneering in rattling tones at my juvenile fright.

"O, ha-ha-ha-ha," he laughed like a wildman. "Not over there nor there nor there!" He whipped the threadbare smoking jacket around him, and wheeled around, pointing to every corner of the room in succession.

"I am the dead man," he spoke in a well modulated voice. "I am dead, dead, dead, and God have mercy on my soul! You now speak with the ghost of a valiant knight, a recurrent anachronism, a man buried ten years ago."

My hands fell across my chest and I could feel my heart pump nervously against my ribs inside. His bushy eyebrows took the form of hairy arches, his hands fell coldly limp to his sides—still drawn taut with emotion, and his chin was set directly out.

"I became dead when ten years ago—and before, the readers and leaders of a new generation in my own land began to disprove the belief that man is bound to the soil he fought for. My bones were hardly sunk into a grave of the 'forgotten' when I heard men speak in clear, almost dashing tones of one nation, one people, one anything—where a compromise with truth and conviction was their lot. And now for ten whole years I've stalked the small pathways of one room—this library—see the beaten path I've made on the carpet? My life was finished when they took my work, twisted into 'forget' when there was still a 'little' to remember, and dampened the fires that has burned only in the hearts of those who can't forget."

By now he had slumped down into the cane-bottomed chair again; he leaned forward again, placing his icy hand on my knee. I shivered.

"One day I had nearly a million dollars—though I started without a cent. But I turned it back into a channel I knew, trying desperately to hold to man's face a conviction I had known as no other in my life. And now my daughter—my only child, unmarried and mid-aged, lives from hand to mouth. I have been dead. When she dies the final rites over her body will mark the end of a vein of life's blood—just like you and your blood for life, fame, and love. I never had a son. My case was closed when I was first rebuffed."

By now he had moved feebly across to the red plush couch again. His voice was beginning to trail off into the ghostly yellow glow of the room. I slipped from my chair and stood close to his feet—and the long, bone-like legs. I tried to speak but he didn't hear.

"And now the sun never rises; the sun never sets; the land of greater love is divided into controversy because man is there too. . . . Only darkness, only shadows, only insolent wooing from echoes of fire and youth. . . ." I had reached the hall and stopped. I closed the door with a nervous hand, and I could still feel his voice beating against my ears.

Outside I hailed a streetcar. The mist still came down. It seemed to be a day when a man felt no part of the earth, of nature, of youth.

**ARE YOU HEP TO THE VERBAL JIVE
OF A JAM SESSION?**

(Continued from page eight)

might not permit loafing and loitering around her house, or she might not permit the loafing around her house of just one certain class of people, whatever the "lowdown" may mean.

"Li'l Abner" is one of the more recent of the popular songs, and it is written in the very same style that the comic strip by the same name is written. The words "tarkin'" and "sparkin'" are used, the first probably to mean talking and the latter to mean pitching woo, carrying on a courtship, spooning, engaging in amorous relationships, or whatever term you might consider best.

Song writers make no distinction in their uses of who and whom, nor of we and us, nor of I and me. The song "Me and the Ghost Upstairs" is a good illustration of the misuse of me for I. The first line of the song reads, "Buddies are we, me and the ghost upstairs." Seldom is the word "whom" used. It usually does not fit in with the rhythm of the song, and therefore is replaced with "who."

"Five O'Clock Whistle" is interesting for its use of words. The first four lines read:

Ya ought to hear what my mommy said,
When papa came home and sneaked into bed
And told her he worked till half-past two
'Cause the five o'clock whistle never blew.

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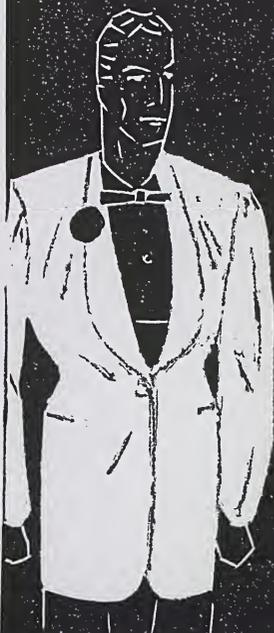
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Draft Dodger

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First Place

C. PHINIZY

Harvard Lampoon

•

Second Place

GEORGE HORN

Penn State Froth

•

Third Place

ROGER A. TAMBELLA

Lehigh Bachelor



Phin-A-J.
Lampoon



"Pedicure, son!"

Froth



Bachelor

"Lesh take a taxi, you can't fix it."

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and

The STUDENT

no. 5

V. 15. 19 1925

In Spring a young
man's fancy lightly
turns . . .



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dent scientific tests of the smoke itself



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tested—slower than any of
them—Camels also give you
a smoking *plus* equal, on
the average, to

5 extra smokes per pack!

WHEN you get right down to it, a
cigarette is only as flavorful—only
as cool—only as mild—as it smokes. The
smoke's the thing!

Obvious—yes, but important—all-
important because what you get in
the smoke of your cigarette depends so
much on the way your cigarette burns.

Science has pointed out that Camels
are definitely slower-burning (see left).
That means a smoke with more mildness,
more coolness, and more flavor.

Now—Science confirms another im-
portant advantage of slower burning...
of Camels.

Less nicotine—in the smoke! Less than
any of the 4 other largest-selling brands
tested—28% less than the average!

Light up a Camel... a s-l-o-w-burning
Camel... and smoke out the facts for
yourself. The smoke's the thing!

"SMOKING OUT" THE FACTS about nicotine.
Experts, chemists analyze the smoke of 5 of the
largest-selling brands... find that the smoke of
slower-burning Camels contains less nicotine
than any of the other brands tested.

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

**CAMEL — THE SLOWER-BURNING
CIGARETTE —**

Scene on Campus

THE gentleman below who is so happily flaunting an exam paper has obviously made a fine mark. His clothing will also earn for him a similar mark of distinction. The shetland top coat has a light brown hue, is double-breasted, and has high peaked lapels. The hat is a dark brown pork-pie, and the shoes are reverse calf with double thick crepe soles. His favorite Kay-woodie pipe adds tone to the ensemble.



THE flower (made with feathers) in the lapel may be an obvious attempt to win the title of the "Best Dressed Man on the Campus," but the suit gives its wearer more than just a fighting chance in that direction. It is a double-breasted blue worsted with chevron stripes (while the suit is warm, it will not keep you out of the draft). A white broadcloth shirt with a solid navy blue knit tie, and black oxfords, complete the outfit.



THE cigarette smoker just above is wearing a blue-gray single-breasted two-buttoned blocked tweed sports jacket and contrasting trousers of very dark gray flannel. The shirt is a blue striped oxford with a Duke of Windsor color, and the blue tie, with white polka dots, is silk. His friend, another pipe smoker, is wearing a cotton jacket with a brown overplaid against a checked background. This jacket is ideal for golf. The trousers are covert.

THE SAME OLD STORY

(All names and places used are purely fictitious. If they should happen to resemble you, or people you know, or places you've been to, how odd!)

STOPCAP UNIVERSITY
OFFICE OF THE BURSAR

Mr. Joseph Hopper

Dear Mr. Hopper:

We do hate to rush students into the payment of any money that is owed to the college. We have given you time to unpack and eat breakfast before we ask you for a slight remittance. Your matriculation fee is \$5.00. Your tuition is \$20.00. The incidental fee is \$78.00. Your building fee is \$69.00. We are not in any hurry to receive this money, but if we don't get it within eight hours we will be forced to expel you before you start. We do want you to know that we are trying to cooperate with you in every way possible, and we hope it won't be necessary to bring legal action. I remain,

Cordially yours,
Rufus B. Tug,
Bursar and Janitor.

Mr. Rufus B. Tug
Dear Mr. Tug:

I don't mind paying my matricula-



tion and tuition fees, but you must have had a mighty big incident around the campus if it cost \$78.00. I didn't plan on building anything while I was in college so why should I pay a building fee? I haven't got much money, but I am enclosing a check for the amounts you mentioned. Sometimes I wish I had never graduated from high school.

Sincerely yours,
Joe Hopper.

STOPCAP UNIVERSITY
OFFICE OF THE BURSAR

Mr. Joe Hopper

Dear Mr. Hopper:

Now that we have you, I mean now that we have your money, I must mention a few more little expenses to you. We wish you would send \$33.00 for our splendid library where we hope you will spend many happy hours. You will have to shell out \$125 for the Bursar's Blonde fee. We notice you have changed your program slightly, you have switched your gym period so we'll need \$54.00 on the nose, I mean on the line. I will also need \$8.00 for the time I have taken in writing you.

Cordially yours,
Rufus B. Tug,
Bursar and Janitor.

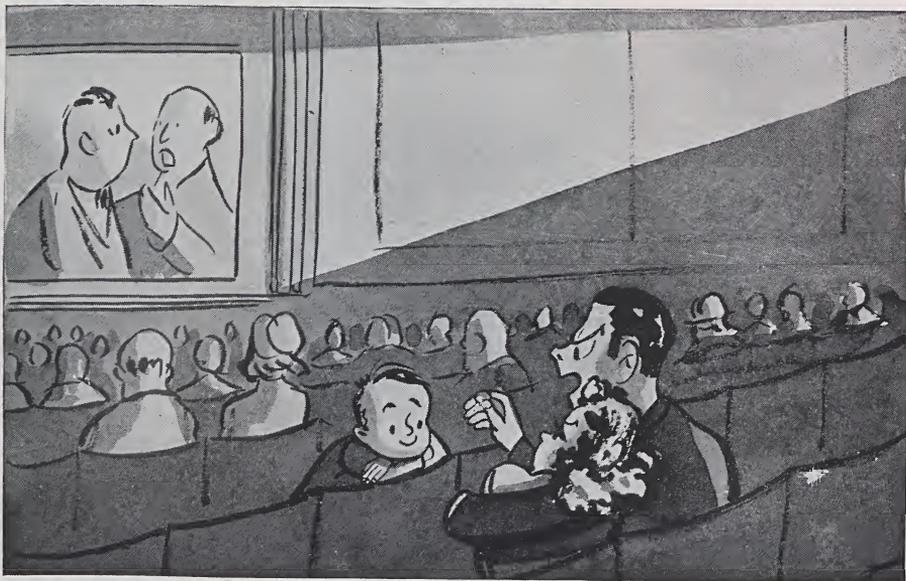
* * * * *

News Item

ALCATRAZ FIVE DOWNS

STATE PEN, 54 TO 20

Joe Hopper, who is doing a life term for the shooting of Rufus B. Tug, led Alcatraz to another amazing victory. He scored 42 points. Stopgap University is offering him a scholarship if a pardon can be arranged.



"Here's a quarter. Go on home!"

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ON THE COVER

There were many possibilities for a cover picture for this issue: ranging anywhere from scenes on the Wake Forest campus, scenes on the Meredith campus, in either of the publications office, in the classroom, all the way to the type of picture finally used, a typical scene in the dating parlor at Meredith.

This picture, we believe, is typical. There is the least bit of restraint, stiffness; there is the inevitable distance between the boy and girl, possibly to decrease as the acquaintance waxes warm; there is the smile on the faces of both; and in this case, whether typical or not, there is a definite touch of beauty in the features of the girl, a manifest degree of handsomeness in the features of the boy.

In picking the girl, members of the STUDENT staff dined one evening with members of the *Acorn* staff, and the Wake Forest students had a chance to see a good many of the Meredith girls. One chose Julia Margaret Bryan, another Mary Snipes.

After a great deal of unfeigned staring, votes were cast, but there was a deadlock. Therefore, both girls were asked to model. Royal Jennings snapped two pictures of both girls, with Bill Ayers the constant

male model, and in the final selection the picture on the cover was selected. The picture of Judy Bryan and Bill Ayers may be used in the *Howler*.

We don't say we chose the most beautiful girl at Meredith, nor the most handsome boy at Wake Forest; we say our choices are typical students.

Plans are underway for a game day to be held between the Meredith faculty and students. The date for this occasion has not yet been decided upon, but on one afternoon this spring classes will be suspended while the entire college turns athletic. There will be badminton, volleyball, baseball, and certainly a sack race or two.



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Marjorie Rambeau

Sunday—Monday—Tuesday

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"BAD MAN"

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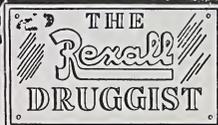
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A Compendious History of the Hero, From Beowulf to Rhett Butler

or

Why, Oh Why, Did We Ever Teach Women to Read?

By PHIL HIGHFILL

THE definition of the word "hero," given in a certain accepted lexicon is: "1, a man of distinguished courage, moral or physical; 2, the chief character in a play, story or poem; 3, the chief personage in any great event; 4, in myth and legend, a man, usually a warrior, possessing superhuman qualities and aided by certain deities; often regarded as a demi-god."

Taking the dictionary definition as the criterion by which we are to measure the success or failure of conformity of heroes in letters, we find that, in the modern written work, the main male character qualifies only in one of the above instances: he is a "chief character in a play, story or poem." The "heroes" of modern novels are not giants, good and true, fighting always for the right, succumbing not to evil. They are more often weaklings and introverts, afflicted with every sort of phobia and neurosis, unable to cope with income-tax blanks, barroom aggressors, or their own wives. The modern "hero" can neither ride nor fence. He puts up no fights for abstract principles nor fair ladies. And his lovmaking is absolutely dull. In short, he is the unmitigated personification of ourselves and the guy next door.

Who is responsible for the embarrassing predicament in which literature finds itself at the present moment? Women readers! Women readers and women readers alone have got books and their authors into such a state that every time the more romantic male picks up a book and settles back with an anticipatory sigh to read about deeds of derring-do by bold men of action he finds, not Crusoe, not Modred, not Richard Coeur de Lion, but Wilberforce Jones, who works at the next desk in the office.

Beowulf! Now there was a man! Whack off dragons' heads as easily as decapitating the Sunday chicken. And hold his mead? Yes, sir. In fact, there were no sissies in those days. But then they didn't have to contend with women. Only once in the whole of the poem to Beowulf does a woman appear. She is a queen, and it is

only in consideration of her rather exalted title that she is allowed to come in.

The heroic theme persists through literature until the Arthurian Period, and there are some good, tough boys under Arthur's management. But here the men began to weaken. Now I don't say that going around rescuing damsels in distress isn't perfectly all right (although I am not naive enough to admit that it's not



their own fault; if they didn't lead ogres on they wouldn't get mixed up in things.) But I do say that if you keep on rescuing damsels long enough they're bound to get ideas. Look what happened to Launcelot. It turned him into the biggest sucker in literature. And from there on weaklings kept cropping up, although it was not until women began to read that the situation began to reek to high heaven.

Take Chaucer for instance. Chaucer was okay as long as he was making something up and writing it down. There never lived a better all-round man than Troilus—before he met Crisseyde but, because Chaucer's metrical romances were written for the edification of women, Troilus could not retain his fearless independence long. He is immediately turned into a wailing sissy when he spies Crisseyde. Conversely, he dies with his boots on, as any decent hero should, immediately he gets rid of her.

Shakespeare had the same trouble, though more after women began at-

tending the theatre than before. Look what a mess poor Macbeth made under the influence of his lady. Women would not have accepted it otherwise.

Things improved for awhile, except for certain Elizabethan poets who absolutely made fools of themselves catering to women by writing beseeching odes to women about one thing and another. Imagine Beowulf *beseeching!* But, as I say, for a time things improved. We even find isolated characters (Tristram Shandy, Dickens' Carton and others) who are men and not afraid to assert themselves. But with the advent of the great period of the novel and women here and there learning to read, and some actually *writing*, things came to a pretty pass indeed. It was the latter—these writing females—who really upset the applecart. After all the centuries of self-respecting male writers chronicling the lives of the real go-getters, the real live-wires, these female-novelists (the word is a kind of horror, isn't it?) began to represent us as just average, workaday people, not as destiny's children. Chief offenders were women like George Sand and the Bronte sisters. It was positively indecent the way Heathcliff was treated in *Wuthering Heights*. Representing the man as a screaming idiot, instead of the strong, uncorruptible thing he indubitably was!

And now the situation, intolerable as it is, cannot be altered. For women, being under no compunction to go earn the old daily bread, can sit around for hours reading books. Therefore their tastes, as weird as they are, must be respected—if only so more authors can make more money to support more women who'll read more books.

Of course we men should just give up. For the worst has happened: A very nice, screw-ball sort of Southern lady wrote a very long, screw-ball sort of book. It has been filmed, and now every dame in the country knows about Rhett Butler. And, due to their perversity in picking idols, he is become, behold, the great American hero. Why, Rhett is the sort of fellow that men used to regard as the archetype for villainy.

THE STUDENT and THE ACORN

MARCH 1941



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"The Roll Call"

News pictures of the Yale Bulldog licking the feet of John



Harvard's statue located on the Harvard campus had a rather simple origin: the Bulldog was kidnapped by editors of the Harvard Lampoon, carried to their campus at Cambridge. There the mutt was tricked into licking John's feet by liberally smearing them with hamburger. News photographers were then invited to flash away.

Plans for a Meredith discussion group are complete and are being carried out under the able leadership of Catherine Chiffelle. The group will meet once a week to talk over a previously announced problem and to try to come to some thoughtfully arrived at conclusions. Topics for discussion are to come from student suggestions and it is expected that they will include anything from pink elephants to the lone man in the Eagle's Nest.

One Thursday night recently dates were shoved out of the parlors at the ghastly hour of 9:30—all in order to support their varsity basketball team play the faculty. The women of the faculty, strengthened by the blue blood of



the young men, played a game, remarkable in its brilliance and speed, which rose to the peak of excitement when Dr. George Christenbury playing guard, tucked the ball lovingly under his arm and ran the length of court to place it lightly and easily into the students' basket right under their unsuspecting eyes. The score became complicated when faculty subs not in the game began throwing

goals on the side to help it out. The faculty won by a nose, and, due to good sportsmanship, received a tin loving cup. Note: Quoting from *The Twig*, March 8, 1941, "The last half ended with a score of 27-21 in favor of the students."

Seniors will have to go a long way to top the record set by one student who filled out his "Senior Information Sheet," information to be used by the annual; for this scholar, in addition to being frank, listed honor after honor in the many spaces.



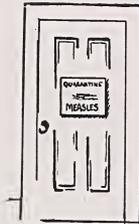
Cleveland Everett Wilkie—thus read the first line. Down beside Student Government Offices he wrote: "I was too 'straight' for one." Class offices: "I never was sure which class I was in." Publication Position: "My grammar was too bad." Music Organizations: "Vocal cords are rusty." Departmental Assistantship: "First place, or none at all for me." Major Forensic Honors: "I won a hog-calling contest once." In one of the blank spaces near the end was written: "Advertisement (how much?) — First class cook and bottlewasher—also tend babies, ages anywhere from two to twenty-two."

Another student, identity unknown, was more serious than Wilkie and listed in the spaces: "Ministerial Conference, B.S.U., and Book-of-the-Month Club." Tom Johnson affixed his signature to a sheet with this listed: "Member of Sigma Pi Rod and Gun Club." Another had had so many honors heaped upon his shoulders that he gave out of space and offered more "if they are needed."

A new North Carolina history for fifth and sixth graders has been published with Thomas Wolfe's surname being spelled "Wolf" and his death dated in 1940— he died in 1938. According to this text, he is best known for his *Look Homeward, Angel*, not even a passing glance being given to his last novel *You Can't Go Home Again*. Wolfe is probably writhing in his grave at these errors.



The Meredith infirmary has hung out its quarantine sign in a big way these days due to measles and mumps. Even the Pruitt twins had to break their usual Saturday night routine because of being held for investigation for german measles to which they had been exposed. The office of the Dean of Women has even been invaded, so any one may be called up.



The number of students attending classes at Meredith was greatly increased on a recent Saturday due to the fact that the Alumnae, filled with a thirst for knowledge and a craving for learning, flocked back to attend the annual seminar. Lectures during the day on art were followed by an address in the evening by Dr. E. McNeill Poteat on "The Art of Living," to which the present Meredith students were invited and which they all enjoyed as immensely as one of Dr. Poteat's speeches is always enjoyed.

The Talk of the Campus



The bleary-eyed young ladies who wear hose and anxious faces to breakfast are those most fortunate of all creatures, supervised teachers. They sally forth early and, after pointing out the straight and narrow to the youth of America, come back to have it, in turn, pointed out no less determinedly to them.

In the writeup under "What Has Happened To . . . ?" in *Newsweek* some weeks ago was the statement concerning Thomas Dixon, Wake Forest graduate and author of *The Clansman*.



Dixon's novel, says *Newsweek*, was the basis of the movie "Birth of a Nation," and the author himself is now clerk of the Federal District Court in Raleigh, N. C. *Newsweek* says he lost the bonanza he received from the "Birth of a Nation" in real estate in the 1920's.

When Dartmouth students were forced to pay poll taxes to the town of Hanover, New Hampshire, some time ago, they had opened to them a great chance for executing a college prank par excellence. For since the students had to pay taxes, they were free to take part in town affairs. At the next meeting of the town council the college turned out en masse and passed three bills: one providing for construction of a new



town hall one inch square and a mile high, a carpeted highway to Wellesley, and a subway to Smith. The town officials appealed to the Federal Court for repeal of the bills, graciously relieved the students of paying the poll taxes.

Harvey C. Lehman compiled some statistics recently which indicate that most prose writers reach their creative peaks between 40 and 44, showing a rapid decline before 50. If an author produces only one outstanding book, however, it is generally written in the years between 35 and 39. This latter revelation puts a damper on the spirits of those prospective fresh-out-of-college writers who intend writing a *magnus opus* and retiring.

Senior prophecies continue to throw light on the past of our professors: "... when he faces life's battles, we predict for him a successful career," wrote the editor of the 1910 *Howler* in referring to Dr. H. B. Jones, who is now head of the English department.



He was called a "logician who promises to be a power in the field of logic and debate." The senior prophet said he would be editor-in-chief of *The Chicago Herald*.

David Cohn, this year awarded the Mayflower Cup, comes brilliantly to the defense of the Greater University and Dr. Frank Graham in his article "Chapel Hill" appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*. No friend of the University and its president nor any believer in a true, democratic education can help but

thrill to the clear picture of the Hill, its leader, and the work done there.

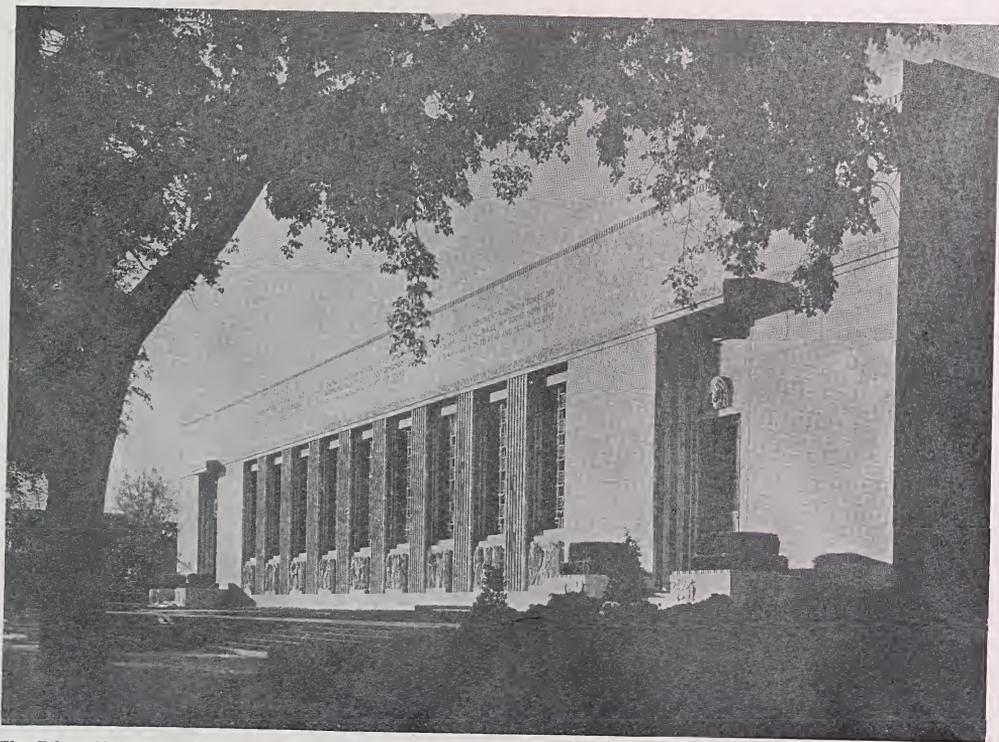
Election machinery has been humming on the Meredith Campus where a full fledged system of elections according to state laws has been adopted. Four precincts, presided over by a Board of Elections, have polls where students who have filled the qualifications for voting may put their X's to their choices. After the votes are counted and checked, the returns are posted in the proper manner.



The proverbial thinking caps were all the style at the recent International Night sponsored by the International Relations Club of Meredith. Foreign students from surrounding colleges joined with those at Meredith in an endeavor to think sanely about the international problem. A wide divergence of opinion made the evening not less interesting than instructive.

The sound of hammering and building on the Meredith Campus is a little less unusual than the sight of a bevy of carpenters who are working there now. The object of their efforts, The Meredith Hut, for which students have been clamoring and working all this year, is fast taking shape and the students are looking forward to entertaining brothers and other friends who might happen up in the log recreation center.





The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington seen from East Capitol Street, showing the terrace, the entrances, and the windows of the Exhibition Hall.

He Lives With Shakespeare

*This is 1941, but one hardly realizes it when he enters
the Folger Library with Dr. Joseph Quincy Adams.*

By BILL AYERS

IN Washington, D.C., America has its Acropolis. Atop this Acropolis, the city's highest hill, past the Supreme Court Building, past the Congressional Library, in the shadow of the Capitol's classical dome lies a building. It is an impressive building which houses \$60,000,000 in treasures. And it is not the United States mint.

In that building a Wake Forest graduate sits behind a heavy oaken desk. He is not famous in the same way that most Washington men are, for he is no outstanding politician, no military leader, no great financier. He is a Wake Forest man internationally known for his scholarship.

The building is the Folger Shakespearean Library, housing \$60,000,000 invested in books, and the man is Dr. Joseph Quincy Adams, class of 1900, the world's foremost Shakespearean scholar.

It is 1941. But when Dr. Joseph Quincy Adams moves among the treasures of the world's greatest Shakespearean library, he lives in the Elizabethan Age. William Shakespeare, the creator, is his master, and he, the critic, is the devoted disciple.

And so I myself left the present and visited with him the sixteenth century in Washington. Past the Supreme Court Building, the Congressional Library, through the Capitol's shadow I walked, to the Folger Shakespearean Library, directed by Dr. Adams.

The library's exterior is, like 1941, strictly modern. In complete harmony with the surrounding government offices, its walls are of white Georgian marble and its lines are vertical. At the base of the three stories are nine stone reliefs, depicting famous scenes from Shakespeare's plays.

But when I went through the imposing doorway,



The relief by John Gregory of "The Tragedie of King Lear," Act III, Scene 2.

flanked by two carvings of Pegasus, symbol of lyric poetry, and when I passed the two armed guards, all modernity vanished. The atmosphere was archaeological. Oak panelled walls, decorated ceilings, Enfield tiled floors, and heavy carved furniture were what I saw. Ornateness had replaced simplicity.

As Dr. Joseph Quincy Adams came forward to meet me, I stared at him. And I was disappointed, for my idea of a great scholar was exploded. I had expected a thin, dreamy romanticist with long hair. But this man is short, stocky, brisk, and his hair is wispy. His face is too rugged, too solid for my imagined scholar's. It betrays none of the delicate feeling of the mind behind it. But Dr. Adams' fingers were pencil smudged, and ink was on his nails.

He picked up a briar pipe and a clay ash tray. "Would you like to smoke? Did you come up on the train? What would you like to know?" he asked. His voice was clipped but kind and his questions came fast. He is like that—a fast talker, a fast walker, a fast thinker.

"I'll be glad to tell you anything you want to know," he said. So I told him I would like to know about himself and he talked for five minutes and he was through and he would talk no more. Old classmates say that he was shy in college; he is still reserved.

"Let me tell you about the library," Dr. Adams proposed. "That's what's really important." We spent five minutes on his life and two hours on the library. His biography I had to glean largely from other sources.

In 1881, 265 years after the death of Shakespeare, Joseph Quincy Adams was born in Greenville, S. C. His great-great-grandfather had been a colonel of Virginia troops and an *aide de camp* to General George Washington. The presidential Adamases of Massachusetts were his direct ancestors, and his father was Joseph Quincy Adams, Sr., Doctor of Divinity, who led the migatory life that most ministers do, holding pastorates in Greenville and Rock Hill, South Carolina, in Asheville, Wadesboro, and Charlotte, North Carolina.

When he was sixteen years old, Dr. Adams came to Wake Forest. All he brought with him, according to Dr. G. W. Paschal, was an insatiable taste for molasses and biscuits and an enormous propensity for study. During his three years in academic school his grades averaged 98½ per cent.

In 1900 Dr. Adams was president of the senior class,

winner of the Dixon Literary Medal, and Euzelian editor of the twenty-first *STUDENT*. In addition he, with Professor E. W. Timberlake of the Wake Forest Law School, and Dr. Harry Trantham, professor of classics at Baylor University, founded the *Howler*, college year-book. Taking their nameplate, the *Howler*, from the long-standing title of an oak tree bulletin board, the editors wrote and illustrated their annuals by hand, distributing them privately.

Dr. Adams' registration at Wake Forest was a turning point in his life, for it was at college that he came under the influence of Dr. Benjamin F. Sledd, poet and professor of English. To sarcastic Dr. Sledd young Adams was just a "long-eared jackass," as he called all of his students, but he was a rather exceptional jackass. To young Adams Dr. Sledd was an inspiration. "It was directly through his influence that I became interested in Shakespeare," he told me. And so Dr. Adams, after taking his Master's degree, left Wake Forest with a quickened interest in his future master.

Graduation did not end his study. After teaching one year at the now-extinct Raleigh Male Academy, he worked at the University of Chicago, Cornell University, in London, and at the University of Berlin. In 1905 he was made instructor in English at Cornell and in a few years rose to a full professorship. He left the University in 1931 to accept the position of director of the Folger Shakespearean Library.

The name of Joseph Quincy Adams is today on the rolls of eleven worldwide scholarship fraternities and associations. It is in eight different *Who's Who's* and beneath the title of seven study series and one hundred reviews, articles and books, printed in America and abroad. A. Uystpruyst is the seemingly unpronounceable name of his Louvain publisher.

One of Dr. Adams' minor accomplishments is connected with his alma mater. He is chairman of The Friends of the Wake Forest Library. (Continued on page thirty)



Dr. Joseph Quincy Adams



The Reading Room from the balcony.

When Mother Was a Girl

By ELIZABETH BROWNLEE

IN 1834, the year that Wake Forest was established, a committee was appointed by the Baptist State Convention to "report on the expediency of establishing a female seminary," in spite of the doctrine prevalent that "their health would suffer under the strain if they were given the same studies as their brothers, and that it would spoil them for domesticity and rob them of their feminine charm." It was not until 1899 that the Baptist Female University was really opened however.

The hundred and fifty girls who rushed to be admitted found life somewhat different from what they had expected. In the *Acorn*, March 13, Miss Pascal tells some tales of the early days. As the workmen had not finished the buildings at the first opening, the newly arrived girls, stumbling on saws and hammers, made their way around stacks of lumber. There yet being no beds, the girls slept two on a mattress on the floor, often waking up to find three more mattresses and six more girls had descended in their room while they slept. The lack of window shades was another handicap, and a parade of carpenters, visitors, and janitors in the halls prevented those from becoming dressing rooms. The writer of the article said that she solved the problem by pulling out her wardrobe and dressing between that and the wall. Wrapping paper was finally purchased by some disturbed members of the faculty and pasted on the windows.

The informality of the early school must have been delightful. Miss Pascal relates the tale of an English professor who, going into a girl's room, climbed into bed with her to tell her woes while the roommate "lay under her own bed to escape such a fate." And then there was the time when a faculty member "stopped in the middle of a recitation to describe the details of the scene when her fiancé got on his knees and proposed."

Girls shopped together with a faculty member as chaperone. Consequently a girl who wished to buy just a spool of thread had to stay five hours with the girls who wanted

complete wardrobes. They walked together for exercise with a teacher, marched to church with a teacher, and even visited with a teacher.

Old catalogues, handbooks, and student publications reveal many curious facts. In 1907 Dr. Vann for-



bade yelling at baseball games. No "parlor boarders" were admitted. Clubs were so varied as to include a Leap Year Club (Place—Manchester, Password—Finale Amen), a Rats Club, and a Swastika Club (Motto—Go Straight to the Forest). There was a Fire Department with a senior for Fire Chief aided by captains and lieutenants.

A proposed emphasis on athletics was overruled because "It provided exercise for the few while the many look on; it carries the idea of amusement to excess in the serious work of getting an education; it dis-

courages scholarship and it disturbs morals." Boxes of food could be accepted only at Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter.

Among the quotable passages are these:

"It is assumed that all who seek admission do so for the sake of study and not for the sake of society."

"Blinds must be closed before lights are turned on in the evening."

"If you do not have enough to do to keep you busy, consult the President or Lady Principal. Satan still hath mischief for idle hand and brain."

"Any student found communicating by word or sign, beyond simple recognition, from any part of the buildings or grounds, or making clandestine engagements with any man will be publicly reprimanded, suspended, or expelled."

"Students will not talk to young men on the campus, at the libraries, at drug stores, or on the street."

Shopping could only be done on Monday. One could attend a moving picture once a month, with a chaperone. Calling was allowed twice a month. Girls could dine with friends three times a semester provided they had a chaperone. Seniors were more fortunate. They could "walk and shop alone any time of the day until 6:00 p.m." They alone could visit dentists and oculists in groups of two without a chaperone. They could have one afternoon caller a week and could use the telephone.

There was in the handbook until 1917-18 this paragraph: "From November first to April first students will be required to wear heavy stockings, high shoes, and a lightweight wrap when leaving their residence building." Now it happened that on special occasions this rule was waived by the Lady Principal as well as the rule which forbade girls to have dates at public functions. One day this announcement appeared on the bulletin board: "Girls may take off their shirts and sit with boys at the lecture tonight." Miss Brewer's roommate, being a warm-blooded girl who suffered strongly under this rule, cut off the sleeves of her shirt an inch at a time. She had passed her elbow before she was detected.

The girls cooking in their rooms on electric plates were continually blowing out fuses and substituting pennies. At regular intervals the electrician was forced to go around and extract the pennies. A good deal of runny, half-made candy was dili-

(Continued on page thirty)

THERE are only two of us on the humming corner tonight. The air is crisp with the keen cold of winter, and our thumbs ache as they mechanically point towards Wake Forest. Each car turns the corner and speeds by us with a blast of air that slaps us strongly in our faces like an invisible hand at which we cannot strike back. We smile at the head-lights and hopefully yell, "Wake Forest"; we curse at the tail-lights and wonder why the deuce we came to Raleigh on such a night.

A humble "A Model" Ford with a New York license turns the corner and hesitates condescendingly at our pleading thumbs. But the driver, its only occupant, shifts the gears into high and drives on, leaving nothing but an unwelcome odor of carbon-monoxide gas. "Damned tincan plutocrat, I'd like to. . . ." "Hush, Joe, I believe that guy's stopping at the intersection." Joe and I run down the street a block. I take the front seat by the driver. Joe climbs in the back.

Babies and Razors

Would universal education eradicate the evils that exist today?

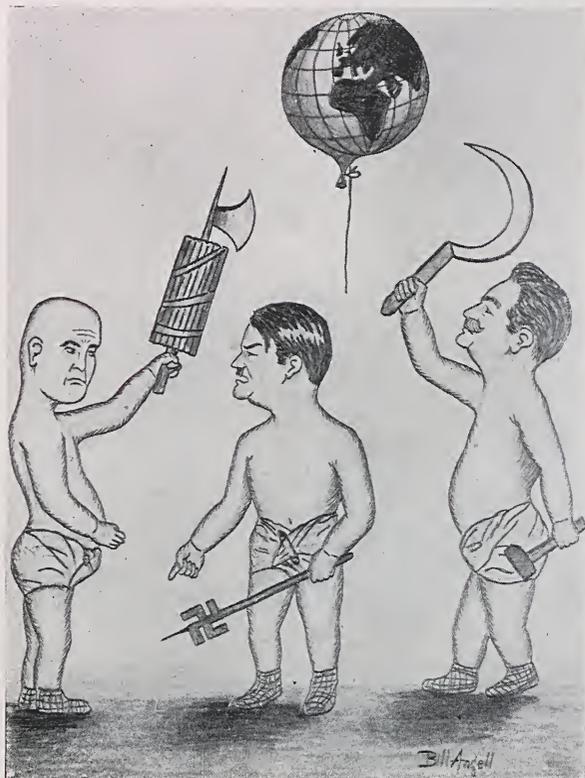
By G. G. MORGAN

We are speeding down the highway without making the usual attempt at conversation, perfectly content with the limited comfort of the vehicle that is moving us toward warm beds. The driver, a curious looking creature with an egg-shaped head of thick, bushy black hair, remarks, "I don't usually pick up anybody at night." I am struck with the odd appearance of this individual. His skin is pale and callow, and his head is abnormally large for his body. As he lights a cigarette, the blue spurt of the match reveals a pair of thoughtful, meditative eyes, and he continues, "But tonight I want somebody to talk to.

My name's Elbert. I am the most famous man that you 'never' heard of in your life." Punctuating his remarks with sarcastic chuckles, and pausing thoughtfully at the end of each of his sentences, he says, "I've even got a couple of appellative handles—pseudonym and, all the fixin's, see? And I've written the most famous 'Best Seller' that never got by a publisher."

Figuring that this is a good opportunity to get into the conversation, I am polite enough to ask him about his novel and take advantage of the lead to mention my Creative Writing Course at school. But my interesting friend interrupts, "Remember, boys, I said I wanted somebody to talk to. I want to do the talking. You do the listening. I've heard too damned much already." And as if he had made a new discovery, he chuckles, "That's the trouble with me now." And with a certain satisfaction he says, "Yeah, that's the trouble with me: heard too much already." I think to myself, "This bird's dopey attitude is at least consistent with his appearance," and the man continues, "College boys, eh? Been to college myself—Doctor of Philosophy and all that stuff, and to think that I could have made the best filling-station operator that ever wiped a windshield." There are uncomfortable pauses in his remarks while he lights one cigarette after another, but Joe and I follow our host's directions and resolve to keep quiet for the rest of the trip, while the stranger continues sardonically, "But I was too smart for filling stations. I had to patronize a filling station of knowledge, so I could write a book. Yeah, I wrote a book, and this'll be the only opportunity you boys will have to hear about it. Now I have somebody who has to listen to me. Publishers are too busy with *How to Win Friends*. You want to hear about my book?" Joe and I take this for a rhetorical question and say nothing. "It's all about these smart fellows like you meet in college—these birds who give their lives to what they call 'humanity.'"

(Continued on page twenty-eight)



Wake Forest Boys Can Argue

*And it's Only Natural;
They've Been At It For
A Hundred and Six Years.*

By NEIL MORGAN



Eugene Worrell

A HUNDRED and six years ago the first debates at Wake Forest were held. They were distinctive. For the college was to represent the highest in intellectual development; and those early debates seemed to promise that it would.

In the spring of 1941 Wake Forest men are still debating. And their debating somehow manifests the ripened intellectual power of the college.

Next week a team leaves for a three thousand mile tour of nine states.

A sketch of Wake Forest debate history might tell that over 140,000 miles have been travelled by college forensic teams. It might say something about the 750 intercollegiate debates in which Wake Forest men have spoken. Possibly such a sketch would pay individual tribute to the seven men who have acted as debate coaches at Wake Forest.

But more natural would be the telling of the simple story behind a vital part of Wake Forest:

The story of one of Wake Forest's traditional pillars of strength.

One of the best stories of Dr. William Louis Poteat was about early debating at Wake Forest. All of the forensic tussles from the founding of the college down almost to the beginning of the twentieth century were within the halls of the literary societies.

"I can remember when we fellows would argue a question in the society hall far into the night—until the wee hours of the morning," Dr. Poteat used to say. "It got so the boys brought blankets to wrap their feet in when it got cold."

Literary societies, of course, were the biggest thing on the campus back in those days; and debating was the most important feature of society work. Some of the debate queries help to explain the interest: "Resolved, that the bloomer custom should be adopted for women"; "Are flirtations under any circumstances justifiable?" and "Should the collegiant frequent any society of females?"

First big step-up in debating significance came in 1872 when the first public anniversary celebration of the college was held. Feature of the day was a debate between the Phi and Eu societies; and that custom has been followed ever since. A preserved newspaper clipping tells how it was the habit of the Legislature to adjourn and board with several hundred girl-guests a special train routed to Wake Forest for the day. The debate began at 1:30 and lasted all afternoon.

From this era of debate rose Thomas Dixon, John E. White, William Louis Poteat, E. M. Poteat, T. W. Bickett, J. W. Bailey, E. W. Sikes, and a host of other mighty men.

Wake Forest liked inter-society debate; but rivalry grew too keen. Enthusiasm leaped out of bounds. Some sort of change had to come if debate was to live.

Modern debating was born in 1897. Five years after Yale and Harvard originated intercollegiate debating, Wake Forest and Trinity College, now Duke, selected three speakers each, who for three months prepared for a Thanksgiving Day debate in Raleigh's now-destroyed Academy of Music building. Unlimited interest was shown in the meeting of the two schools. Before an audience that jammed every inch of standing or sitting room in pit and gallery, the Wake Forest debaters won a two-to-one decision.

Mr. T. Neal Johnson was largely instrumental in arranging the debate. Now a retired portrait painter in Chapel Hill, Mr. Johnson not only proposed the idea, but spoke himself in the contest. The other

(Continued on page twenty)



The 1941 Debate Squad gets together. Reading from left to right: George Watkins, Bob Goldberg, Coach Robinson, Ralph Brumet, Weston Hatfield.

Puppy Love

By HANNAH MAY SAVAGE



AMONG the many emotions one experiences in the act of growing up is that case of affection commonly and adequately termed "puppy love." I think every girl goes through such a stage, and that, though the emotion felt at the time may die, she never forgets it. My first case of puppy love remains to this day one of my dearest memories.

I can't remember the exact moment I first saw David, but I recall vividly that the Methodist population of our town was in a fever of anticipation over the arrival of a new preacher.

On Sunday the church was filled to overflowing, and just before time for the sermon to begin, an excited little murmur arose and buzzed over the congregation. The pianist entered and began the prelude. There was a momentary hush and thrill of expectancy when the door of the study opened, and there stood a small, very erect person clothed in a dark suit.

His face was gentle and his eyes kind. He stood still for a moment and then moved toward the pulpit. Full of poise and grace for one so low in stature, he knelt and raised his face to Heaven in silent prayer.

The congregation was visibly impressed.

I remember very little about the sermon. Being only ten, I found the intricacies of Mother's purse more fascinating than a discourse on a theological topic.

After the service I was somewhat unceremoniously dragged up to shake hands with the preacher. When that awkward ceremony was performed, I beheld, through a group of people pressing about the preacher, a small, chubby chap of my own size. He had blue eyes and a cowlick—two things of gravest importance to me at the time. He stood gazing loftily up at the figure of Jesus on the stained glass window. He turned just in time to see me, and our eyes met. I coyly dropped mine and felt hot blood surge to my cheeks. Oh the misery, the shame of that moment! When I looked up he was still there, gazing placidly at the window and busily ignoring my existence.

The next day the preacher's son came to school and the boys liked him at once. I know they liked him because they let him play marbles with them—something no mere girl was allowed to do.

At recess we played the game that has become traditional among America's younger set: "Cops and Robbers." The girls were the robbers that day.

There was a certain corner at the side of the gymnasium where one could hide and rest a moment. So, after losing my breath for the first time I ran to hide there. But alas, I was pursued. I heard the panting breaths of someone close behind me, struggling to catch me. I increased my pace, but it was in vain. I felt a hard, determined little hand catch me by the collar of my coat and jerk me around to face him. It was David.

I struggled to be free, fought, and lost. He took me to the tree called "prison," and triumphantly turned me over to the care of the keeper.

From that day on I claimed him for my own. I knew that I loved him and must have him for my exclusive property.

So it grew, my first case of puppy love. It grew until we became inseparable. We played together every afternoon in my swing. We walked to and from school hand in hand.

It lasted for four blissful years. But alas, as is the custom of Methodist preachers, David's family had to move on to another charge.

Oh agony! Oh utter despair! I imagined I could not stand it, that I would wilt away like some frail flower and die of a broken heart. (Broken hearts were very romantic to me at that time.)

He left. I cried myself to sleep the first night after his departure. I have seen him only twice since, and as we are older, our affection is not the same.

But the memory is sweet. While David has been replaced time and again, emotion still fills me when I think of our childish affection. A lump comes into my throat when I remember his blue eyes, his hard little hands, his determined cowlick. But that is over now, and all I have left is a memory—a memory that will never fade.



A Knightmare

By LUCY McNEELY

Lady Meredith:

The Lady Meredith, ah lovely maiden she,
Her sweet form like a fairy's or a dove's.
Her hair with purest silk was covered o'er
But still the gold of it shone forth like stars
Where'er the candle-light shone on it.

Her smile was like the faint, sweet prayer of hope,
And so it was, for she was loved, and she returned it.
And all her heart was for him only—
And he did not come.

He promised by the statue of St. Mary
He promised he would come tonight
And yet—he does not come,
A step, a step, I hear a step—can it be he?

Oh, my brothers, 'tis only them I see,
Good E'en brother Wake and brother Forest,
What brings thee to my garden at this hour?

Lord Forest:

Lord Forest frowns and glowers at the maid—
And why art thou here at this hour, I ask?
Thy place is in thy bed, or by thy fire.

Lord Wake:

The Lord Wake nods his head and fiercely says—
Yes, sister, thou wilt catch thy death of cold.
Now go from out this foul, unearthly air.

Lady M.:

Nay, nay, I will not go my lords, I swear.
This is my bower, I would tell thee to go.

Lord W.:

What think ye makes our lady act so fierce?
I trow I know the answer not, my lord.

Lord F.:

She pineth for that low-born country lad,
The one thou biddest to ne'er come here again.

Lord W.:

So! She would pine for love behind our backs.
My lady, cease your sighs and dry your tears.
Thou canst not have this common silly knight.
Hast thou forgotten thou art soon to wed
Another, richer far than any knight?
The Duke has wealth and power and armies great;
His name is known far over all the land.
He loves thee truly, thou shalt be his wife
The wedding date is set a fortnight hence.

Lady M.:

Speak gently, my brothers, for my love is deep.
Thou canst not know the horror I now feel
When thou dost bring into my mind
The thought that thou wouldst have me wed a lord
Whom I can never love, or e'en respect.
I cannot! and her head sinks low in grief.

Lord F.:

The brothers glower at the saddened maid.—
We've given our word, it must be kept. Nay cease
Besides thou canst not know what's best for thee.
Now calm thy fears and trust in us and truly
We'll make thy fate the happiest in the land.

Lord W.:

The brothers turn and stride from out the bower.

Lady M.:

Ah, love, how can I let thee go, my dear?

My heart is ice, I know nought else but fear.
Where can he be?

A step, step, I hear a step. Can it be he?
Oh, Lady Peace, come in. It would be she.

Lady Peace:

Thy face is sad, my lady fair, and why,
I think I know. Thou needst not tell me, nay.
Thy dear Sir State has failed to come tonight.

Lady M.:

Ah, Lady Peace, speak forth, speak forth, you know?
Where is my love, is he safe? Oh, say.

Lady P.:

He's safe enough, ah yes, quite safe—from thee.

Lady M.:

Ah, no! He could not, no!

Lady P.:

But yes, he's with another fairer far than thou!
Her name? the good St. Mary.
He kneels below her shrine and prays,
And sees nought but her beauty and her grace!
He scorns thee for a statue, ah poor maid.
But do not weep, the world is full of knights:
And many are far handsomer than he.

Lady M.:

But I love him, no other knight can take his place.
He cannot love her truly, he's bewitched.
A step, a step, I hear a step. Can it be he?
Go, go! my Lady Peace. Be quick, he comes.
My love! Oh, sir! I did not know, I thought—

Prince Carol:

I was another, nay. But I will win that love
Which makes thee cry aloud for him.
For never have I seen such wondrous beauty.

Lady M.:

Oh, sir, thou must not speak to me this way.
I know not e'en thy name or aught else of thee.

Prince C.:

My lady fair, my name is Carol, Prince Carol
Of Carolina, you've heard of me, I know.
And I have heard so much of thee, dear lady;
I've come from thirty miles to see thy face.
Canst thou not give a small reward, at least?
I only wish that I might know how I might please
thee most.

Oh, say, I pray thee now.
I'll kill a hundred knights, or even dragons.
I'll bring thee treasures from lands afar,
My lady, only tell me which of these.

Lady M.:

Oh, sir, I know not what to say to thee;
Thou speakest in such accents bold and brave
And lookest on me with eyes so fierce and quick,
I fear thee, Prince.

I would not have thee killed for me, ah no,
But only sing a lay of softer time
And play thy lute and let us gentle be.

(The prince begins to strum and hum.)

Prince C.:

My Lady, please forgive me for my haste.
Thy beauty quite o'ercame my simple heart.
But thou art lovely, yea, beyond compare,
And—but I must sing—Prince Carol sighs and strums
his lute. (Prince sings.)

Lady P.:

The Lady Peace comes out from behind the arch.
She has been spying on our luckless pair.
She smiles and softly murmurs to herself:
Ah, I will go and tell Sir State the news.
He'll soon forget her and remember me—Perhaps
Besides, she loves him not if she
Can leave him for another knight so soon.
The Lady Peace trips softly from the bower.

Blue Duke:

What ho! What ho! What cruel fate is this?
Thou beast, thou wolf, thou silly singing fool.

Prince C.:

My lord. Thy tongue is sharper than thy wit.
Dost thou not know who stands before thee now?

Blue D.:

I know not, and I care not—thou, thou cur!
Thou sneakest here and singest my Lady songs
When she is promised to wed to me.

Prince C.:

To thee? Ha, ha.
She would not wed with such as thee, I trow.
How could she love a pompous fool like thee?
(Blue Duke throws his glove upon the ground.)

Blue D.:

I'll stop thy mouth, thou babbling fool,
I challenge thee to duel. Come and fight.
The Blue Duke is a terror to his foes.
His name is called "Blue Devil" he's so fierce.

Prince C.:

It is? Well, really sir—How very nice.
But come, we'll get this business over quick.
I'll not waste time in useless, silly threat.
My thrusts will make thee sigh for every breath.

Lady M.:

Oh, sirs, this is a dreadful, cruel fate.
I plead with thee, forgive, forget this duel.
My lords, it is a dreadful false mistake.
The Lady Meredith wrings her hands and weeps.

Prince C.:

Fear not, my queen, all will be well with me,
'Tis but a trifle matter I must mend
All will o'er within a few short breaths.
The Prince lets out a mighty sigh for her.
(Draws swords.)

Lady M.:

The Lady Meredith wrings her hands and cries—
My brothers, oh my brothers, they will save them.
And gathering up her dainty skirts she flees.

Blue D.:

Come, come, let's get this over now. Be quick.

Prince C.:

But wait, an honest witness we must have.
To make the fight quite fair and right, you know.
Who shall it be?

Blue D.:

The Lady Meredith has a cousin here;
He's feasting in the banquet hall, I trow.
I'll call a page to fetch him if you like—
But, wait, someone is coming this way now.

Lord David:

Good evening, Duke, I hear there has been a battle.
Where is the corpse? I cannot see one here.

Blue D.:

There stands the corpse, or what will be one soon.
This is Prince Carol, my worthy enemy.
Prince Carol, this is my Lady's relative
His name is Cousin David.

Prince C.:

Good evening, sir, wouldst thou a favor do?
Then watch our battle now, and judge it fair.
We need a witness for legality.

Cousin D.:

'Twill be a pleasure, I assure you sir.
There's nothing I do love like a good fight.
First let me see your swords—now, come and fight!
They draw their swords and stand on guard, each
watchful.

The Prince springs quickly at the Duke, the fight is on.
The blades flash in the air like fire;
The clang is heard afar.

They sway, they dodge, they turn, they twist, they
touch.

Hussah, hussah, sis boom bah! Carolina, Carolina,
Rah, rah, rah!

(Runs to other side.)

Ray, Duke, rah, Duke.

Slice him up! Run him through!

Whoooooooooooooooooooo!

The Prince with furious force drives back the Duke.

The Duke falls back, he falters and is lost.

The Prince drives on and runs his victim through.

The Duke's sword clatters from his dying hand.

Lo, he is dead.

Prince C.:

Lo, thou art dead.

Blue D.:

Lo, I am dead.

Lord Wake:

Is he dead?

Lady M.:

The Lady Meredith screams and faints away.

Prince C.:

The noble Prince runs to her with concern.

Lord F.:

Lord Forest gets some water from the spring.

Lord D.:

Poor cousin David is frightened half to death.

Lady M.:

She opens her eyes, smiles faintly, and revives.

Lord W.:

They all let out a sigh of great relief.

(Continued on page thirty-two)

