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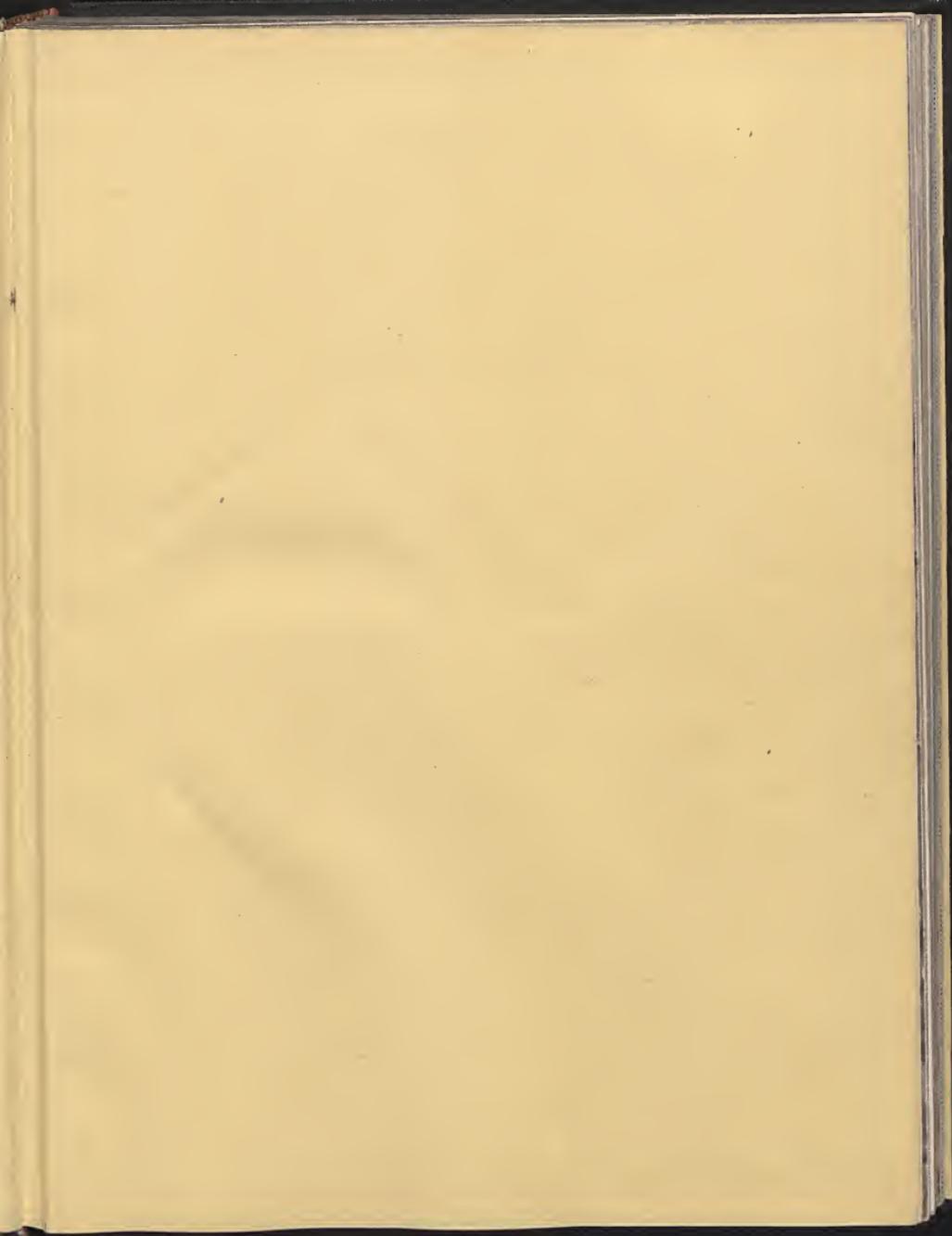
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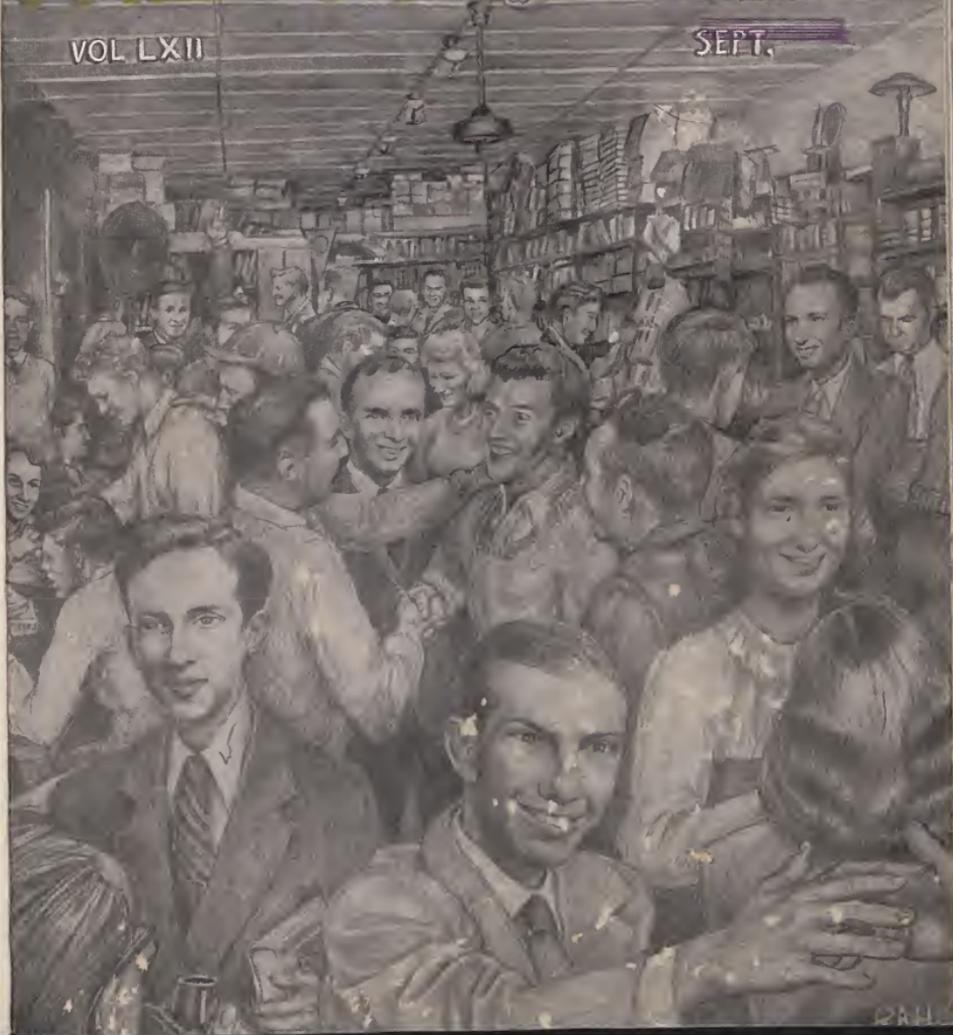
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# THE STUDENT

OCT 6-1948

VOL LXII

SEPT.



PAH

# WATCH THAT WING!

Daring  
BETTY SKELTON  
calls it  
"precision  
flying"—  
but few men  
would try it!



BETTY SKELTON'S Toughest STUNT—USING HER  
WING TIP TO PICK UP TWO SILK RIBBONS—500 FEET  
APART—EACH STRETCHED BETWEEN TWO POLES,  
ONLY TEN FEET ABOVE THE GROUND!



"EXPERIENCE IS  
THE BEST  
TEACHER!"

SAYS BETTY SKELTON,  
"IN PRECISION FLYING...  
AND IN CHOOSING A  
CIGARETTE, TOO!"

WITH BETTY—AND MILLIONS  
OF OTHER SMOKERS—  
CAMELS ARE THE  
"CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE."



Let your "T-Zone"  
tell you why!  
T for Taste... T for Throat...

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

R. J. REYNOLDS  
TOBACCO CO.,  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

I COMPARED  
MANY DIFFERENT  
BRANDS. COOL,  
MILD **CAMELS**  
SUIT ME TO  
A 'T'

Betty Skelton

THE CHOICE  
OF EXPERIENCE

According to a Nationwide survey:  
**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS  
THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**  
Three nationally known independent  
research organizations asked 113,597  
doctors to name the cigarette they  
smoked. More doctors named Camel  
than any other brand.

**MORE PEOPLE ARE SMOKING  
CAMELS THAN EVER BEFORE**



# Behind The Student Door



FIRST ON OUR LIST of contributors this month is our associate editor, Bill McIlwain. And justly so. A lad of much color and few inhibitions, McIlwain is known widely for his elegant wardrobe. On week days he may be seen strolling down Faculty Avenue wearing a studious expression on his face and a shoe-string tie about his neck. On Sundays and more formal occasions, you may see him attired in tails and an old straw hat, pitching baseball with the coeds in front of P. D.'s. A journalist of no little note, he scored his first collegiate scoop when a plane crashed in the Hurricane several years ago. In addition to earning fifty-nine easy dollars, the McIlwain by-line appeared in fifteen papers including the *Washington Post*. For a more recent scoop, read his skillful sports analysis of the recent George Washington game on Page 20.



WALTER FRIEDENBERG, husky lad that he is, collared us the other day and in menacing guttural tones threatened us with all sorts of bad things unless we informed all readers that the pictures of him on Page 6 are posed shots of what is really a morally upright, teetotaling citizen. "And," he growled, "the same thing goes for my brother, Ed!" "Yer dern right!" hiccupped Ed.

For your elucidation, the brothers may be distinguished by their stories. Walt is the author who illustrated his own story about the hoosegow and also dashed off the character sketch on Hofmann. Ed wields the pen about the eyes which hypnotized John Gibson on Page 14. If you still can't tell them apart, Walt is the one who shaves.



IF YOU HAPPEN to be on or about the campus and see a rather disheveled creature with glazed eye and aimless course, send not for the local constabulary, for he is Ralph A. Herring, Jr., no sot, but our chief illustrator and genius extraordinaire. Generally, his were the brains behind Wake Forest's recent addition to the Tobacco Network, doing more technical work and receiving less credit than any member of the praiseworthy staff. Particularly, he illustrated "The Storm" on Page 18 and drew the cover, a masterpiece which conspires to posterity the shining countenances of Caldwell, Humphrey, Huff and other greater and lesser campus luminaries.



AUTHOR OF "DYING DEACON," an article concerning Wake Forest's spiritual lassitude, is Editor Bob Grogan of *Old Gold and Black* fame who is a home-loving man, and already far too domesticated to be the fiery editor that he is. For proof of such a seemingly paradoxical statement, drop by the inner sanctum of the OG&B office sometime and take a gander at the celestial-blue walls offset by cherub-pink furnishings. It is indeed a far cry from yesteryear when the only permanent fixture relieving the monotony of that empty room was the editor.



WITH THE FIRM BELIEF that every predominantly male magazine (five-to-one, girls) should contain at least one picture which will attract all male eyes, we are presenting for the first time in *THE STUDENT* history, a coed pin-up feature. If you haven't already peeked, you will find that



(Continued on page four)

When Your  
Motor Drops  
Out . . . .  
. . . Or Some  
Less Catastro-  
phic Event  
Occurs . . .

*our service department  
stands ready to pro-  
vide you with expert  
attention*

OR

*let us take  
your order  
for a new car*

*for Economical Transportation*



**Chevrolet  
Service**

Wake Forest, N. C.

## Letters to the Editor

*Giving Us a Chance*

Dear Sir:

I haven't seen one of your magazines yet and I guess it's cause one hasn't come out yet. I'm the kind of guy that would see 'one if one came out. I'm that kind of guy. But I'm waiting to see one.

Now, I'm not climbing on your back, you understand. I'm willing to give you a chance by waiting 'til I get a look at your first mag. I'm the kind of guy that's willing to give anybody a chance. But what I'm wanting to say is that it better be good when it does come out. You start putting out some rot that I and my friends don't go for and I'm promising you right now that you and your boys won't last long.

Off hand, I'd say your chances of putting out much of a magazine aren't too good. I've seen you around the campus and also a few spots you wouldn't want me to speak of in this letter and you don't look too bright to me. And most of the folks who work for you also don't look too bright.

But I'm willing to give you a chance by waiting and seeing. I'm that kind of guy.

Sincerely,

A leading student.

Ed. Note—We appreciate your giving us a chance. We're the kind of guys that appreciate anybody giving anybody a chance. We're that kind of guys. We're also the kind of guys that can tell by your signature that you'd be a bad man to cross, what with being a leading student and all.

*Friend of the Little Man*

Dear Sir:

In accord with journalistic ethics you and your staff are supposed to be unbiased, striv-



Future-perfect fashions  
for on and off campus

*College Shop — Second Floor*

**MONTALDO'S**

*Winston-Salem, N. C.*

# DON'T SKIP CHAPEL!

*but*

when the last  
bell tolls,  
follow the  
crowd to

## The College Book Store

*"On the Campus"*

Student Headquarters  
For --

Books  
Supplies  
Pennants  
Jewelry  
Sodas

No class distinction  
or freshman  
discrimination

## Letters to the Editor

ing constantly to give Wake Forest readers a true, impersonal interpretation of the news. You are cognizant of this I'm sure.

I make this observation as a preface to a statement which I feel you should regard as one worthy of weighty consideration, and it is: in the past, news stories dealing with the actions of a minority political party on this campus have been written in a manner to make the party appear ridiculous. I hope that your presentation of the news this year will be a fair one and not one of twisted and distorted facts.

Yours very truly,  
Kismet Talkwell.

*Friend of the Big Man*

Dear Sir:

You and your boys supposed to be fair. You ought not should have leanings one or other toward things. I'm meaning to say that how ever things are, you should write them how ever they are. You know that.

Why I'm saying this is because you being the holder of the job you are, ought should know that in the past some stories have made the biggest political party in this town look like a bunch of clowns. I'm hoping you won't be making the biggest political party on the



Amazing  
values  
in



white shirts  
\$2.95



One look at the fine mercerized cotton Broadcloth fabric, and you'll know these handsome Wings Shirts are worth more than only \$2.95 Especially with such fine features as a full cut, contour body... tapered sleeves, and the new WING-SET process which guarantees accurate fit.



B. & S. Dept. Store  
Wake Forest, N. C.

Cadillac,  
Dodge,  
Nash,  
Stanly  
Steamer

★

*Whatever make your  
car is, we will treat  
it with expert  
attention*

★

We are specialists in  
front wheel alignment  
and wheel balancing

Whether it be complete  
body repair, painting, lu-  
brication, or new accesso-  
ries, our company will  
rid you of "car-trouble"  
blues.

*24 Hour  
Wrecker Service*

★

Miller Motor  
Co.

Ford Sales & Service

★

Wake Forest, N. C.

## Letters to the Editor

campus look like a bunch of  
clowns this year.

Sincerely,  
Dagwood Kornbread.

Ed. Note—Tsk! Tsk!

*The Ladies Speak*

Dear Sir:

Each year crude and unkind  
jokes are printed in college  
publications concerning the lack  
of feminine pulchritude on the  
Wake Forest campus. We girls  
don't appreciate jokes of this  
type, nor do we think they are  
justifiable. We may not be the  
most beautiful girls in the world  
but we've seen some males on  
this campus who look like they  
were born ugly and had a re-  
lapse.

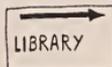
Sincerely yours,  
Twelve Bostwick Girls.

Ed. Note—Nothing personal,  
we hope.

### BEHIND THE STUDENT DOOR

*(Continued from page one)*

our first choice is Miss Betty  
Isbell. Luscious lass that she is,  
Betty is also quite adept with a  
palette, sketching the small  
silhouette fillers you will find in  
the back and illustrating John  
Byers' story, "Dead Babies."



# STOP! LOOK! VISIT!

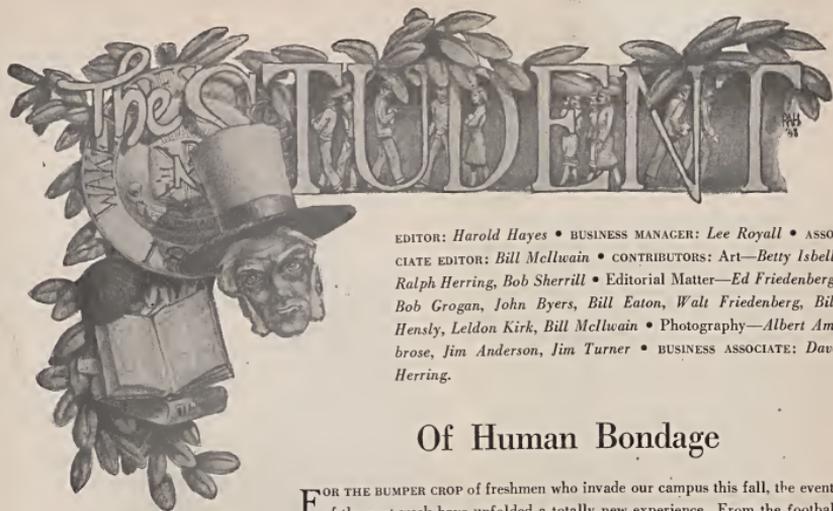
OURS IS THE MOST  
MODERN UP-TO-  
DATE STORE  
IN TOWN

IN  
ADDITION  
TO A COMPLETE  
LINE OF GROCERIES  
AND MEATS,  
WE ARE ABLE  
TO OFFER YOU A  
LARGE VARIETY OF  
LIGHT EVENING  
SNACKS!

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'S

NEW SUPER  
VALUE MARKET

WAKE FOREST, N. C.



EDITOR: Harold Hayes • BUSINESS MANAGER: Lee Royall • ASSOCIATE EDITOR: Bill McLwain • CONTRIBUTORS: Art—Betty Isbell, Ralph Herring, Bob Sherrill • Editorial Matter—Ed Friedenber, Bob Grogan, John Byers, Bill Eaton, Walt Friedenber, Bill Hensly, Leldon Kirk, Bill McLwain • Photography—Albert Ambrose, Jim Anderson, Jim Turner • BUSINESS ASSOCIATE: Dave Herring.

## Of Human Bondage

FOR THE BUMPER CROP of freshmen who invade our campus this fall, the events of the past week have unfolded a totally new experience. From the football game to our own beloved *femmes fatales*, most freshmen have stared in starry-eyed wonder.

Special steps were taken last year by Student Government bodies (Freshman Advisory Council, Freshman Orientation groups) to guide the willing newcomers into the Wake Forest tradition, *i.e.*, friendliness, a sense of belonging, and reverence for the past glories of Alma Mater.

The purpose of these groups, conceived and conducted by Fraternity Party big-wigs, was a laudable one.

Their methods of effecting that purpose, THE STUDENT feels, were childish and ineffective. As a result, the purpose was defeated.

For neglecting to speak or wear name tags, freshmen were hauled before a "rat court." These courts, intended to be the counterpart of humorous, pre-war blood-lettings, were in effect about as humorous as a summary court martial. Chief reason was that officials were trying to brow-beat into freshmen school spirit which they themselves did not possess. Spirit is born, not made.

According to the PFP platform for the current year, the freshman program will be continued. If so, officials of those groups, whether fraternity or non-fraternity men, should remember that the student body government is a democratic organization, and that freshmen are neither pledges in a fraternity nor privates in an army.

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PRISONER, lying prone, was at first arrested for over parking in gutter on Main Street. Having arisen and petulantly beat his fists on officer's chest, he was clubbed into original position by Lieut. Knuckles. Here begins the first step in the triumph of justice over student lawlessness.





AWAITING TRIAL, he places nose across bar, nasally hums "Crossing the Bar."

"Fairly  
Noble

Name... Somewhat Glorious Fame..."



HANDCUFFED SECURELY to Captain Knuckles and led upstairs to court room, prisoner is surly, churlish, decides that he will spit on floor anyhow.

#### AN INSIDE STORY ON THE CITY JAIL

by WALT FRIEDENBERG

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, Our Beloved Mother, that great institution of higher learning, that pillar of scholarship, that moulder of men, has sent thousands of worthy sons out into the world to make the world a better place in which to live. She has sent her sons to schools and colleges to instruct our nation's youth. She has sent her sons to churches and mission fields to convert the heathen. Yea, she has even sent her sons to jail to cool their heels.

Just temporarily, of course, and just a few, a few who, in the course of their carefree collegiate careers, have strayed, oh, ever so slightly, from the path. On the whole, though, Wake Foresters stay on the right side of the law, or at least they don't get caught very often. In assembling material for my *Who's Who In Collegiate Crime*, which should be hitting the book shops any day now, gray-haired Chief T. A. Jones of the local gendarmes told me, "The College has the finest bunch of boys I've ever met in my life! . . . One hundred per cent support . . . splendid! . . . excellent! . . . The college officials, the boys, the girls, the ball players, all perfect ladies and gentlemen! Of course, there's always a few stinkers, but it's hard for me to lock anybody up, they've been so coöperative." And Judge Donald Gulley, who has been pounding his gavel in Wake Forest for thirteen years, speaks of the "very pleasant recollections" he has always had of dealing with the students. "Very little trouble with

(Continued on page twenty-three)



BEFORE TRIAL, prisoner's lawyer (3rd from end) rubs rabbit foot for luck.



WAVING HELLO as trial begins is Police Commissioner Otis Knuckles. Now broken with remorse and misery,

the prisoner returns greetings as he hands over for safe-keeping an overdue term-paper for Dr. Pearson.

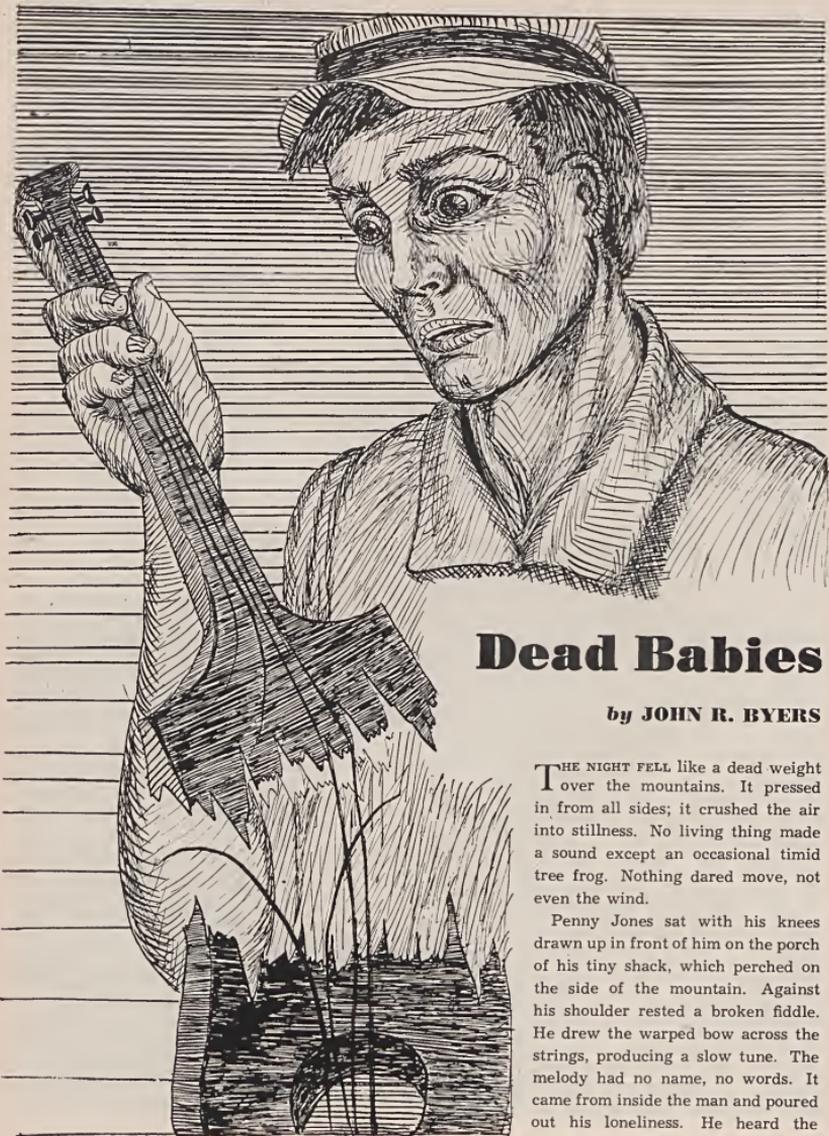


WAVING GOODBYE is Judge Gulley as prisoner, relaxed and waiting, is sentenced. Shortly after this shot

was made, Corporal O'Flanigan (at right of convict) jerked his silly old bones until he stood up right.



NOW ON STATE CAMPUS, he pursues lab course in Geology. *Upper right:* Come next Saturday, same place; same show.



## Dead Babies

by JOHN R. BYERS

THE NIGHT FELL like a dead weight over the mountains. It pressed in from all sides; it crushed the air into stillness. No living thing made a sound except an occasional timid tree frog. Nothing dared move, not even the wind.

Penny Jones sat with his knees drawn up in front of him on the porch of his tiny shack, which perched on the side of the mountain. Against his shoulder rested a broken fiddle. He drew the warped bow across the strings, producing a slow tune. The melody had no name, no words. It came from inside the man and poured out his loneliness. He heard the cruel clattering of the dishes inside

the house, the constant jabbering of his wife Lovie, the crazy words of Maw as she stared into the fire. These things made him even more lonely. He felt completely lost.

Penny was a small man in his late fifties. He had farmed his own land all his life or at least until he had married Lovie. She was a mill-town girl, and Penny could not make enough money farming a hillside plot to satisfy her. He had, reluctantly, accepted a job as a lumberjack to quiet her. He was not happy, but there was not very much that he could do about it. His sad eyes peered into the darkness as if searching for something he could not have. The weary moon lit the ruts of his tired face with a pale glow. The night oppressed him, and he pulled the bow even more lightly across the strings.

Suddenly, Lovie appeared in the doorway. Her thin figure broke the stream of lamp light that fled from the room. She was, perhaps, twenty-five. Her stringy hair hung limply around her shoulders; a wisp of it fell on her forehead. The coarseness of her body stood out brazenly; the gaudy dress she wore was covered with filth. Her flat breasts showed through the thin cloth and held only disgust for Penny. He looked at her left ear; the top of it had been bitten off in a fight with Pearl Mitchell. He turned his eyes back into the forest.

"Git yore lazy bones in here, you no-count loafer," she grunted. "Hit's supper time."

Penny made no reply.

"Did ye hear me?" she shouted. "Git on in here. I hain't got no time to waste on you and th' ole woman. Now git."

She wheeled and hurried back into the house.

Penny glanced once more into the friendly woods. His sunken eyes blinked several times, and then he went into the house. He

laid his fiddle on the mantle and spoke to Maw.

"Ye want anythang, Maw?" he asked.

The old lady continued to stare into the fire. The thumb and forefinger of her right hand were pressed together with the tips open. Occasionally, she licked the tips and then waited for a wayward fly to alight there. With one deft closing motion she squeezed the life from the insect, dropped it to the floor, and licked the trap again. At night there were no flies, but she sat that way all the same. She looked up at her son, then quickly returned her gaze to the fire.

"They's dead babies a-wailin' in the woods tonight," she said with quivering lips.

Penny looked into the crackling flames; the heat made his eyes sting. He turned toward the table where Lovie was already eating. Her mutilated ear protruded from the thin hair. Slumping into his chair, Penny watched her eat for a moment. The food ran from the corners of her mouth as she crammed in a huge piece of corn bread. His eyes fell to the table. He was very tired from his day's work, but he could not eat. He was not hungry.

Penny looked back to Maw. She was still staring into the fire, grinning faintly. He began to fill a plate with the canned beans that Lovie had bought at the commissary. He got up from the table and walked toward the fire.

"What ye gonna do with that?" asked Lovie. "What ye gonna do with that, I said?"

"I'm gonna feed Maw," he answered. "She got to have somebody to feed 'er."

"Humph, if it 'uz me, I betch ye I wouldn't give 'er nothin'. Hain't no use in a ole witch like her a-livin', a-takin' up good food."

Penny looked sorrowfully at Lovie. He wanted very much to do something, but he could

not. His insides felt weak.

"She got to live, don't she?" He spooned the cold beans into Maw's mouth. He wished that he had some green vegetables from his garden, but his new job did not give him time to tend one.

"I don't see why she got to live. Hain't doin' nobody no good. Jus' sets all day a-starin'. Not doin' a thang. Jus' settin' a-waitin' to ketch flies."

Lovie had arisen by this time. She stood above Penny and Maw. Her voice had reached a shriek.

"Hain't never nothin' to do up here on this mountain. Down at the mill they wuz dançin' and goin's on. Hain't nothin' here. Jus' Maw all day and then you at night. Hain't nothin' but you and Maw."

She was screaming. Her hair hung in her eyes. She tried to brush it aside; it fell back.

Suddenly, Maw jumped to her feet. Her eyes were fixed; her lips were trembling.

"They's dead babies a-wailin'," she muttered.

"Oh, shut up, you ole devil," screamed Lovie.

"They's dead babies. . . ."

Lovie's hand shot out. It struck Maw full in the mouth. The old woman dropped to the chair. Penny stood with his head down. The house was silent.

"Git out o' here," shouted Lovie addressing Penny. "Git out o' here."

Penny walked out the door. He heard Maw mumbling. He could not think. His mind was cluttered. He walked down the high steps. The darkness blinded him, but he started up the narrow path to the spring. To one side he could see the outline of the barren corn stalks from last year. His throat was dry. He stooped and picked up a handful of the rich, black earth. It was warm, and he could feel the life in it. He clenched his fist about it and walked on to the spring.

(Continued on page twenty-nine)

# Dying Deacon

Veterans accuse non-veterans,  
boys accuse girls

by BOB GROGAN



SPIRIT OF '13



SPIRIT OF '25



SPIRIT OF '37



SPIRIT OF '48

IS WAKE FOREST spirit biting the dust? Most of us seem to think so, but no one has yet done anything to improve this problem of "spirit." There are others among the student population of this college who don't care about student spirit. Maybe this is because of the fact that they have never been initiated into the spirit that prevailed on the campus in by-gone years.

Joe Doaks, typical red-blooded American college boy, attends the outstanding football game of the season—Homecoming Game. Before the game Joe hops into his automobile, goes to Raleigh, gets his dates, who happens to be lodged in one of the Raleigh hotels because of lack of space in Wake Forest, drives back to Wake Forest, stops by the fraternity house, mingles with the other boys and girls around the house, and finally departs for the stadium minutes before or after the kickoff.

The fraternity had every-thing pre-arranged. The boys

were to sit in one section. They had bought their tickets in that manner. All of the boys and their girl friends would be together. How wonderful! Of course, it must have been wonderful for the boys.

Below them the Deamon Deacons are on the march, employing the newly installed T-formation. What a game this is going to be! But our friends, Joe Doaks and his crew, are not aware of the fact. From their section only feminine laughs and occasional chuckles from the boys stir the air. The game? Oh, yes, the game. They had forgotten about that.

Joe was asking a friend about the dance that night. Homecoming Dances! What a wonderful time they would have tonight! And why not? For two weeks or more they had been scrubbing the chapter room floor, dusting rugs, washing windows, and giving the house a general fall cleaning.

For weeks now they had called, written and wired their "steady" back home for a dance date. Disregarding the number of "steadies" they may have wired, the boys had their girls. What a weekend! The ball game? Why, scarce mention. Maybe the boys could tell you if one of their members happened to be the leading passer, kicker or runner in the nation, for they had applauded him at the last frat meeting. The ball game? No, they couldn't tell you one thing. Their section was dead as many other sections in

(Continued on page thirty-two)

# Win, Women and Song

by WALT FRIEDENBERG

IT WAS A COLD January third this year in Pleasantville, New Jersey. Billows of snow poured out of the gray sky, blanketing streets, walks, lawns and rooftops. Piercing, numbing blasts of air rushed and swirled and pushed millions of fast-falling particles of snow and ice up against houses and fences. The wind roared and whistled as it detoured around trees and chimneys. Humps of snow along the streets marked the location of parked cars.

No one was outside in that cold darkness. All of Pleasantville was at home, chatting around a warm fireplace, reading in a comfortable chair, listening to the radio, or listening to records. That's what one tall, red-headed young man was doing—listening to records, enjoying himself.

Then suddenly, weakly, above the sound of the music and the howling of the wind, came faint, high-pitched cries of "Help!" seeming to originate from the brook a short distance from the house. Immediately the young man dashed out into the frozen drifts and stumbled through the snow toward the stream. Coming to the bank of the rapid brook, he spotted the tiny figure of an eight year old girl, being carried along by the icy waters.

Without a moment's hesitation he plunged into the frigid

stream, caught the nearly drowned benumbed child in his grasp, and fighting the rapid current which threatened to engulf them both, made his way to the bank. Then, all but exhausted, he carried the crying youngster into the house. Only after he had secured the aid of a doctor and saw to it that the child was attended, did he allow himself to be treated.

Later the child was returned to her grateful mother. The young, red-headed hero modestly accepted her words of gratitude and only requested that the episode receive no publicity. The affair was never reported in the newspapers, and the identity of the young man has never, until now, been revealed.

You've probably guessed his name by now. Yes, it was Herbie Blatzenheimer, your good friend and mine. What's that? You thought it was Fred Hofmann? Oh, you're mad! Hofmann? Never! I just mentioned this story because Fred's birthday happens to fall on January the third. Goodness no, Hofmann wouldn't go outside in a snowstorm if his brother was freezing to death on the porch. Anyway, he was down here in Wake Forest that night sitting up with some sick friends—and the more he won, the sicker they got.\*

As I was planning to say, before this thing got out of hand, Fred Hofmann was born on January third, twenty-three years ago, in Pleasantville, New Jersey. Why there? Because, as Fred explains, "I wanted to be near my mother." Surely such



filial devotion at such an early age is commendable. But then again, Fred has always been devoted. As a child he was devoted to his parents. Today he is devoted to music, women and cards.

Just so we're all talking about the same fellow, Hofmann is red-headed and big—six foot three, 209 pounds. On the campus he lumbers along in 17 pound shoes, dirty socks, pants that haven't had a crease since the Spring of '46, and a sport shirt. And don't tell him he needs a haircut. He probably just got one! you can't tell. He dresses this way because, as he says, "I ain't going any place."

But on Sundays, national holidays, and whenever he leaves Wake Forest, Hofmann pulls a Cinderella. He straightens up, holds his shoulders back, sticks out some of his 42 inch chest, puts on one of several fine double-breasted suits, and either buttons the top button of his sport shirt or wears a windsor. He's alternately "informally" and elegantly dressed.

Fred revels in violent physical exercise. Nothing is too strenuous for him: turning over in bed, dealing the cards, flipping a record, combing his hair—

(Continued on page thirty-seven)

\*Incidentally, the story you just read, this touching tale of fearless, unshrinking, stout-hearted heroism, which I made up, can be obtained, separately printed, in a beautifully illustrated, richly bound edition. Just mail the top of a 1948 Cadillac convertible and one million (1,000,000) to the author, in care of this magazine. You'll want a copy of this thriller for your library. Get Extra copies! Send them to your friends! Give them as Christmas gifts! Burn them in your stove!

# Hypnotic Persuasion

How to Influence People  
Without Making Friends

by Merton Schmerton



ABOVE are the eyes which controlled the subject below for a whole hour.



JOHN GIBSON, in a trance, waits for next words. Notice his glazed eyes.

I'M AN OPEN MINDED GUY, see? On most subjects I consider myself fairly liberal. Woman suffrage, for instance. I concede the little woman the privilege of earning a living. Same as the more superior species of the human race. Let 'em work, I always say. Let 'em vote, even. That's Schmerton. Open minded.

Religious freedom. I'm in favor of it. All the freedoms. Let them ring. You see what I mean?

What I'm trying to point out is that I came to this hypnotic demonstration willing to be convinced. I've read a lot on hypnotism. There was a swell article on it in one of the almanacs I found in the attic at home last summer. Not that I consider myself an authority on the subject, but I feel that I can hold my own when the topic is discussed.

But they had to show me. That's all I had to say. Looked like a trumped up proposition to old Merton Schmerton, the guy who

*(Continued on page thirty-nine)*

BEFORE EXPERIMENT BEGINS, the hypnotist talks quietly to the subject to gain his confidence. For personal reasons,

hypnotist would allow no recognizable shots of himself to be used nor would he allow use of his name in this story.





HOLDING A SMALL MAGNIFYING GLASS at an angle to reflect light, hypnotist persuades Gibson to slip into a subconscious state.



BELIEVING himself to be Toscanini, he motions violently to the percussionist for cymbal clash.



STUDYING BLANK PAPER, Gibson believes himself to be Napoleon planning his Waterloo strategy.



TOLD THAT THE CAMERA is a tiger approaching him, Gibson stares in wide-eyed trembling fear, wets parched lips.  
END.

## The Man Who Ate Fried Cat

SOMEWHERE IN THE STATE of North Carolina there walks a minister who'll eat meat baked, broiled, barbecued or even burned.

But he'll eat it raw before he'll eat it FRIED.

The good man's aversion to a frying pan dates back twenty-odd years to the night Tommy Farroll fell off Uncle John Ford's back porch from eating brandied peaches.

It was a wild Bacchanalian orgy that took place that night at the rambling old dairy, about four miles outside of Wake Forest. Tommy Farroll wasn't alone. In fact, twenty rabbit hunters had gone to Uncle John's that night after an all-day hunt.

Now you won't believe this, but those boys had caught 579 rabbits, and Uncle John had turned his place into an assembly line for rabbit stew.

There's an awful lot of work to skinning and stewing 579 rabbits, but Uncle John and his guests were doing their best. (Almost rhymes, huh?) It takes quite a while for 579 rabbits to stew into stew, so Uncle John suggested that the boys tide themselves over on some brandied peaches that he'd brandied with brandy. Back in those days Uncle John was known as a peach brandier of the first water—or first brandy, if you prefer. When Uncle John brandied peaches, he wanted them brandied good. He was heavy-handed with the brandy. Some folks say Uncle John used a pint per peach in his famous brandying process.

Well, the boys were hoisting a rabbit into the stew pot (one of Uncle John's biggest wash tubs) with one hand and elevating brandied peaches with the other.

Tommy Farroll had just

tossed the 421st rabbit into the wash tub when the peaches gave out. For the remaining 158 rabbits there was nothing to do but drink some of the extra brandying fluid that Uncle John had on hand.

The boys did this and on the 576th rabbit Tommy Farroll fell off Uncle John's back porch. Tommy's falling off Uncle John's back porch has more to do with the story than merely showing that skinning and stewing 579 rabbits is tiring work. You'll see later.

Finally, Uncle John—a connoisseur of rabbit stew as well as brandied peaches—pronounced the stew stewed. The boys went out in the back yard, seized Uncle John's longest and widest picnic table, shouldered it, stepped over Tommy Farroll who still lay on the ground at the foot of the steps, turned the table sideways to get it through the door, carried it through the kitchen and set it up in the dining room, which Uncle John had cleared of everything but an old oil lamp.

From the wash tub simmering on the stove to the table, Uncle John and his twenty guests transported the rabbit stew.

Now, scientists, physicists—or whoever does that kind of work—will tell you that the scent of rabbit stew rises at around 2,301 rabbit heads per second, which is pretty rapid rising anyway you look at it. Well, it stands to reason that the scent of a 579 jewelled rabbit stew would do some powerful rising. And it did.

Now, watch closely. This is where the man who ate fried cat enters the story.

Directly over the room that housed the rabbit stew was a small room which housed a



Wake Forest ministerial student. (He's a minister now, so it's likely that he'd prefer our calling him "Rabbits," "Cats" or something instead of the name his mama gave him. We'll call him "Cats.")

Well, Cats was sitting on his bed giving the texts a twirl when the scent of rabbit stew began seeping into his room. The scent squeezed up through cracks in the floor, hastened up the stairs and slipped under his closed door, and some scent even left Uncle John's table, went out in the front yard, turned around and went back through Cat's window.

Cats put his book aside.

"That smells an awful lot like rabbit stew to me," Cats said seriously. Cats was a serious youth and spoke seriously even when he was talking to himself.

Cats liked rabbit stew. He liked rabbit stew an awful lot. And he remembered that he hadn't eaten for something like maybe eight hours.

"I'd admire to have some of that rabbit stew," Cats said seriously.

Cats went downstairs and was seated eating some of the stew that Uncle John had given him when Tommy Farroll wobbled into the room.

"Got another rabbit here, Uncle John—one we forgot to

(Continued on page thirty-four)

# THE STORM



by **BILL EATON**

GUSTS OF WIND drove miniature tornadoes of dust boiling down Main Street and striking against the fly-specked windows of the stores. It sounded like the irregular ticking of a million clocks to Doctor Dow as he stood outside the front of his small office in the waning glow of late afternoon. The growing shadows were creeping in across the river: across Rattrow, across the stench of Niggertown, across the Hill, along Main Street, and over the lone figure standing beneath the sign that said wearily, "J. Dow, M.D." Only the inclement flashes of lightning from the southwest seemed to resist the coming dusk. They struck against it with sharp,

penetrating slashes like the strike of an aroused adder.

Except for the slow movement of his jaws chewing the end of a cigar, the doctor stood transfixed like a statue of stone, worn with age. His cadaverous face in the lightning's flash was like old ivory, as if it had absorbed the deadly yellowness of

the lights on the Hill; yet in that mass of bucolic pudginess was the combination of expressions that told a tale of hidden knowledge and of struggle, a struggle that might have been like the stabs of lightning—futile. The reflection of a host of sickly faces pleading for mercy and human understanding, pleading

for life, for the scalpel and for a sedative was there in the bushiness of his brow, the lines across his forehead, the purple shadows under his eyes, and in the way he flicked the ashes from his cigar.

At irregular intervals the wind ceased to blow; there would be little sound. The rattle poised to strike, that second before the first shot is fired, the expectant quiet before the voice breaks over the long distance wire, the suspense behind a hand reaching for the unopened letter. It seemed to the doctor that he could hear the catastrophic silence and the thumping of his tired heart like a pendulum, with each swing shorter, more feeble.

Then the wind would return in searing gusts. Wicked prongs of lightning, heralding the return of tangible like, jolted his fatigued mind to the reality that life still existed and was not a mere illusion.

The doctor shifted his gaze from the face of the storm that had reared its hideous head in the southwest to the far end of town, Rattrow. Countless images instantly clouded his mind: images of rancid, filth-strewn streets, clapboard shacks, snottynosed kids who had never seen their fathers. Pictures of bloody street fights, the long slashing jackknives, the morbid smell of fresh-spilled blood, the odor of decaying fruit, the privies, the lusty wenches with evil-smelling perfume, and the poisoning rotgut whiskey hauntingly clouded his mind. He gazed unseeingly until a faint glow of yellow light appeared in the direction of Rattrow. It seemed alien and out of place, like an intruder interrupting the extravaganza taking place around him. It came toward him drunkenly, bobbing and weaving. As it drew nearer it took shape. He saw that it was a lantern swinging loosely from a man's waist. There were several men, maybe

a dozen, he thought to himself. The bobbing light set their cadence, magnified them into ogre-like figures.

Two alley cats fought fiercely over a sardine can. A slobbering hound trotted by, his ribs showing through his mangy skin. Somewhere across the Hill in the forest a solitary nighthawk screamed victoriously. A door slammed; a baby cried painfully; and the ogre-like figures came on.

From the other direction a long figure strolled toward Doctor Dow. He approached nonchalantly. "Howdy, Doc," he began. Immediately the doctor recognized the sheriff. Tall and gaunt except for his paunch, he was typical of the sheriffs of a thousand small towns in America. A cud of tobacco stood out prominently in his right jaw; it looked malignant. Here was the local embodiment of the law, the little man with the false authority. From his waist dangled a heavy watch chain.

"Hello, Sheriff," the doctor greeted, paused, and then continued listlessly, "You've been out of town for a few days, haven't you?"

"Yeah, been down in Mars City to court all week. Didn't think we'd ever git done with that Dawson trial." Pulling up his worn, blue serge trousers, the sheriff sat down on a nail-keg. It creaked as he adjusted his weight into a comfortable position. He was about to speak again

when he noticed the men approaching. Brushing out a grain of sand the wind had blown in his eye, he thought aloud, "Ain't that the Jackson boys and Lute Sutter with them fellers?"

Momentarily the doctor examined his face, trying to see if the sheriff had seen the abnormal in the normal . . . the weird pattern of the men. "Yes, I guess the boys are going 'possum hunting. It's a rough night for that, tho'. I doubt if they'll have much luck."

The storm had crept nearer. The wind grew cool. Projected against the jagged outline of the

*(Continued on page thirty-four)*



# George Washington

SATURDAY'S GAME PROVED JUSHIN

BY BILL

MILD ENOUGH TO BE gulped down in great quantities without producing ill effects, or strong enough to eat stomach-lining and cause sleepless nights?

Which will Wake Forest's "T" be this season?

The 10,000 shirt-sleeved fans who saw the Deacons topple George Washington, 27-13, Saturday are wondering. Wake's play in the first half brought cries of "Back to the single wing." Zipper Deacons doings in the second half modified the cries to "Well, maybe." Then, fans filed out of the sun-baked Stadium to do mental and verbal repairs of the game. They weren't sure what they'd seen. Had they seen a ragged Deacon unit incapable of breaking even with the remaining eight foes? Or had they seen a club which will improve rapidly, and ultimately be stronger than last autumn's team which notched a 5-4 record?

What do we think? Your guess is as good as ours. At times Saturday the Deacs looked capable of developing into a team rougher than any back road in Wake County. But on the other occasions they resembled a club which would have a mighty



busy afternoon handling Auntie Jane's Lady Longhorns, especially if old Miss Bessie was "up" for the game.

Actually, the bad probably outweighed the good, but it should be remembered that the Deacs weren't impressive in whispering by Georgetown, 6-0, in last season's opener. And it was only two weeks later that they rose to the heights to knock off Carolina. Football takes many odd and unexpected twists.

In the following paragraphs we'll simply note some first impressions—both good and bad—and, since you pay your money, you can take your choice.

The Deacons won't win half of their remaining games IF (1) They have many kicks blocked deep in their own territory; (2) they fumble the ball four times at crucial points; (3) They are caught napping very often by the ancient sleeping end play; (4) They don't handle the ball more surely and with more deception; (5) They don't afford the passer more protection.

These were glaring mistakes that cropped up against the Colonials. It is natural to believe that many of these flaws will be ironed out. The T has belonged to the Deacs for but eight weeks. They should become more adept each day at running from the formation.

When Coach D. C. (Peahead) Walker installed the T last spring, he was hopeful that it would give the running attack more punch. (And quite obviously it has.) There were rainy Saturdays last season when Wake Forest was unable to pass, and when the Deacs couldn't pass they couldn't move the ball. This apparently has been altered.

Against the Colonials the Deacs rolled up a net yardage total of 266 yards on the ground. Big Deac in the ground-gobbling activities was Bill Gregus, who averaged 9.6 yards per carry on 18 trips. The Toledo Traveller was everything nice that's ever been said about him. Although hampered by a bruised side, Gregus—not especially fast for a halfback—flashed power to burn. His 65-yard excursion to the one-yard line in the first quarter was a breath-taking display of sheer power. Some would-be-tacklers were outmaneuvered but many of them were simply run over and beaten to the dirt. Another bright note on the play was the presence of alert downfield blockers. Bud Lail threw a key block shortly after Gregus had begun his twisting, zig-zagging journey.

The 52-yard scoring run by Halfback Bob (Peevee) Jones for the fourth Wake Touchdown also was indication that the Deacs will travel faster and further on the ground this fall. It was the longest scoring run from scrimmage that a Wake Forest back has made in three seasons. Lou Pollacci's 26-yard jaunt against Boston College last season was the top previous effort. This inability to break away for distance has thwarted the Deacs, but maybe—as fans say each season—this is the year.

And there were other creditable runs by Harry Dowda—who scored twice, Bud Lail, Mike Sprock and Luther King which brighten Deacon hopes. There is, however, a darker side to the running game. Despite the several sizable gains reeled off Saturday, fans had best not become too hopeful of numerous long runs

# ion and the "T"

D JUSHING : YOU STILL CAN'T TELL

BILLWAIN

by Deacon backs. There's a marked lack of speed in the backfield. There'll be long runs in future games, all right, but there's not a back on the squad who is a threat to go the distance every time he carries the ball. Now, don't misunderstand that. Gregus, for one, is a fine runner and he'll cover a lot of ground, but he's a bulling, plowing runner and not one who's certain to score when he breaks into the open. Sharp and fast secondary defenses likely will cut his distance considerably.

Wake followers shouldn't set their sights too high for scintillating, long-distance runs. The Deac running game should be better than it was in '47, but, actually, the team doesn't have the material for a swift, breathtaking ground game. This may be illustrated by comparison with Army's great backfield of '44, '45 and '46. (Of course, that's a big yard stick with which to measure any club of any age.) There's no halfback in Baptist Hollow of the Glenn Davis type who is death on the outside. And there's no Doc Blanchard-like fullback to rip the inside apart. This condition seemed especially true against G. W. It's interesting to note that most of Wake's cracks into the middle were done by halfbacks—Gregus and Dowda chiefly—and not by fullbacks. The halfbacks ran well on their shots into the line but there was a marked absence of fullback power. Of course, a halfback in any T is supposed to lit into any section, but it's a great T which has a high-gearred fullback to eat up the middle and swift halfbacks to burn the turf on wide sweeps.

Wake's ground game apparently will be one of a methodical, plodding nature.

And how will the Deacons fare in the air? The same men who did the passing and receiving last season are back, and that would indicate that the overhead attack again would be potent. Such was not the case Saturday, however. Tom Fetzer, on his first few heaves, wasn't given time to get his arm cocked. It's a known fact that passing is difficult when several foes are climbing on the clunker's back, gouging his eyes and asking him how he's doing in his school work.

Of course, Fetzer finally hit Ed Hoey with a flip that was good for 66 yards. This was a cheering note, and there's no reason to believe that the Deacons won't again be able to travel through the air. There was some brilliant work on the part of receivers. Hoey's halfback-like running after he gathered in Fetzer's toss was fine. O'Quinn pulled in two difficult throws—one of them while balancing on his nose in the G. W. end zone. (Officials ruled that he'd trapped the ball and that it wasn't a touchdown.) Dowda snared one pass with two Colonial defenders in the air beside him. (Very similar to the TD heave he caught in the Carolina game last season.)

Defensively, the Deacons appeared stout. On the other hand the Colonials didn't possess the punch that will belong to future foes. G. W. gained but 57 yards on the ground and completed but eight of 21 passes, many of them of the harmless flat variety. Both their touchdowns were of a freak nature. The first came when Fetzer faded to pass, was hit hard by Harry Bartelloni and permitted the ball to pop from his grasp into the hands of Bill

Szanyi. Bill thought it would be nice to carry the ball on into the end zone. The second G. W. score came on a sleeping end play that was good for 36 yards.

Starters in the Wake line—Ed Bradley, Jim Duncan, Bill George, Captain Bernie Hanula, Ray Cicia, Bob Affarth and Boyd Allen—were impressive. And indications are that they'll get capable relief from several reserves. Bradley, Hanula and Duncan, starters last season, were known quantities before the game, but it was especially warming to see less-tested performers play well. Sophomores Bill George, a tackle by trade who doubles in extra point booting, and fire plug-like Guard Ray Cicia are a pair of linemen who should become great.

After viewing these sickly shots in the dark, the reader undoubtedly doesn't know whether to give up on the Deacs or bet on them such treasures as dollar bills, automobiles, psychology books, the other sheet etc. But Friday night's scrap with Boston College should give to rooters, bookies and opponents a clue to future tale of the T.





*Student Pin-up*

*Betty Isbell*

## "FAIRLY NOBLE NAME"

(Continued from page seven)

students," he says, "trivial affairs . . . traffic violations . . . rare drunkenness."

For the benefit of those of you who have never been arrested in Wake Forest, here's how it works: first, you do something illegal, like driving up and down White Street at 60 miles an hour, throwing rocks at Ben's window, or filling the red ruddy Rhenish up to the brim a few times too many. That's all you have to do; the rest is up to the Police Department. If they don't arrest you, it's not your fault. You've tried.

The Law is represented by Chief Jones and Patrolman W. Otis Knuckles. If a bawling out or a "go home and go to bed" doesn't do any good, an arrest is made. Knuckles, working at night, the traditional time of day for villainous conduct, makes most of the arrests.

"You're under arrest," he says. "We're gonna have ta lock you up." And you're not dealing with a rookie, either. Knuckles is, as the papers would say, "a veteran of many skirmishes with law-breakers." "Some of 'em get peeved of," he says, "some of 'em stand there and cuss, some of 'em just keep quiet." So, off you go to the lock-up to spend the night—sleeping, if you can.

The jail is . . . well, it's . . . well, as an inmate once said, "What a dump!" Actually his comment is somewhat less than true. The observer was embittered by his prison experience. Let us hear the words of Chief Jones, who, after all, should know: "We got one of the best jails for a small town around here." I winced. "Shure. Better'n Louisburg, Nashville . . . least that's what the Health people say." The men's division consists of four cells, providing

space for eight guests. And there is "one cell for the ladies," Chief Jones admits, with just a touch of that same pride exhibited by the younger guides at the Louvre. Each room, a spacious 6'x4'x6', can be used as a combination bedroom, bathroom, and dining room. The walls and ceiling are done in gray steel stripping to provide long wear, and the floors are of a composition and hue known as "Natural Cement." Bathroom fixtures, done in "Rusty Enamel," are fetchingly arranged in a corner. The twin beds, one above the other, are "Early American." The comfortable mattresses are filled with genuine second-hand automobile parts. To allay the fears of the cautious, a stout lock prevents entrance into the cell by burglars and house-breakers. Adjacent to all cells is a "run-

# Welcome...

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FINE APPAREL AND ACCESSORIES  
FOR YOURSELF AND  
YOUR FAMILY

HOUSE FURNISHINGS  
FURNITURE AND RUGS  
ANTIQUES

## QUESTIONS

- A Twice featured here, now look you well.  
In seventy-six my symbol fell.
- B Just concentrate initially  
Your big reward—the magic three!
- C Seven show white and two show brown.  
They helped to bring me much renown.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

## RULES FOR

### CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

WATCH FOR THE WINNERS  
IN NEXT ISSUE

Rich Man,  
Poor Man,  
Beggarmen,  
Car-owner—

*our motto  
is service*



Underpass  
Service Station  
Atlas Tires and Tubes  
Wake Forest, N. C.



"And now we come to the Atomic Control Commission."

Sherwin Williams Paint

*together with*

RCA Radios

*and*

Building Materials

*all can be found at*

Jones Hardware Co.



Phone 2361

Wake Forest, N. C.

around" for the recreational advantage of inmates.

The morning after, Chief Jones hears the lame excuses: "My room-mate went home and left the door locked so Knuckles let me sleep here," or "I had a bet with a couple of the boys." But there's no getting around it. Once you're booked, you're booked.

Wake Forest is, though, a lovely town for getting bailed out of jail. "P.D.", proprietor of the College Soda Shop, has frequently bailed out both patron and non-patron. Shorty Joyner has a standing offer to all. "Just bring that paper up. I'll sign it. Been standing bonds for years. Half of 'em I never even see."

College offenders (that is, among the student body. I don't know about the faculty,) are treated by Justice with the greatest leniency. They rarely appear in court, the affairs gen-

erally being taken care of in private hearings. As the Court Clerk, friendly Mrs. Rosa Winston, puts it, "We like to get the boys straightened out before the law gets a crack at them." And even those cases which do appear in court are treated mercifully. Thank the judge, soft-hearted, sixtyish Donald Gulley, who presides at the local assizes, dressed, not in a black robe, but in a dark blue suit. As the legal machinery grinds slowly and the testimony drifts along, Judge Gulley leans back in his chair, glances around the room, pats his gray hair, yawns, and occasionally rests his head in his hand and gives the impression that he's sleeping. "Seeing as he's just a young boy," the penalty is customarily costs and a small fine. So that aside from the loss of a few dollars and a little prestige (or a gain of prestige, depending on who your friends are), being

put in jail in Wake Forest isn't so bad.

In fact it's so good, that quite a few boys have tried it within the last few years. (Ed. note: To save wear and tear on reputations, names have been altered or omitted. Any resemblance to any person, etc.) One Sunday evening a couple of years ago, Mac, Silent Don, and Stanley, while on the way to a BTU meeting, spotted a light on the second floor porch of the high school. Needless to say. . . . But before Silent Don had time to acknowledge the congratulations of his fellow-delinquents, around the corner stormed the school watchman. Don and Stanley were collared and spirited away to the local gaol. Mac footed it down the street to be just in time for the meeting, where he spoke, as scheduled, on "The Sins of Omission and Commission." His treatise was interrupted, privately, by the message that his pals had been thrown into chains.

Hustling down to the jail, Mac tucked his tongue inside his cheek and commented matter-of-factly, "Don, looks like you got put in jail." In one of longest public speeches on record, Silent Don nodded gravely and said, "Truer words were never spoken." He also put in a request for his notebook so he could finish a term-paper. They finally were let out on bail—their fraternity wrote a bad check for them. And they had to pay damages. Mac is still at-large.

A short while ago, along about closing time at Brown's, two potent wassailers—the kind who get romantic—engaged one of the waitresses in conversation, offering her an escort home and one thing or another. She didn't give them any encouragement, knowing that she would get home in a lot better shape than they would. (I've seen her shape; she was right.) When she left, Andrew and Toby followed her out to the curb, where she

*"The Best Way to  
a Man's Heart is  
Through  
His Stomach. . ."*

*See us for  
a short cut  
along the way*

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*"Good things to eat  
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TO STUDENTS  
AND FACULTY  
MEMBERS

*Let us help you in select-  
ing those necessary  
household items  
to begin a new  
school year*

**PARKER  
Hardware Co.**

WAKE FOREST, N. C.



The Vigil

hopped into a car driven by her husband.

Toby, mistaking him for some casual bouncer, clambered onto the running board and continued his line of chatter. Then, carelessly neglecting to inquire whether Toby had a firm grip on the window sill, the husband jerked the car backwards into the street. Toby rolled half way down to the Post Office and the car sped away in the opposite direction. Knuckles, alert as always, charged over to the sprawling figure "to help him up and arrest him." Bracing himself on one arm, pointing the other one after the car, Toby shrieked indignantly, "Arrest that man for reckless driving!"

By this time Andrew came rushing over to help his friend up. When he heard that Toby had been arrested, he grabbed Knuckles by the shirt and demanded dramatically, "If you're gonna take *him*, take me, too!" Knuckles took them, both of



"Matchicrulate! Matchicrulate?"

them, down to the jail. As the lock clanged shut, Toby banged the door and shouted, "I demand a fair trial!" They got one.

One week-end last spring, one of our number, having quaffed a few cups of kumiss, decided to go to Florida. You know how it is. Some people roll over on their backs and howl like a coyote. Some people think they are beavers and gnaw at the furniture. This guy just wanted to go to Florida. Well, about midnight he had gone as far as Raleigh, where he changed his mind and his obsession. This time it was a kumquat sandwich. He tried several restaurants, hash houses, and cafes, finally arriving, as ultimately do all true connoisseurs, at Shorty's, Mecca of the *cognoscente*. There weren't any kumquats, but Knuckles was there, and he didn't think it would be a good idea to be driving around in such a muddled condition. But when a man gets that old longing for a kumquat sandwich, what can stop him? The answer (you don't have to turn to page 23) is: Knuckles. As soon as he started his car, Knuckles arrested him on some technical charge.

Once in a while Knuckles has to pull out his shootin' iron. Sometime ago a couple of the

boys used to spend idle evenings by rolling bales of Mr. W. W. Holding's cotton off of the loading platform. One night Knuckles hid and waited for them. They came, as usual, but they didn't stay long. Knuckles aimed up into the air and fired. "I shot and they jumped," he says, "and they took off like jackrabbits—off that way," he signalled with a jerk of his head, "towards the Delta Sig house. Never found out who it was, but didn't have no more trouble."

But as sordid as these tales of vice and crime may be, they pale into the innocence of children's bed-time stories when placed beside the anecdotes of past generations of Wake Forest men. Ask the Old Gent, your dad. *Now* he may be one of the town's most respected citizens, a deacon in the church, and an all-around paragon of virtue, but chances are that he and his little gang of cherubs had the College, the town, and several

In  
Winston-Salem  
College men  
go to

S & M  
Clothiers

If it's  
Sporting  
goods —

*We have it*

Bocock Stroud  
Co.

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

adjoining counties in an uproar some few decades ago. Few of the boys ever fell into the clutches of the law, but most of them should have. But the town had only one cop, old Walt Bobbitt, and they say you had to jump on him before he'd arrest you. Old-timers can't recall any one being fined or convicted.

Of course, some of the Cain-raising was just good, clean, collegiate fun (like hiding behind a bush and hitting a guy over the head with a sock filled with sand, heh, heh), but some of it was pure assault, battery, petty thievery, and carrying a concealed scissors with intent to cut a freshman's hair.

Take hazing, for example. Worth Joyner, who has been slapping mustard on hotdogs for class after class of Wake Forest men, recalls the days when it was open season on freshmen and "after the sun went down nobody had a chance." Most of the new boys used to wear their

hair short in those days, in keeping with the style of the times and the wishes of the upperclassmen. The older boys used to lie in ambush on the pitch-black campus, circle around behind a timorous freshman fidgeting along the path, club him with a sand-filled sock, and shear his locks. Not just a trim around the ears—all of it. (Occasionally one of the townspeople was caught and clipped by mistake, but of course that couldn't be helped.) If the fresher was elusive for too long, the barbers would bang down the door to their victim's room, push aside the barricade of beds, trunks, chairs, and dressers, pull the reluctant fellow out of the closet, and do the job. One time, so they say, some boys stampered into President Billy Poteat's house to nab a freshman hiding in the attic. A prominent doctor in a near-by city holds the College record for haircuts: 35 in one academic year.

Then some of those chosen as guests of honor at those tonsorial sessions got a little sensitive and began to carry, aim and fire guns in an effort to protect their hair, and so passed from the scene a quaint and beloved tradition.

The old theater, owned by Shorty Joyner, provided lots of opportunities for assorted kinds of law-breaking. Occasionally a bunch of boys used to crash the show, not being able to afford the price of admission. Whereupon Shorty would stop the picture, the President of the Student Body would be summoned to the stage to make a plea on behalf of the good name of the College, and it would wind up by everyone going home.

A few of the movie-goers went to see the picture. Most of them went to throw nuts. Worth remembers seeing "peanuts, six inches deep, all over that floor." Bald heads, illuminated by the flickering light, were helpless targets. Peanuts

and even English walnuts flew through the room like tracer bullets. Those were the days of the silent movies. The only sound was a musical background provided by a piano player, and the high spot of the evening for that distinguished musician was the chase—you know, the cow-boys after the Indians or the posse after the rustlers. But just as his bass began to imitate the hoofbeats of the horses, he became the target for the whole house, and between trying to protect his head from the broadside of nuts and trying to keep from losing his place in the music, he had a rather difficult time of it. Shorty finally had to build a wire cage around him so that the show could go on uninterrupted.

Then there was the time a wine-imbiber entered the show, took off most of his clothes, folded them neatly in a seat, and lay down to sleep in the aisle.

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They threw a sheet around him and carried him home.

Once there was a near murder there when a one angle of an eternal triangle hid in the show for hours while his gun-toting rival waited outside swearing to kill him. They finally talked him out of it.

Years ago the carnival used to visit Wake Forest regularly, doing a whopping business over by the cotton mill. Then one evening in 1920, a student thought he was cheated and the word got around. They cut the tents down, they let the animals out of their cages, and in general, there was a noisy, little to-do. The circus people have been cold toward Wake Forest ever since. 1920 was the last year a circus has stopped within the town limits.

Back when the medical school was still here at Wake Forest, local ghouls frightened the daylights out of the delicate by practicing vat robbing, close ally of grave robbing. The pranksters used to steal into the unguarded med building and pull corpses out of the formaldehyde vats, dress them up in old clothes, plant them in the middle

of some path, then run down town screaming, "Help, murder, police!" Or they would hang the bodies from the trees or lay them in the path and then hide behind a tree to await developments. The College finally put a guard in the building.

There have been other things, too, like greasing the railroad tracks south of town to make stopping and starting a little more exciting for the passengers and a little more hectic for the Seaboard. And there was the time they persuaded a cow to climb to the top floor of old Wait Hall and the College administration had to use a block and tackle to get her down. And things like borrowing some farmer's mule, painting it up like a zebra, and chasing it up White Street. Things like that.

So you see, Wake Forest men, past and present, haven't always gone straight from the classroom to their beds. Noise has been made in this town. But let the experiences of others be a lesson to all of us. Come now, let us have no more of this nonsense. As we begin this new year, let us resolve . . . oh, nuts, let's go out and have some fun.



"Yeah, he's a transfer from Carolina."

## DEAD BABIES

(Continued from page eleven)

He reached for the drinking gourd; it was not there. He stretched himself out before the spring and began to drink. His eyes looked into the dark water. It was sweet and cool; it ran down his parched throat. He drank long.

At last he arose and wandered back down the trail. The light from the window shed a faint glow on the outside. Wearily, he climbed the steps and entered. Maw was sitting where he had left her, and Lovie was stacking the dishes. He walked to the mantle, looked down at Maw, and then took his fiddle from its place. Slowly, he went out the door.

The night air surrounded him like a giant hand. His body was limp. He sank to the porch and looked out into the woods. The tree frogs were singing louder; the moon slid behind a cloud. The fiddle automatically came to

his shoulder. He placed the bow on the strings, but his hand did not move. He could not play a note. His thoughts lost themselves in the darkness. He was very lonely. His right hand fell back to his side. The bow fell to the ground. There was no music left in him.

Lovie stood in the doorway. She looked down at him with an air of disgust.

"Don't ye never git tired o' playin' that damned fiddle?" she asked in a harsh voice. "All ye ever do is jus' set and play sad songs. Jus' a-settin'. I wish ye'd die."

Penny did not answer. He remained with his fiddle at his shoulder, but his other hand hung by his side. He continued to gaze into the woods. It was a good tree, that oak. Lovie wanted him to cut it down, but he could not.

Her voice droned on, but Penny was not listening.

"By God, I betch ye don't play

it no more," Lovie yelled.

She grabbed the fiddle from his hand and smashed it against the edge of the porch. The strings made a dull twang as they broke.

Penny looked up at her. His eyes were wide. Slowly, he got to his feet. He reached for the hoe standing against the wall. The blade, once square, was now almost circular from long use. With one stroke, he buried it in Lovie's head. She dropped to the floor. Penny stared at his wife, and with his foot he rolled her off the high porch. The hoe clanged as it hit a stone on the ground.

Penny walked into the house. The song of the tree frogs had risen to a crescendo. Maw was still by the fire. Her trap was set. Penny lay down on the bed. He was very tired.

"They's dead babies a-wailin' in the woods," she whispered.

Penny did not hear. He was asleep.

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EVERY DAY new records are released by the many recording companies to flood the juke boxes, radios and phonographs throughout the country. Naturally it would be next to impossible to review all these records, so every month yours truly is going to pick several of the best platters to discuss in this column. Maybe the discs will not be new but they will be what we consider good jazz. This column will endeavor to help you when buying records to pick the ones records gets the praise or blame. most suitable for the occasion, whether they be sweet, swing, jazz or plain old ricky-tick.



“Y'know, dearie, this stuff is almost as good as that purple stuff the Delta Sigs make!”

If you have heard your friend discussing or cussing a new release and have yet to hear the records, drop us a line and we will do our best to put you in the know as to its listenability. Our opinions may conflict but that's all part of the game.

One of the worst new tunes is a strictly commercial job done by Harry James' crew. Called *Tomorrow*, you would be better off if you waited until tomorrow to listen to it. The vocal is by Tiny Timbrell and as a singer he makes a good dish washer. The number starts off like a fairly good instrumental but all hopes of success are quelled by the vocalist. The ork doesn't sound too bad. Flip the platter over and Pat Flaherty sings *Something For Nothing*. This is along the same lines as all James versions of slow tunes but it passes much better than *Tomorrow*. Both tunes are commercial from the first note. For a good record by Harry James listen to *Beyond The Sea*—it's done up in a very nice styling. Columbia

Ray McKinley has recorded an old jump tune, *Borderline*, by name, and deserves a pat on the tom-tom for a job well done. The disc features Vern Frilley on trombone who plays much horn—very fine. The entire record is strictly instru-

mental and starts off like a Kenton arrangement. Eddie Sauter did the arranging and the way he brings the sax section in is tops. The tune has sort of a syncopated rhythm to back Vern Frilley's horn. *Tumblebug* is on the other side but it draws no favorable comment. It's a senseless sort of instrumental and is very uninspired—Mediocre. Majestic.

**Dardenella**—Alvino Rey and his orchestra. This number has been kicked around for a number of years in many different ways, but Alvino Rey finally cut loose and gave his boys a chance to show their musical talent. The song is not too outstanding but it's very different from the usual Rey recordings, and coming from him it sounds good. Smooth playing saxes are anchored by a solid baritone sax. One man in each section gets to show his stuff and the results are pleasing to those who like a good jump tune. This record proves that Rey is still in the music biz and can play pretty for the people when the occasion demands.

Stan Kenton comes back into the limelight with a tune that should bring many cheers from music critics. In *I Surrender Dear*, Kenton's band is excellent. Buddy Childers rides with his trumpet all the way through this jazz favorite in a style that sounds a little like the late Bunny Berigan. Childers does this number as much justice as any musician could ever hope to do. If you want to listen to a real number don't miss this one—it's out of this world. Capitol.

—BILL HENSLY.



**THE STUDENT'S FIRST COLUMN**  
 of comment on new record albums begins in a sterner vein than that we intend to follow for the succeeding issues. Next month we plan to look at a delightful new London album of selections from Gilbert and Sullivan.

*Wagner: Parsifal: Prelude and Good Friday Spell. The Boston Symphony Orchestra; Serge Koussevitzky, conductor. RCA Victor Red Seal Records, Album DM 1198.*

This is essentially music for the initiate. The occasional listener, hunting accompaniment for his after-dinner conversation, had better stick to Johann Strauss. But the listener who revels in the sensual exaltation of Wagner—passionate orchestration and high drama—can scarcely hope to find more satisfactory music between the covers of any phonograph album.

The startling thing about the entire opera *Parsifal* is the fact that Wagner wrote it. Here was a man who had all the vices in the book and none of the virtues, an incontrovertible boor, a thoroughgoing social parasite, a man who fathered a child by Cosima Liszt while she was still

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the wife of Hans von Bülow.

Yet his genius took fire from the most noble of the Teuton-Saxon folk-legends, that of the search for the Grail, and made of it the most deeply reverent and moving of music dramas; the *Good Friday Spell* will may rank with a few of the Bach Chorales and moments in Handel's *Messiah* as the absolute in religious music accomplished by human endeavour.

The *Prelude*, impressed on the first three record faces, was apparently first written for a private performance before the "Mad King" of Bavaria, Ludwig II. Wagner appended to it the words "Love—Faith. Hope?"

It begins quietly, as all of the composer's music does, delineating the inescapable upward course of mortal striving which Wagner seemed to understand so well, and builds to a climax of great force.

The *Prelude* is shot through with a kind of nostalgia which

the listener feels almost alien to the rest of Wagner's music, a restless wistfulness best expressed in the final part of the composer's explanation: "Shall there be redemption from the devouring torments of the soul? Once again we hear the promise, and—we hope!"

*The Good Friday Spell*: After wandering many long and arduous-years across the face of the world, Parsifal, bearing the sacred Lance, finally arrives on Good Friday at Monsalvat in Spain, the castle of the Holy Grail. The old knight, Gurnemanz, who had dismissed the "guileless fool" from the temple years before, does not recognize Parsifal at first; but when the young knight kneels in prayer before the Lance, Gurnemanz realizes that it is Parsifal who has been sent to aid the Knights. Accordingly he anoints the young man's head with holy oil and proclaims him King of the Grail. Parsifal then looks out over the woods and fields, and with joy in his heart exclaims: "How fair the woods and meadows seem today!" Gurnemanz answers: "That is the spell of Good Friday, my Lord."

Though the cover design is notable only for a ghastly colour scheme and three obviously pixilated angels, this album is a rare and wonderful listening experience.

—LELDON KIRK.

#### DYING DEACON

(Continued from page twelve) which student attendance prevailed.

"What's the matter?" you ask. That's simple. No student spirit. No college spirit. Wake Forest spirit is biting the dust.

Your next question is "Why?" That question is not answered so very easily. Why is Wake Forest spirit biting the dust? Perhaps the students today do not know why. Perhaps they do not know of the spirit that prevailed during the war years

when the college attendance fell much below the five hundred mark. Perhaps they do not know the spirit that existed years before.

Ask any alumnus. He will tell you what a "magnificent spirit" the student body had in 19....?. He will talk for hours, for he has something to say. After visiting the campus, he is aware of the lack of spirit.

The question of "Why?" is yet to be answered. The non-veteran students blame the situation on the veteran students.

"They're here in school because the G. I. Bill gives them the benefit of a year, two years, or three years of college life. They're here to enjoy themselves. They don't know what college spirit is."

They may make more retorts. All of them put together amount to the same thing. It's an easy life for the veteran. He gets paid to attend college. He has no worries. What does he care for college spirit?

The veteran is just as snappy in his blasphemy of the non-veteran.

"Why, the non-vet knows nothing of spirit. Oh, he may have yelled in high school football games, but that is not the spirit that college boys and girls should have. Veterans have lived together before. They had that fighting spirit. They have that same fighting spirit right here in school. Someone should train these kids."

Then, another school of thought or criticism exists. This school pits the boys against the girls.

"Girls are to blame for the lack of spirit. They sit and hold their hands during any athletic event. They seem to be too frightened to speak except in a whisper. They should be orientated in college spirit."

Therefore, three big groups develop. They are the three largest. Others exist or at least college students announce and

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campus  
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denounce others. Many students blame the student government. The reason—the student government does not instill the proper spirit into the freshman when he or she enters school. For a solution they insist that the student government conduct the orientation in such a manner that the students will grasp the spirit of college life, or living together, or striving for the same goal.

The fraternities also receive their share of blame. Chief criticism here is the "clique." They are blamed for "sticking" together, attending the games together, etc. They are said to be lifeless at an athletic event.

The Cheerleaders are not overlooked.

"Why can't they get some cheerleaders on the field that will lead the yells and yell instead of trying to display their beauty before the audience? All that the girls want is attention and a few whistles from the wolves. The boys? They're just as bad. All that they want is to look at the girls or attract some girl's attention. And, the head cheerleader. Why must we get one who is always so "dead on his feet"?"

Next, the campus publications are criticized. Everyone wants to know why the *Old Gold and Black* doesn't do something about the situation. They want to know why *THE STUDENT* doesn't publish articles to the effect. The publications are a media of reaching the students, they say.

"The publications have fallen down on the job of instilling the college spirit into the students," many prompt.

Finally, criticism gets down to the Athletic Office.

"Why doesn't Jim Weaver give the students a special section at the ball games? Then we would have better cheering sections. If all of the students could sit together, we could

show you how much we could yell."

Now why is Wake Forest spirit biting the dust? The answer is readily seen. It is not the fault of any group, any publication, but is the fault of all concerned. It is the fault of everyone who offers to squawk when asked the question of college spirit.

"Why, they . . . er . . . ah . . . they cause it. The . . . er . . . ah . . . vets, Yeah, the vets cause it."

"The . . . er . . . er blame cheerleaders. They cause the lack of spirit at the games."

Everyone offers an excuse. No one offers constructive advice. No one is working toward a satisfactory answer to the problem. The solution can be made simple. Pep rallies, editorials, articles of this type, speeches—they are or little worth unless the student body is made aware of the circumstances. Everyone

strikes around the circle. No one strikes the core.

Arouse the student, arouse the individual. When this is done, the student body will be awakened. Students make up the student body. The subject of college spirit is at first an individual subject. Every student should be made to appreciate Wake Forest enough to have that fighting spirit. Every student who is awakened to the reality can influence another student. He or she cannot force spirit into another, but he or she can make another aware that he possesses no such spirit that makes up the college spirit.

The Student Council may not have done all that it should, but this group has done as much or more than any other group in orientation of the freshmen. Their methods of achieving results, however, are questionable.

What will this year see in improvement of college spirit? As usual, everyone says that the



RS

"I don't think Hadley cares too much for Professor Blotz."

student spirit and college spirit will be greater than ever before. It can be without any trouble. It can be if everyone is made aware that college spirit is the backbone of college life.

On the gridiron there should and will be more enthusiasm than in years past because of the much publicized "T-formation." Coach D. C. "Peahead" Walker and his aggregation of coaches have labored to install the new formation. It makes for fast football, the fast action, beauty and thrills that appeal to the audience. It may make for a winning football team in the conference. But laying aside pre-season predictions, it should make for more student or college spirit. Win or lose the football team is worthy of support. We show our support through our enthusiasm, our spirit. The same applies to all sports.

Is Wake Forest content to let its college spirit lie dormant while opponents rock us in our

seats with their yells, their enthusiasm, their spirit? The answer is "No"—an emphatic "No."

Is the Deacon dying? The answer—"Yes, he was but he will be revived this year. The student body is aware of the lack of spirit. This will be a banner year for all concerned."

#### MAN WHO ATE FRIED CAT (Continued from page seventeen)

put in the stew," Tommy shouted, holding forward a right hand full of squirming fur.

"Taint no rabbit, Tom boy, hits a cat. That's my Bess you got in your hand. Put 'er down and have some more stew," Uncle John answered.

"I don't imagine there's much difference between cat and rabbit," Cats observed.

"Don't, huh?" several of the diners said in unison.

"I wouldn't think so," Cats answered.

"Wouldn't, huh?"

"No, I wouldn't."

"No? Well, s'pose you try eating some cat like you're eating that rabbit. How'd you like that, huh?"

"Well, I don't know about that," Cats fumbled.

"Thought you knew about it . . . thought you said weren't much difference 'tween cat and rabbit . . . thought you said that."

"I did say that," Cats answered. Cats wished he hadn't said it.

"Here's two dollars and three cents," the other boys shouted. Cats wished even more now that he hadn't said what he had. But there was no backing down. Cats treasured his reputation as a man who stuck by what he said.

"Hand me the cat, Tommy," Cats said.

"Hold on here, boys. Not ole' Bess. If you gotta do it, find No Name," Uncle John shouted.

Uncle John had fifteen cats

around his dairy and all of them were named except one—a newcomer that Uncle John called No Name.

Cats went out in the back yard and found No Name. And according to a man who was present that night:

"He caught 'em. He kilt 'em. He skint 'em. He fried 'em. He eat 'em."

That's all there was to it.

But today, more than twenty years since that night at Uncle John's, you won't find anything that looks like a frying pan in the minister's home.

(Ed. note—He really ate it, too!)

#### THE STORM

(Continued from page nineteen)

darkening sky was the pattern of a thunderhead. The great booming claps of thunder shook the window panes; they rattled shudderingly. Intermittently the lightning's flash overwhelmed the dangling lantern's light, but in those brief moments between flashes the lantern's yellow glow cast a grotesque pattern across the street. The wire frame that held it together was a tremendous shadowy web on the street. "A web of life, bawdy life, lusty and crude, full of malice and hate; and these men who walk here in the dusty windblown street are caught in that inescapable web," ran through the doctor's mind.

The ogre-like figures were now abreast of the doctor and his companion. Gravel grated



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under their thick soled shoes. One man coughed and spat contemptively. The light played momentarily on Lute Sutter's face. To the doctor's trained eye its flushed condition was significant. Then he smelled liquor, the throat-scorching potion of the rumrunners. The sheriff rose from his seat as the men stopped. They exchanged furtive glances, their weasel eyes darting from figure to figure.

Doctor Dow spoke first in his calm, doctor-to-patient tone, "Hello, men. Bad night for 'possum hunting, isn't it?" Carefully surveying them individually, he peered long into the alcoholic face of Lute Sutter.

Some of them were dressed only in overalls. Their bronzed skins were damp with perspiration. Silence followed the doctor's words. Each man looked at the other knowingly, as if he possessed the secret of the world and were reluctant to share his knowledge. Doctor Dow and the sheriff looked questioningly.

Lute Sutter stepped out from the others, spread his legs wide, and fingered the rope hanging loosely over his shoulder. He turned and spat brown tobacco juice. The men shifted their feet nervously. One rolled a cigarette; another fingered his hat unconsciously. The hint of shame showed in their eyes, the hint of a false cause. The look of the hangman after he had pulled the trap under an inno-

cent man was in the spasmodic movement of their hands, the twitch of their lips.

"What did he do?" the doctor asked as if speaking to a hurt child, indicating by his abruptness that he fully realized the intoxicated leader and his associates intended the rope for a human neck. Then as an afterthought the doctor added, "Anything?"

"Press, Nigger Press. He done gone and insulted my wife. Shore ain't gonna stand for no nigger insultin' my wife." The anger permeating Lute's veins registered in the man. His forehead protruded.

"When did all this happen?"

"Well, Doc, when it's a nigger we don't usually ask no questions about it. Since it's you askin', tho', I don't guess there'd be no harm in tellin'. This mawn'in he done come by there and insulted her."

The doctor spoke instantly as if the words were prepared and waiting to rush out, "Are you sure it was this morning?"

"Well now, Doc, I guess I orda' know when it was. Shore it were this mawn'in."

Doctor Dow didn't reply but turned slowly away and toward the cowed sheriff. The mob stood hesitantly, shifted their feet, lit cigarettes, asking permission to go on with their silence yet not asking it, wanting the consent of society. Then they moved on.

"Doc, this has gone fer enough; I'm gonna' stop them. That's all there is to it; the law must be enforced," the sheriff said, tiny beads of perspiration forming on his brow, trickling down in cold rivulets from his arm pits. Always be brave when the danger is gone. The masses will crown you. A few will know, but they will be silent.

"No, let them go. You couldn't stop them anyway. Everything will be all right." He turned

back to watching the storm as the men walked toward Nigger-town.

The approaching storm still sent out its blazing tongues of forked death; the thunder clapped and rolled, echoed across the distant hills. A baby's cry was muffled in a clapboard shack; a hound howled far away in the night; men lay naked, sleeping. The god of silence and sleep was invading the land as the two men stood watching the grotesque figures disappearing, still entangled in that intricate web of seething life. The old eight-thirty sounded its whistle far down the tracks. It was a low mournful wail. Then came the faint monotonous staccato of the drivers, the thump of a flat-sided wheel. The dynamic mass of steel roared down the shining rails with the rattle of the luggage wagon. Flying faces pressed against the smutty windows. Inside sat bankers, lumberjacks, salesmen, seen for one

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tenth of a second in seventy years and never forgotten.

A dilapidated car laboring up Main Street demanded the attention of the doctor and sheriff, interrupted their silent reverie. It came alongside them and stopped. The faces of the occupants were familiar ones. Big and burly faces they were, etched in ebony. Big Pete, the sawmill Negro, gripped the remaining spokes of the steering wheel as if holding a needle in a hundred-pound vice. The huge black hands were cordy from long hours on the log carriage, ramming the big logs into the buzzing saw, feeling the tear of wood against steel, feeling the flying spray of sap. The other Negroes were sawmill hands, too. They exchanged greetings with the two men. Then Big Pete spoke, "Doctor, we jest came from over at the depo'. We done heard that down in Mars City they had a storm. Mr. White, the depo' agent, he said

he got a telephone call and they needs help bad like, and Mr. White says if'n we'se goin' we'd best come by and git you."

"Did he say there were many hurt?"

"Didn't say, Suh. De wire must'a broke. All he done heard was that they needs help, and we'se goin'."

"Wait till I get my bag, Pete."

Word-thoughts crowded the doctor's mind as he hurriedly filled his worn satchel. He thought of morphine, syringes, bandages, fractured skulls, timbers driven through guts, blood gurgling, and five big blacks bending under the strain of lifting timbers or carrying mutilated bodies. And it was all for what? For the ebb and flow of the river? For the dead sparrows lying in the street while maggots crawled through their entrails? For pain's sake? For man's?

The doctor returned to the car, climbed in, and took his seat up front beside Big Pete. As they jolted away, the task which lay ahead of him was all but forgotten as thoughts of Luke Sutter and the mob crowded all else from his mind. . . .

On a summer's eve this late in the day Niggertown would be relaxed and peaceful in the damp coolness that came with the breath of the threatening storm. Yet the mental picture that he contemplated was, though quiet, not exactly peaceful. Like the calm sea before the tumultuous upheaval was the intangible panorama that his closed eyes beheld. He knew the Negro section of town well: the poverty, the disease-welcoming outhouses, the clapboard shacks that awaited only the slightest excuse to sag and flop to the ground. He thought of the swarming, unminded children, the filth and dirt that was their life's companion, the. . .

Lurching over an unexpected bump in the road, the car shook



its occupants in their seats and the doctor's mind back into his immediate surroundings. The riders regained the dubiously comfortable positions; Doctor Dow's mind just as swiftly returned to Niggertown, but there were new images on the mental screen. These were Lute Sutter, his mob, and the grumbling black clouds that promised their deluge any moment. So concentrated, so intent was the doctor that his thoughts gave speech to the events that he sensed to be transpiring toward an inevitable end.

Lute would be saying, "Aw-right, men, let's all just go right on up and drag him out." His voice boomed boisterously above the roar of the threatening storm.

So realistic that it seemed almost real, Doctor Dow sensed the answer from a spokesman within the mob, "Naw, it'd be best fer all of us to scatter out around the house and you go in the front and git him. Then holler fer us. He might git away the other way."

Lute glared his reply, "Naw, it'd be better fer all of us to go in the front and let him know we mean business."

"What's the matter, Lute? You ain't scared, aire you?"

The doctor knew Lute well. It wasn't difficult to picture his disturbed face and hear his emphatic retort, "I orda' bash your brains out. I ain't scared of nothin'."

The mob was hesitant, each waiting for the other.

*Steak-starved?*

in Raleigh, it's

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Lute would walk toward the house, start up the rickety steps. Then he would stop, half turn, and address a big black, "Is Press in there?"

The Negro would glance up as if he had not known the men were there. "Yes, suh, Press is in dare."

"Well, tell him to git out here and be in a hurry about it."

"Suh, Press can't come out here."

Across Doctor Dow's face ran a ripple of relaxation, a realization of what he knew would happen but what he could not fully appreciate until his mental drama was followed through to completion. To him seemed sharp and clear the question from Lute, "Why, Nigger? Why in hell can't he come out here? What's a-matter?"

"Suh, ain't you heard?"

"Heard what?"

"Press, he done daid, suh. He been daid two days. Lung fever done kilt him, and dey gonna bury him come mawn'in. Yes, suh, he done stone cold. What you white folks want wid him?"

A light and buoyant air, as the flowery maiden Earth in the aftermath of Spring rain, swept tension and strain from the doctor's face as his eyes turned toward the sky. Small silent clouds drifted away from the center of the storm. They scurried away like ants. The lightning died and the lumbering thunder faded away. Soon the storm was no more. A repulsive gopher surveyed the car from a distance, and then scurried on. The creeping monster of darkness gripped the day in a death struggle. It won. Somewhere out in the darkness a cumbersome freight train pounded the rails. The desolate hills were bathed with darkness; the waving pines stood like sentinels. The melancholy wail of a hound

floated through the peaceful silence that followed the storm. There had been no rain.

#### WIN, WOMEN AND SONG

(Continued from page thirteen)

takes them all in his stride. He loves to walk. He'll walk any distance up to a hundred yards, providing he can't get there by car, bus, plane, boat, or stretcher. Fred is an enthusiastic climber. He's been known to climb the stairs to the Law School as many as two or three times in one week. Running? Not recently. The last time was in grade school when a classmate asked him to fight. Says Fred, "Fighting isn't dignified."

But we are not gathered here today to consider the minor facets of Fred Hofmann's personality. Rather, let us examine his (ahem) theories, qualifications, and achievements in the fields of music (pause), poker (pause), and women.

Music—Kids in Pleasantville will tell you the serial number on Benny Goodman's recording of "Flyin' Home" quicker than they can recite Ty Cobb's lifetime batting average. "While most kids go to the lot and play baseball or football after school is out," Fred says, "in Peeville they grab their horns and have a jam session. Jazz is potent in Peeville. The only thing I remember about High School is the effect Bunny Berigan's death had on all my friends. Berigan was the Dizzy of that day—1942.\* Well, man, they lowered the flag to half-mast, and I thought they were going to close up school. Sad!"

Fred knows the music he likes and likes the music he knows. Which means jazz. He's had lots of opportunities to get acquainted with it. Besides his hometown environment, Fred has been hearing great jazzmen in Atlantic City and New York clubs for years, and he has a fine collection of 2,000 records,

2 recorders, about a dozen players, and several instruments. Then there's a sound-proof room in his home where he plans to hold jam sessions as soon as he gets a piano. Sounds more like a music store than a residence.

Hofmann divides music into three groups: classical or serious; jazz; and commercial, popular, Tin Pan Alley, or Hit Parade. "For me," he says, "the first two are a valid art form. The third is trash, of momentary value only, for humorous purposes or mainly to make money for its makers; Of the valid forms, jazz interests me more because I know it better than the other. Either can be satisfying or inspiring."

If you listen to music with Hofmann, you listen hard. He sits there, pulse normal, eyes clear, respiration steady. Then the music begins. Lester Young begins to push it a little or Vido Musso begins to bobble a few notes. Hofmann gets sent. Lost!

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all Coeds

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\*Man, how square can you get? Dizzy Gillespie, the Man Who Built the Bop. You can't miss him—goatee, beret, light green-rimmed glasses, and he'll be playing a trumpet.

He's with it! Gone! His eyes narrow down, cutting out everything but the source of the music. His lips part slightly, and his head, heel, and arm all keep time. His fingers follow the notes. When it's all over, he usually plays all or part of it over again. "Man, catch that!" And he points out backgrounds, techniques and beats that you didn't know were there.

One of the first pioneers for jazz appreciation, Hofmann will be remembered many moons for the steps he has taken to impress the "righteous" music on the masses. One Sunday afternoon in the fall of 1944, he managed to slip into the record room in Wait Hall with a few albums under his arm. Later, instead of the deep, stirring overtones of Wagner emitting from the tower, lolling wide-eyed students were more surprised than sent when the strains of Lead-belly Johnson's clarinet and his

eight bare-foot men burned over the loudspeaker.

**Poker**—If you look real closely at the edge of Hofmann's right hand, you can see the callouses he's acquired from scrapping in poker chips from the middle of the table. The boy wins frequently, just like the sun comes up frequently. Of course, he plays a lot, but never past 12 o'clock. That is to say, noon of the next day.

Fred, Freddie boy, tell us, *why* do you win so often? "Believe me, I'm not lucky. Maybe it's because I went through a period in which all I did was lose. Then too, I've studied it plenty and I think I know at least as much about it as the fellows I play with.

"The hardest man to be sure of beating," says the man who loves a few things better than a smoke-filled room with a floor covered with bits of fingernails, "is the guy who knows nothing about the game. You can't bluff him because he doesn't know what a bluff is. The best game is with fellows who play hard to win and who know something about the game, though not too much."

"I feel that poker is America's greatest indoor sport," says Fred, author of "How To Keep Fit by Playing Poker." "The game is so much more than the cards alone. It involves the ability to figure the other guy out. I've seen it happen time and time again when the guy who gets the best cards doesn't necessarily win. I've seen fellows get consistently bad cards all night and still come out winner. That, I am sure, was because of his personal ability to play the game." Well, as the saying goes, Fred certainly has a lot of "personal ability," because when the points are added up after the game, he usually has the highest score.

Needless to say, he only plays for fun.

**Women**—For a guy who dislikes the feminine gender as much as Hofmann does, he certainly makes out like mad with the women. *He*, not his looks, car, clothes, jokes, or pocket-book, is the real attraction. He has out-of-the-world ideas, and he expresses them in a manner you've never heard before. Not that a date with Hofmann is a four hour discussion of vital social and political questions of the day. It's not. It's fun. He's a different, unconventional, interesting person, and you can't beat that.

What does he like about women? Very little. "I like a girl with brains," Fred says. "Not erudite or Phi Bete, but intelligent. I look first at what she laughs at. I think by that you can tell the intellect of anyone. If she likes slapstick, she's out. I like girls who go for wit as contrasted to humor. She's got to be hip.

"But to put it generally, I don't like women. Usually they're ignorant—not dumb—merely uninformed. The average girl we meet in school gets her allowance from home and spends it without a thought. They don't know the value of money, or anything else for that matter. Life is just one dance after another, one date after another. Then, too, they have too much so-called modesty—they pretend to be modest little things. Basically and generally they are dishonest. They use their status as women to gain certain insignificant, but irksome advantages over men. Just play cards with them sometimes. Not that they cheat. They just expect special favors which no man would ask for or get."

Dates? "Nothing unusual. They're all the same. Which is my big complaint. The thing that nauseates me is the high price girls put on their presence. I hate the idea that the girl is doing me a favor. I am annoyed

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at the idea most girls seem to have that for a kiss a boy should be willing to do anything. To me it's a 50-50 proposition. And if it isn't I politely take my leave."

And Hofmann knows enough women to either file them or forget them.

The leading question of this article is, of course (all together, now), "What made you come to Wake Forest?" With Fred it was "because I had just read *Gone With The Wind* five times and seen the picture three, felt like Rhett Butler and was looking for a *Scarlett*." Not only that, it was a change of scenery, it was small, it was cheap, and best of all they accepted my application.

Hofmann has been here a long, long time. One of the most vivid memories of his first year here was the impressive ceremony they held at the laying of the cornerstone of the Alumni Building. "I wasn't a green

freshman," says Fred, reminiscing, "unless you call never having heard of fraternities before as being green." He caught on in a hurry, becoming president of his own frat, SPE, and prexy of the Pan Hellenic Council. As an undergraduate Hoff also piddled in dramatics and worked in publications, becoming Business Manager of the OG&B in his senior year.

As a student Hofmann was remarkable, just missing Phi Beta by I think it was 328 quality points. "The only thing that gave me any trouble was my forgetting to go to class and my falling asleep when I did go," explains Fred. "I can't understand why the professors get sooo maaad." Actually Fred could be an excellent student. He is when he has to be. He has the ability to concentrate and to pick out and understand what is essential. Dean Lee of the Law School told me this incident: A couple of days before

an exam Fred approached one of his profs and asked two questions that he wanted explained. The professor was amazed; the first was the very same one he was going to ask on the exam, and the second was one which he hadn't quite decided to ask or not! It takes a good student to be able to do that.

And, incidentally, the guy is such a character, new freshmen should make it a point to meet him. All you need is a free night and a doll, a deck or a disk.

#### HYPNOTIC PERSUASION

(Continued from page fourteen)

couldn't be out-smertoned. (I chuckled comfortably to myself. Pretty good, that one. I'd have to remember to spring it on the boys at our next bull session. "Merton Schmerton. The guy who couldn't be out-smertoned." Not bad.)

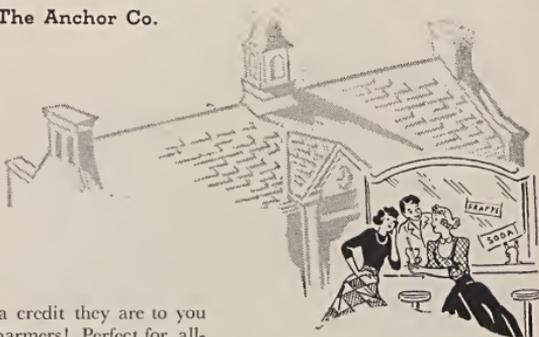
Feeling inordinately pleased with myself for my bon mot, I hitched my chair up closer to

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the scene of action. Didn't want to miss a trick here. If there really were anything to it, I'd probably catch on fast and show the other guys a thing or three. Not that that hypnotist could put any of his spells on me. Not with MY mind. I don't consider myself exactly superior. Just above average, shall we say?

I squared my chair up nearer in order to get a better view of the "subject." He was a guy about my age. In fact, I remembered having seen him around the campus on occasions. Must be sort of a dope to let himself in for a corny thing like this. Couldn't remember his name, but I never was a good one for names. Never forgot a face, though. Not Merton Schmerton.

And the hypnotist, I understood, preferred to remain anonymous. Part of the act, I supposed. Anonymity. Mystery. Okay, let them get on with the show. Me, I had other things to do.

My mind skipped momentarily to that lush little tomato I was to meet at five o'clock. Smooth article! Wow! what a date to look forward to!!!

All of a sudden the lights were lowered in the hall and I shifted gears promptly from the future to the present. Well, now, we'd see what they had to offer in the line of entertainment.

I must say that the stage was rigged up fairly convincingly, and as Mr. A. started into his act, I'll admit a few goose pimples cropped out. (Mr. A., you understand, was my name for that motivated sleeping pill up

front. Mr. A.—Mr. Anonymous. Get it?)

Gibson looked a bit frightened, I observed. Hey! Gibson. That was the name of the guy who was going to be the guinea pig. Sure! Gibson. Funny I hadn't thought of it before.

Mr. A. was talking. Getting us and Gibson in the mood, I surmised. Creating atmosphere, or however they phrased it. "Hypnotism," he was droning ("drone" was the best word I could think of. Lull. You know. Like when your mother used to sing you to sleep.) "should no longer be considered a black art. It's merely a method of making people extremely sensitive to suggestion." H'mm, I h'mmned. Maybe the guy had something there.

But Mr. A. wasn't pausing for my humming digression. "Of course," he continued, "we don't know how hypnosis works, but essentially it is hypersensitivity to suggestion." Had to give it to the old boy. He certainly knew how to dish out those four-for-a-dollar words.

"Nevertheless," he was saying—guess I missed a few pointers in between—"there are many things a person can do through hypnotism. You must remember, however, there are two types of hypnotism: the clinical or stage type and the experimental type. Experimental hypnotism is dull, very dull." "So is this," I interposed silently, taking my thoughts out on another trial run. "What," I mused, "am I doing here when I could be heading toward the gate where my date awaits?"

There was a lot more chatter by this Mr. A. All about the difference in operation of clinical and experimental hypnotists. He said something about how experimental hypnotists examine scientifically the claims of the clinical hypnotists, and how clinical hypnotists probably had the most fun.

"Well," I countered mentally, "how about it? How about trotting out some of this clinical business?" I was bored, see, and ready to kick myself for coming in the first place. You could tell from here there was nothing to it but a lot of word-juggling.

Seemed as though the guy might have been reading my mind because immediately following my caustic mental observation he started in on Gibson. Of course, I knew it was a bunch of stuff and nonsense. Faked. But I got up still closer, just to see what a phoney he was.

First thing you knew he had old Gibson acting like Napoleon. Yeah. Studying maps and strutting around with his hand in his vest like you see in the pictures. Guess they must have rehearsed it pretty thoroughly.

Then he had Gibson playing like he thought he was Toscanini directing an orchestra.

Oh, well, I could go along with a gag as well as the next one. Had to humor the chap, you know. People have all sorts of hobbies. Used to collect stamps myself when I was a kid. Had a pretty good variety before it was over, if I do say so myself.

Hey. What was going on? What was all this magnifying glass business? And lights? Funny how that guy's voice made you sleepy. Dreamy, sort of. Out of this world. You know what I mean Drowsy. What was that old timer? "Drifting and Dreaming." That was me . . . er . . . I. Drifting and dreaming. Vaguely I heard a thud, like someone falling on the floor.

It was me . . . er . . . I.

I woke up in my own bed two hours later. The fellows said they carried me there.

And what do you know? I have it on good authority that old Gibson took my girl out while I was sleeping off the by-products of his hypnotic spell.

Justice, bah.

—E. J. FRIEDENBERG.





Miss COLEEN BROWN, photographed in an Adele Simpson original from our second floor collection.

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# THE STUDENT



VOL. LXII  
NO. 2

NOV.  
1944

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# Behind The Student Door



OUR CHIEF CARTOONIST, whom we didn't mention last issue because of lack of space, is Bob Sherrill (rhymes with Errol). A strange young man who walks diagonally instead of perpendicularly, he is taken with a rather weird habit of lugging an old brown bag to any and all functions regardless of the day and hour. Aside from such questionable characteristics and cartoons, he is also widely known for having tackled Charlie Justice when they were both playing scrub football at Asheville High School. In addition to the cartoons in this and the past issue, he did the deacon drawings which illustrate our feature articles.



LATELY IT SEEMS THAT more than a normal amount of talent has come our way from those two buildings which house the eternal mysteries of life, namely, Bostwick and the New Dorm. Our latest feminine addition to the staff was suggested by artist Ralph Herring who, as he so simply put it, "bane gat too moch work arady." His suggestion proved very valuable indeed since Jan Young (which, by the way, is the young lady's name) knocked out two fine oil paintings for short story illustrations in less than a week. For a treat to the eye, observe said illustrations on pages 10 and 20.



RALPH STOWE, ANOTHER NEWCOMER to our happy little group, has been farmed out to us from the Wake Forest School of Law. A rather puckish lad, Ralph is also an outspoken advocate of the free enterprise system, having culled something over fourteen hundred dollars this summer by driving a motor boat and selling post cards. No need to ask, they were *not* feethly.

In penning his character sketch on Scab Scarborough, he admits to borrowing rather liberally from Plutarch's *Lives of Great Men*.



THE AUTHOR OF "GOD'S LOVE" is Bill Underwood. For the sake of variety alone, we wish we could say that Bill was just a normal, average Wake Forest student. But alas, for such cannot be. He, like too many of our staff, was stugged instead of kissed by the muse. Hence, he is considered eccentric by some, just plain nuts by others. A veteran of the South Pacific, V.M.I. and the Kappa Sigma House, he alternately has moods of bitter depression and extreme elation. We experienced a bit of the former when he came to us and demanded "why didn't I get no write-up last issue?" To extricate him from the living dead, we are herewith setting forth that write-up. And besides, his story on page 25 is worth it.



BILL HENSLEY, OUR JUDGE of what's jazz and what's nowhere, is an old hand at writing columns. He is perhaps better known for his sports column in the *OG&B* than for the record ranting he does for us. This, we rationalize slyly, is because he writes four times as much and twice as long for them as he does for us. But, nevertheless, we feel that whether you dig jazz or follow sports, you'll find Bill an interesting writer regardless of the publication in which his deathless prose appears.

RIGHT UP UNTIL WE WANT to press with this issue, we were all prepared to say some kind things about the young lass who wrote "The Smoke-Filled Rooms." That story, which is a daring exposé on what your girl is *really* like, is the reason we have  
(Continued on page twenty-three)

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## Letters to the Editor

### In and Out Affair

Dear Ed:

I see you run my letter in your first issue. Maybe you and those clowns of yours want to play ball. The time you don't want to play ball is the time you won't have a mag. Like I was telling you in the first letter I'm not at all what you might call a small man on this campus and my friends are pretty much the same kinda guys on this campus that I am, and you will see by understanding this that you're not wanting to cross us and nobody that works for you is wanting to cross us.

Well, I guess you're wanting to hear how I felt about the first issue. Fair, that's about all I can say, fair.

Some parts weren't bad. But don't be getting the bighead and thinking you got this campus by the tail. You're sitting on a keg of dynamite. When us readers like you, you're in. When us readers don't like you, you're out. So, just go on about your business of putting out a magazine and we'll decide whether you're in or out.

Sincerely,

Still a leading student.

Ed. note—*Are we "in" sufficiently to begin work on another issue? Keep us posted.*

### Felt Hat and Microphone

Dear Ed:

Man, I got me a felt hat now, and I'm a man of radio. In my hand and my microphone lay the power to make you and your mag or bust the same. I'm not out to hit the top by tromping on people, but if you step off to the left too far I'll be getting on your back. Watch me, that's all I'm telling you, watch me. If you want things agreeable, always do the right thing. I'll

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## Letters to the Editor

plug you to the top if you do  
right, but I'll whup you to death  
with my mike if you do wrong.  
Which'll it be?

Yours in truth,  
Ragweed Kornscop.

Ed. note—*How's your Hooper  
Rating?*

### Won't Swap, Huh?

Lawrence, Kansas

Dear Sir:

Since the *Jayhawker* is the  
yearbook of the University of  
Kansas, we regret that we can-  
not exchange magazines with  
you. Thank you for sending us  
the first issue.

Sincerely,  
Gloria Horn,  
Secretary,  
1949 *Jayhawker*.

Ed. note—*Either send it back,  
or we'll send five more STUDENTS  
and expect one of those JAY-  
WALKERS.*

### A Firmer Hand

Dear Ed:

How come you're not cracking  
down on more people in your  
magazine? Look at all the folks  
that ought to be cracked down  
on—professors, chief of police,  
trustees and maybe even state  
and national figures. A maga-  
zine is made to crack down on  
people.

Sincerely,  
A Sophomore.

Ed. note—*You picked some  
nice ones to crack down on.*

### In Defense of the Male

Dear Sir:

In the October issue you ran  
a letter from "Twelve Bostwick  
Girls" which said in part,  
"We've seen some males on this  
campus who look like they were  
born ugly and had a relapse."

Get set for sleep!



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*To All Students*

## Letters to the Editor

Whata those young'uns in Bost-  
wick know about men?

Lovingly,  
Six New Dorm Girls.

Ed. note—Well, thanks, girls.

**United We Stand**

Washington, D. C.

Dear Ed:

Me and the boys really want to thank you for your magazine. THE STUDENT, with its homey, down-to-earth, fearless policy of printing the truth, demonstrates once again the fact that the American people, if given the facts, will make the right decision and return me and the boys to the White House in this fall's election.

Yours,

Harry S. Truman.

Ed. note—Divided you fall.

**Tour For Fearless Freddie?**

New York

Dear Ed:

I read with interest Mr. Friedenbergs's character sketch of Fred Hoffman in your last issue. I might add that I read it with gold in my eye, since my business is promoting. Over a period of 26 years, I have promoted athletic events, evangelical meetings, goat-milking contests etc. I gathered from the article that Hofmann is quite skilled as a card player and has, shall we say, "killed off all the game" in his area. Frankly, I'm interested in booking the youngster on a cross-country tour, playing one-night stands and pitting him against the best that each town has to offer. Do you feel that such a venture would prove profitable?

Promotingly yours,

Sam Stromberg, Booker

Ed. note—"Profitable," you ask? His "friends" in this town say it would be like swapping nickles for dimes.

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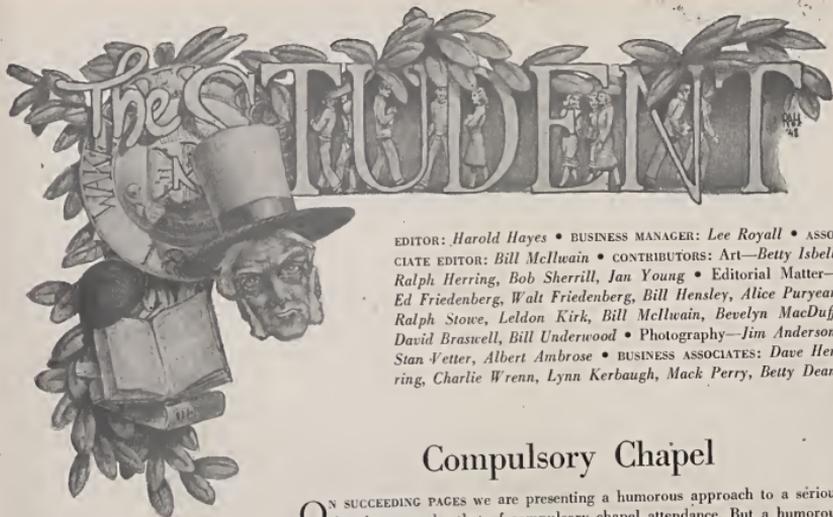
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## Compulsory Chapel

ON SUCCEEDING PAGES we are presenting a humorous approach to a serious situation, namely, that of compulsory chapel attendance. But a humorous approach is not enough. Because a student will not be permitted to register next semester if he overcuts chapel, college careers hang in the balance.

Compulsory chapel attendance was not born, as some students believe, on the opening of the 1943-49 semester. It has existed since the founding of the College but has not been enforced in recent years due to the inadequacy of seating facilities.

Most students would accept compulsory chapel attendance were it not contrary to the essence of religious freedom.

As a practical means of coordinating and unifying the student body, chapel programs are invaluable. Such programs can develop into a knitting force—one which can give students a feeling of belonging to a way of life indigenous to itself. College can become more like college, less like an educational factory.

It is the rightful duty of the administration to guide us toward this goal of unity, even if it is necessary to effect it through administrative rules.

But we also believe that the Christian religion is a personal thing and, as such, cannot be bound by administrative, governmental or moral rules and regulations. We accept the fact that it is to our spiritual, and even materialistic, advantage to be led in the paths of a religious faith. But we reject violently the belief that we should be forced along these paths.

Truly, this tradition of the College has been a fruitful one, but we cannot help but look to the tradition of our country—a country founded on the premise that man's relation to his God is an independent one.

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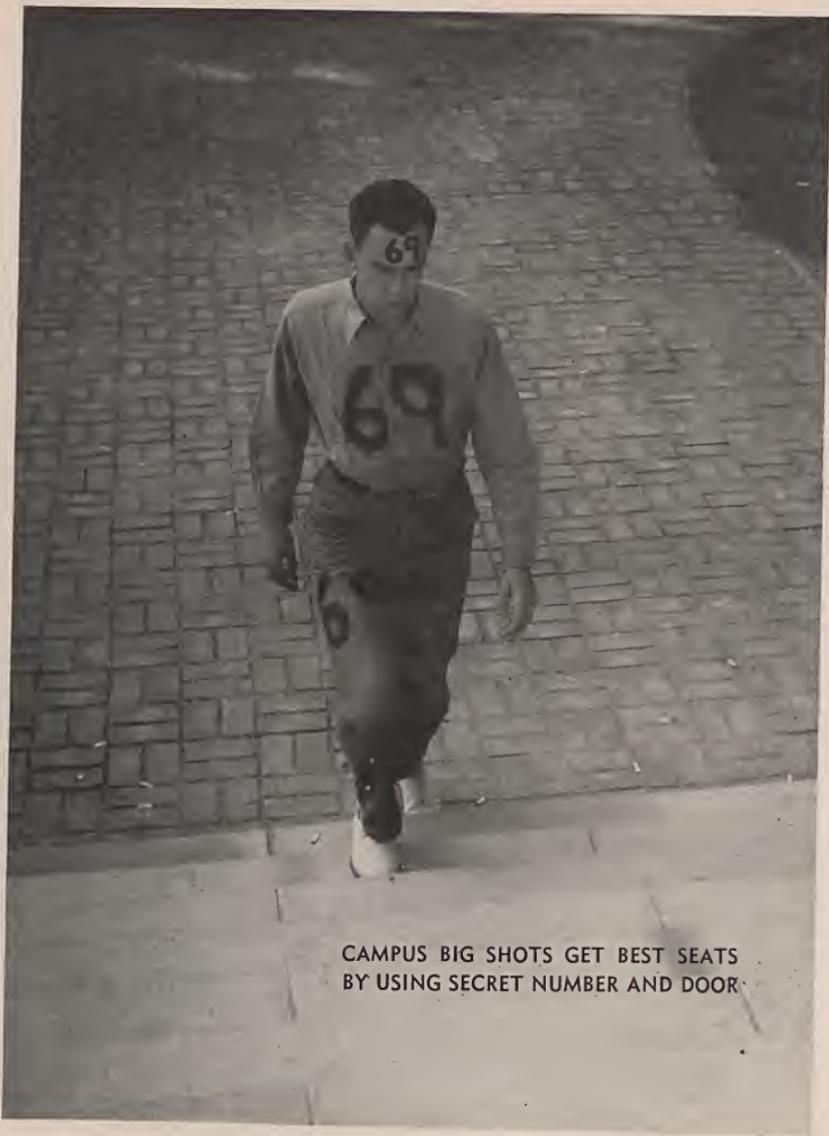
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CAMPUS BIG SHOTS GET BEST SEATS  
BY USING SECRET NUMBER AND DOOR

AD  
Or  
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of

# Wake Forest's Open Door Policy

ADMINISTRATION EXTENDS HEARTY WELCOME TO OLD AND NEW FACES

On September 14 or thereabouts, students were both surprised and delighted to receive invitations couched in somewhat formal tones to a new series of meetings planned especially for their enjoy-

ment. Among those enthusiastically endorsing the program was local merchant Everette G. Snyder, who said, "Gee, I have a wife and two hungry kids, rent's high, I mean, how can you live, etc."



Relaxed in a KUMFEY-KUSSIANETT, typical student undergoes emotions of joy, rapture and fanatical exultation.



Following the program, student sleeps through his third period class due to failure of friends to awaken him.



Those who came . . .



Those who didn't . . .

## The Man Who Burned the College

**C**HICAGO FIRE—MRS. O'LEARY'S lantern-kicking cow, Bess.  
Rome fire—A fiddling fool, Nero.

Wake Forest fire—???

That's the way it goes—a cow and an emperor get fat names off a couple fires, but the guy who did the fanciest fire-making in Wake Forest history isn't even known. Maybe some day he'll step forward and say proudly, "You know them fires at Wake in '33 and '34? I done 'em . . . done 'em all by myself." But today, 14 years after someone almost burned Baptist Hollow to the ground, folks still are wondering who kindled the blazes and why.

It all started May 5, 1933—way back when Tom Jones, Phil Harris and Doc Turlington were undergraduates. Wait Hall, a 96-year-old structure which occupied the same spot as does the present day administration building, was the first victim. Sometime between two and three in the morning the old-timer started smoking. Firemen from Wake Forest, Raleigh, Louisburg, Henderson and Franklinton fought the flames, but to no avail. After almost a century of withstanding the ravages of nature and the kicks and jeers of disgruntled students, the four-story building went down. Only the walls remained standing, and they were teetering dangerously. When daylight came Dr. Bryan roped Hobo Daniels, stout-backed footballer, to the walls and Hobo yanked them down. Students were living in Wait Hall at the time, and two of them escaped a scorching by sliding down a rope from the fourth story. They were feeling pretty good about their daring doings until a wise freshman asked, "S'pose the rope had caught on fire on your

way down?" The freshman was sent home and the rope-sliders were sent home for sending him home.

After the Wait Hall fire folks said, "Probably defective wiring." (They always say that.) And then some—the deep thinkers—thought maybe somebody was way behind on quality points and wanted to get a fresh start on the record books. Nobody thought much about a fire bug.

Two weeks later the Wake Forest High School burned to the ground. Still no thoughts of a fire bug. A redheaded kid named Johnny had missed getting upped to the ninth grade for the fourth straight year, so folks thought maybe he was sick of the whole rotten, unfair mess.

Students went home for the summer and returned for a cool, fireless fall. It was not until February 14, 1934, that Fires In The Forest again became a red-hot story. That night Wingate Memorial Hall (stood where the Music-Religion Building now rests) burned completely down. It was the third time within 10 months that a Wake Forest educational building had burned, but people simply couldn't believe anyone was deliberately firing those buildings—of course, Wingate had housed the physics department, a mighty tough place and all that, but . . .

"Probably a cigarette," people said. (They always say that when they don't say "defective wiring.")

"Right many fires firing up around here," the editor of the *Old Gold and Black* observed to his underlings. Soooo, the *OG&B* began editorializing as hard as its four pages would

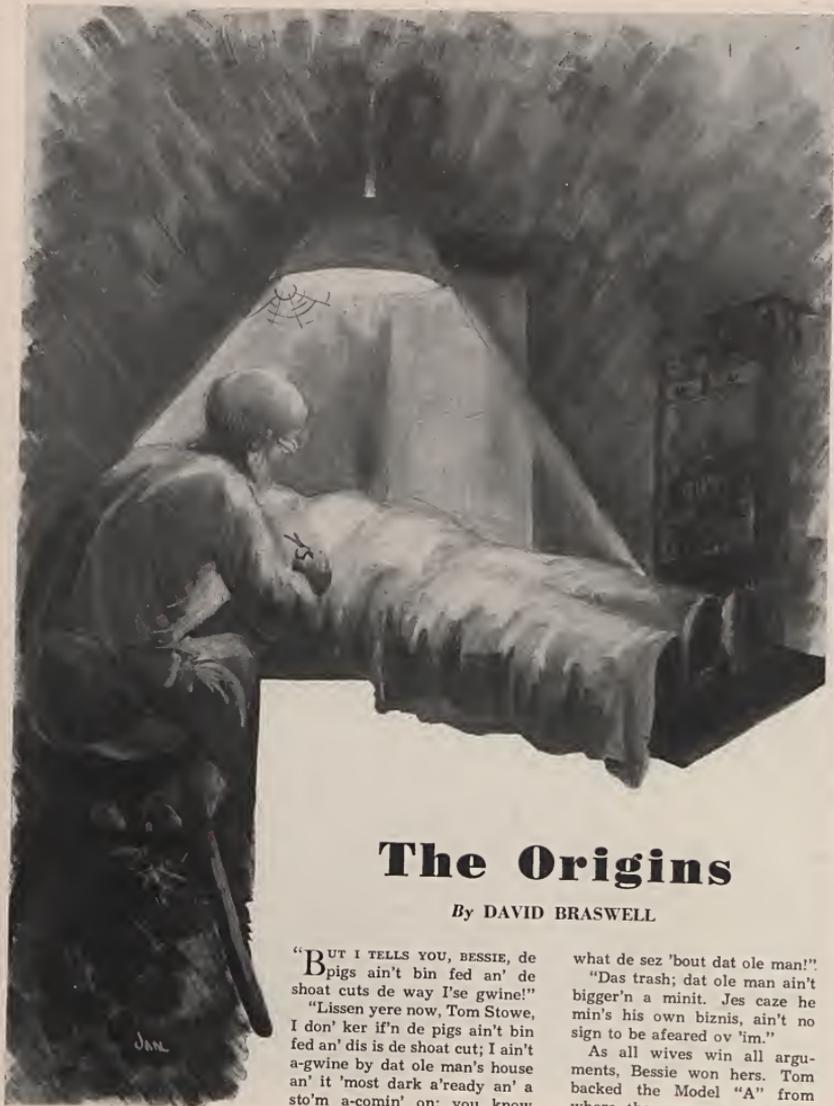


permit—not about fire bugs, but about better fire protection.

But it wasn't long before people were convinced that a fire bug—pyromaniac, professors and a few studious students called him—was operating in this village. Not a small time bug, but a sure 'nuff, honest to goodness, fire-starting fool. Within one week a garage, a filling station, a fraternity house and Hunter Dormitory caught fire. Students in Hunter had been hounding Mr. Holliday futilely for more heat, so the fire there was understandable, but those others. . . . "The work of a fire-loving fiend," citizens said. Burning paper stuffed under the floor at Hunter proved that the fires weren't just happening. But at least, they were drawing the crowds. Each night special buses poured into Wake Forest from Louisburg, Henderson, Franklinton etc. bearing signs "See The Biggest And The Best In Fires—Get 'Em While They're Hot."

An armed guard of students swung into action, going on duty at 12:30 at night and patrolling the campus until dawn. But 11 days later the college golf house burned to the ground. Some pretty sorry rounds had been shot on the course that week, so every golfer was under heavy suspicion. It was two o'clock in the morning when the golf house

(Continued on page twenty-three)



## The Origins

By DAVID BRASWELL

"BUT I TELLS YOU, BESSIE, de pigs ain't bin fed an' de shoat cuts de way I'se gwine!"

"Lissen yere now, Tom Stowe, I don' ker if'n de pigs ain't bin fed an' dis is de shoat cut; I ain't a-gwine by dat ole man's house an' it 'most dark a'ready an' a sto'm a-comin' on; you know

what de sez 'bout dat ole man!"

"Das trash; dat ole man ain't bigger'n a minit. Jes caze he min's his own biznis, ain't no sign to be afeared ov 'im."

As all wives win all arguments, Bessie won hers. Tom backed the Model "A" from where the argument ended to

the point where it had begun and took the other fork of the road, the long way home.

Many people shunned the road to Marcher's Folly as night drew near, for there was something forbidding which hovered in the moonlit beauty of the mansion. It was the beauty of a treacherous woman which the lightning threw into sharp relief against a background of green forest in the dull yellowness peculiar to August storms. Each tree worshipped an unknown god midst the half-light as blasts of wind screeched through the grove surrounding Marcher's Folly. The wrought-iron gate, left open through the same negligence which allowed the yard to become choked with weeds clanged and squealed to and fro with each shift of wind. No lights shone from the mansion, save those from the semi-windows which barely peeped above the ground outside the basement laboratory of Doctor Marcher.

The good people of Greyhaven often wondered and ventured wild guesses as to the activities in the basement. They termed the Doctor a scientist for it was common knowledge that all manner of crates with strange labels, proudly declared by high school students to be chemical labels, were received at the freight depot for the doctor. None of them actually knew the nature of the Doctor's business, for he was extremely reticent on that particular subject. None dared inquire, for they could not muster courage to penetrate the dark atmosphere of aloofness which the Doctor so carefully guarded on his occasional visits to the village. He never associated with the people of Greyhaven, and if, by chance, he were ever invited to a social function through the insatiable curiosity of the gossippers, they would invariably find that the Doctor was in the middle of an important experiment and couldn't possibly attend. It had

been that way ever since the Doctor's wife died thirty years ago. Most people had forgotten that he ever had a wife. Only a few remembered how beautiful she had been when they put her in the family mausoleum. The Doctor still made clandestine visits to her tomb. Perhaps that is why he did what he did.

Jed Leech, the village drunkard, swore that he once heard screams of terror and pain when he passed on the road by Marcher's Folly. According to Jed's story, he had thought the Doctor might be in trouble, and had immediately run toward the mansion while the screams became louder. But when Jed reached the massive columns of the porch, the screams diminished into senseless yammerings and when he rapped upon the door with the brass knocker, they ceased entirely. Naturally no one believed Jed's story because he admitted that he drank a couple before leaving the village tavern; and furthermore, Jed swore that the Doctor had opened the door, invited him inside, and had generously given him more to drink while chatting about fishing prospects. Many villagers pointed out the fallacies of Jed's story. The Doctor never went fishing. Why, how could Jed have remembered hearing screams if he didn't even recall going home. Even less creditable was the part about having more to drink at the Doctor's expense. Still, they wondered about the basement. . . .

Heedless of the raging storm, the Doctor was perched upon a tall stool beside a long rectangular table covered with intricate paraphernalia, some of it belonging to physics and some to biology, for the Doctor was not a man to squander his mind upon one phase of the sciences. The upper halves of the four walls surrounding the Doctor were lined with shelves filled with bottles of such colors to delight

a child's eye, but warm a chemist's heart. The lower halves were occupied by numerous drawers and in one corner of the room was a filing cabinet. The balding Doctor now stared intently but impatiently into a large flask of hissing liquid. His wrinkled white fingers gripped the edge of the table and his face was wreathed with perplexed anxiety. His burning black eyes searched the flask with an evil curiosity. His slight frame trembled with anticipation. The lights dimmed and went out. The experiment continued but the Doctor could not observe it because an asbestos sheet shaded the flask from the burner.

"Confound those idiots and their infernal light plant! In another minute I would have known—I'd have known! Thirty years of work almost completed and those stupid fools cut the power because of a storm—bah! Well I suppose one more day will make no difference."

Long ago the Doctor, in his solitude, had formed the habit of talking to himself. He fished into one of the drawers for a candle, lit it, and turned off the gas under the experiment. Sticking the candle upon the table, he removed his white smock and threw it across the stool. Taking the candle, he carefully picked his way to and up a short flight of stairs leading to the darkened hall. Darker than the dark, a shapeless mass noiselessly followed the Doctor through the hall. It did not walk in the manner of *homo sapiens*, but rather flowed into the study behind the Doctor who did not bother to close the door.

The Doctor placed an ancient candelabrum upon the dusty mantel, selected a book from his many volumed library, and settled himself in his favorite chair. The thing remained outside the circle of light thrown by the candles. The Doctor became absorbed in his book. Then only did the thing flow into the light

(Continued on page twenty-six)



PICTURED ABOVE is the proposed Student Center done in the Georgian style for the new Wake Forest College.

(First I must acknowledge my great indebtedness for the material in this article to Chester Davis, WINSTON-SALEM JOURNAL AND SENTINEL reporter, Everett G. Spurling, Jr. of the Carter Williams architectural firm in Raleigh, Dean Henry L. Kamphoefner of the North Carolina State College School of Design, and Prof. John Allcott, head of the Art Department of the University of North Carolina.

**W**ILL WAKE FOREST HAVE the best available campus when it moves to Winston-Salem? Did the trustees decide wisely for posterity when they dictated Georgian architecture for the new campus, or will future student generations shake their heads and talk enviously of other college plants?

Last summer, Chester Davis, Winston-Salem Journal and Sentinel reporter, pointed out in a series of three articles that the choice between contemporary and traditional architecture for our new campus was a question of great concern among the architects of the state and nation. Leading architects

## Strait Jacket or Wings?

TRADITION VERSES FUNCTION  
IN A NATIONAL CONTROVERSY  
OVER WAKE FOREST ARCHITECTURE

By Ed Friedenber

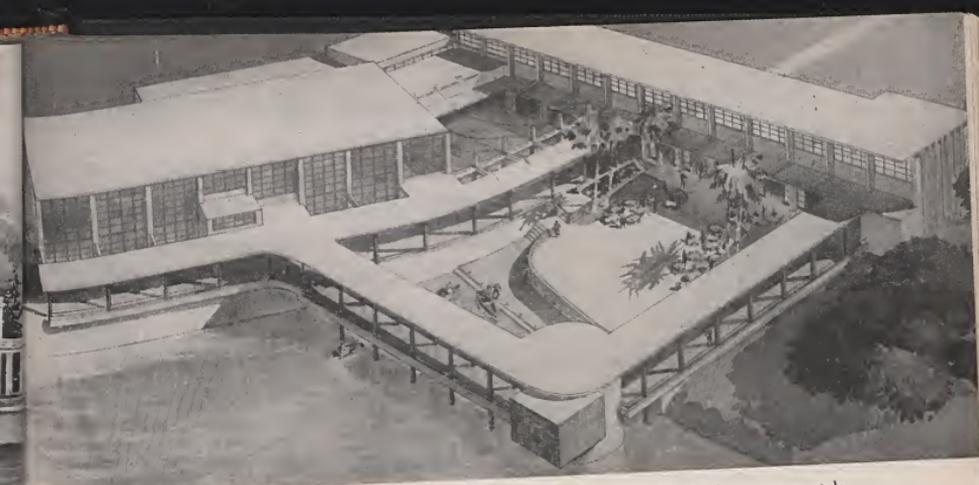
across the country wrote Mr. Davis and urged that Wake Forest build in the contemporary idiom. These architects were so opposed to the plans advanced by the college architect, Jens Frederick Larson, that Mr. Davis suggested a complete investigation so that when we build at Reynolda we do it "with our eyes open."

Four weeks ago the Board of Trustees determined that the Winston-Salem campus would be in Georgian style. THE STUDENT thought of Mr. Davis' warning and the Trustees' decision and wondered how the present student generation felt about the matter. Accordingly the student body was polled.

[Results of the two main questions were: Do you prefer Georgian or Modern architec-

ture for the new campus? Georgian 61.77% Modern 38.23%. Do you think that Wake Forest traditions will: (A) be influenced by the architecture of the new campus? 8.3% (B) change regardless of the architecture of the new campus? 45.08% (C) not change regardless of the architecture of the new campus? 46.60%]

As a poll it was an amateurish job; but it had some intriguing results. The Associated Press got hold of an erroneous report and circulated it and our inadequate architectural comparisons throughout the state. Person after person told us that we "certainly threw the election for Georgian. All they [the student body] heard was 'gasoline stations.' Who wants to go to school in a gasoline station?"



IN SHARP CONTRAST is the present Student Center of Miami U. which was done in the Contemporary style.

But more important, we got letters from interested architects questioning our polling technique and our knowledge of architecture.

Out of courtesy and defense we were obliged to follow up and investigate these letters. We found out that their writers were only too right in their questions. We were sent from one man to another. All of them seemed glad to take time out and explain to us what they meant by architecture. They seemed to know something important that they felt we should also know.

The first man we saw was Everett G. Spurling, Jr. of Raleigh. We met in the office of Carter Williams one afternoon about three o'clock. He left his board at our intrusion and for the next two hours we discussed modern architecture: what it is and what it has to do. We went over pictures and floor plans of college buildings from Colby (Jens Frederick Larson, architect) to Miami (Robert L. Weed, architect) observing what was good and what was bad.

Mr. Spurling explained that all this was just stuff around the office and if we would come

out to his home he had set some things aside to show us. About ten thirty, still talking architecture, Mr. Spurling drove us to Wake Forest.

In THE STUDENT "office" Mr. Spurling was the target of a bull session. A little after twelve no one had scored and he left us suggesting that we see Dean Kamphoefner of State as a man who had had experience with college architecture and who could be a real help on the Wake Forest Problem.

We found the Dean sitting in his now-being-remodeled office wearing a thick black mustache and a lot of rumped, curly black hair. Dean Kamphoefner is a very quiet spoken man. He is also a very out-spoken man. He described Mr. Larson's projected student union as "sprouting dormers like an old sow." He explained why he thought contemporary architecture was the only architecture, and why it is impossible to build a modern interior for a Georgian building.

The Dean is sufficiently interested in the Wake Forest Problem to set his advanced architectural and landscape students to the task of solving it.

We left his office with a bro-

chure on the new campus of Miami University, a copy of the *Architectural Forum* story on the University of Oklahoma, a copy of his assignment for the Wake Forest Problem, and the recommendation that we see Prof. John Allcott of Chapel Hill who recently had an illustrated story on college building in *Architectural Forum*.

That night we called Prof. Allcott. We explained our purpose and the Professor became quite enthusiastic. He asked us to visit him the next day and sit in on his class on Modern Architecture.

The following day we cut all our classes and visited Prof. Allcott. We went out to his home, had lunch, sat in a "Barwa" chair (pictured in *Life* Oct. 18), and talked architecture.

Prof. Allcott repeated all the usual statements about modern architecture but went ahead to answer some questions raised by traditionalists on psychological grounds. Furthermore, he made a complete analytical comparison of the use of Georgian and contemporary architecture for school buildings.

Prof. Allcott covered the con-  
(Continued on page twenty-seven)

# The Smoke-Filled Rooms

(Ed. note—This tender little treatise which will make you squirm in agony if you've ever dated deacon dames was written by a real female. Read it and you will agree with us and her that her anonymity should be preserved at all costs.)

IN THIS ERA OF stark realism and startling revelation, the exposé has reached the height of literary glory. Nearly every institution, brick and social, has suffered exposure in the rain of revealing magazine articles. The growing smugness of the reading public, properly educated through "Now It Can Be Told. . . The Truth Behind The Red Sea" and "Inside Tennis Balls" articles, is an ominous warning to ambitious writers that there are few worlds left to expose.

It has occurred to us though that there remains one phase of our social existence still cloaked in the medieval garb of deception. Despite recent rumors of enlightenment, the human race, or a substantial portion of it, remains gullible in the field (shall we say arena?) of feminine ways and wiles. We must make this modification: Only the masculine members of our species are

or,

## What Every Young Man Doesn't Know

### ANONYMOUS

afflicted; the feminine gender has long been emancipated from credulity. But many of you men have yet to experience the Great Awakening. Let me speak, not as an unsympathetic spy on womankind, but as the Spirit of Enlightenment, with a slight touch of the Eternal Heckler.

On to our revelation, then. With all due respect to my many, many readers everywhere, I shall confine my subject to that paragon of American womanhood, the co-ed; I shall attempt an honest exposé of the campus sweethearts behind the scenes and their beaux's backs.

She who lives within those protective, ivy-covered walls emerges daily with a casually collegiate look, an unsophisticated wholesomeness, an unaffected smile and greeting. In the evenings she steps out in slightly more feminized style, a picture of guileless young

loveliness. Prepare yourselves for the unveiling.

At closing time each night, the gentle, dormant tabbys of the day become noisy hair-on-end felines flurrying everywhere on their corrupt missions. Soon the groups have gathered, the meetings have come to order, and clouds of smoke begin to hug the ceiling of each council room. Outside, the steady hum of voices has a deceptively peaceful sound to the night-watchman on his rounds.

As an appetizer for the repast that is to follow, the adventures of the Misses Jekyll become the conversation pieces of the Misses Hyde. Activities that would be hopelessly dull to a male eavesdropper are dissected with the greatest interest and detail, and incidents with the subtlest of potentialities are carefully reported. Shortly, however, the discussion begins in deadly earnest. The subject lying helpless beneath their poised scalpels is—You.

Flattered? You wouldn't be if you could hear their hard metallic laughter over what you had probably considered a fairly private matter between yourself

(Continued on page thirty-four)



# Man of the Old School

By RALPH STOWE

WILLIAM HALL SCARBOROUGH is one of the few remaining specimens of a golden era. His genus is almost extinct. He is a pre-war Wake Forest man. The significance of a pre-war product of Wake Forest College cannot be underestimated. In those days character was carved, not coated. Why? No women, of course.

Those were the days . . . fond memories of "Sad-eye" Swindel, "Gander" Burgwyn, "School-boy" Snipes, and "Scab" Scarborough. Those vanishing men deserve a round or two. I'll buy this round and toast to Scab.

Character is an abstract term, defined by a vocal inflection, or insinuation, and used to analyze the desired aspect of any particular specimen of *homo sapiens*. In short you either (a) have it, or (b) are it. There are, in rare instances, (c) hybrids. William Hall Scarborough—Scab—is certainly no hybrid. He has none. He is one.

Maybe you freshmen don't know Scab. He's a changed man now, and in his own words, "He can't putter around no more." But when you see him you want to know that there walks a free and untrammelled spirit. Would YOU try to thumb to Bangor in your drawers? Well of course you wouldn't. You, like myself, are coated—not carved.

As you must have surmised, Scab is still here. At present he is holding forth on the second floor of Heck-Williams, lustily pursuing his mistress, the law. Scab forsook the free and happy life of an academic student for two reasons: the first is that he has his B.A. and can go no further, and the second is that

he has three more years left on the GI bill. Needless to say, Scab is the quiet, sure and determined type. Nothing can stop him in his burning desire of the law. In fact, he likes Contracts so well that he is taking the course again.

But to establish some form of coherence, I want to give you some background on Scab. A chronological development will probably give you a better understanding of the various physical and psychological factors that got mixed up and settled in this man Scarborough.

First of all, Scab went to high school in Charlotte. There, he was notably inactive both physically and mentally. Then one day his father noted the unusual allergy to anything more strenuous than cigarettes and the big apple, and decided that the two of them had better have a small conference. He was going to ask Scab what he wanted to do, but Scab saw the letter "W" forming on his Pa's lips and, thinking that Mr. Scarborough was going to suggest work, beat a hasty retreat to the local freight yards. The brakeman discovered him in Wake Forest—Scab was broke. Scab came to Wake Forest because his father came here, and his father's father before him.

The first years at Wake Forest made a deep and lasting impression on Scab. The carving of the character began in those years. Those were the years of hazing; and as you probably can guess, carving and hazing go hand in hand. The feel of a paddle is bad enough under any circumstances, but the badness is heightened when you have only



a pair of PJs for protection (if indeed, that much) and the executioner doesn't have to worry about one of the local Mati Haras coming into view.

Don't think that Scab has been diverted entirely by the physical truths extant in pre-war Wake Forest. There was intellectual endeavor also. But, as Scab caustically observes, the professors have had to clean up their lectures a bit since the coming of women to this sanctuary. The natural and probable consequence is that there is a higher percentage of sleepers at the lecture of modern-day Wake Forest, and therefore a leaner intellectual harvest come examination time.

Then, to continue the chronology, came the war. The Jap struck with a viciousness and cunning on the fatal day of Dec. 7, '41, that sent the blood coursing and pounding through the veins of thousands of red-blooded Americans, including red-blooded Wild William Hall Scarborough. He was drafted one year later, and his blood was spilt on the postoffice steps in Raleigh where the recruiting sergeant abetted Scab's patriotism with a progue in the seat. He raised his right hand to get his hat from the hook, and was

(Continued on page thirty-six)



VARD  
a hu



VARIOUS ITEMS ABOVE, when put with a human, make up a night watchman.



AT TEN O'CLOCK EVERY NIGHT, seven nights a week, Clarence Nuckles starts to college.



HAVING EXAMINED gloomy interior of chem lab, he stops to punch clock.

## Dean After Dark

HIS DAY BEGINS WHEN  
YOURS ENDS—AND HE  
LIKES IT THAT WAY

by

Walt Friedenberg

Neither rain nor sleet nor snow (nor a couple necking on the steps behind the Chapel) keep him from the swift completion of his appointed rounds.

C. (FOR CLARENCE) N. (for Norman) Nuckles (for C. Nuckles.) For those of you who have big black circles under your eyes, he needs no introduction. In case you're one of those who go to bed on time, he's the College night watchman.

Or maybe you don't know him anyway. Walking across the campus on a dark night you can't tell the difference between a tree or a man. If it just stands there and doesn't say anything, it *might* be Nuckles, but if it blinds your eyes with a flashlight and demands gruffly, "Who's 'at?" it is Nuckles.

To look at him you'd think he's been the watchman here for twenty-five, thirty years, but it's actually been only a little over fifteen months—and even that short time is a record. They've had as many as eight or nine a year. The job isn't so difficult—making eight trips around the campus every night to check for possible fires, keeping undesirable strangers out-

(Continued on page thirty-seven)



BLOSSOMING YOUNG LOVE quickly wilts as Nuckles plays cold beam of flashlight on startled, abashed couple.



TWO FOOTBALL PLAYERS, wearing life-like masks, momentarily startle Nuckles enough to cause him to reach for his .32 Colt. Although he has never had to fire his gun, he is not reluctant to draw it now and then.



FRAMED BY symmetrical arches, watchman presents lonely picture as he pauses briefly in the Johnson Building.



PASSING DOWN Publications Row, he drops in to pass the time of night with tired *Howler* Editor, Jud Trueblood.



ON HIS WAY to Bostwick, Nuckles is greeted by four gay, nonchalant college students, reveling in their youth.



TAKING A FINAL BREAK for the night, Mr. Nuckles sits, stares, drinks a pint of milk, and returns to the job.



IN THE GREY LIGHT of a cold dawn, Clarence Norman Nuckles, night watchman for Wake Forest College and now a tired, old man, returns to the small basement of the two-story house in which he makes his home.

END

# VIGNETTE

By **LELDON KIRK**

WE ARE LIKE AMOEBAS, those tiny animate cells freshmen watch under microscopes in their first zoology labs. We move about, as uselessly. And ever there broods over us the spectre of our gaunt loneliness, our own entity, our own selfishness.

Eager — and impotent — our ceaseless social concourse. We may live alongside another or others for a long time, yet we are like the amoebas; fastened tight together we are yet distinct. Amoebas jammed up one to another in pairs or in large groups remain single and distinct cells. The ectoplasm of one



may rupture to absorb food, but it cannot open to join with another cell or partake essentially of anything outside itself. It is the body of the bride, not the essence, which turns her to the bridegroom through the long night.

LONGFELLOW's figure that we rare ships which pass in the night and speak to each other in passing is rather ironic. Somehow the oil in our running lights has dried up and we pass—huge blobs of dark in the deeper dark about us—afraid to speak what we think we see for fear the only answer will be the mocking silence of our own empty aloneness.

Fathers and sons are strangers cast together by the wry humor of biological accident. Even the sperm, when it streams its way blindly to find the egg in the womb, travels a restricted channel. And when the fertilized egg becomes an embryo and then a fetus, it is surrounded by a sac, utterly cut off.

Perchance we meet someone for a little while, and rise above sex and above our own pettiness (so little of the long way have we evolved) that we know friendship and kindness for a moment and two souls are fretted by mutual understanding (only so much have we apprehended of the Absolute: that friendship is the only valuable gift of the gods yet vouchsafed to mortals).

The short days of our few years are not merely a tale that is told: the language is quaint and archaic, fit only to be bound in vellum and collect dust on some cosmic book-shelf among the other funny-books the Immortals use to while away their perpetual damned tranquility.

This is more primordial than the jungle. For perhaps before there was any consciousness save the single blazing eternal one of Creativity, there was amoeba. But now we have progressed. We have even passed

through the tree-top stage; and now we—evolution's most recent miscarriage—walk upon the ground, and wash our faces and our bodies, and struggle to surpass our fellows.

"Behold, all flesh is grass" will not leave the mind. "The grass withereth, and the flower fadeth—because the Spirit of God bloweth upon it." Is that the searing wind of our present desolation? The first Isaiah at least thought so; and Solomon the wisest of men echoed him.

But now we walk upon the earth, and dress our nakedness and see nothing but our own deep darkness. Very quietly, far removed from melodrama, the



law of the jungle—heritage of amoebic civilization—is among us. Still we are alone, defenseless, powerless against each other, against all things. In the sophistication of our late evolution during which we have learned to communicate no farther than among ourselves and poorly at that; so far advanced that we forget the stagnant water of our beginning, we watch the jaguar, suave and beautifully manicured, stalk her prey in the incandescent glare of man's night.

The Seaboard Air Line Railway station in Raleigh is like most other Seaboard stations: brick and creosoted timber and concrete, steel painted black and woodwork the color of tobacco juice. Cleaner than most railway depots in the South, it is generally deserted save for that

perpetual dreg-residue: slouchy brakemen, a few sleepy redcaps, the taxi-drivers waiting listlessly for fares, a gaudy ticket-girl.

Generally deserted until about nine in the evening, when a crowd begins to materialize like a swarm of helplessly fascinated insects from the sprawled streets of the last of genteel Southern cities, awaiting the arrival of Number 10, the train bound north for Richmond and New York.

It was upon such a night I stood with a dinner-guest waiting for that train to take us back the sixteen miles to Wake Forest. The crowd was denser than usual and five or six minutes before train time the late autumn chill caused us to settle gratefully down in our topcoats as the vapor condensing from our breath rose to the sickly yellow ceiling of the platform next the tracks.

The crowd was subdivided into the usual small groups, though tonight it seemed more than usual an amorphous whole, like a mass of amoebas pushed together on a microscope slide.

It seemed from out of nowhere—that voice, shrill, female, ragged with a suggestion of hysteria:

"Help, police! Police! Somebody please get a policeman! they're takin' me. They took my farm and my money." She was a bony woman, perhaps forty, perhaps forty-five, dressed in a blue print dress from a cheap department-store bargain counter and she wore a thin brown coat which had been patched.

THE SADNESS of her appearance—a voice which had materialized as it were from some forgotten delirium—galvanized the crowd, even the quicker and more perceptive among us, and we stood riveted ir resolute where we were.

Her gauntness carried with it  
(Continued on page twenty-four)



*Student Pin-up*

*Shirley Turner*

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## BEHIND THE STUDENT DOOR

(Continued from page one)

nothing to say, kind or otherwise. Realizing she had betrayed her sex by revealing like a leprechaun invaluable secrets never meant for the eyes of men, she has been spirited away like Jan Valtin to a reclusive unmolesked by probing females. Don't ask us who she is, for our lips are sealed forever.

## THE MAN WHO BURNED THE COLLEGE

(Continued from page nine)

burned, but college officials went into a huddle and agreed that they were pretty sick of all this pyromaniacy. And they also called it some other bad words.

"We'll put a stop to this once and for all," they said, squatting over the embers. North Carolina's bloodhoundingest bloodhounds were brought in from Enfield to track the bug. The hounds ran a dead heat to the third floor of Hunter Dorm. They bounded against a student's door, and when the door was opened by the hound master, one of the dogs flung himself into the top sack of a double-decker bunk.

"The hounds do not lie," the hound master barked, pointing a long finger at a sleepy-eyed student peering out from under the hound.

But the student said hounds do so lie, and they also smell a lot like hounds, and that he didn't want no hound coming jumping in his sack, and also what did a guy mean coming in his room talking about hounds don't lie and pointing a finger at him.

Patrols, editorials and confusion continued, but the bug struck twice more—a barn and the Negro schoolhouse. All of the fires—there had been 10 of them—had been between two and five o'clock in the morning. Then ten minutes before midnight on April 26 a fire broke out in a closet of the Alumni Building. Evidently, the bug



knew that patrols didn't begin until 12:30. Folks were getting pretty jittery. The bug knew too much for them. An armed guard would work from dusk 'til dawn, authorities announced. Patrols would continue until commencement, even if it meant that exam grades would have

to be based on how many hours each student stood guard.

After the Alumni Building fire one of the nation's leading fire bug baggers was imported.

"I'll git 'im, he said resolutely, asking for possible motives of the bug. They were given:

(1) Grudge against the college (2) Gets a warmth out of firing up things (3) After revenge on THE STUDENT, which had printed a defamatory cartoon showing the displeasure of a fire bug on being confronted with a fireproof building.

The specialist quizzed more than 100 students and announced daily that he'd "git 'im." And each issue of the *OG&B* screamed predictions of success in the Battle of the Bug:

## QUESTIONS

- A** A field of red where tragedy lies,  
A cheerful thing when it's something of Ty's.
- B** The shamrock and the blarney stone  
Have helped to make its power known.
- C** Ten to the sixth say they satisfy.  
Ten to the zero will echo their cry.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE  
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*Chesterfield*

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3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but use Chesterfield wrapper or substitute must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

### LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

**A** The two CROWNS, one featured on the bag Susan Hayward is holding, the other on the Chesterfield pack. In 1776, the crown, symbol of English dominion over the colonies, fell. (Declaration of Independence)

**B** ABC (Always Buy Chesterfield). Concentrate on the initial letters ABC and your reward is the magic three—Always Milder, Better Tasting, Cooler Smoking. More college students smoke Chesterfield than any other brand.

**C** Seven teeth and two brown eyes of Susan Hayward.  
WINNERS...

### WINNERS IN THE CHESTERFIELD CONTEST

Bill Penny, Royce Cooper, Paul Moyle, A. C. Hall, Jr.,  
Bill Horton, Bill Herring, John H. Deans, Bill Beachom,  
Al Wilson, Mrs. C. G. Powell, Jr.

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Detective Will Bag Bug By  
Sundown Tonight

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Material Gathered  
Investigator Asks For  
"One More Day"

The investigator got his day . . . then another day . . . and still another . . . and a few more. In fact, he's had 5,266 days. You know him—he's the bent, groping old man you see probing rubbish piles back of Hunter, booting lagging bloodhounds into bushes beside Bostwick, hysterically muttering to himself, "One more day . . . one more day."

VIGNETTE

(Continued from page twenty-one)  
not only the remembrance of long hours in tobacco field and cotton field and barn; there was a bony asceticism about her. Her hair was soulless brown and done in a tight bun at the nape of her neck. We had seen her a hundred times, standing like a female Elijah on Fayetteville Street, on a hundred other streets, holding out in a grubby hand a religious periodical printed on shabby newsprint for all the world to see and be warned thereby to purchase immunity from the impending avalanche of God; trying stupidly to seem unaware of her little, pathetic place in the sun.

What she said, every word, no one there could have told after it was all over. It was her impact and the sadness of the whole thing, this jangling vignette from out the night, which stunned us.

What she said, the way she

said it, was almost gibberish: they took my money, they took my farm, now they're gonna take me away. . . . Somebody for God's sake help me. . . . Get a policeman. . . . Help. . . . It might have taken three minutes in all; it was probably nearer forty-five seconds.

A policeman appeared, shifted from one foot to the other as though his feet had been asleep and grinned sheepishly as though he were half to blame. Then the three appeared.

They materialized almost as imperceptibly as she had, the three of them coming from three directions: two females and a boy. The first one to reach her was the older woman, strong, vixenish, bearing down like a breath of doom. She was marcelled, manicured; she wore a fur coat. Her stocking seams were impeccably straight and her feet were incredibly small for her size, exquisitely formed. She reached the woman—she had floated, moved down upon her, rather than walked or run—and took her by the arm; talking vehemently but too softly for others to hear, she began to drag the woman away.

The boy had a big Bible under his right arm. It had to be a Bible; they don't bind other volumes that big, not even Shakespeare, in limp leather. He reached the trembling woman a second or so after the tall one had and took her free arm almost gently with his left hand. He was smiling, in his blue serge suit and black tie, almost deprecatingly, as though sublimating the whole affair.

The third of the strange escort followed the trio out, mincingly, like an amateur accompanist who has played very poorly but thinks she has done superbly.

We heard only one more querulous cry for help and a loud sob as they took her away into the dark, because the north-bound train was pulling in.



LADY LOOKED UP AT GOD'S wrinkled and drawn face; she watched the tears running down the old weathered cheeks; she heard his man voice talking and wondered why it quaked. She had been with John Ferebee for fifteen years. She remembered the day when he had picked her from her aristocratic brothers and sisters. Lady had been only two months old then; he had looked into her face and as he turned away—"I'll take that little lady dog"—yes, she remembered. Under John's training and care she had become the best bird dog in the county. She had been happiest when the men on horses followed and she had showed him where the birds were; god would turn to the men and say "steady on shot and wing," then he'd pat her head and his weathered face would smile. She remembered the day he brought another someone else home, his mate. And then she had watched him grow old and bent, and she had slowed her pace and lessened her range as he had. They had been happy, these two.

I do not like god's wife,

By  
BILL UNDERWOOD

thought Lady, and I don't think he does either. She worries him and he does not smile. Yes, John was Lady's god. He was a gentle and kind god and Lady loved him very much.

When Lady was very young and spirited she had run through coveys on several occasions, but he had never been harsh. "We've got to watch that, Lady; now, take it slower next time."

Lady had heard John Ferebee's wife whining; she couldn't understand Mrs. Ferebee's talk, but it made god very sad. He would come and talk to her about the hunts they had been on, and he would be happy when he left.

Lady had ridden with John Ferebee several times lately, but they would go past the fields where they usually stopped. They would go to see the man with the white coat. God had been very sad. They would walk to the door together and then god's eyes would close and he would stoop and hold her head.

"You and I are both getting old and tired, Lady." Then he'd take her back to the car and they would go home to hear Mrs. Ferebee whine again. Lady had been to see the man in the white coat several times; once when she had had her babies, and sometimes to have a sharp thorn put in her side. God had taken her so she knew it was all right. It was different this time.

Old John Ferebee had waited for his wife to die, but, as a cancer, she had lived on. Mrs. Ferebee didn't like dogs. She didn't like hunting. She didn't like anything that let John Ferebee escape her wagging tongue.

"John, that dog is too old to live. You'll have her put out of the way this very week. If you can't have Doctor Monroe do it, you'd better do it yourself and I'll go with you to see that it's done. I'm going with you tomorrow afternoon and I'll make sure that dog isn't here tomorrow night."

"I wonder why his voice is trembling, and why his cheeks are wet," she thought when god  
(Continued on page thirty-three)

## THE ORIGINS

(Continued from page eleven)

and sit, or rather fold itself into the chair opposite the Doctor. Sensing an unknown presence, the Doctor lifted his eyes, his head remaining fixed. He dropped the book.

"Who—what are you?" asked the Doctor as if he knew it would speak.

"Can it be that you do not recognize that which you have sought for so many years?" followed by a cackle.

Startled by an answer of any kind, the Doctor was terrified at this particular answer. He shrank away from the thing as far as the chair would allow. The thing's very presence seemed to chill the room. The Doctor looked down at the floor, to the side and out the window at the storm. He could not bring himself to look at it again.

"No—no," he quavered as he found his voice, "I sought only a fact—the origin—I did not seek a living thing."

"Then you may be doubly proud, for is *Death* not a living fact? To be born is to live, and to live is to die; and live again. You are a learned scientist; yet you do not know the life cycle of man. But have no fear; I shall teach you."—with another cackle.

"I don't believe it!" cried the

Doctor, still staring out the window.

"Many do not believe that the origin of life is death. All feel it, fear it, and some hate it; but never do any know it, until I come."

"How could I have made such a terrible mistake. I checked and rechecked yet I have gone forward instead of backward!" exclaimed the Doctor, regaining his composure.

"Uncertainty is the surest thing in life. You made no mistake. I am the only origin you shall ever know. Your mistake was in the beginning. Is it not enough that you were given life; must you know how and why?"

"What must I do with you! I have made no arrangements at all. The world must know of this. I have captured the plague of mankind. It's absolutely astounding, even to me!" ranted the Doctor, becoming elated at his discovery.

"Ha—like all scientists, you think you may control whatever you may create. You reveal your ignorance with remarkable clarity. In the first place, my dear Doctor, I am not your creation. Secondly, the question is, on the contrary, what shall I do with you. But it is not a question for me, for it was decided long ago."

The Doctor's expression

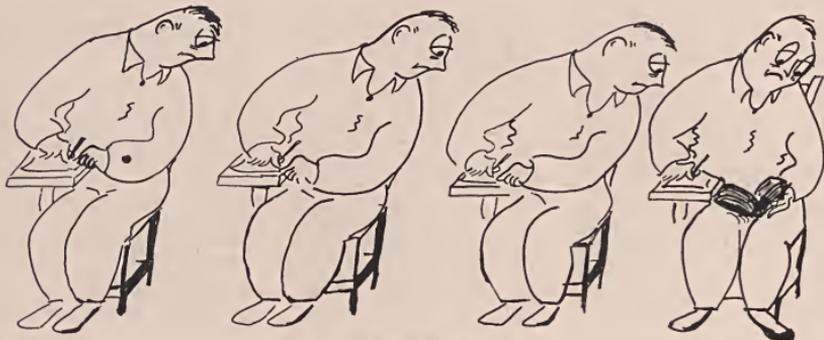
changed from delight to fear, then worry.

"Are you *Death* or are you *Satan*?"

"In your case the two are synonymous. Do you remember that night when Jed Leech came here. That was the night you fed a hungry waif who begged you for food. You gave him something extra. Then you carried him to the basement and isolated his soul. Yes, you had a thing men think intangible in a little glass bottle. What was the reaction when you pricked it with your knife, Doctor? That was when the body began screaming, wasn't it. You tried to put the soul back into the body but you were interrupted by Leech and had to destroy it. Afterwards you burned the body. You are responsible for the soul you stole from me. Come—I shall teach you what you have always wanted to know."

The Doctor appeared to be in a trance as the dark mass moved from the chair toward him. It drifted over him like a fog and then it was gone, leaving the Doctor with dangling arms and staring eyes.

A month passed. Greyhaven became alarmed; never had the Doctor been lax in picking up his freight at the depot. The local constable was dispatched



Honor System

to investigate. He sent for the coroner. At first the coroner could not decide. The body was emaciated; the eyes sunken but open. He could hear no heart-beat with his stethoscope, but when a mirror was placed before the body's mouth, a slight frost appeared on it. They rushed the body to a hospital. To this day it is fed; but man does not live by bread alone.

#### STRAIT JACKET OR WINGS?

(Continued from page thirteen)  
vention of the state chapter of American Institute of Architects last July for the *Architectural Forum*, one of the nation's leading architectural magazines. At this meeting Mr. Larson outlines his plans for Wake Forest and the architects of the state issued their opinions of these plans. Prof. Allcott gave us permission to use the notes he took at this meeting, and wished us the best of luck.

Consequently with deadline

less than 24 hours away we are writing like mad trying to indicate how these men feel about contemporary architecture and the Wake Forest Problem.

They feel that contemporary design is the only way to build. It is not a matter of good taste, of just common sense, but the moral question of right and wrong.

To find out why they feel this way we must know what they mean when they say Modern Architecture. Hold on tight and go ahead slowly, for the next three paragraphs are difficult but essential.

From a bulletin by Dean Kamphoefner we judge that: "Architecture is a blend of creative art and technical skill." Modern architecture is organic architecture: that is, living architecture. An organic (modern) building is alive: it works and is capable of growth. The architect is faced with the problem of creating a functional (organic) building and unless he solves the problem he has not built a modern structure.

Furthermore, contemporary architecture follows the principle that beauty follows utility ("form follows function"). Yet, it is also generally accepted that any architecturally great structure "should be inspired by a great psychological theme." *Therefore function is described as a blending of the psychological (i. e. aesthetic and spiritual considerations), the sociological considerations, (i.e. human activities), and the physical (i.e. the space required for performing these human activities.)* "It is impossible to say in a complete design that each one of these can be taken separately and divorced from the rest of the composition." Keep this definition in mind. From it, it is easy to see that the big problem before the architect is to discover the function of the proposed building.

It is also easy to draw from

these theories certain conclusions about modern buildings in general. A modern building will take advantage of every technical device available. A building modern in one place might not be modern when moved across the street. A building modern for one use is not modern for another. Every architecture was modern at some time in the past.

The 18th century and its modern Georgian architecture are well defined now. If an architect is building a Georgian house he can tell you what it will look like a few minutes after he starts. He knows he must use columns, portico, pediment, etc., on right angular axes so that the facade will be symmetrical (that is, if you divided the building horizontally one-half would be the twin of the other).

On the other hand, if it is a modern house being built, your architect cannot draw you a picture, for he has no idea what it

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will look like. He must first determine the function of the building. He begins with a floor plan. That is, a modern house is built from the inside out and a Georgian house is built from the outside in.

How will this work for a college? The best answer is a Georgian-Modern comparison from a college viewpoint.

The 18th Century (Georgian) college had only a few students. Its classroom procedure was simple—all that was needed were a table, some chairs and a professor. Its courses were limited largely to the classics. Its life was leisurely and gentlemanly. The student was unaware of poor lighting and bad studying conditions. If his health went bad who could tell what was the reason?

But the 20th Century (Modern) college—woosh! there are many, many students and many, many cars to be parked. Many courses are offered in many different buildings which results in a terrific rush between classes. Special equipment is required for many courses. Today's student is no gentleman; he

is too busy going to school. Furthermore, he knows of and demands the technical devices designed for his comfort and health. Now then the Georgian and the Modern architect set out to build a campus.

Both the Georgian and the modern architects want to lay out a campus with the buildings well placed and well planned. They both want to give us utmost comfort and guard our health.

The Georgian architect starts from the outside with pediments, columns, steeples, ornamental windows, rectangular campus layout, etc. His buildings are rectangular blocks repeated in pairs to retain symmetry. Thus symmetry is at once the beauty and limitation of Georgian style. Because while the campus will look orderly and regular, all campus problems (functions) must fit within the prescribed formula. Time and time again the architect will be forced to compromise his problem and his plan. When he is through he has a structure that is complete in itself and cannot grow and expand without



Chicken Pot Pie

destroying its symmetry and with that its beauty.

The modern architect starts from the inside: with his problem. His buildings can be curved, regular, irregular, similar, or dissimilar. They can be placed as needed without regard for symmetry. They can be of any materials available, not necessarily Georgian red brick and white trim. His plan will fit his problem, and part of his problem is to provide for future expansion.

Both the Georgian and Modern architect want their campus to be beautiful. Each wants his buildings to express college life, to be inspiring and restful to the students. And each wants his buildings to be a vital factor in preparing the student for his world career.

The Georgian architect secures beauty by symmetry: the rhythmic repetition of solid, rigid forms. His materials are red brick, and white trim. He



uses the aura of college life in the 18th century to prepare students for life in the 20th Century world.

The Modern architect gets beauty from the skillful handling of his materials. His balance is not that of symmetry but of forms, masses, textures, colors. He can balance space-cutting glass with solid walls, natural woods with steel, and stone, and concrete. His colors are more than red and white. He creates authentic new forms which express our 20th Century college life as they solve the building problem.

Knowing all this and recognizing the Wake Forest Problem, the North Carolina Chapter of the American Institute of Architects asked Mr. Jens Frederick Larson to be their guest at their convention last summer at Atlantic Beach, N. C. On July 26 Mr. Larson told the assembled architects of his plans and desires for Wake Forest. He mentioned the controversy and said that it was "rotten ethics if crowds try to butt in." Then he outlined the work he had done including his tentative plans for the student center and campus layout. He said that he wanted to build Wake Forest as a "spiritual home . . . livable and inviting. I want charming, ageless, dateless, gracious architecture."

A discussion period followed Mr. Larson's talk. Evidently in the heat of the moment the quiet, earnest manner of the architects became in some a passionate, earnest manner. Mr. Luther Lashmit opened the dis-

cussion by reading a prepared statement which read in part: ". . . I never feel that the possibilities of Modern structural and mechanical knowledge are released in dealing with the formulated symmetry of Georgian architecture. . . . If we are not effete we should be creating beauty out of the conditions and technical knowledge of our times. . . . I think it is reactionary to hold that contemporary design is a fadism. . . . It is fundamental that buildings men build reflect their aspirations. Should any institution embarking on a great new building program accept as its symbol a strait-jacket or wings?"

In reply Mr. Larson stated that he worked "with a vocabulary of all architectural styles. . . . I go back a little farther than most architects. . . . I create . . . I have freedom. . . ."

Mr. Lashmit's statement started the ball rolling. What followed is quoted from the

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Wake Forest, N. C.

notes Prof. Allcott took at the meeting.

"Question: Of two rough classifications of architecture—traditional and non-traditional—you build in traditional styles?

"Larson: I build freely.

"Q: But you might choose a Georgian style; and if so, because you felt it was spiritually or some way especially appropriate?

"L:—to a particular job.

"Q: The Georgian style has certain characteristics? (Larson nods yes) Would they be symmetrical plan, right angular axes, slanting roofs, portico with columns, vertical windows regularly spaced?

"L: Yes.

"Q: These embody and materialize the feeling which is to be communicated by the architecture?

"L: Yes.

"Q: Then don't these determine your plan—since you must

work with them? And how can you be free within such restrictions?

"L: I use any style freely.

"Q: Georgian materializes a feeling of the XVIIIth Century. (Larson nods) Doesn't this take from any 20th Century feeling which might be materialized in the architecture, and which would be regarded as desirable?

"L: I build to create a favorable background for the students.

"Q: You study all architecture, including the present. Are there any non-traditional college buildings or non-traditional college architects you like?"

"At this point another architect broke in: 'I have been pacing back and forth trying to keep from talking. I like your architecture for Dartmouth. You should be a carpet-bagger, Mr. Larson. You have the most wonderful opportunity here and you messed it up. I think that no architect in the State was capable of the job. But we know some people who could.'

"L: You should talk to the committee, not to me.

"Arch: I criticize the Committee which selected you. (Stalks out of the room).

"Q: . . . I wonder if we are trying to crowd something behind those facades. Shouldn't we face the problem directly?

"L: I'm not putting something behind those facades. I've explained my approach. Thank you. (Leaves front of room.)"

Later in the same notes:

"Q: Well, at the present time you still favor the XVIIIth Century?

"L: My architecture will be dateless.

"Q: Oh, but people will date it easily as XXth Century Colonial Revival.

"L: The function of college architecture is to provide a peaceful background."

One might easily judge that most of the architects of North Carolina don't want Wake

Forest to be done in Georgian style.

Certainly this was true in so far as each architect contacted by this writer was concerned. None would defend either Mr. Larson's stand nor the traditional style of architecture. Each of them claimed that there was not a school in the country teaching Georgian or any other form of traditional architecture today.

And their arguments make sense. To build in Georgian style would be effete, dishonest, anti-traditional, improperly sentimental, and unduly costly, according to the nation's recognized authorities on the subject.

Is not the true tradition of Wake Forest to learn and to use its learning to progress? Can its Christian ideals be harmed by any architecture? Do not its customs of friendliness and honor depend upon its people? What of its academic atmosphere? The Renaissance archi-

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ecture of Heidelberg, the Gothic of Oxford, the Georgian of Salem all foster an academic atmosphere; why not the contemporary of Wake Forest?

What point is there in building a structure for sentiment that can at the most be valid for only a generation?

And what about the Baptists of the state who are going to put up the 25,000,000 dollars for this campus? They are already contributing to the support of half a dozen other schools. They have every right to withhold their dollars until they know that every last one will be used to the best advantage. Would not the money to be spent on columns that support no weight, fake chimneys, ornaments and odd-shaped bits of glass, high maintenance and expansion costs be better spent on technical improvements such as sound-proofing or even books, scholarships and professors. What will North Carolina Baptists think the better investment: needless columns or needed scholarships, "strait-jacket or wings?"

Why should there be any



"Wake Forest over Duke and 21."

question at all about building modern architecture? Every architectural school in the country is given over to teaching its philosophy, every architectural magazine in the country concerns itself solely with modern architecture. But the average person doesn't know about it and hasn't seen it. He is ignorant of its possibilities. Our own investigation was hardly premeditated.

Mr. Davis asked that we build with our eyes open. As yet no evidence has come to light to indicate that the trustees investigated the possibilities of contemporary architecture or even consulted North Carolina's architects. Was Georgian the right choice? Shouldn't we consider and at least note the possibilities?

(Author's note — Modern architecture really has to be seen to be appreciated. Four students who are probably willing to discuss their experiences with modern architecture at the University of Miami are Patty Angell, Paul Moyle, Bill Hensley, and E. P. Ellis. There are probably many others.)

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jazz

CAPITOL RECORDING CO. HAS just released an album called *Collectors' Items* combining the musical talents of Stan Kenton, Benny Goodman, Peggy Lee, Benny Carter, Anita O'Day, Red Nichols, Sonny Greer, Rex Stewart, Dave Barbour, Eddie Miller, Red Norvo, Charlie Shavers and scores of other topflight artists. Previously unreleased, these recordings combine some of the best music to be recorded during the past four years.

"Travelin' Man" — Stan's piano solo launches this rhythmic ballad, following a short ensemble intro, and leads into the O'Day vocal. The content of the song is Anita's trouble with her man, etc. Kenton's boogie solo and full band climax the first side. This frantic number is not so restrained as some of Kenton's waxings, but nevertheless it's still Kenton all the way. Flip the platter over and Benny Goodman, Red Norvo and Benny Carter combine under the name of The Hollywood Hucksters and give out with "I Apologize." This piece is sparked by several ingenious solos by the above mentioned artists in their traditional style. The soft background and unexpected key changes add a very subtle touch.

Record number two is "Baby" with Peggy Lee and hubby Dave

Barbour, backed by Benny Carter's "I Can't Get Started." "Baby" is definitely a classic for Peggy, and Dave's band never sounded better. The ditty is recorded with a soft, easy and nostalgic mood that indicates Peggy's real style. She's great on this one. The immortal "I Can't Get Started" gets done up in a brand new fashion when Benny Carter's golden alto displays the fine technique that made him famous. The tempo is moderate throughout except for a brief passage by the entire band. This one is tops.

"You're My Everything" brings Red Nichols and his five pennies into the limelight as they ride through this disc in semi-Dixieland fashion that features the tenor sax of Herbie Haymer. This is the "jump" tune of the album, and Red's five pennies sound like a big band when they join in to take a chorus. There is plenty of Red himself for the fans who like to hear Mr. Nichols give out with the hot licks. Sonny Greer and the Dukes Men finish the platter from the reverse side with "Bug In A Rug" A few of Ellington's stable mates make this a very good small combo number with their improvised rides. Barney Bigard takes the principle role changing from a medium tempo to a lazy riff. This one is also good.

The last of the Collectors' Items is furnished by Rex Stewart in "Tain't Like That," backed by Eddie Miller's "Just One More Chance." In "Tain't" the maestro allows his mates ample freedom and restricts his own ride to a short but effective solo. Keg Purnell on drums does a fine job along with Eddie Wood and Al Sears. The Bib Eight are slightly terrific in their rendition of this, but Stewart really shows his sparkling personality and musicianship. "Chance" is perhaps one of the few jazz recordings that can boast of an organ accompaniment. Before you holler "stinko" give it a

listen. It's unique to say the least, and playing background for some fine tenor work, it fits right in. Miller himself rides for about 32 bars and plays a lot of tenor sax in an impressive mood that has some very knocked out chords. Again this column says "fine."

If you're a jazz fan of any sort this album is worth your attention. *Collectors' Items* gives out with the best music played by the best artists.

—BILL HENSLEY.

### GOD'S LOVE

(Continued from page twenty-five) had given her supper and walked into the house.

Lady watched her god walk slowly towards the pen the next afternoon. He had a shotgun and with him was Mrs. Ferebee. This is very strange, thought Lady, she never goes with us.

The taciturn trio walked into the field that afternoon. Why is god crying? Lady wondered.

Lady found the birds and made the point. She heard Mrs. Ferebee whining behind her. And then a very strange thing happened, god rubbed her ears; he had never done this. He had always walked up to her and kicked the birds up. But now he rubbed her ears and stepped back.

Lady watched him raise the gun; she heard it fire. As the evergreen ferns turned red, a dying thing rustled the brush, and a dog and its god walked slowly towards their home.



THOSE WHO ENJOYED H. M. S. Pinafore during last spring's Magnolia Festival should thoroughly appreciate RCA Victor's album of excerpts from *The Sorcerer*, *The Mikado*, *Pirates of Penzance*, *The Yeomen of the Guard*, and *The Gondoliers*, all Gilbert and Sullivan light operas. The album is characterized by the usual irreplaceable good spirits of the collaborators, coupled with uncommon skill in recording of the RCA Light Opera Company.

The casual listener will probably be most impressed by the good enunciation. Not only are the sounds from the records melodious, but also intelligible. The soloists and the choruses all manage to speak clearly through the music, even when the listener is denied the pleasure of seeing them act through it.

Thus the Gilbert and Sullivan hilarity is graphically captured in recording, a feat not easy to accomplish. The excerpts chosen include sixty-five of the most gleeful of the songs, cut on twelve-inch records. They are sprightly, characteristic of the Gilbert art in getting a great deal said in a short time and in an apt way. Gilbert's use of the English language is precise but ribtickling. His mastery of the

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quip and other bits of linguistic comedy are enlivened by a sparkling musical setting.

The subject matter of these excerpts invariably involves young love and impossible humorous situations. Gilbert and Sullivan believed in mass marriages as good climaxes for their operas, so they paired off all possibilities, often very improbable ones, before the finale. The fact that most of the plots are foregone conclusions from the beginning does not reduce the thorough-going jollity which runs throughout all.

The music of the selections is easy, smooth-flowing, and pleasant even to the ear of the greenest uninitiate. In listening to the operettas composed by Arthur Sullivan, one can well imagine his writing such church music as *Onward*, *Christian Soldiers*. Although these selections are far from church-like in their verse, there is nothing more strange about tempo or

harmony than will be found in the nearest hymn book. Their mood fits well the gay, light libretti written by William S. Gilbert.

The RCA Light Opera Company does well in its interpretation of the score. The orchestra and vocal artists are well-balanced. The over-all effect is one of smoothness, in spite of the fact that about four songs appear on each side of each disc. The violin section particularly adds in places to the even flow of the music with its easy transitional passages which bring the separate songs together. The soft string staccato which introduces the solo from *The Yeomen of the Guard*, *When Maiden Loves*, is a particularly outstanding example of this.

For the casual listener this album will afford hours of pleasure. It should be a sure-fire cure for that Monday feeling, or any other general period of pessimism, such as mid-terms. The connoisseur probably already owns it, since it is not a new release, but one which has been time-tested. He can enjoy it for its knowing interpretation, the irrepressible optimism in it, and its many tunes which persist in going round and round in his head.

—ALICE PURYEAR.

#### THE SMOKED-FILLED ROOMS

(Continued from page fourteen)

and the girl friend. Or if you could listen shudderingly to your current and ex-dates swapping notes on your technique. A devaluated franc says your gal could write a more accurate and interesting memoir of your love life than you could with Kathleen Norris as a ghost writer. It would probably come as a deflating stab, also, to learn that the opinion and criticism of the "gang" determines if, when and where your next date will materialize, and has really little to do with your personal charm and devastating personality. You would learn that men live,



after all, in the world and of the world, but by the woman's world.

Women are not, however, as might have been inferred, indiscriminate in their indiscretions; by no means. Your confidences are as safe as you had thought they were . . . with the exception, of course, of those very special close relationships between your girl and her confidantes. What is a crushing thought is the numberless quantity of females, all gossip-hungry cohorts, who qualify as close friends, listeners, and advisers. In their culpable hands lies your fate.

Let's categorize some of these millstones about your (if you'll pardon the expression) neck. Of primary importance as the one to whom your girl resorts most often is

1. *The Personal Counselor*. Into this classification falls the roommate usually, of course, or the girl next door (both qualified by proximity), your ex's (qualified by past experience), the girl friend of your best pal (who readily relays the inside dope on you and is particularly helpful in determining the success of a campaign). The counsel of these persons is sought usually in times of great or small crises, when a decision is important or immediate action is called for to save a romantic situation. The result, if the advice was good, is your (the victim's) recapture.

2. Toward a similar end—always the same end—are bent the efforts of the *Board of Directors*, which broadens its membership to include several of the

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most potent sources of information and advice. This group acts not only in crises but also serves effectively in the preliminary planning, the organized attack, supervises the smooth running of the affair and sees it through to a successful end or a rueful failure. In the former case, the Board members automatically become bridesmaids; in the latter, the consultant forms another Board, hurls curses on the last, and tries again.

3. The so called "Bull"-Session is a familiar source of information and opinion. Less familiar, however, is the actual content of these meetings. The Kinsey report could have exhibited no more frankness or thoroughness than these uninhibited councils. The subjects here vary, and may cover everything from shampoo brands to philosophy, religious or romantic, in a single evening. On one occasion, as an unseen visitor, you might become disillusioned as to your girl friend's natural beauty and instinctive good taste. We'll wager that comeliness is as natural and instinctive as hours of primping and elaborate dress rehearsals for the next date can make it! Give her ensemble another glance at your

next church-going; you'll be complimenting the collective decision of third floor Bostwick.

More important decisions than Jane's next date dress are made here in the larger session, too. The customs, almost the very mores of the group, are established here; what attitudes, speech, dress and friendships the girls will adopt are determined and adhered to, and all rebels are severely ostracized. If you're on the girls' books as not worth dating, brother, there's a bus to Raleigh every night at six.

4. Forming the fourth category in our Woman's Ways Unlimited is that unorganized group of "friends' friends," that is, the best pals of the members of the above groups. To the council, and board meetings and general sessions come the opinions and decisions of these other friends, who, let me assure you, know as much about you via grapevine as your girl's roommate.

If you fully realize, and we have tried to assist you to do, the intimate relationship between yourself and nearly everyone else on the campus (thanks to your girl, her Counselor, Board of Directors, Bull

Session mates, and their Counselor, Board, etc.), you undoubtedly feel equipped to defeat the theory of cosmic loneliness, if you only could find out what the darn thing is. At any rate, the next time some strange woman looks you over, smile charmingly; she may be saying to herself, Yes, I guess Jane should date him for Homecoming. But hold it—if you smile, she may put you down as too flirty and therefore fickle; and if you don't, you're probably too conceited or reserved for good old J. Life will begin to have complexities. Eyes over your shoulder will take on significance; anxiety to present the proper appearance (whatever that is) to your ever observant public will undermine your self-confidence.

Addendum: There's an entrancing little record over at Thiem's, in Raleigh, called "Never, Never Trust A Woman." . . .



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## MAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL

(Continued from page fifteen)

sworn in then and there. Scab was a history-government major, so the government would take Scab out of his strait-jacket every day and let him make history by jumping over Germany with the 82nd Airborne. A fighting man was he. A lion in battle. Nothing stopped him. Scab was a corporal in the army, not once, but twice. He was discharged as a private so that, so he says, he wouldn't lose his down to earth perspective.

Shortly after he was discharged, still the bedecked hero, Scab got married. He married a beautiful girl, a graduate of Queens College, whom I have yet to see. As he said on the interview, "Don't worry, Bud, she's well qualified." Her name, I assume, is Mrs. William Hall Scarborough. They live out on Faculty Avenue in the Shantytown residential area, about 25 feet west of the railroad tracks.

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They have one child, a male who is approximately 14 months old at the present reading. In addition to a wife and child, Scab is the sole owner of two pairs of khaki pants, six T shirts, and is working diligently for a pair of socks. Incidentally, a sure sign of winter is a pair of socks with Bill's feet on the inside. You see, the modernized version of Wake Forest has not entirely defeated him. In the proper 82nd Airborne spirit, he fights on and on and on, until the last flail and gasp for those principles that are so dear to his heart. Winter is not yet here.

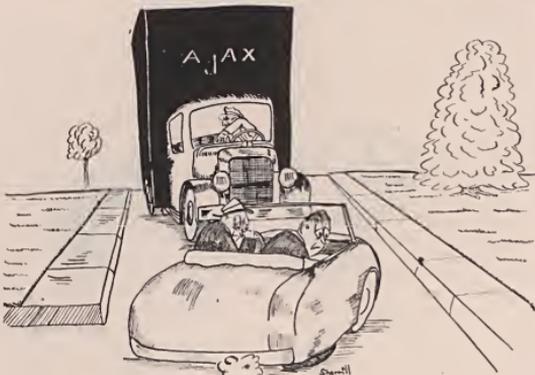
The character is evident in the man's picture. Look at that low hair-line and lower forehead. He used to get letters from some guy named Darwin who wanted to hire him. Look at the firm and determined mouth. Was he born or trolled? Look at that excellent location for a chin. If some of you girls would like to get rid of one, I'll be the middle man for the middle chin. Look at the eyes—there is the real door to the character. They look like a pair of marbles dropped in a snowbank.

When queried about various activities on the campus, Scab let this much be known: he is

a KA, and loyal IDGAD supporter. His devotion to IDGAD is sincere and principled, although he might have been influenced by the fact that they gave him the sheet that was dropped at the PFP rally so he would take it home and sew it together for use on the cold winter nights. An inquiry as to his opinion about the Wake Forest spirit brought nothing more or less than a disinterested shrug. You would probably interpret it as I did: "It ain't what it used to be." At any rate, we don't see a bunch of boys in Doug Walker's "A" model racing around Simmons time after time, and taking turns climbing to the attic back-window with a 20 gauge shotgun for target practice—with the car and the remaining occupants as a target. If you missed you had to forfeit your position and climb in the car. (More boys got out of the draft that way. . .)

Those were the golden days. Anything could happen and usually did, and, as distinguished from now when nothing can happen, and usually does, they sound pretty good. I wish I'd been here then, too.

Sure, those were the days.



Notin' comin' this way.

But even we have days of our own. And even Scab has to brief his contracts for tomorrow, and as much as I'd like to shed my inhibitions and hitch-hike to Bangor with Scab, we'd both better wipe clean our glasses and quit this puttering around, or we'll both be hopping the south-bound freight that brought us here.

#### DEAN AFTER DARK

(Continued from page seventeen) side the rock wall, seeing to it that coeds don't violate dating rules, and turning off unused light bulbs. But it's eight hours a night, seven nights a week, on the same old lonely beat. Just the same, Mr. Nuckles likes it "pretty good."

Mr. Nuckles likes his work "pretty good," notwithstanding the hours, the loneliness, the rain and the cold, and the scanty pay. "I like to be off alone, workin' with myself. . . . Workin' at night you don't waste time talkin'." That's what he says, but actually he's lonely: walking around a quiet campus all night long, seeing, much less speaking to only a few people, then sleeping most of the day, and having to care for a mute, invalid wife.

I met him one night as he was beginning work and asked him if he'd mind my doing the rounds with him. He "spect it'd be all-right" as long as I didn't interrupt his work. At first he was rather terse, abrupt. After a while he started talking.

It must have been about two o'clock—over in the Johnson Building—when I decided to get some sleep. I thanked him for his trouble, said good night, and walked out. He followed me out onto the porch and started talking again, and kept on talking for 20 minutes. During a lull I walked halfway down the steps, nodding good night. He followed me down, still talking. He finally admitted that it was "right lonely, going 'round an 'round



the same way," and that he didn't mind my walking around with him. "Nobody ever done it before since I been here."

It's a lonely job.

Mr. Holliday, his boss, says, "He's by far the best we've ever had. We've had some good ones and some who ought to be in jail themselves, but this fellow takes his job seriously and he does keep a good watch."

Just as he does a better job than most of his predecessors did, he tries to dress more respectably than some of them used to do. "Bein' 'round a college and every thing," Mr. Nuckles likes to be "half decent lookin'." I never did fancy goin' half dressed 'round a place like this. Man before me used to wear overalls, but I don't. They got visitors comin' in here and college people. . . ." He wears, among other things, a clean colored shirt, black tie, "thick pants," and an unpressed gray worsted suit coat. He alternates wearing three pairs of shoes, one of which is "guaranteed not to wear out." "These brick walks are hard on shoes, really cut 'em out like the devil."

Physically, the "College night man," as he prefers to be called, has benefited from life-long outdoor work. He's "never had no sickness to 'mount to nothin'" in his life, and his wrists and legs are still as strong as they were in the years when he was handling heavy railroad tools and lugging cases of milk. His 180 pounds are well distributed

over his five-nine frame, not counting, of course, his abdominal bulge. His feet give him the most trouble. They don't blister like they did when he started here, but "they sweat in the summer and near about freeze in the winter."

Incidentally that bulge around the middle isn't all blubber. Some of it is Mr. Nuckles' tools of the trade: flashlight, pistol, blackjack, clock, and keys. The flashlight he usually keeps in his coat pocket, partly because he knows his way along paths and through buildings by heart, and partly because he has to buy the battery.

Then he packs a .32 Colt eleven-shooter, borrowed from Mr. Holliday, which he wears in his "John Brown belt." "Bullets got steel jackets, go through a door without slowin' up. Got some lead heads, too, blow a hole in a man as big as a door. No, never shot it, but I can git it quick. I wouldn't shoot any-

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body less I had to, but nobody better mess with me." I believe him too, with those steel jackets and everything.

His little black leather black-jack will do the trick in case he ever runs out of bullets. Mr. Nuckles has never swung his billy either, but he'd rather quit his job than not bring his two weapons along on his nightly round. "Ya never need 'em till ya don't bring 'em. There's so many bushes and dark you never can tell. Nobody better try nothin'. It's gonna be too bad for 'em when they do."

The chief duty of Mr. Nuckles' office is to guard against the possibility of fire. The job of night watchman at Wake Forest was created at the insistence of the insurance company, which considered unwatched buildings too much of a risk. The clock and key system (when the key is inserted into the clock the time is recorded on a roll of paper which is turned over to



the company) insures the underwriters that the buildings are being patrolled. The night watchman carries the clock; the keys, twelve in all, are located in most of the College buildings. Although strictly a harmless machine, the time-clock could be used as a last resort in case the gun and the blackjack failed.

His badge, which he displays prominently just so people will know who he is, shows that he's a Special Officer of the Town of Wake Forest, with the authority to make arrests anytime, anywhere.

Mr. Nuckles is the only man on the campus who has more keys than George Maloney—22. Collectively they open up every building, classroom, and office on the campus except Dr. Kitchin's office.

Altogether the equipment not only makes him look like he's hiding a tire around his waist, but it weighs quite a bit. "Gets right heavy by morning." Well, he's all loaded down and set to go. Shall we give it a twirl?

The day begins for Mr. Nuckles at 10 p.m. when he makes his first stop at the church, and checks the first number one key. Number two is the Alumni Building. Then Hunter, number three, in the middle section, where the boys are usually up quite late. As for noise late at night, Mr. Nuckles finds the campus pretty quiet except when the boys get to discussing legal matters a little vociferously, or whatever they do down there. On week-

ends the noise is "right smart, with them boys pullin' parties and big card games all night. I don't mind if a boy keeps his fuss, but I don't like it when they go a-marchin' and a-whoopin' and a-hollerin' like they was one night. . . . Them boys treat me pretty good, though. Some of 'em know me by my name."

Then over to the Music-Regilion Building and down the stairs to the Rec. Room to boot out piano and ping pong players, if it's after closing time. On the first time around Mr. Nuckles arranges the furniture so that on succeeding trips he can walk through the room without turning on the light or using his flashlight.

Down to the infirmary, number five, around back in a hallway. Number six is in the foyer of the Gym, where he sometimes pauses to get a Coke. Across the street, up toward Wait Hall, then down the walk to Bostwick. So far he's gone 970 steps, by his own count—goes to show how dull the job is.

The New Dorm doesn't have a key, but Mr. Nuckles walks by, checking to see that the doors are locked. (Incidentally, Mr. Nuckles is the only man in town who walks by the New Dorm to see if the doors are locked. You never see him peeking in the windows.)

Let's see, Bostwick was seven. Number eight is Publications Row, where Jud Trueblood, in the tradition of Howler editors, is up till three anyway, and welcomes the sound of a human voice once in a while. On Tuesday nights Mr. Nuckles drops in on what he calls the *Old Black and Gold* office to swap a few lines with the headline-writing crew.

Next is Wait Hall, which means number nine and lights left on in the philosophy Department. Mr. Nuckles says he doesn't mind them staying up late like that, but he wishes they'd flip off the lights when

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they're through. He's scrawled several notes repeatedly on blackboards, bulletin boards, and walls, but "it doesn't do any good." Then the Law School, number ten, on the second floor. More lights to turn off. Down the steps and around to the back of Lea Laboratory for number eleven, right inside the door. In the other buildings Mr. Nuckles not only looks around for fire but sniffs the air for possible signs of smoke. But in the Chemistry and Biology buildings he doesn't compete with Hydrogen Chloride and pickled dogfish; he takes an extra-close look instead. And he usually gets through the maze of rooms without bumping into a desk or a door.

Inside the buildings he knows his way around, but when he walks through dark places on the campus you get the impression that he's not as interested in watching for possible fires as he is in keeping an eye out for sinister characters in black cloaks hiding behind bushes, waiting to ambush him.

But now into the home stretch for the Johnson Building, number twelve, where there are usually a few students up late.

If it's before 10:30 during the week, or 11:30 on Friday and Saturday, Mr. Nuckles makes sure that "there ain't no courtin' below that walk." He sneaks around behind the Chapel on

tiptoe, hoping to catch an errant couple. He's not vindictive about it; it's part of his job and he wants to do his job well. He rarely makes a catch—mostly because the coeds are just lovely little ladies who'd rather die than break a rule (the penalties being what they are), but partly because couples have figured out his schedule. "They've learnt me, but I'm gonna fool 'em and come before 10. They got right sharp, they think they are, but I'll get 'em some time." Mr. Nuckles has caught a few young ladies, all of whom have found him conscientious about his duty. A coed's tears, pleadings, and gnashing of teeth avail her naught; he merely quotes from his copy of *Handbook for the Women Students of Wake Forest College* and escorts the girl to Miss Johnson.

After the coeds are all inside, Mr. Nuckles has about a half hour's rest in the Johnson Building before resuming his schedule. He sits down and twiddles his thumbs for thirty minutes, and starts retracing his steps. Number eleven, number ten—you get the idea. A half hour later he's back at the church, where he sits down and twiddles his thumbs the other way. After another half hour he starts back again . . . and so on, far into the night, except for a quickie up town at Shorty's at one o'clock or so.

Mr. Nuckles is fairly well known uptown and in town, having lived in and out of Wake Forest most of his life. He's now living, with his wife and daughter, on the first floor of Dr. S. P. Holding's house on the Raleigh road. He goes uptown in daylight once or twice a week to buy groceries, rarely goes to the Postoffice, and hasn't seen a movie in 20 years. He used to go to church "right regular," but since he's working nights he doesn't "have a chance" to go. He smokes, but never drinks; mindful of the responsibilities of his position, he "never did like goin' to work drunk."

Born in Forestville 51 years ago into a family that "never had too much," Clarence played with three younger brothers (including Wake Forest policeman Otis), went to church regularly, and attended the Free School, where he "never picked no fuss."

His "daddy" had several jobs,

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working for the railroad, making plows on the Dunn Foundry, and running a little store.

When he was still a child Clarence got his first job, "towing half buckets of water on a Seaboard section gang. Dollar a day." He gradually worked himself up to full buckets of water. "Then I got large enough to work as a hand 'tween Wake Forest and Neuse. Went in there to learn the business. From a hand I went to sub-foreman then relief-foreman before my rheumatism made me quit."

In the summer of 1918 young Nuckles took himself a bride. "I got her from around Neuse in there. There's where I did all my courtin' at. . . . Met her at a party. . . . We went along a little bit. 'Nother fellow was goin' with her, ever since she was old enough to walk. Same Sunday we got married he came and got her for Sunday school. We went to the courthouse in Raleigh. Sold us the license and

married us right there." They've raised two children, a boy and a girl. Mrs. Nuckles suffered a permanent paralytic stroke 7 years ago.

A month after the marriage Mr. Nuckles was drafted into a motorcycle corps. He was back home by the following March. He doesn't remember exactly what he did next, but he worked around home, and he thinks he worked in Henderson for a while. He *knows* he drove a truck for the Pine State Creamery in Raleigh for 14 years. During the recent war Mr. Nuckles guarded the entrance of the telephone Company in Raleigh. "Ya had to have a pass. Sometimes they tried to slip in. Had to watch out for spies from some foreign country."

He then got a "job with the State," as he fondly refers to his job as guard at the Cary prison farm. "That was better'n anything I ever done. Went out on

the road with gangs. Outdoor work. You go a different route every time, go everywhere, and see different things. Get all your meals, place to sleep, your clothes, after you work three months."

Whether because of a desire to rub elbows with the collegiate crowd or just to get out of the sun he doesn't say, but on July 19, 1947, Mr. Nuckles took the job of night watchman for Wake Forest College. He's doing his job well, he knows it, and he's proud of it. Good man. You can help him out if you want to. Just turn out the lights when you're through using them, don't date below the walk after dark, and above all, don't set fire to any of the buildings.

Doth a woman suckle her first cigarette because a man asketh this of her?

Nay! But because the other women at the table moan.

Maxims of Methuseleh  
XXVI:23

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are already "A city within a city"

SO MILD *they Satisfy Millions* SO MILD *they'll Satisfy You*

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# THE STUDENT



VOL. LXII  
NO. 3

DEC.



*Merry Christmas  
for every Smoker*

# Camel Cigarettes

Camels are so mild . . . and so full-flavored . . . they'll give real smoking pleasure to every smoker on your Christmas list. The smart, gay Christmas carton has a gift card built right in — for your personal greeting.



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# Behind The Student Door



**E**VELYN MCDANIEL WARD, who was just plain Evelyn McDaniel a year or so ago, is author of *In North Carolina's Bosom*, an interview with Paul Green. Married to barrister Hiram H. Ward, she divides her time between listening to Afro-Caribbean records, training their pet collie, Res Ipsa Loquitor, to drop dead, and keeping house for Hi. Soft-spoken, witty and intelligent, she was, no doubt, a determining factor in Hi's ascending to the heights of the upper ten per cent of his class—a legal position somewhat similar to the hierarchy of the heavenly realm.



**O**WNER OF THE BIGGEST JOWLS on the campus is jolly Herbie Paschal. In addition to losing his pants in Ohio, he also has written the *OG&B's* history, for which he stands to lose his shirt if some of the things he says about some people are seen by the people he says them about.

"Why," we asked, in reference to one highly imaginary sentence, "did you do it?" "Because," he replied with a savage leer, "it needed color badly."

It's men such as these who make our magazine what it is today.



**L**EE ROYALL, THE MAN to whom we all turn near the end of the month and ask in a hushed tone, "Did we make it?" is Business Manager, and it is upon his shoulders that the financial success or failure of each issue falls.

Lee is a fine boy. We like him because of his modest, unassuming ways and because of his

Chevrolet convertible. Comes the middle of the month and Lee dons his Sunday suit and journeys to Raleigh where he pleads, begs, threatens and cajoles leading merchants into displaying their wares verbally. As hard a worker as any man we have on our staff, Lee goes above and beyond the call of duty by using his car to transport writers on out-of-town assignments.



**D**ON LEE (DONKLE) PASCAL, whose cartoons you will find along with Sherrill's in the back of the book this issue, began contributing to *THE STUDENT* when most of us looked on that term as being an aspersion directed at a classmate between the level of ourselves and our professors. A crusty, colorful character of the McIlwain school, Donkle turned out some of his best work while rooming with Honest Ed. Now, having taken unto himself a wife, his work remains at the same high level even though he is being influenced into different channels. He has even begun to concern himself with ministers and the like, as may be evidenced by the cartoon on page 50.



**A**LICE PURYEAR, our classical Amusic expert, is, like fellow-columnist Bill Hensley, on a column-writing jag. She goes to the Music Building two or three nights a month and gets sent sufficiently by Sergie Prokofieff or some other hipster to dash off the impressions of the bash she has just heard. Then, once every three weeks, she gleams material from the campus for her turn at swiping snidely in the *OG&B* column of the same name. Not only a good listener, she plays a mean fiddle herself.

The  
College  
Book Store

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YOU can get:

1. A Book
2. A Pencil
3. A Typewriter
4. A Date
5. Jewelry
6. Various Snacks
7. A Fourth for Bridge

★

From:

Everette Snyder,  
"On the Campus"

★

With:

A MERRY  
CHRISTMAS!

Letters to the  
Editor

This Boy Hensley

Dear Editor:

Your last issue was just super! Especially the pictures and the write-up about Bill Hensley. He is just too-too adorable. Don't you think so, too?

Please have more about this boy Hensley in your next issue. He's so handsome. Don't you just love to look at his beautiful black, wavy hair, his evil-looking, daring brown eyes, his classic nose, his firm mouth, his massive chest and his Herculean shoulders?

Sincerely,  
Bill Hensley

Ed. note—Yes, Bill, we do, but it's your beautiful, evil-looking, daring, classic, firm, massive and Herculean waist line that really gets us.

Now It Can Be Told

Dear Sir:

I have some poetry that I would like for you to publish in THE STUDENT. It is very, very much about life, and I think you'd like it.

I have wanted to submit it to your magazine ever since school started, but inasmuch as it is, as I said, very, very much about life, I knew the boy with whom I was going would recognize it. He, however, recently dropped out of school, and I feel that now it can be published.

It is of greatest importance to me that my name never be linked with the authorship of the poetry. Could I be assured of this?

Yours truly,  
A Freshman Girl

Ed. note—You could leave it in the hollow stump at the south gate of the stadium, and we'd pick it up.

HOLLOWELL'S  
NEW SUPER MARKET

Sends

Season's  
Greetings

to

Wake Forest

★

We hope to continue  
to Serve You with

THE FINEST  
IN FOODS

during

1949



EDITOR: Harold Hayes • BUSINESS MANAGER: Lee Royall • ASSOCIATE EDITOR: Bill McIlwain • CONTRIBUTORS: Art—Betty Isbell, Don Lee Paschal, Ralph Herring, Bob Sherrill, Jan Young • Editorial Matter—Evelyn Ward, Herb Paschal, Joe Pena, Ralph Church, Walt Friedenber, Bill Hensley, Alice Puryear, Ralph Stoice, Bill McIlwain, Bill Underwood • Photography—Alex Kaiser, Jim Anderson • BUSINESS ASSOCIATES: Bill McLain, Bernie Frazier, Dick Clay, Dave Herring.

## Nuts and Sugar Plums

WITH THE COMING of the rains and the exodus of the turtle dove, Christmas and all the niceties which accompany it moves closer to Wake Forest College and THE STUDENT. To choose a vitriolic quill from our inkwell during the yuletide season would be like shooting B.B. guns at Santa Claus.

Not that we want you to feel we are overlooking such undesirable conditions as lack of investigation into the architectural problem, bad food lines, PFP monopolization of student body offices, lack of an adequate lecture program, etc.

It's just that we don't like to say unkind things about anybody or anything around Christmas, and we don't want you to get the idea we are ungrateful for what we have.

Fortunate indeed is the school which has such a fine minister as we have in our church. Amplified music after supper is an asset to the beauty of the campus. And our student body is still not so large that we have lost our personality as a school. For these things we are grateful.

Christmas carols, the "Messiah," and Christmas dances do not fail to elicit a responsive note in our publication. As a matter of fact, we have tried to slant this, our largest issue, with a yuletide angle. Every member of the staff has done twice as much work, and because of it, we hope that we have contributed our share to a general Christmas atmosphere.

Like Ebenezer Scrooge, we must admit that the world takes on a rosy hue toward the middle of December, and together with the Dickens characters, the characters on THE STUDENT staff wish to you all an enjoyable holiday season.

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Wake Forest, N. C.

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you to see for yourself the  
prompt and efficient serv-  
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- \* Lubrication
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- \* Engine Repair
- \* Lighting System Service
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## Letters to the Editor

Holidays and Crop  
Working

Dear Ed:

Just how long are you and your crowd going on without you write something about the lousy holiday setup in this college? You took the lousy four days for Thanksgiving without squawking. And I guess you'll take the couple of lousy weeks for Christmas the same way. Man, in the school I went to we used to get out a month at a time when the crops needed working.

What we need around this place is some real holidays. Let's hear something from you and those scared, squeaky clowns that work for you.

Sincerely yours,  
Deadwood Cornshucker

Ed. note—*Maybe we can get out to pick some lousy cotton next fall.*

We've Been Naughty

Dear Ed:

Look, kid, you're getting just a little too sassy for your own good. You can pull all your wise stuff on some guys, but you better be going easy on I and my friends. I'm talking about that wise stuff you're putting in them editor's notes. When I write you a letter I want that you just read it, figure out what I'm trying to tell you and then do what I say. I'm not writing letters so's you can tack that wise stuff on the end of them.

You try much more of that stuff on me and I'll fix it so you don't write no more editor's notes or even write home to your mother.

Sincerely,  
As Much A Leading Student  
As I Ever Was

Ed. note—*We didn't mean to do bad.*

## B. & S. Dept. Store

Wake Forest, N. C.

"NEXT TO MYSELF  
I LIKE B.V.D. BEST"



## ELECTED!



by an overwhelming  
majority of fine shoe buyers

Men who want double their money's worth of wear in the shoes they buy, have again cast a landslide vote for Florsheims... The Quality standard-bearer for the nation.



## Season's Greetings

to

## WAKE FOREST



## A Date in Wake Forest

OR . . . .

by Walt Friedenber

THERE WAS A LONG period of silence. "I won't do it," I said calmly.

"You're fired," Harold Hayes said calmly.

"I can always write for ah . . . publications . . . magazines . . . papers." I returned defensively, a little hurt.

"Oh, no you can't" Hayes chortled, with a trace of cat-and-mouse coldness in his shifty eyes. "THE STUDENT is the only place you can get your stuff published."

As a person who likes to see his stuff in print as well as the next man (and the next man happens to be that little fellow with the big ears, Ralph Stowe, who pays to get his stories printed), I gave in.

The assignment was "A Date in Wake Forest," and "to achieve some measure of realism, of—of credibility," Hayes proclaimed, flourishing last month's issue under my nose, "you'll have to date à coed." That's when I said, "I won't do it." You can appreciate how I felt. Gee, the coeds are so darned beautiful, so intelligent, so wholesome, so clean-cut. And I'm so ugly, so gawky, so slovenly, so "utterly undesirable" as one girl put it.

But I finally allowed six mules to drag me over to a telephone, where I made a date with a coed by disguising my voice and telling her I was Whitey Auld. Sunday night; seven-thirty.

For the next two days I lay abed in a coma, with a high temperature and a throbbing headache, muttering, so they tell me, "What have I done? What have I done?"

(Continued on page thirty-four)



BY WAY OF ADVICE, try to find a common ground of activity with the latest flame, proving you know which end is up.



IF SHE is a freshman, then take her to Shorty's book shop to look at the pictures. (Bottom shelf is off-limits.—Ed.)

## ... How To Have Loads Of Fun Together



FURTHER DOWN the "Great White Way" you will see Brown's Pool Emporium: no jumping, no massie, no chalk, no cue.

Many of Miss Johnson's versatile charges like nothing better than to clip you for a few bucks at eight-ball.



THERE'S ALWAYS the post-office where you and she can go to ponder the B.S.U. (Bored Students Unlimited) notices.



THE GYM is a good place to swing your girl if she likes it at the end of a rope. But, being a wheel, you go . . .

... FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE WAKE  
TO THE HEIGHTS OF THE FOREST



# Battle of the Baptists

WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN THE DIXIE BOWL? OUR SPORTS ANALYST POINTS OUT SOME FACTS ABOUT BOTH BAPTIST TEAMS

by

Bill McIlwain

A Texan, 'tis said, will tell you that a Texan can do anything—shoot marbles, debate, baby-sit, compose symphonies, play jack-rocks, sing the National Anthem or play football—BETTER than can any creature from the outside world.

And the folks in Waco, home of Baylor University, are typical Texans. They'll bet their last steer that Baylor will whip that little team from North Carolina—what's its name . . . Wake Forest?—when the two teams meet in the Dixie Bowl on New Year's Day.

Here in Wake Forest, fans say the Deacs will make the Texans wish they'd stayed home and tended their oil wells.

So it goes. In Waco it looks like the Baylor Baptists in a breeze. In Wake, it's the Baptist Deacs will dump 'em. Acting as much like an outsider as possible, we'd point out that:

The January 1 affair easily could go either way, depending upon which club is "up" for the game. A Deac club, playing as well as it did against Duke, State and William and Mary, would look like money in the bank. A Baylor club, matching its performances against Arkansas and T.C.U., would look like money in the same bank.

And now's as good a time as any to point out that Baylor's record of five wins, three losses and two ties is nothing to scoff at. Coach Bob Woodruff's Bears played a mighty, mighty rugged 10-game schedule. The three

losses (to Texas, Tulane and Southern Methodist) are little to be ashamed of. Texas had to fight from behind to nip the Bears, 13-10, as did S.M.U. to shade them, 13-6. Baylor's only convincing lacing came at the hands of Tulane, 35-13.

Fans in this section, of course, are familiar with the Deacs' 6-3 record. It requires little comment. The four clubs that beat Wake Forest last fall—Duke, State, William and Mary and South Carolina—were toppled this season to give the Deacons a perfect year of revenge. The job that Coach D. C. (Peahead) Walker did with the club was fine enough to win him runner-up honors as the Southern Conference's Coach Of The Year.

THE Deacons that whacked South Carolina, 38-0, on Thanksgiving Day stood heads and shoulders over the ragged band that topped George Washington, 27-13, in the opener. As the season progressed the Deacs grew stronger as a unit, and there were individual stars who burned brightly in each game. Bill Gregus, who scored nine touchdowns and rolled up 628

yards rushing for a 5.1 yards-per-carry mark, paced a ground game which got a lot of punch from such worthies as Mike Sprock, Bud Lail, Harry Dowda, Bud Phillips, and Bob Jones. Carroll Blackerby made good 38 passes—six of them for TD's—to head the throwers. Tom Fetzner notched a brilliant 40.1 average on 53 punts. John (Red) O'Quinn scored eight times while pulling in 39 heaves and had fine receiving companions in Jim Duncan and Ed Hoey. Line chores were handled ably by Ray Cicia, Bill George, Bernie Hanula, Ed Bradley, Boyd Allen, Bill Dye, Tom Palmer, Bob Auffarth and a host of others.

But back to this New Year's business. What can the Deacs expect from the Bears? Trouble, maybe. The Bears haven't been as high-gear'd as the Deacs in scoring, gathering 147 points compared with 217 for Wake. But they've been tougher on defense, limiting ten foes to 118 points while the Deacs were being touched for 148 by nine opponents.

Baylor has some able men op-  
(Continued on page thirty-three)





# The Whining Madonna

by

BILL UNDERWOOD

JUDGE ARTHUR AMBERCROMBIE could nearly remember the day they had been married. She had been young, girlish, and innocent then, as girls will be. But he remembered one stipulation, "until death do us part." What a happy thought. It had been a marriage nevertheless. He had slept with her because marriage entails such bliss, and they had acquired some habits in common. They also had a marriage certificate. A typical devoted pair.

"Are we going to the movies?" she whined.

"I don't know," he answered.

"Are you tired?"

"No more than usual," he replied.

"I really would like to go to-night."

"All right."

He sat there aware of his own helplessness. They would eat supper, see another show, and come back to their happy home. She had ruined the only outlet, the comradeship of Father and Son. She had pampered John until he was as frivolous as she.

The Judge watched his wife yawn and pour her corpulent figure into her bed. He loved this moment. When she was asleep, she was quiet, and although this wasn't a sage thought, it was a happy one. Her face was hard with the exception of a bag of skin under her shrunken chin.

The next morning the taciturn two ate their breakfast and the usual questions were fired across the table, some of them ricocheted out into the yard but as far as the old judge was concerned most of them were direct hits.

"I'm not trying to be hard on you, John, but there has been so much trouble."

Now came the barrage. "I'm sick and tired of hearing about John coming in late, Arthur. He's only having a good time and thank God he's not like you, always sitting. It looks like you

would get enough sitting in that court room."

This last direct hit drove the old judge out of the front door. As Judge Arthur Ambercrombie walked slowly down Main Street, he walked with a slow steady pace, a bit stooped, probably from bearing the weight of an unhappy home on his thin shoulders. And as he walked he thought of the many grafters he would have to contend with when he was elected.

THE Judge's character was unblemished. For years he had been old Judge Ambercrombie, and now it looked as if he'd be the representative from his district. It had been his life's dream and it would also be an escape from one Mildred Ambercrombie.

Months ago the Judge had thought to himself, "... what a lot of good I can do for these people I have always known, these farmers who have always been my friends. If I am elected, it will be the happiest day of my life..." And as he thought to himself, he was unaware of the sly looks cast among his backers.

The Judge found out later who was to get the road contracts, the franchise for trucking, whose boy was going to West Point.

"That's just politics," his backers had told him; the old Judge thought to himself, "this is just like home; keep quiet and just do what they say and there'll be no trouble."

He straightened his black coat, smoothed his thin white hair, cleaned his glasses, and proceeded into the court room. Sitting down in the immense chair, the Judge looked over the docket for the day. The typical crowd, thought the Judge.

The usual chatter of curious spectators, the faces of fathers and wives and mothers, anxiously pushing towards the pris-

oner's dock, and the dull impenetrable gaze of Saturday's farmers.

"Who is the accuser and who is the accused?" thought the Judge. "Who judges judges?" he wondered idly, staring at the full docket before him.

"Speeding."

"How do you plead?"

"Guilty."

"Forty-five dollars and cost."

"Drunken driving. Third offense."

The Judge looked at the sullen face before him. A young boy.

"Have you anything to say? This is your third offense."

"Naw!!" the boy answered.

"Two years in the State Penitentiary." They led him off.

"Speeding and reckless driving."

"Guilty."

"Fifty dollars and costs."

It went like this every day.

THE Judge walked to his house that night. It would have been a short walk for a man who was not lonely. Through the noisy maze of the middle of town, past vacant lots, past familiar houses, he walked, step after step, marking his progress by the monotonous regularity of the solitary telephones which lined the sidewalk. But it was the same. He walked home every night; his wife had to have the car to pick up the forty-five year old girls that played bridge at their house. He was a tired man.

As he walked up the street, he met Edgar Shaner, his campaign manager.

"Tell them I'm not running, Edgar. I'm withdrawing from the race."

"You can't do that, Judge. It'll ruin us!"

As he entered the front door the whine greeted him again.

"Arthur, I let John have the car since I didn't play bridge."

As Mrs. Abercrombie continued her whining, the Judge walked out; the whining changed to a howl. Judge Abercrombie didn't care.

Mildred Abercrombie sat alone that night and with nothing else to do, she read the paper and waited for the Judge. He always comes back, she thought. As she read on she was soon to realize differently, for in a small and inconspicuous corner of the day's records was the following simple statement:

"This afternoon, Judge Arthur Abercrombie sentenced his son, John, to two years in the State Penitentiary for drunken driving. It was his third offense."





## In North Carolina's Bosom

A STUDENT INTER-  
VIEW WITH PAUL  
GREEN, AUTHOR OF  
"LOST COLONY"

by

Evelyn Ward

THE NEAT WHITE HOUSE at the end of a winding woods road was a perfect picture of the home we had expected to see. And the comfortable informal library that yet retained a certain innate dignity was predictive of our dark-haired, young-for-his-54-years host who stood smiling in the doorway a few moments after we were seated.

Paul Green, North Carolina's noted author and playwright, is most familiar to us as the creator of *The Lost Colony* and *The Common Glory*, and of the Broadway production and Pulitzer Prize winner, *In Abraham's Bosom*. Mr. Green taught for many years at the University at Chapel Hill, and it was

there we found him at home last week.

We were deeply impressed by the unaffected charm of the man relaxed in the big chintz easy chair. There was nothing ostentatious about him; he seemed the genuine artist, and as he talked and expressed himself in the interview that followed, this impression was reaffirmed. Those of us who had rarely talked with such a well-known writer were awed at the prospect, but his easy conversational pace and friendliness soon put us at ease.

As he spoke, we were impressed by the earnest beauty of his expressions and gestures. They had a way of enveloping us in their meaning, of drawing upon the very room itself, its pine-paneled walls and ceiling-high bookshelves, as background for the ideas being presented.

OUR photographer prepared to make pictures, and Mr. Green, grinning a little self-consciously, apologized for the impropriety of his bright yellow socks. His suit was a coun-

teracting gray with a quiet plaid sub-pattern. In between poses, the writer shared with us his speculation upon the tie he wore, or rather upon the principle nature of all ties. They were, he observed, entirely useless, often troublesome, in the way, yet required by society to be worn by every well-dressed man. They serve, too, to indicate the same paradoxical trait of a world that, when millions are in dire need of warm clothing, nevertheless dictates the lengthening of women's skirts

(Continued on page forty)



"Ghandi was one of the greatest men of our time. He knew love for man."



"Gosh, I just like to sit by myself and think. I spend hours at it. . . ."



"And my brother said to this Negro, 'Take off those spectacles, John!'"



"The engineer struck him in the face and evil took root like a cancer. . . ."



"Some of Hollywood's producers are the most vicious men in the nation."



"Tom Wolfe and I talked in this room just before he died. . . . A great man."



**T**WENTY YEARS AGO THERE were some folks in this town who didn't think drinking drinking-likker was wrong.

Now, that's important because these folks were the main characters in a gripping and moving story. They gripped and moved more half-gallon jars of white whiskey in one night than most folks could in one month.

You can start this story almost anywhere you like, but the best place to start it is about a quarter of a mile south of Forest Heights. (A lot of spirited stories start out that way.) Well, a kid named Al and a bunch of friends with other names were driving back to Wake Forest from Raleigh around eleven o'clock one night. They met a car on the curve a b o u t six-beer-bottle-throws south of the Heights. In fact, they met the car radiator to radiator and bowled it over in the middle of the highway.

The driver of the bowled-over car hardly waited for the machine to stop rolling before he long-legged it across a field and into some woods nearby. Al and his boys had heard enough about crime to know something criminal must be involved to make a guy run away and leave his new Model T groaning in the middle of the highway. So, they began poking around in the Model T and found that it

was packed with white whiskey on top of white whiskey.

"Can't see why no fool would run off and leave all this good drinking-likker," Al observed. His friends couldn't see why either and they began to wonder what should be done. They decided the only thing to do would be to get the liquor out of the car right then and to leave the car until morning for somebody else to move.

The boys were stepping about gingerly with the half-gallon jars when sort of a Christmas spirit struck them. (It was about this time of the year, you see—almost time for the students to go home for the holidays.) The boys got to thinking that it wouldn't be quite playing fair with the townfolk and students for them to hog all those jars to themselves. Al's car wouldn't run so Al sent a boy named Freddie on the run to town to tell everybody what a wonderful thing had happened out on the highway.

**F**REDDIE grabbed up a jar—partly to use as evidence when he reached town, and partly to sorta keep his feet from getting sore on the way in—and set off like a Derby winner on a dry track. Freddie made fine time to town, swinging the half-gallon jar to get more speed. In fact, Coach Phil says it's the greatest two-mile run in Wake Forest history. Well, Freddie reached town, circled the block a couple of times to cut down his speed and finally came to a stop in Shorty's. He had around a quarter of a jar left and he pointed to it, saying something about "There's more like this, thousands more, out yonder."

Things began to happen. A student running for one of the better offices on the campus hit off for the college to tell friends about the "thousand jars out yonder." Shorty threw off his apron, slapped a steaming cheese and egg sandwich into his hat to fight off the cold and set off for "out yonder." (Brother Worth, who was too young to make the trip at the time, says Shorty didn't open shop again for four days.)

**I**T was a little after midnight by then, but the bell was sounding at the college and students were piling out to find out why. The story of the "thousand jars out yonder" was making the rounds, and quite a few upperclassmen thought they'd better make the two-mile trip in the interest of science, history, mathematics and a few other subjects. The boys flocked out onto Number One. One was carrying a blanket so if he got more than he could carry he could sleep with it. Another was atop Miss Janie's best Guernsey, flogging the old animal with an algebra book to get greater speed.

On foot, on cow, on car, on top of each other, students and townfolk jockeyed for position on Number One, fighting for the lead in the Thousand-Jar Handicap. Some were battered to the pavement, destined to lie there until a friend passed back by hours later with reviving spirits.

The flood of human flesh poured past Forestville, past where the Heights now stands, headed for the curve that was covered with a thousand jars. The mob thundered in—the front-runners covering the last

(Continued on page fifty-one)



*Student Pin-up*

*Jewell Adams*



# Substitute

by  
RALPH B. CHURCH

THE LIGHTS OF THE show window cast a bright glow around the three figures who stood outside with their faces pressed against the invisible barrier between them and the toys. The children were fascinated. There were more toys in front of them than they had ever seen before, and they were oblivious to all of the other sounds and sights around them. They were awed by the display, and could hardly be pulled away by the woman who stood impatiently behind them. But finally they moved on and others quickly moved in to take the places in front of the trains

and dolls and wagons. The children screamed and jumped with delight.

But there was one there who seemed not to have caught the spirit of Christmas. The man stood at one side of the crowded window and glanced uncomprehendingly from the toys to the eager faces of the children. With a blast of the winter wind he unconsciously drew his thin topcoat closer about him. There was a tear on his cheek, or maybe it was only a melted snowflake. He stood still as each flattened nose moved away and was replaced by another.

"Hello, Charley!" boomed

above the horns and Merry Christmases of the street. A large red-faced man stood beside the silent one; the children glanced at the author of this explosion but turned quickly back to the toys.

"I haven't seen you in months. What'cha been doin'?" the man with the thunderous voice continued.

The thin man called Charley averted the eyes of his inquisitor sadly.

"Nothin' much," he said slowly.

"Heard you lost your job a couple months ago." He waited for a nod, but none came. "Get a new one yet?"

THIS time he was answered by a shake of the head. They stood there together looking at the window display. The large man could tell that Charley was not in the talking mood, but he stayed beside him anyway.



Perhaps there was some way he could cheer him up or do something for him.

"Not gonna' have much Christmas without a job, are you?" The red-faced man asked, although he knew the answer.

"I don't mind it," Charley answered after a pause. "Course the kids'll be kinda' put out about it. But it can't be helped." He stared harder at the toys, but did not see them.

The large man's face glowed with an idea. He clapped a ham-sized hand on Charley's back and fairly roared his thoughts to him.

"Hey!" he shouted, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll come to your house tonight dressed as Santa Claus an' bring your kids some presents! I'd like to, being as how I ain't got nobody to give anything to. How'll that be?"

For the first time Charley's face relaxed its strained look.

He turned to the fat friend and took his hand.

"Would you do that, Bob?" he asked eagerly. "I'll pay you back when I can."

Bob grinned happily. "Sure I will. Be glad to. You still live on Sycamore street, don'cha?"

"Yeah. Thanks, Bob. Thanks. I'll never forget this as long as I live."

Bob slapped Charley on the back, shouted a Merry Christmas, and moved off through the crowd. Charley's eyes followed the retreating figure. Then, as Bob disappeared, he looked at the toys again, but this time he saw them.

\* \* \* \* \*

SUPPER was over and the dishes were washed. Charley Gibson and his wife stood with their backs to the open fire watching their three children, who were absorbed in the meagerly decorated tree.

The girl jumped up from her seat on the floor in front of the tree and ran over to her mother. She took her mother's hand and looked into her eyes.

"Mommy," she said, "don't you think this is the best Christmas ever? It's even snowing, too. Oh, I love Christmas time." She danced back to the other side of the room where the two younger brothers were with the tree. The three of them started talking excitedly, waving their arms, and keeping their eyes on the tree which they knew was the prettiest they had ever seen. They had no doubts about their Christmas. They knew they would not be let down by a Santa Claus who loved everybody.

Charley and Grace turned their backs to the happy children. Charley leaned against the mantle and threw his cigaret in the fire.

"What time did Bob say he would come?" Grace asked in a low voice.

"He didn't say," was the answer. "I guess he'll be here any time now."

"You're sure you didn't ask him to come?"

"No. I told you he thought of it. I'm no beggar."

(Continued on page forty-six)



# Football Fans Should Be Subsidized . . .

ALTHOUGH WE ALL AGREE  
HERE ARE GOOD REASONS WHY

by RALPH STOWE



DEAR PUBLIC: What with sanity codes, Good-bye Harry Clubs, and a general over-all effort to disguise a sad lack of football talent with a cloak of righteous indignation, I feel constrained to bring to your attention a problem that has plagued my mind and body for quite some time. This problem is one concerning the forgotten man of football, the football fan. I dare say that nine out of every ten people that read this article are football fans, to some degree at least. I feel that my pulse pretty accurately defines the feeling of the average fan, because I am disgustingly average. Just remember that even though I write this in the first person singular I intend to express the pent-up emotions of the first person plural.

You see, I "ooh" and "aah" at the long runs and the brilliant passes that our local heroes make on the gridiron. From the bottom

of my football heart I damn the venerable Peahead for every blunder the team makes, and worship him for every victory. The team's heart is my heart: when number 16 for N. C. State playfully kicked Gregus in the teeth the other Saturday I was painfully wounded. I, too, felt the urge to charge out onto the gridiron and give that bouncer, that cad, that shoveller of manure, the full benefit of my 130 pounds before I picked Billy up and tenderly carried him from the field to the watchful and efficient care of the trainer. You feel those things, don't you?

Then again, there are the saner moments, those moments between the games when I feel as I do now. On those days I feel that the football fan is ignored and underestimated. He is the wounded veteran of the football war, the man who has not where to lay his head. As you may surmise, this is the product of a perverted and frustrated mind, suffering with an unnamed phobia that is standard with those who fork over a buck or three to see the big "bump" on Saturday afternoon. If, in this little narrative, you see any resemblance to my actual carryings-on every Saturday, then for Pete's sake,

keep it to yourself: I like it here.

But for better or for worse I herewith present that which, for want of a better word, I call an argument for the subsidization of football fans.

I won't insult Aristotle by pretending to argue logically or syllogistically. This is more accurately a blow-by-blow description of the average weekend in the life of the average football fan. When reflecting on the pros and cons of the argument, kindly remember that I'm supposed to be here for an education — whatever that is—and that I am supposed to conduct myself as a gentleman—however that may be. Weigh the obligations against the temptations and see just who should be paying whom when I walk into the gate next Saturday.

THURSDAY begins the weekend of the loyal football fan. Out of respect to the primary goal of college attendance, I do manage to go to classes on Thursday, but I have to admit that my heart is elsewhere. Every true football fan begins to worry about the weather on Thursday. Weather data, gathered from various government stations, will give the football fan some idea as to what to expect. The art of weather predicting is learned by the football fan. He soon becomes inti-

mately acquainted with the standard storm tracks as well as the current pressure areas in the vicinity of the game site. Having decided what the weather is going to be, the next thing to do is worry about the effect of any given type of weather on the attacks of the respective teams. How would we have done against Carolina on a rainy day? Now I realize that this does little good as far as winning is concerned, for the weather doesn't really give a drop what I think or predict, but it is a fact that definitely forms a part of the football fan's pre-game build-up.

The next item of concern on Thursday is the health of the team. There are rumors, and rumors of rumors that somebody is hurt and will not be able to play on Saturday. The press releases are read and magnified out of proportion in regard to injuries. Why, I can remember some weeks that, were the rumors true, Peahead would have been forced to borrow some of the band members to play football. (On second thought, that wouldn't be a bad idea at all, injuries or not.) But, at any rate, you do realize that one slip-up could spell disaster. This is a terrible responsibility that the football fan shoulders. Needless to say, it is somewhat difficult to concentrate on the Law of Agency on a pre-game Thursday.

Friday is probably the most nerve-wracking day of all. When I go to bed Thursday night I do not sleep a contented sleep. I toss and tumble, thinking of broken arms and unexpected cloudbursts. So, when the gray morning slides in, I slide out and, it being very chilly in my rat-hole here, slide right back in again. Still, no sleep comes, so in desperation I journey down to Ricardo Frye's, where the gourmets gather, to try and settle a long neglected stomach. While waiting for two scrambled without, I peruse the sports

pages of the local Wake county and Durham county sheets. I seldom find them in accord with my views, all of which does nothing to increase my appetite. With every victory we go down in the national rating, and conversely we seem to climb with every defeat. The state papers, with Messrs. Geronimo, Herbert, and Patrick, are very long on the hindsight only. I sneer at the mousy way they stick to their local schools and unflinchingly apologize when they are beaten (which is usually), and blandly disregard the great machine in Baptist Hollow. An example was the other week: in the Raleigh papers we "defeated" Duke, but in the Durham papers we "nosed them out." What do we have to do, Geronimo, stuff them and hang them in the Duke library?

**B**UT so much for the morning sheets; after all this is a democracy, and the babbling of

the journelese can be disregarded with the thought that they have to keep their own bread buttered.

Any thought of attending classes on Friday is out. After all, I wasn't able to study yesterday, and it isn't exactly healthy to try to lock horns with Dr. Lee without some small preparation. There's a lot of time to study after the game, and besides, the boys need my undivided attention.

So, while it's still morning I make a pilgrimage to the quaint little town of Franklinton to lay in a supply for the coming weekend, and my going nerves.

By the time Friday afternoon rolls around, I am completely unstrung. My efforts and calculations leave me so that I don't know whether the team is coming or going; which is the way I started out. So, to restore my confidence in myself and in my team, I seek out my roommate.

(Continued on page forty-two)





# NIGHT E

**Y**OU THERE! YOU'RE THE ONE I've chosen. You're going to give me the part of yourself that is all of you and I'm going to send you out into space, apart from time and space itself, into infinity. We'll call infinity a place. Infinity is vast, hollow and silent. You're a little scared at first because you're completely alone and it's a new experience but you're in it and only I can bring you back if you follow me out.

This place you're in is a chamber so huge that you can't see walls or ceiling, yet you feel that you're enclosed. The silence is oppressive. You can't see the floor because a heavy, white mist clings to it. The mist stirs as you move about and eddies into pretty whorls behind your legs. There are neat rows of marble columns stretching out into the distance, the only things that give the chamber depth on which your eye can project itself. You can't see the capitals of the columns because they're apparently holding up nothing. All this is enclosed in the eerie light of dreamland, the neutral gray of those few seconds that are neither night nor day.

Suddenly infinity is bathed in the fluorescent light of day, and a wide, marble stairway blocks the horizon in front of you. It is asking you to climb. Your foot treads on the first step and the silence is broken by the first notes of Ravel's *Bolero* in the distance. The music grows to a crescendo as you climb, the stairway curves gently and the music drops, builds up again and drops and builds and drops, on and on and on. Suddenly the finale, the clanging, bombastic

# T BEFORE

by

JOE PENA

orgasm of instruments. Then the round vacuum of spherical . . . hol-low . . . still-ness. . .

There is a vast plateau of desert with lines converging in the horizon like something out of Dali. At the convergence is a modernistic white building with a phallic turret, the place of Good and Evil. Two figures appear far in the distance, two silhouettes approaching each other from opposite directions. The impulse of curiosity brings you to them effortlessly.

One of them is a dapper gentleman in top hat and tails, with a Van-Dyke beard, diamond studs, white gloves and cane. The other is a clean-shaven youth clad in a simple Roman toga.

"Hello, Lucifer," says the togaed youth. "Where have you been?"

"Umph," grunts the dapper gentleman. "I've been around, wandering back and forth about the earth."

"See anything interesting?"

"What I saw would worry you if you had any sense. You're sure losing your grip in that Western World of yours. You need a new press agent, some singing commercials, or something. Get your product before the masses! That fellow you have now just won't toot his horn when he finishes a job. But I should tell you how to win the war!"

"Maybe that's the way I want my press agent," said the youth, smiling.

"Come in with me, First-born, and I'll show you what I mean."

THEY approach the solid front of the building and a segment of it slides into the ground to give them entrance. You sneak in before it closes behind them. The main hall is sumptuous, all black marble, carpeted in ermine and the furniture of glass. The upper half of one of the walls is covered by a video screen.

"Isn't tomorrow the day they celebrate your birth?" asks the dapper gentleman.

"Yes. Yes, I believe it is."

The dapper gentleman snorts. "What a laugh! You born December 25th! Let's see what some of them are up to."

He manipulates the dials under the screen. Mars, Jupiter and Venus flash on the screen before he locates the earth and begins to focus. "Let's take a look at Babylon," he says.

The scene is a familiar one. You recognize the lights of Broadway and from cars rushing helter-skelter like black beetles in the slush, you judge it must be at least 1948. The Christmas shoppers, collars up and hats pulled low, dart hurriedly between each other and the trucks and cars and taxis and busses. A light changes and a wave of faces rolls over Broad-

way. They look ridiculously like puppets.

"There's your poor fools," the dapper gentleman is saying. "Hurrying toward death, converting millions of sweat-hours into coin and pouring those coins into other men's coffers as fast as they can. One morning they wake up dead and . . ."

"Yes, Lucifer. But notice they're not in too much of a hurry to greet each other tonight. When that spirit lasts them all year, you'll be locked deep in your dungeon."

You see a scrawny Santa Claus at a corner, ringing a bell and collecting coins for the Salvation Army in a metal kettle on a tripod. A mother is standing by while her child talks to him.

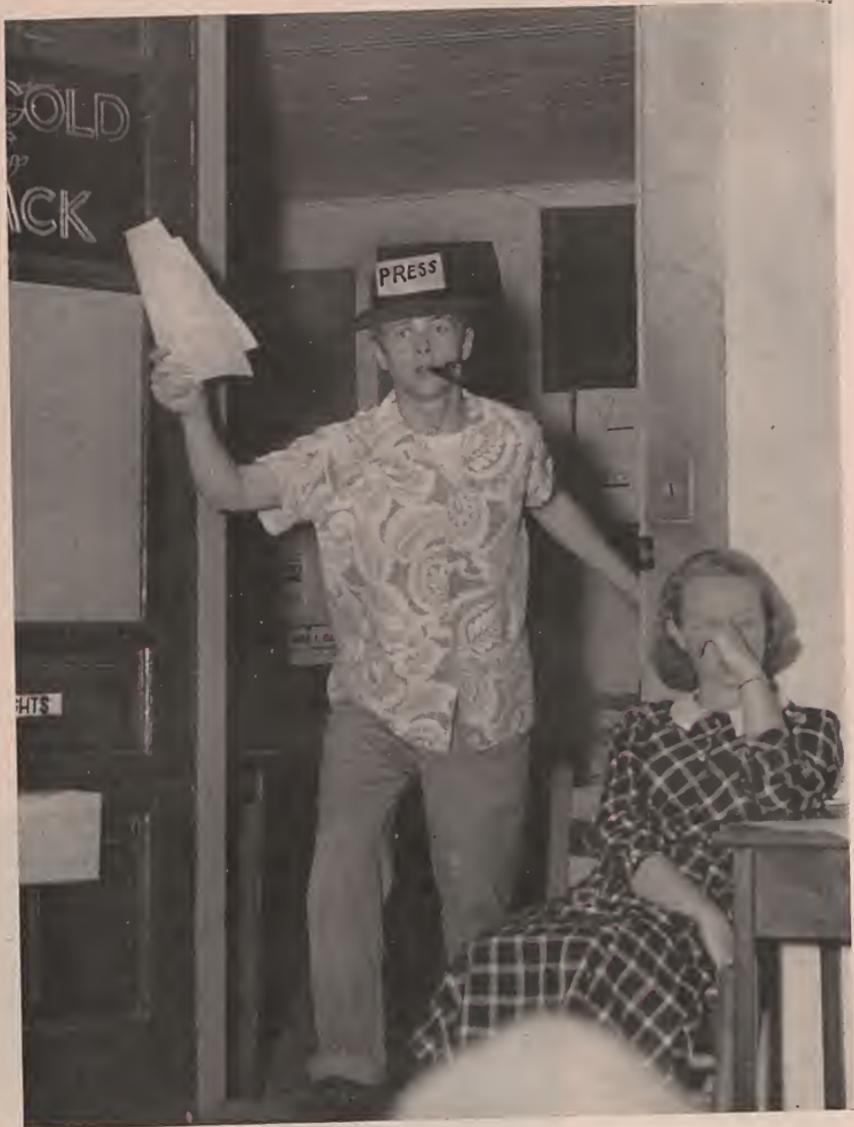
"And take a look at that," says the dapper gentleman. "The sad character they use to deceive their kids with!"

"Look again into the eyes of the child, Lucifer. What do you see there? Hope and faith—something I gave them, Lucifer, and that you can never equal."

"Sure! But just give me a little time and see what I can do with that kid. Better still, let's

*(Continued on page forty-four)*





# "Covers the Campus Like the Magnolias"

A COMPENDIOUS COMPILATION OF  
OLD GOLD & BLACK HIGHLIGHTS

by  
Herb Paschal

THE *Old Gold and Black*, "The Grand Old Lady of Publication's Row," is not so old as Wake Forest publications go; both the *Howler* and *THE STUDENT* are much older. But to those who have sweated through the years, to meet the deadlines, she is definitely grand, and she has always been every inch a lady.

She always keeps about her an air of aloofness and calm. When the 96-year-old Wait Hall was burned to the ground in 1933 by a pyromaniac, the paper gave full coverage to the affair, but editorial comment was limited to a suggestion that maybe now the college would give the paper adequate room in the Student Center as it had previously requested.

The paper, true to its nature, had a quiet and peaceful beginning.

One cold evening in January, 1916, Percy H. Wilson, a law student, dropped by the study of Professor R. P. McCutcheon, then associate professor of English at Wake Forest College, and laid before him his plan for a college weekly. Professor McCutcheon considered the plan an excellent one and work was begun immediately on the first issue.

This was not the

first attempt at Wake Forest to inaugurate a campus paper. Many papers had been launched but had soon gone under because of financial difficulties. One paper, the *Wake Forest Weekly*, under the editorship of Jo Patton, had lasted through the entire year of 1905.

The *Old Gold* was to be privately owned. The college was to be responsible for the editing of the paper and the Star Printing Co., of Wake Forest, which Wilson represented, was to print the paper and finance it. All profits that might be realized would go to the printing company.

THE first number appeared on January 15, 1916. The school colors gave the *Old Gold and Black* its name, and that alone is all that physically remains to show the relationship of the present paper with Volume I, Number 1.

The first number was a magazine-like, two column, sixteen page paper. The next eight numbers were of this peculiar size, and it was not till March that a larger, four-column paper appeared. The editor, commenting on this change editorially, said, "It bore a suspicious resemblance to a foreign mission tract on a Sunday School quarterly, and would never have been recognized as a scrupulous weekly newspaper. At length,



ALL INGREDIENTS are assembled while Bob's mob stands by, ready, will and able to whip big events on the campus into shape or to shape little events on the campus 'til they're . . .



... fit to be tied in with the work of an ambitious advertising mgr. . . .

therefore, in order to discover the real *Old Gold and Black* to our admiring readers in its native character, we have dropped the mask and adopted the form universally recognized as belonging to the rising young newspaper." The paper changed its format twice more during the year, each change being an improvement.

The first editor of the paper was Carey Hunter, Jr., and he gathered around him an able staff. Lawrence T. Stallings, famed author of *What Price Glory!*, was college editor, and Francis Speight, noted cartoonist and landscape artist, contributed a weekly cartoon.

In his first editorial, the editor expressed the hope that *Old Gold and Black* would be "a little more inclusive in its appeal

than the ordinary college sheet" and promised "no revolution to disturb the tranquility of the social order of the locality."

Only two of the paper's first advertisers, T. E. Holding & Co., and *The Vogue* in Raleigh, are still in business.

**I**N September, 1916, the paper appeared on schedule, giving notice to the campus that it was around to stay and would not fold up as so many similar ventures had done before. Under the editorship of G. F. Rittenhouse, the paper was successfully published throughout the year.

The old *Wake Forest Alumnus*, the forerunner of the present *Alumni News*, was absorbed by the paper, and the alumni were urged to subscribe to the



... while the various braintrusts of the editorial staff are assiduously searching for noteworthy commentary to place before the eyes of the student body here at Wake Forest College bright and early the next Friday a.m. . . .

Old Gold as the means of keeping up with college news.

Beginning in September, 1917, it was published by the Athletic Association, and Edwards and Broughton Co., of Raleigh, was given the printing contract. R. L. Humber, one of three co-editors and now internationally known as the founder of the World Federalist movement, had purchased it from the Star Printing Co. It was not until the end of the school year, when he surrendered its control to the college, that the members of the staff knew that the unassuming Humber owned the paper.

THE fall of 1918 saw the paper reach the lowest point in its history. The World War had called away from the

campus most of its old staff and for the first five months of the school year the paper was not published. In February, the Euzelian and Philmathesian Literary Societies, who at that time controlled THE STUDENT and the Howler, began the publication of the paper under the editorship of R. R. Mallard. Only three issues went to press that spring.

In the fall of 1919, however, E. E. Folk, now associate professor of English at Wake Forest, assumed editorship of the paper and it appeared regularly throughout the year.

Folk was the first editor of the paper to be chosen by popular vote of the student body. This method of selecting editors was continued until the creation



... when in walks the \_\_\_\_\_ censor ...



... which event evoked a sage remark from our insouciant Editors: "Oh well, we would have had to change it anyway."

of the present Publications Board in 1936.

The college made no appropriations for the paper, which was financed entirely by advertisements and subscriptions. The financial headaches caused by this policy plagued editorial staffs for many years until the college began to set aside a regular sum for its use.

The editor elected for 1923 did not return to college and Professor Henry Belk assumed the duties of editor, serving the paper as "editor pro tem."

The twenties saw innovation in many features of the paper. While sports had occupied an important place in the news columns of the paper since its first issue, it was not until March, 1929, that a regular sports page was initiated. That same year saw the beginning of a "high school edition." This special edition was designed to acquaint high school seniors with the college and was sent to all the high schools in the state. The publication of a "high school edition" was continued for many years.

The twenties also saw the rise of personal columns similar to the present "Snide Swipe" and last year's "Maelstrom." Some years as many as three columns were to be found in a single number. A column called "This and That at Other Colleges" carried news of other schools as does today's "Campus Scene."

THE papers of the twenties and early thirties were very uneven in their makeups. Some volumes show the marks of a firm editorial hand while others bear signs of the editors unfamiliarity with his job. Eighteen stories were begun on the front page of one number. Yet the paper's editors never lost faith in their ability to put out a paper anyone should be glad to read. One editor in the early thirties doubtless swept along by

his belief in the excellence of his staff wrote, "Let us remind you that you will find the staff of *Old Gold and Black* at all times courteous, cooperative, and courageous, and we suggest that in dealing together you adopt these attributes."

The quality of the product, however, was shown when the 1932-33 volume, under the editorship of Hoke Norris, was named the best paper in its class in the state by the Carolina Press Association.

Prior to 1936, plea was made each year by the retiring editor of the paper that next year's editor be given some compensation for his work. In that year authorization was given the editor to receive a reasonable sum for his work.

Dr. E. E. Folk, a veteran newspaperman, returned to the college in 1936 as a professor in the English department. Dr. G. W. Paschal in his *History* of the college says that the importance of the instruction in journalism which Folk began is shown by "the uniform excellence of the student publications in recent years." The 1937-1938 volume of the *Old Gold and Black*, edited by Dave Morgan, was chosen one of the best collegiate publications in the United States by the Associated Collegiate Press and the best paper in the state by the North Carolina Collegiate Press Association.

THE publication of the paper on June 12, 1942, saw the conception of three "firsts" for the *Old Gold*. Women for the first time were members of the staff, the now hallowed slogan of the paper first appeared, and it marked the first publication of the paper in a summer school.

The coming of World War II brought women to the campus for the first time and some of them found their way into the offices of the *Old Gold*. Among

them were Martha Ann Allen, who in 1943 shattered all precedent by becoming the paper's first woman editor. Curtains were not the uniform of the day with her, however, and the tradition of the driving editor did not suffer at her hands.

The slogan, "Covers the Campus like the Magnolias," was the inspiration of Bob Gallimore, the first of three editors in the war-riddled staff of 1942-43.

The end of the war saw the return of many old faces to the office on Publications Row and once again trousers replaced skirts under the editor's desk.

A disinterested observer going through the paper's files in the college library, would be struck with the conservative atmosphere the paper has maintained in both make-up and editorial matter. Throughout the "roaring twenties," when yellow journalism and the tabloids were setting the pace, the *Old Gold and Black* remained a staid and matronly reporter of campus activities.

However, the paper has fought tooth and nail for what it has considered the right, and its editors through the years have aimed many sharp and pointed blasts at any and all who have incurred their wrath. Its success as a campus paper can be traced to the fact that it has always been an impartial mouthpiece of the student body.

Thus in a period covering two great wars and the intervening  
(Continued on page thirty-three)

#### NOTE

Most collegiate magazines, at one time or another, do a parody on the local paper. This, "The Student" does not purport to do. Instead, we are merely presenting, in magazine form, a straight sample of the Wake Forest "Old Gold & Black."

Read  
The  
Student

# Old Golden Crock

It's  
Much  
Better

★ ★ "Covers the Campus Like the Rest of the Trash Paper" ★ ★

Vol. LXIX

Wake Forest, N. C., December 17, 1948

No. 69

## BSU TO SPONSOR CHRISTMAS DANCE

### Death of Everette Schneider Mourned By Student Body

**LEAVES 5 MILLION TO COLLEGE**  
**College Officials Happy**

It has been announced by Givus Munney Jerkson, Director of the Enlargement Campaign, that a bequest of \$5,000,000 has been left to the College through the will of the late Everette Cash Schneider, 41, generous and beloved member of the Student Book Store, whose untimely passing occurred last week.

Said Jerkson, "We, the Administration, the professors, the students, and the townspeople are going to miss old Everette, but we sure can use that five million bucks."

Just how the "splendid gift" will be used has not been announced. The matter was not written down in the will. But just as he was going to his great reward, Schneider was heard to gasp, "Get a bigger . . . a better garbage cage . . . Make the doors of my store bigger. How can you expect them to come inside?"

The late Schneider, whose magnanimity endeared him to all who knew him, died in a fit of pique when he was unable to recover a nickle which

(Continued on page four)

### Phi Society Meets

The Philomathesian Literary Society held its regular weekly meeting last Monday night in the Phi Hall in Wait Hall. You go through the side door, up to the third floor, and it's the first door on your right. You can't miss it. The roll was called up yonder and the minutes of the last meeting were read and accepted.

Four new members were initiated. They are: R. T. Wedermutt, Davie C. L. C. K., Hillary B. Hullmuff, and Madison G. Wolfe. Thirty-three old members dropped out.

### Bachelor's Club Gives Report On Money

The Bachelor's Club met last Wednesday for a formal financial report by its members. Dagwood Korngay, senior law student from Greensboro and President of the organization, presented the report. Charlie Hostatler, senior law student from Raleigh and Treasurer, moved that the report be accepted which it was. The treasury was then divided by the President and the Treasurer.

The club, which is one of the most exclusive on the campus, has only the two offices of President and Treasurer. If Korngay were to die, there would be only one active member left—Hostatler. Honorary members, however, include Paul Bell, Frank Todd and Everette Schneider.

Honorary members were not included in the take.

### "Biggest brawl, yet," says Hiccoff

The Baptist Student Union of Wake Forest College has announced that it will sponsor the annual Christmas Dance next Friday and Saturday nights in the pink room of Gore Playhouse. The annual extravaganza will feature the toe-tingling rhythm of Elijah Blackwam and his Bethlehem Bouncers.

The event marks the climax of the Christmas season in Wake Forest. The committee in charge of the week-end functions is headed by Bob Hiccoff, prominent BSU whip. Hiccoff, when interviewed, asked us to convey his heartfelt thanks to the officials of the Church and the BSU for the cooperation they have rendered in calling off the Sunday morning service, and assured them that everyone would have to promise to go twice the next Sunday.

According to further remarks by Chairman Hiccoff, the events will come off in the traditional hilarious BSU fashion.

Friday afternoon will launch the festivities. At 4:00 the committee is sponsoring a tea in the religion building. Strong Russian tea and crumpets to the guests of the committee, after which the party will adjourn to Gresham's lake for steaks.

Saturday night will witness the main event. When closely questioned concerning the dance, Mr. Hiccoff said, "Verily I say unto you, we're really going to throw a brawl." When talking of the dance, Mr. Hiccoff really got quite beside himself with eagerness. He said that the BSU was really fortunate in being able to present Elijah and the Bouncers for the eve.

(Continued on page four)

### Registrar's Announcement You guys keep on cutting classes and see what happens. President's Club Meets Once Again

Last Wednesday night the presidents of all the clubs on the campus met to see who is the champ.

Parks Mackie and Hank O. Henry engaged in the preliminary, but while sparring in the center of the not-too-receptive circle, a dark horse Bob Gargoyle galloped away with the honors.

The purpose of the club is to see who gets the longest list of honors on the Howler.

The president of the club edits the campus newspaper. He was presented with a flute and a muzzle by the losers. The club has promised to carve on the arch: "VOTE FOR GARGOYLE."

This rag contributed generously to the muzzle.

### BSU SPONSORS FOR CHRISTMAS DANCE



Hortense Harris, for P. A. Slime; Sofia Bagby, for Hugh Drooler; Bea Doublass for Calvert Fender; Bubbles Johnson for her old man; and the other two witches are still trying so you'd better watch yourself, bub.

### Eus Meet, Too

The Euzelian Literary Society held its regularly weak meeting last Monday night, but nobody seems to remember where.

Four new members were initiated. They are: P. A. Inclined, Robert Howling, Lemar Slush, and Madison G. Wolfe. That brings the total membership to four.

## OLD GOLDEN CROCK

Founded an awful long time ago as the official student publication of Wake Forest College. Published weakly during the school year except during examination periods and weeks that fall too close to dances, football games and other worthwhile, but impeding, activities.

Bob Gorgoyle.....Editor  
Herb Rascal, Alice Purlin,  
Walt Friedenwheel.....Assistant Editors

Editorial Staff: George Singletree, Vivian Snuggles,  
Carol Oldpork, Bill Immune, Lamar Cartwheel; Ed  
Friedenbottom.

Bill Henhouse.....Sports Editor  
Paul (Tin) Foil.....Business Manager  
Thursday Friday.....Circulation Manager

Entered and considered as weak-grade second class matter January 22, 1916, thrown out and re-entered again April 5, 1943.

## COMPULSORY CHAPEL

Should students be flayed to chapel with sticks? Can man be flogged nearer the Lord? Should the road to salvation be coated with compulsion?

We think not.

The administration of Wake Forest College, however, thinks so.

We think so, too.

## OUR NEW HOME

Georgian or Modern architecture for our new home in Winston-Salem—which'll it be?

The Board of Trustees decided on Georgian. And we think they are absolutely right. Look how well it served folks in the 18th century.

But there are many persons who don't agree with the Trustees. They favor Modern. And, come to think of it, we think they are absolutely right. Look how well it's serving folks everywhere nowadays.

But regardless of which type architecture is used for our new home, won't it be nice to have all those shiny new buildings?

## POLITICAL STRANGLEHOLD

Come spring there'll be ballot-casting on the campus. This publication wants to go on record as saying that it opposes violently the stranglehold that the Progressive Fraternity Party has on Wake Forest politics. It's just not right, that's all. It's just not right.

But John Matthias, president of the student body and a few other things, says it is right. And when you get right down to it, we guess he's right.

Anyway, come spring there'll be ballot-casting on the campus.

## A NEW FIGHT SONG

The Wake Forest football team won six games and lost three this past grid campaign. Would it have lost three games had the school had a new fight song? Would it have won six games had the school had a new fight song?

It's hard to say. But many things point to the fact that the school needs a new fight song. Some folks say it does. Some folks say it doesn't. Does the OLD GOLDEN CROCK have to decide this issue, or should we leave it to the student body? Since we don't know and couldn't be bothered with it if we did, fight it out among yourselves.

## GREEKS AND FREAKS

by Trellis Figs

Sigma Chi

Since Zeta Chi has been Sigma Chi there have been all kind of Dragons around the house: Praetor Dragons, Grand Praetor Dragons, and then just Dragons caused by overwork and other things. Brother Bob Sawmill has written a song, "Dragons, Dragons, Dragons, Dragons." Congratulations, Dragons and Bob.

Alpha Sigma Phi

Brother Blue Goose has been elected to head the new ASP choir, the Wild Geese. The choir sings, goes to class with other students and is, in general, mighty fine to have around our home. Congratulations, fellas.

Delta Sigma Phi

Several of our boys were playing bridge the other night and broke out a window, but they're sorry. Congratulations to the boys in the house who didn't break out windows.

Lambda Chi Alpha

John Burneybeer said to put in here that he's selling put in shirts again. Got all sizes, all colors and can fit anybody. Congratulations, John.

Kappa Sigma

Congratulations are due to Brother Frog Augustine, who hasn't been out of the W. F. city limits in two days. Congratulations, Frog.

## B.S.U. GEMS

by Alice Purtyner

A group of coeds presented a program on "How You Can Get Out Of Here" in the women's prison yesterday. Inmates in turn presented a program on "How You Can Get Out Here." Ended up by some old ones getting out, some new ones getting in.

Harriett Smith, Janet Tilton, Elva Lawrence, Vivian Heirs, Edith Bivens and Marie Smithwick are good girls.

It is too late for students who attended the BSU convention to get their classes excused. But you students won't be forgotten. No sir, if there's anything at all we can do to get you back on your feet, feel free to call on us.

Haven't been enough people attending B. S. U. lately. How come? Let's make our cry: "More Than A Few At B.S.U." Yes, let's.

## SNOTTY SWATTY

by ILE PERSEVEAR

Rain, rain, rain. It falls from the heavens like the gentle dew as one of our favorite English authors (Shakespeare) once wrote, and he wasn't kidding. The ubiquitousness of the precipitation here at BSU town often causes many humorous, shall we say, incidents: guys and gals standing outside the cafeteria being rained on, floppy rain boots sloshing around the ankles of pert coeds, the campus dogs with their ordinarily-shiny coats all filled with drizzle.

And mud! Mud, mud, mud! Gooey, slimy, slippery, gooky mud! The male students sloshing through the mire in their seven-league boots, the pert coeds plodding their merry way through the "sticky stuff." And even the campus dogs(!) wallow through the mud-holes like little electric trains that you see in the store windows at Christmas-time, going through the tunnels.

And the dorms! You certainly should see them. What a sight! (for sore eyes) (!) Mud tracks through the halls, in the rooms, in the closets, in the shower-room—everywhere!

Since the OLD GOLDEN CROCK doesn't have a "What's New in the World of Mud" department, Snotty Swatty this week will present a recipe for serving mud at Wake Forest. For

10-546, a ton of mud  
458-478, a ton of mud  
479-699, loads and loads  
700-1900, loads and loads

of mud!  
Take any number of people. Assemble them casually in the Wrecked Room of the Religion Building and blend according to the mixture you desire.

Put the mud everywhere! On the floor, in the chairs, on the piano, on plates, in pails. Then want to have some fun? Sit down (not on some mud!) and watch what happens. People will start slipping and sliding and falling all over each other. (Remember to duck down or you'll get hit!) Watch the dazzling smiles, the interminable mushy farewells, and the hackneyed trite sentences!

Yes rain-time at Wake Forest (North Carolina, natch) is mud-time, for when it's a case of "The Rains Came" on the campus it's also a case of "Her's Mud in Your Eye." Ooops!!

# COOK REPLACES WALKER AS NEW COACH

## Says He Will Accept Reduction in Pay

According to statistics released by the Athletic Department today, Jim (Bearcat) Cook, ex-Pulse Normal great, will replace D. C. (Pea-head) Walker as Head Coach of the Demon Deacons when pigskin time rolls around next fall.

Said Athletic Director James (Diamond Jim) Weaver, "Walker's been winning games, all right, but he hasn't been building character. What we want is a molder of men. Moldy "Bearcat" Cook is the man we want."

Said out-going Coach Walker, "Wa-a-al, I'll sure miss those trips to Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and the car, and the money, and . . . and, oh! it's just terrible!"

Said in-coming Coach Cook, "Which way is the stadium?"

The new coach's salary was reported to be "around \$35,000," or substantially less than Walker received. Several additions to the coaching staff have been made, bringing the total to 43. Among those named were Horace (Bruiser) Runegay, Defensive Right Halfback Coach, B. O. (Stinky) Passegay, Offensive Right Halfback Coach, and W. B. (The Claw) Tacklegay, Glue-fingered End Coach For Short Passes.

## Reeling With the Greeks

by Filledwith Schenley's

**LOOKING BACK** — It's been a great football season, one of the finest the Geeks ever have enjoyed. But the campaign has had more than good sound football. It's had humor and tragedy, joy and despair—everything.

How soon will it be forgotten? How dejected Tackle Bernie Manoo was when his nose was skinned in the State game and he knew he "wouldn't be able to go to class looking like this."

How understanding Coach Daddy was when End Rett Butler told him he couldn't play before his home folks in Winston-Salem unless his "hair was done" two hours before game time. . . . The roaring applause End Red Bentshin received in Durham when he ran through the press box after a pass. . . . How angry Tackle Tom Psalmist got with the referee when he wouldn't let him read his biology manual during timeouts. . . . The time Quarterback Jarrod Blackberry

## GOES OUT



## COMES IN



## MONOGRAM MOGULS MAKE MERRY; MASHING MOUTHS MARK MELEE

The members of the Monogram Club threw four couples out of their clubroom last Wednesday night and held a meeting. Twenty-four members and seven dogs were present. Coach Tom Rugby spoke briefly on "Ten Ways to Kick Your Opponent in the couldn't find a receiver and threw a beauty to Professor

Mouth Without Being Seen by the Referee." His talk was very popular with those present.

The meeting was broken up early when Roy Sissy, stepped on Tom Embalmer's foot and a general free-for-all followed. A good time was had by all.

(and former end) Hank Suggs sitting in the fifth row. . . . How considerate Line Coach Uncle Tom Foggers was to let Tackle Bill Gorgeous wear his best suit to the B.S.U. dance after the State game.



## "I Cooked a Good Meal and Threw It to the Dogs!"

—SAYS ENGINEER BILL UNDERWOOD

If you tend to loose your cookies after a meal of sour oysters and tamales, try a portion of Porters Positively Guaranteed Regurgitation-Proof Purgative. Money-back if you don't feel a reversal of form.

Says Bill Underwood, prominent engineer for the Spur RR Co. "I used to upchuck. Now I don't upchuck because I use Regurgitation-Proof. The only way you can upchuck after using Regurgitation-Proof is stand on your head!"



## "It Wasn't So Good . . ."

SAYS ROVER HOSTETTLER, OWNED AND TRAINED BY SCOOP KORNEGAY

No discerning canine would stoop to a crumb from the master's table when there is available one chit of Mastiff Bloodhound's Vitaminized Dog-Suey available. Says Rover Hostetler: "I have been around this campus a long time. I have always been faithful to my master and

trainer. But the other day I tried to get on my own, and I ate a meal at Underwood's. Brother, it stank, I'm going to swish back to Cornygay and Vitaminized Dog-Suey so I can hold up my tail again."

Suey is available at lowest prices too; this is no heist, feist.

## BROADWAY HIT IS BROADWAY HIT IN THE BROADEST SENSE

"Arsenic and Old Lace," which has made a few million skins for various and sundry wisemen in New York, has been carefully considered and qualified for presentation to the faculty, students, and townspeople of Wake Forest, and anybody else that happens to have the price or the stamps. It will be presented by the Little Theatre (for a change) to inaugurate the glittering Theatrical season in Greater Wake Forest. This vehicle will hit the boards at 7:30, Friday, Sept. 18 in the high school auditorium. It will hit the road at 10:00 the same night.

This popular three act play is a comedy which is in three acts that was written by Joseph Kesselring. It is a comedy. It is funny. It is a farce. It was written by Joe Kesselring. It is about a bunch of darn fools, not including the author. When this play was produced in New York City, N. Y., this play was declared to be a comical farce. It is a farce.

Miss Brewster is the main attraction in the first scene, laid in the living room of her home over in Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Nice Old Ladies

The Brewsters are nice old ladies. They are old maids. They quietly tend to their business which is taking care of the house and taking care of their stupid and brainless

### BSU TO SPONSOR DANCE

(Continued from page one)

ning. But the BSU being quite a bunch of cats, would not accept second best.

Mr. P. A. (Jazz-me) Incline, president of the BSU and chairman of the Mottie Loon Circle for the advancement of the Charleston, and currently in charge of the orchestra arrangements, stated that the entire organization had devoted many hours of meditation and worry to the procurement of the best for the students. It was quite doubtful that they could get Elizabeth and the boys to come down, but that the last minute they got their orders filled for new 1949 camels, and will come bouncing down on schedule. Festivities will begin at 9:00 and last until the last man is standing. The figure, starting at 10:30, will be led by Dean Johnston.

The Crock feels sure that the dance will be a tremendous success. Mr. Winecoff said in conclusion that he sincerely hopes that fun will be had by all. The admission to the dance will be one tenth of next month's check.

nephew who looks like Teddy Roosevelt and thinks he is Teddy Roosevelt. They also take care of Reverend Dr. Harlow, who is a preacher in a church on Sundays. They don't have much to do. They also take care of a few old men who are too old to be of any assistance, especially to the play. The smooth course of their lives is altered when a couple of ex-cons crash the party. One of them has been operated on so that he looks like Boris Karloff. This is a subtle twist to scare everybody. The likeness is amazing. The part is played by Boris Karloff.

From then on the play is really funny. It is a comedy. They laughingly kill each other, and the customers split their sides, all of which is extremely funny.

The only element that is serious is Elaine's and Mortimer's love affair, but they eventually give up trying when everybody gets in the act. Really funny.

## Potluck Concert

Dr. Philbert Potluck will present his annual three ring circus Monday night in the First Baptist Church of Wake Forest. He will recite Marcus Connor's "Green Pea Leas," while at the same time furnishing himself with an appropriate background of psalms music on the organ. The recitation will be in Latin and the musical background will be orthodox Greek.

Mr. Sheldon Quirk will turn the pages of the book and the pages of the music as well as provide matches for Dr. Potluck's famous pipe. Mr. Quirk also smokes a pipe.

"Ars gratia artis," Mr. Quirk always says.

### DEATH OF SCHNEIDER

(Continued from page one)

had rolled under the cover in his store. An OLD GOLDEN CROCK reporter hunted down the facts and learned that one of the deceased's chattels dropped a five-cent piece on the floor shortly after the store opened last Saturday morning. Schneider was seen

to throw his postage stamp machine at the unfortunate boy, shouting, "You're trying to rob me, you sniveling cheat!" The lad was discharged and had to pay \$85 for the damaged machine.

All that day Schneider was observed to be grumpy and nervous, taking frequent glances under the counter. That night he closed the store on time, pulled down the shades, and began to try to recover the lost coin. He worked well into the night. The next morning, students, hearing cries of anguish, rushed inside to find Schneider writhing on the floor and moaning, "I can see it, but I can't get it!" Then he died. Like a dog.

The funeral was one of the most impressive the town has ever witnessed. Dr. Stinky L. Wanton conducted the service. As the casket was being lowered, grief-stricken students filed by and in a final gesture of affection, tossed their empty Coke Bottles into the flower-strewn grave. A marble slab (with a built-in bottle-opener attached) was unveiled, bearing the inscription, "He made the ice-cream cones smaller."

## "I SMOKE 'EM CAUSE THEY BURN . . ."

SAYS

Bob Gargoyle

Editor of  
Old Golden Crock

For seventeen years I smoked Other Brands and I always had a dirty, stinking taste in my mouth. Not only that, but my lungs became all coated with a black, sticky soot. My doctor, one of 11,783 physicians who have been pooled in a survey made by a leading independent research organization, advised me to switch to Chesteroders.

As a satisfied user, I'm glad to report that



they burned out all that black, sticky soot that coated my lungs. That's why, with millions of other Americans, I say, "Chesteroders really burn out your lungs."

Remember the friendly white package says, "It's as easy as ABC."

Always  
Burn  
Chesteroders:

Always Burn Chesteroders

MAKE YOURS THE T. B. CIGARETTE . . . They Burn

# Chip on Her Shoulder

by RALPH STOWE

SOME two months past, when I took unto me this job of taking interesting people apart to see what makes them tick, I had a vague idea as to what I wanted to do: I wanted to tell you about some of the rarer personalities of the campus, so that you might get a chuckle or two by seeing their antics in print. In a way, this is a job, believe me. But in my wildest dreams I did not conceive of a subject comparable to the one you are going to read about this month.

The subject is Lil Henry. On the record she is Edith Rawls, senior, age 22, from Fuquay Springs, N. C., and is the last of nine children. As you know, eight is a lot of almost anything, especially brothers and sisters. Considering everything, however, Lil Henry considers herself very fortunate. Her father was a gay young blade of 66 when Lil Henry made her entrance. If, perchance, you don't recognize Lil Henry, she has dirty blonde hair and green eyes, atop a figure that would send Varga out to buy a roll of film.

But, gentlemen, you'd better be careful, because this specimen might prove to be dangerous. She has two chips, evenly distributed and balanced delicately one on each shoulder. Now I guess that it's all right for Lil Henry to have a couple of chips if she so chooses—maybe all of us have, for that matter—but the chips with which we are to be concerned here are those of Lil Henry's, which I hope will prove to be very interesting.

It's a standard procedural incident to ask each and every candidate for the sketch why he or she came to Wake Forest. As a rule I get a standard answer, but not from Lil Henry—she has a new twist: "My father wanted me to go to Duke, my mother wanted me to go to Flora Macdonald, my brothers were Carolina addicts, so I decided to go to Wake Forest, where they serve fried missionary every Tuesday at dinner." So she told everybody to go to guinea and matriculated at Deaconland in the fall of 1943.

Now, in the year of our Lord, 1943, the nations waxed wicked and mighty and began to shoot the pants off one another. In this mighty conflict there were the flower of the nations of the world, and the ladies of these nations had scarcely where to turn to obtain peace and consolation on a hairy breast. Thus it was at Wake Forest when Little Henry drove in. The sale of razor blades achieved an all time low, according to the statistics compiled by the coeds, with the assistance of Snyder. So Lil Henry, being a realist, accepted the situation, and proceeded to settle down and study hard and make good grades. Her only pastime was shanghaiing soldiers as they passed through town, and, for a fee, exhibiting them to the less learned and less ambitious coeds.

Lil Henry is not only a realist, but she is also an opportunist. She definitely and whole-



heartedly disapproves the double standard, and won't hesitate to point out a few reasons for her opinion. Needless to say, she is slightly independent. While you or I might be concerned as to the utility or the practicality of this or that, Lil Henry is long gone and we are out on the cold. It was in this manner that Lil Henry decided to quit spending her Pop's money here and start spending her own. There was one small catch, though, namely: she didn't have a cent. SO—off to enemy territory in the State of Massachusetts to fleece the Carpetbaggers during the summer. Into the Berkshire Hills went Lil Henry, and more specifically, to the village of Tanglewood. This town is quite a resort, as you may know. They cater to the people with the rocks, and Lil Henry quite properly decided that she'd best get to where the money is if she intended saving Pop Rawls a few dollars for the next year or so. You can guess the rest; and that is that Lil Henry has been there for the past two summer seasons, and has managed to send herself through school by

(Continued on page forty-five)

IT WAS THREE O'CLOCK on a cold, drizzly November afternoon and eighteen students who called themselves the Friends of Jazz bunched around a window in the Community House and waited.

I had been stationed on the Durham highway so I could flag down the bus, and as I stood there, berating the miserable November weather and the fleeting time, I began to think of things to curse.

I had just gotten around to the cafeteria when I saw a dirty, Greyhound bus appear at the top of the hill and roll slowly



toward me. It was, according to the sign on the front, an "Orchestra Special." I waved my arms and it pulled to a stop near where I stood.

After I had been taken aboard, my first questions (which were garbled and somewhat inarticulate) were directed to Paul Parker, a tall, droopy-lipped man who was road manager for the band and who looked not unlike "Step'n-fetchit."

"Is the whole band here? Where's Diz? How long can you stay? Are you sure the whole band is here?" I asked anxiously.

Parker raised one eye-brow,

# bebop

opened one eye, let the muscles in his lower lip relax and uttered a monosyllabic sound which I very willingly accepted as being "Yeah."

We splattered down the muddy road to the Community House and not until I had climbed off the bus did I see the man for whom we all had been waiting.

Dizzy Gillespie, the most controversial figure in the field of jazz today, bounced down, wearing a beret, a mustache, a goatee, a turtle-neck jacket, blue jeans, ostrich leather shoes and a big grin. He was dressed,

to coin a bebop phrase, "most madly."

It's quite possible that you've never heard of him. His band isn't as popular as Vaughn Monroe's and he doesn't have as sweet a trumpet tone as Harry James. But James is playing bebop today and Monroe, if he expects to stay on top, will change to it sooner or later. Bebop, it seems, has revolutionized the music world, and Dizzy is its first and foremost exponent. An erratic, dissonant form of jazz, bebop stresses the suspense which is created through playing practically everything but the melody. "Swanee River" played in bebop might just as well be another tune with the same chord progression. With the exception of Goodman, Dorsey and a handful of old standbys, every large band in the country is playing either

## Dizzy Gillespie, King in a world of his own making, brings his court to Wake Forest

by

HAROLD HAYES





DIZZY "limbers up his chops" in preparation for the jam session to ensue shortly, as Ward, Weatherman, and Friedenberglend their collective ears.

straight or modified bebop today.

You even sing bebop different than you do melodic jazz. Instead of words, Dizzy sings syllables, some of the more standard of which are: oopa, boodely, eebea and oobop-sha-bam. His latest sound is a long, drawn-

out, "shlooooo," which, incidentally, hit the music world at about the same time Al Capp came out with his shmoos. As yet, neither has been accused of plagiarizing the other.

I followed him into the Community House, where he was introduced to the students wait-

ing there. The rest of the band drifted in and huddled around the fireplace.

Looking at Dizzy's wild-eyed stare and his funny, jumpy way of moving, it was not hard to believe that men had actually fought each other over his merits as a musician.

"Yeah," he said, eyebrows high as if he didn't expect us to believe him, "we was over in Paris and these two guys sittin' at a table started hollerin' about our music. One of 'em said it was music and the other? 'No, man,' he says, 'that ain't music! And all of a sudden—bam bam bam bam bam! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!" His head was thrown back and he was laughing uproariously.

"But we liked it over there! We went through France, Belgium and Sweden."

We had to keep him talking, so I thought of some questions, the castiest of which was: "How did you like Sweden, Diz?"

"Oh, man," he said, his eyes behind his horn-rimmed glasses growing wide with pleasure. "Oh man, Sweden? Sweden? Ha ha ha ha ha ha! Here his whole body drew up into a knot as if he were going to collapse from sheer ecstasy. "But cold? Cold, man! Snow! Cold!"

Most of the students had gathered around him now and



WITH DIZZY leading, the trumpet section rips through a chorus accompanied by Bongo drummer and band. Ears in foreground belong to be-bopper Ralph Stowe.



IN A frenzy of Cuban rhythms, Chano Pozo rains blows on his Bongo drum.

were trying to figure out what made him tick. At that time more than any other, perhaps, it was apparent that Diz was in a world of his own. Completely uninhibited, he talked and laughed with ease, aware, yet uncaring that he was being studied critically as if he were an animal in a cage.

His eccentricity he had carried from his music to his speech to his dress and even to his religion, for Dizzy is a follower of Mohammedanism.

"You believe that stuff, Diz?" we asked.

"Sure," he said, as if he couldn't understand why we didn't. "In a Moslem nation, when you do bad, you gotta leave, but a Moslem nation never fights against another Moslem nation."

"You mean they never war against each other?"

"Naw, man, that's what I mean!"

Nobody said anything. What could we say?

"But man, I mean there's guys in New York who really take that stuff seriously. There's a whole band up there that's gone Moslem, and them guys have even taken their Moslem names!

"Yeah! Yeah!" he said, with his eyes growing wide. "Why,

*(Continued on page forty-eight)*



"THE expression of the soul," says Diz, explaining be-bop to students.



DRIVING HOME his point with a chicken leg, Bruno the bear horrifies Dizzy the cat with his "moldy fig" ideas. Notice the whole pie beside Dizzy's full plate.

AL MCKIBBON, replete with be-bop tie, poses with the beret-bedecked maestro during intermission in Raleigh. "Mac" is among most versatile of Dizz's men.



pear under the Basic name. A terrific background helps make the long solo even better. Jimmy Rushing's style on the vocal is the same as ever. If you have heard him once, you know the rest.

Flip the disc and High Tide comes up. It can boast of good steady rhythm but that is all. This number is just so-so and does not deserve any special attention.

Capitol has released a western-flavored novelty tune called **Buttons And Bows**. The record itself is of the usual novelty nature, and it's sung by the vocaloveties—the Dinning sisters. It's the Art Van Damme quintet that gets the special medal for a good job. This small combo is just beginning to turn out some fine work and although this isn't their best, it puts them

in the limelight where they belong. A few minutes spent listening to Art and the boys will prove the point.

The always popular Peggy Lee and Dave Barbour combination is back on the juke boxes. This time the husband-wife musicians join two ballads on the same disc. **So Dear To My Heart** is cozing with Lee herself and has the makings of a good number. **Love, Your Spell** is Everywhere is a moody sort of ballad that again puts Peggy and Dave over the top. All of their numbers have been about the same type of work lately, but the two seem to have a way of making themselves liked. Most all of the records released under their names have been nice and easy to listen to. This one is no different.

—BILL HENSLEY.

## A DATE IN WAKE FOREST

(Continued from page five)

Then Sunday afternoon came. Chills racked my body, I pulled the sheets up over my head and hid, I tried to commit suicide by falling out of bed, I locked myself in the closet. "Call her up, boys," I pleaded. "Tell her it's all a horrible mistake, I broke my leg, I'm broke, I'm married, anything!"

Four, five, six—the hours whipped by—seven, seven-fifteen. I started for the New Dorm. My roommate stopped me at the door. "Don't you think you ought to wash up a little bit, Lothario, around the neck, or maybe a shave?" I steadied myself on the door and turned slowly back into the room. "Yeah. Yeah, Ed, thanks. Thanks, boy. Nerves, you know."

I showered and shaved and got dressed up—tie and everything—and started once more for the dorm, with the encouragement of the boys in the house ringing in my ears. I walked over there, all by myself, just walked right over there, knocked on the door and waited for my date to come down. After waiting for a few minutes, I knocked again, and a lady came out and told me to go over to the middle door, walk right inside, and tell the young lady at the desk whom I wanted to see.

I went inside and there they all were—Dick Williams, Charlie Hostetler, and all that crowd. I resisted not to notice the rude pointing of fingers and the petty snickering and called for my date.

And then the horror of the situation struck me. What, in the name of the Great Horned Frog could we do? Within Miss Johnson's rules, I mean. What can I say to the girl? Just what is there to do on a date in Wake Forest?

After ten terrible minutes of twisting my handkerchief and

## QUESTIONS

- A** My clues: a white mitten, two cartons of cheer; I'm held while I hold, and I warm you all year.  
**B** Socked in the green and partly concealed, My last five of twelve is a meadow revealed.  
**C** At Christmas time a famous slogan with central word revised, I emphasize the pleasure of giving a gift that satisfies.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

*Chesterfield*

### RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. Next contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

### LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

**A** The field of red is the red scarf which Tyrone Power is wearing. On it one can recognize the mask of tragedy, the classic mask of Thespia. So the answer is **TYRONE POWER'S SCARF**.

**B** The shamrock and the blarney stone are symbols of "THE LUCK OF THE IRISH."

**C** Ten to the sixth (power) equals 1,000,000 (one million). Ten to the zero equals 1 (one). **ANSWER:** Chesterfields satisfy millions, they'll satisfy you. **WINNERS...**

### WINNERS IN THE CHESTERFIELD CONTEST

1. Bob Mims, 2. Worth Hester, 3. Mark Alexander, 4. Bill Herring, 5. John Deans, 6. Bill Penny, 7. A. C. Hall, 8. Roy Cooper, 9. Basil Boyd, 10. Bob Pope.

gnawing on my tie, The Date entered the room, and being a normal, healthy, American girl, said "Hello." I don't know what caused it—was it her lovely hair? or her attractive face? or her lathesome body?—but I was speechless. (Or was it because I couldn't think of anything to say?)

After a moment or two of silence I got up and introduced myself, and then followed her outside.

"Nice night. Little cool," I reflected casually, by way of breaking the ice.

She froze it right over again. "Cold." Which not only described the weather but predicted our relations for the rest of the night.

"It is a bit chilly," I admitted. "Moon sure is nice tonight," I shook my head, trying to keep the conversation alive. "Yeah."

I paused for a while and then continued. "I was figuring maybe, ah, if you'd like to," I

said suavely fingering the change in my pocket, "that we could go to the show, see a picture." I clucked slyly to myself, counting on the movie to kill two hours.

"It doesn't start till nine, so there wouldn't be time to see all of it."

Hmmm. "Well, let's just go and see as much of it as we can," I persisted gently, still hoping to salvage an hour and a half.

"I've seen it anyway."

That did it. Right between the eyes. The blow that killed father. Almost three hours and no place to go, nothing to do.

"Well, let's see, what can we do?" I said with a weak flippancy that we both knew was artificial. She gave me a sneering glance that seemed, somehow, to say, "Look, blubber face, I can always go back to the dorm and knit."

So we began strolling around the campus. I tried to keep the conversation lively. "What are

you taking this semester?"

"English, History, Spanish, Philosophy, Sociology," she ripped off.

"Uh huh." I took a deep breath and let it out slowly. It sounded a little nervous. I thought. What else? Oh.

"What kind of profs you got?" I asked very politely. This one ought to be good for a few words.

"Jones, Clonts, Delgado, Helm, Patrick," she said as if she'd been practicing it. She took a deep breath and let it out slowly. It sounded a little annoyed.

We walked along in silence, stumbling over the loose bricks. I tripped in a hole and grabbed her arm to keep from falling. "Boy, these paths are terrible, aren't they?" I said it romantically. I needed her arm for



"You the girl who wanted to go to the library?"

**Where  
College Boys,  
Their Fathers  
and  
Brothers**

**Dress . . .**

**FRANK A. STITH  
COMPANY**

**Men and Boys' Clothiers**

**Winston-Salem, N. C.**

support and all that, but why not throw a little tenderness in?

"Get your clumsy paw off my arm," she snarled.

I took my clum . . . my hand away.

A long period of silence.

What can I say? What can I say? What are you supposed to talk about? I sneaked a glance at my watch. Five minutes after eight? It's stopped or something, I mean really, it must be later than that. Think of something to say. I felt the perspiration forming on my forehead and upper lip. My stomach started spinning, flowed through my chest, through my neck, whirled around in my head rapidly, then plopped down again.

"What does your father do?" I blurted unconsciously. A question. Conversation. It came right out. I said something.

"He's a doctor."

If it's

Sporting  
goods —

*We have it*

Bocock Stroud  
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"Oh, doctor, huh? That's nice."

She yawned. Poor kid, I thought, she's tired.

She yawned again, this time right in my face. Some how I got the impression that she was bored, that she wasn't having a good time.

A long period of silence.

Then two drops of perspiration (oh, let's call it sweat) trickled down across my ribs and my old nervous twitch came back.

"Tell you what," I managed finally, "let's go down and check the mail. Want to?"

"Bully! Capital!" She slapped me on the back and smiled. It made me happy because it seemed to be something she really wanted to do. Then she raised her eyebrows and purred seductively, "But let's go the long way. By the Delta Sig house . . ." And then I heard her mutter under her breath, ". . . so nobody will see me with this oaf." I heard her clearly. That's when I *knew* she wasn't enjoying herself.

There was no mail at the Post Office. We killed a few minutes browsing through the Civil Service announcements and the Men Wanted notices on the bulletin board, inspecting the blurbs in front of the show, commenting on the prices of ribbons and bobby pins in the ten-cent-store window, and looking at the stuff in the window of the furniture store. But what I was aiming at was Brown's. We'd be bound to run into somebody, and it would take some of the pressure off, vary the conversation, liven up the evening, and kill some time.

"Boy," I said, kneading my abdomen, "I'm starved! Let's go get a cup of coffee."

She was unimpressed. "Go ahead. I'll wait for you. Take your time."

"Come on, come on, I've got money," I insisted.

She finally gave in, "but only because it's cold outside."

Inside, thousands of girls—her friends—pointing and hooting and grinning—one of them rudely, openly laughing—called her over to their table to sit down. The mob thinned out to about five, and my date introduced me (as Whats-his-name-



here, and a trifle too apologetically, if you ask me), and they all started whispering among themselves. I heard only occasional words: "Why did you do it? . . . square . . . bath once in a while . . . looks like a bear . . ." Once I started to say something and they all turned around and stared like I had elephantiasis of the nose. After that I kept my mouth full of cheeseburger so I wouldn't have to talk.

After a while the girls left and there was a long period of silence.

"Nice place in here," I reflected in due time, as I glanced around.

No answer.

"Yeah. Real nice place."

No answer.

"Nice walls . . . good floor . . . attractive ceiling . . . comfortable furniture . . ." I dropped it.

More silence. That sweat popped out on my forehead again and I felt my face get red. I gulped.

I slipped on my shell-rimmed glasses and assumed a somewhat intellectual air. "Did you ever hear music by this guy Richard Strauss? Heard his *Till Eulenspiegel* the other day. Very melodious composition."

"Yes, I know," she said indifferently. "Only it's *Till Eulenspiegel*. Strauss completed the work on May 6, 1895, and the first performance took place in Cologne on November 5 of the same year. The complete title of the piece is *Till Eulenspiegels lustige Streiche*, which is usually translated *Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks*. The composition is defined by Strauss himself as a scherzo in rondo form. In it the career of Till Eulenspiegel, a cheat and a rogue, is described, from his early pranks to his termination at the gallows."

"Yeah," I said. "That's the one, all right."

I took off my shell-rimmed glasses.



Another long period of silence. What can I say? My mind went back to the time when I was a boy in the fourth grade. Miss Basset was speaking. "Now then, children, are there any questions?" It went black. Questions, questions.

"Boy, that was some election, wasn't it?" I offered with some degree of fervor. "Truman getting three hundred electoral votes, taking thirty-three states like that. Boy."

She looked at me contemptuously. "Truman got three hundred and four electoral votes and took twenty-eight states."

A pause.

"I read in the papers where Secretary of Labor Schwellenbach says they're going to repeal the Taft-Hartley Act."

She gave me that how-dumb-can-you-get look. "Schwellenbach died last summer. Maurice Tobin is now Secretary of Labor."

Another pause.

"Is it true that . . . never mind."

A long period of silence.

Here's a good one. "What ever made you come to Wake Forest?" I inquired, loading it with feeling.

She wet her lips and put down her cup. "I wanted to be near you."

I let it go.

So far she hadn't laughed all evening, and I remembered what the boys said about making them laugh. "Have you heard the one about the moron

who ran around the top of a box of crackers because it said 'Tear Along Here'?"

She smiled sardonically. "No, I haven't. How does it go?"

"Well, it seems that there was a moron who . . . oh."

She shook her head slowly, looked at the ceiling, and started whistling, "This Is A Lovely Way To Spend An Evening."

I thought about another one as I stirred the sugar in the bottom of my cup. "Well, have you heard this one? This guy says, 'Did your watch stop when it dropped on the floor?' The guy who drops the watch says, 'Sure. Did you think it would go through?' It's a good joke, I think, and I couldn't help laughing. She smiled weakly and said, 'Ah. Ah. Ah.'"

As I hummed quietly to myself I slid around cautiously and took a quick glance at the clock on the wall. Seven after eight. Closer to seven and a half.

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Brown's the girl would slouch down in her chair, pull up her collar, and look the other way. "Let's be heading up towards the campus," she said finally with a get-away look.

We headed up towards the campus. She slunk along in the shadows. I walked very slowly, trying to make it last. What was there to do when we got there?

A long period of silence.

I looked around for things to say.

"Real nice campus we have here at Wake Forest," I said thoughtfully. "Church . . . Alumni Building, Hunter . . . Music-Religion Building . . . Wait Hall, library . . . Bostwick . . . New Dorm . . . that's a nice one . . . magnolia trees."

"Ummm."

"Real old college, too," I braved on. "Founded in 1834. Let's see, how old does that make it? 1834 . . . 1948. That would be fourteen in 18 . . .

Well, a hundred in . . . A little over a hundred all together."

"One hundred and fourteen," she said coldly. At least she was showing some interest. If I could only keep going.

Coach Greason's pooch—the one with the persecution complex—came plodding along. I laughed, forcing it a little. "Ha, that old dog." I cleared my throat and continued, soberly. "We had a little dog once. One time—it was a Cocker Spaniel—I was out in the woods, see, and this dog had stayed home—this was when I was just a kid,—when we used to live in North Haven— and this dog stayed home. Well, I was out in the woods, on the other side of this pond, good size. What's the name of it? Back of Robinson's house. See, our house was on Spring Street and Robinson's house was over by this school. The pond was back of Robinson's house. What's the name of that thing. Jordan's, no . . . Jurgen's, no . . . Jur-something. Anyway, the

dog, Page—we named him for a dog my uncle had in Michigan—comes running across the lot on the other side of the pond and stops at the bank. I wanted the dog to come to the side I was on, so I yelled to him, 'Go around the pond, fella, go around that way!' So what happens! Get this. This'll kill you. The dog jumps in the water and swims right across to the side I was on! How's that for you? No kidding. I thought I'd die.

She smiled quickly. "Not bad."

I was a little hurt. Maybe not the most interesting story in the world, but anybody ought to see the humor in it.

A long period of silence.

"Wilbur?" she asked.

"My name is Walter," I said.

"I meant Walter. What time do you have, Walter?"

I pushed my sleeve up like Alan Ladd does. Only eight forty-five. I could tell her it stopped and that we'd better hurry to the Dorm so she

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wouldn't be late. Maybe I could move the hands up a half-hour or so. No. "Eight forty-five."

"Is that all?"

We continued walking around on the campus. We walked up and down every path, and we stepped on every brick. From the Lab to the Chapel, to the Church, to Wait Hall, to the Student Center, to the Gym, to the Infirmary. The Infirmary. I told her my bad knee was hurting again. "Old football injury." I really don't have a bad knee, but it took the nurse ten minutes to tape it up. Ten minutes is ten minutes.

Outside again. "Did you go to the circus this year?" I asked hopefully. She said no, she hadn't, and that she wasn't planning to go next year either.

I sneaked another look at the time. Nine-fifteen. How long is a night nowadays, anyway? I thought the days were shorter in winter. Sun'll be coming up any minute now.

More silence.

I racked my brain for some time. Nine-fifteen. How long is came. Then it all broke loose. Cold sweat, chills, red face, knocking knees, sticky palms, bulging eyeballs, that nervous tic, buzzing in my ears. I was miserable, wretched, sick, dejected, beaten, crushed, whipped. My spirit was broken. I had done the best I knew and I had failed. Questions! Quest-

tions! Questions! I flung them at her, carelessly, wildly, rapidly.

"Looking forward to Christmas vacation?"

"Yes."

"Did you see the New York World's Fair back in '40?"

"Yes."

"Have you read any good books lately?"

"No."

"Like Wake Forest?"

"Yes."

"You're a senior, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Graduate in June?"

"Yes."

"Looking forward to Christmas vacation?"

"You asked me that."

"I did?"

"Yes."

"You like Vaughn Monroe?"

"No."

"Do you have a dog?"

"No."

I caught my breath and prepared to plunge on. She spoke, "Wallace?"

"Walter."

"I meant Walter. What time do you have, Walter?"

I was afraid to look. There still might be an hour to go. I looked anyway, wearily. It was ten twenty-five. "Oh, look, what do you know? Ten twenty-five," I said as if I'd found a clean pair of socks in my drawer. "Time to go in."

"Oh, good," she said as if she were on the ramparts of the fort, watching the arrival of the reinforcements who were going to relieve the city after two years of siege. "Time to go in."

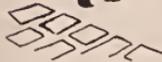
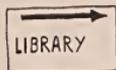
We hurried towards the dorm, she smiling and skipping along like a little girl coming home from school, I smiling and stumbling along like a marathon runner in the home stretch.

We jostled for a place on the

porch and as I tried to remember how that young doctor said good night to the model in that picture I saw last week, the girl who had just wasted, thrown away, and lost forever three hours of her life tilted her head, looked right into my eyes, and said softly, almost caressingly, "Good night. Thank you for the lovely time."

I wanted to club her and yell out, "You lie! You lie!" but I didn't. I tucked my chin under my collar and kicked one foot against the building slowly as I fumbled for words. I finally mumbled, clumsily, without feeling, "You're certainly welcome. Maybe we can do it again some time."

With that she gave a horror-struck scream and ran inside, whimpering. And I staggered off the porch and flung myself into the muddy ditch in front of the dorm. And then I screamed.



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## IN N. C.'s BOSOM

(Continued from page thirteen)  
and squandering of good fabric in such impractical articles as ties. Not that he doesn't like the longer skirt, Mr. Green hastily amended.

Mr. Green is not a man with a single cause; we found him the proponent of several. A pioneer in the contemporary use of the "symphonic drama," this native son of Harnett County feels that in the present liberated American theatre "there is a great chance for the dramatist to let his imagination loose." With the confident belief that America is awakening to music as well as drama, Mr. Green utilizes in all his plays the elements of music and ballad and song. Experimental work now being done in the drama, Mr. Green assured us, is opening a larger field for the great artists to come. . . . the inheritance of our, the younger, generation.

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if You  
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The large outdoor communal production is a great opportunity for development in the American drama, Mr. Green feels. The most familiar and successful example is in our own state, Paul Green's *The Lost Colony*. Presented annually at Manteo, the historical play draws thousands from all over the nation as well as this region. Though the main roles are played by professional actors, the cast is composed for the most part of local talent. Here, on the very site of those first settlers, their story is related dramatically and effectively with the combined assistance of the other theatrical arts, music and pantomime and the dance.

He told us then of his plan of future work along that line. He has been urged to write an historical play concerning Plymouth Rock and the Pilgrim fathers, similar to the Manteo production. Also tentative on his writing agenda is a play depicting the country's first president, to be staged in Washington, D. C. Still other possibilities are a dramatic composition for California and another for this state, a vast musical drama to be presented in the mountains of western North Carolina, with the folklore, music, ballad, song and dance of that area as materials for the work.

This evidenced interest in the musical drama with local significance encourages Mr. Green to think that there will be greater future emphasis on writers depicting their own people, their home localities and community history. "The inspiration of true art," says the playwright whose works have dealt entirely with the South and particularly North Carolina, "comes from the people," and it is those people whom he knows best that the writer must describe. Both the cause and the result of such an emphasis would be the fulfilled need for



more and better literature from North Carolina and the South . . . and this nation for that matter. But to stress our own need, Paul Green poses this thought-provoking question: Millions of persons have lived and died in North Carolina since its founding, and how many have their mark on the world, to be recognized by posterity? Of recent years, this state has produced a growing quantity, and quality, of literature that gives strong hope for the future, but the same is not true in all parts of the South. History and personalities of inestimable importance have been lost to us through this literary lethargy.

Paul Green himself has worked constantly toward this one aim: To produce "a story, to be gradually written down, of my home folk, black and white." His life has provided him with a wealth of material for this story. The descendent of early 18th century pioneers in eastern North Carolina, Mr. Green grew up on the farm, and worked the crops in the fields with the Negroes and other whites. He was sensitive to the pathos and humor of his people, and loved and was impressed by the natural surroundings, the fields and woods. His earliest attempts to "set down something of what he felt about it all" were in verse.

At the University of North Carolina he turned to playwrighting; he wrote, in fact,

the first play he ever saw staged. Here, and in dozens of plays and short stories published afterward, he wrote of his own people. Intensely interested in the Negroes of this section, Mr. Green has written largely of their problems and needs, particularly of their need for better education and economic standards. The 1927 Pulitzer Prize for the best American play went to his first Broadway production, *In Abraham's Bosom*, which deals with the early struggles for educational advantages.

"Just what do you think of the situation out in Hollywood?" We had been wanting to ask this since reading an abridgement of what he thought about it several years ago and knowing that he had just returned from his last stay there. He showed an understandable reluctance to turn the conversation to the unpleasant topic. We assured him, however, that we could take it, and settled back expectantly.

A small bowl of fresh garden flowers held his meditative gaze for a few moments; then he looked up with serious intensity and told us of his experiences, lasting over a period of about twelve years, of trying to intro-

duce a real art form into the increasingly commercial motion picture industry. In his efforts he has authored some twenty-five movie scripts. He used to write stories particularly for George Arliss and Will Rogers (remember Rogers' "State Fair," also the revived version of three or four years ago?). But as might be expected, the dominating interest of commercialism conflicted too often and too basically with the artists' efforts. Mr. Green, like many others, left Hollywood convinced that there is no hope for the movies as a dramatic medium of high quality as long as the present regime of movie bosses holds sway. Some of these bosses, he asserted, are the most vicious men in this nation, allowing commercialism and their own preferences of questionable value of story material to deluge the public with their insidious influences. And their excuse, that the public "demands it," is obviously inadequate, since that demand was first created by the movie industry by dulling the nation's appreciative taste for good drama. The influence of the movies could as easily be turned to the edification of the public and the presentation of true art.

But will a revolution come? It will eventually, he assured us, and will follow the pattern of progress in the theatre. First will come the experimental efforts of the artists who are unwilling that the motion picture medium be neglected because of its present abuse. These small beginnings will gain the support of sympathizers with their cause and an effective movement will be underway which will eventually win public recognition. That possibility is not, however, in the immediate offing.

Our talk drifted to his school-days at Carolina, and we learned that the playwright was a close friend of Thomas Wolfe. His description of the poetic novelist was particularly revealing: "Seventeen years old (his first year at UNC), six feet three inches tall, weighing 110 pounds . . . one of the most popular and sociable boys in school (hardly the picture one gets of the writer



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in his books later) . . . quite effective in the art of wielding the initiatory paddle. . . ." The last bit of information was offered as personal testimony. "It was a matter of weeks after that before I could learn to like Tom," Green laughed, still a little grudgingly. The occasion had been the initiation of the first members into the early dramatic fraternity.

As Wolfe stands as a favorite with us, it was a rather awesome thrill to hear his friend tell of the night only a few weeks before Wolfe's death that the two had sat in that very room discussing the novelist's next work. Wolfe was considering Green's suggestion of writing it in poetry form. The playwright expressed a very high regard for Wolfe's works.

We found ourselves wondering how one reacted to success, how he felt when something was published or staged, and his reply, an emphatic, "Terrible,



really, awful," surprised us. When your work first comes out, he explained, almost wincing as he described the experience, you feel very sensitive and discouraged about it, wondering how on earth you could have thought it finished and ready for the public. In fact, you much prefer that it not be mentioned to you at all. (We assume, however, that a similar feeling on the part of a student turning in a story or theme does not necessarily indicate that he has attained to the rank of the successful artists.)

As we usual up our interview and prepared to leave, our host shook hands with us and warmly invited our return in the spring to play tennis on his courts. After a hasty reappraisal of his well-built shoulders and arms, and a recollection of what had been rumored of his ability on the court, we thanked him with the assurance that we enjoyed *watching* the game. Later research informed us that Mr. Green is also an excellent baseball pitcher—either hand—as well as a champion cotton picker.

We had risen and continued talking for a few moments before we realized that darkness had begun to fill the room. Turning toward the west window we saw the last glow of the sun sliding behind the hills. Our stay had been long, too long, we realized guiltily. Yet we felt that we had not overstayed the welcome that had been extended us.

## FOOTBALL FANS

(Continued from page nineteen)

There is a reason for this: He is a newcomer here, and consequently does not have the number of sources that I have for reliable information. He is a willing and eager receptacle for my numerous latringtons. So, to assure myself of an audience for the next few hours, I take him to a show. I don't know whether you've noticed it or not, but the show is a favorite place for the footballers to meet. They, too, are probably tortured with mental agony of the coming week-end. But, at any rate, I go with my roommate to the cinema, and on the way disclose to him some of my scientific findings, and all of the conversation I have heard or overheard, and some that I have not heard or overheard. It makes me feel better. I point out the various members of the team, claiming an intimate acquaintance with one and all. (Tony DiTomo once asked me what time it was, and I missed my chance by not having a watch.) I tell my roommate that they are a great bunch of guys, all of them, and that they are a level-headed bunch with a great sense of humor. All this goes on while I am getting my back filled with popcorn, and am watching the boys playfully annihilate a few seats and each other. Catching the spirit then, we cheer and applaud the Durango Kid through to another triumph over the forces of evil.

I am now happier. I have seen my boys in the flesh, well and healthy and in good humor. I decide, in a burst of school spirit, to attend the pep rally. These pep rallies here are enough to burst any school spirit, except the most ardent. The pep rally is an interesting thing to a student of psychology. It is a study in mass leadership, only in reverse. The mass in this instance stands on the stage, fronted by a small knot of curious onlookers. The mass spends the first

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Wake Forest, N. C.

thirty minutes memorizing some difficult new cheer, such as "Go blow, Gismo," and the next thirty minutes trying to teach it to the curious knot of bystanders. If the mission is successful, we sing thirteen choruses of "Here's to Wake Forest" and adjourn to the Magnolia trees for further discussion. We have what is probably the only cheering squad in existence that has a fifteen yard penalty to its credit, and also probably the only one extant that can by sheer numerical superiority bull the stands into a cheer. On this cheery note, Friday stumbles on into Saturday.

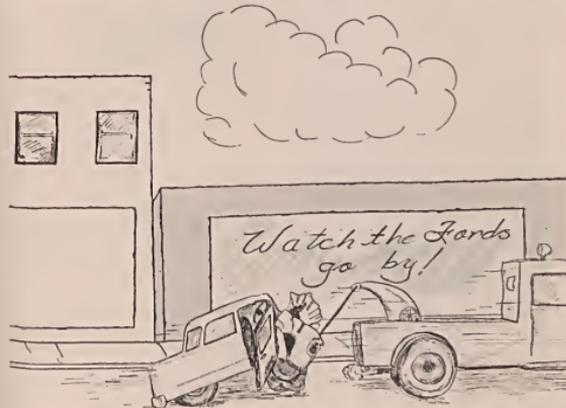
Saturday, as you all know, is the big day. It is the day that our team plays their team. The people of the student body as well as the townspeople and alumni have been pumped and honed to a razor sharp edge for the game. Tickets have been procured, and dates have been imported, unless you are a customer of the domestic material, and we proudly and confidently boast of the Deacon's prowess. This is on the way to the stadium, of course. I want to suggest that you not forget that the Deacon's prowess is exhibited on places other than the gridiron; for example, the entrance to

Groves Stadium. It's no small feat to buck about 1,000 people who are attempting to enter the same 8'x312' gate. Once inside the gate, the situation is little better. First there is the matter of the program—you know the story, "You can't tell the players without a program." So, for a half a buck you are assured of the names and numbers; but they don't assure you that you will see the players. I usually take along a portable radio and madly turn the page to the picture of the player as the announcer relates an incident. This proves at times to be somewhat tiresome, though, and not generally recommended for the fan.

But I don't want to be harsh, so for purposes of argument I'll say that I did get a seat inside the stadium. I'll even say that I am not any more packed than the reasonable and prudent sardine (which is making one great big concession). It usually isn't long until a buxom coed comes stampeding through grinding my foot into the concrete. Then there are always those that always come prepared with a sleeping bag, a portable bar, a thermos, two blankets and a camp stove; they always make things interesting for us who know that some where

there is a football game. There is without fail the apologetic drunk who spends most of the time drinking and the rest of the time going back and forth from his seat to the sandbox. He invariably stumbles into your arms, and spends fifteen minutes telling you he's sorry, that he seldom does this sort of thing, but that after all, he is an old alumni, and must have his day, and would I please forgive him. Well, of course, I'll forgive him, and I try to convey that to him, but usually to no avail. This situation is especially embarrassing and irritating, especially when I am stone sober, and he is merely stoned.

As if that isn't enough, there is the dumb but eager young thing who just doesn't know a thing about football, but is just dying to find out. In the Duke game the other week, I noticed a splendid example. The whole game was "What's he doing



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now?" "What are they all huddled up about?" "Why do they leave the ball lying there on the ground?" That went on for about 58 minutes of the ball game, but when Gregus tore loose down the field with that kick-off in the last minute or so and was just crossing the 15 yard line and about to be tackled, the demure young thing stood up and yelled, "Stiff-arm the hell out of him, Billy."

You see, I got troubles too. I don't have a shower to bathe in after the game. I can't rest between the halves, nor can I run around out there and play catch. I don't have transportation furnished me to and from the contest—I'm lucky to get out of the traffic in time for Monday's classes. I don't have a good fifty yard line seat, and I don't have a telephone so's I can talk to my girl. I have to watch a squad of people down in front of me jump around the side lines like a bunch of hopped-up pigeons

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so that I can't see the game, and I have to listen to them squeak so that I can't catch the outside scores over the loudspeaker. I have to solve the problems after the game, and decide anew whether I love or loathe Peahead. I have to figure out what was wrong and why. I have to pay double for drinks, and if I don't have a ticket, I pay double for them. Then I probably



lose on the parley card. And does anybody repair my broken spirit, or does anyone stroke my throbbing hangover? You know not. Lose or win, the football fan loses; at least, its been that way thus far. The physical and mental agony endured by the average fan is terrific—and unappreciated. We are those about whom Mr. Barnum made a very sage remark.

But, I'll see you in Birmingham, sucker, even if I have to pay my own way.

#### NIGHT BEFORE

(Continued from page twenty-one)  
go in here and take a look at some grown-ups."

YOU are projected into a bar, dimly-lit and crowded with tables at which revellers sit and with waiters, trays high, weaving back and forth among them. At one end of the bar is a platform at which sits a dark-skinned American woman in an ecstasy over piano keys, moaning painfully about a real-gone guy.

A young girl in the ladies'

lounge lifts the plastic fig-leaf hinged to the abdomen of the nude Adam painted on the wall and sets off a series of sirens and gongs and whistles. The revellers roar and all eyes turn to the door marked LADIES, waiting for her to come out.

"Look now," says Lucifer. "Humans without souls because they believe they have none. Plying themselves with liquor to achieve the illusion that they're gay."

The dapper gentleman presses the time accelerator and the figures jerk rapidly across the screen like characters in an old film-strip filtered through a new projector. He stops when the majority of the revellers has left. There is only the bartender behind the bar and in the last booth is the loneliest sight on earth—a man drinking alone.

The lonely man is declaiming and striking attitudes which he studies in the mirror that skirts the wall beside him. "Oh lost and by-the-wind-grieved Ghost," he says. "Come back to me." And, "Oh lost and by-the-wind-grieved Ghost, come back to me!"

A streetwalker in a mask of paint peers through the frosted plate-glass, opens the door and approaches him.

"Hi, handsome," she says.

He eyes her passively through squinted eyes, drags on his Lucky Strike and a half-smile sickles his thin lips. "How y'all," he says.

"Lonesome?" she asks.

"Yeah," he says. "But there's nothing you can do about it."

"Mind if I have one with you?"

"Guess not, since you've invited yourself. Magnanimity, Christmas spirit and all that bilge." He concludes with a flourish of his arm and signals the bartender. "A double-brandy for the lady, Mac, and another Scotch for me."

"You were in the navy, weren't you?" she asks.

"Roger!" he affirms. "How could you tell?"

"The way you called the bartender."

She empties the small tumbler and without chasing it, eyes him quietly across the table. "Where you from?" she asks.

"Hades," he says.

"Illinois?"

"No. Nether Stogie."

"Oh! And what's your name?"

"My name is Cain!"

"Cain what?"

"Cain E. Judas. The E. is for Esau."

"My name is . . ."

"Don't tell me your name! You're Magdalene, you're Nana, you're Sadie Thompson. You'll remain a nonentity and draw no fragment of my sorrows, no drop from my well of loneliness. I like being miserable!"

"You're drunk but still lonely. Lonely but nice. Why you so lonely?"

"This is my first Christmas alone. I'm not self-sufficient as a rock and I believe in nothing."

"I'm alone, too. But I can remember how it was."

"Christmas morning when I was a kid at home. . . . When I believed in Santa Claus and God. I can't remember that. It's too far away . . . in distance . . . and in time." He sighs and gulps the last of his Scotch.

"I remember the first doll I ever had. It . . ."

"Bartender! Another round for the corner booth!"

"Sorry, Mac, it's closing time and I got a home to go to."

"Fortunate mortal! Fortunate, fortunate mortal! Come with me, Sadie, to the Casbah. I have some lovely etchings."

"There's a bar open all night on the next block," says the bartender as they leave.

They weave slowly down the empty street until they come to

an arc of light cast by the open doors of a cathedral. From the interior come organ tones and a chorus of angelic voices. They pause a moment at the open doors. The pageantry and color are intriguing, lose him in a reverie longer than he thinks. When he looks about him, she is gone. He removes his hat and takes a seat beside her in the last pew.

\*\*\*\*\*

The dapper gentleman vanishes. The smiling face of the togaed youth looms larger and larger in front of you. Dashed to a million bits against it, you are returned to reality.

#### CHIP ON HER SHOULDER

(Cont'd. from page twenty-seven)  
turning on a smile and a drawl for the nawthun boys.

LIL HENRY is a tom-boy—she said to herself. But don't let that fool you. All the wiles and guiles of femininity are merged



"Noisless, eh?"

## DEACONS —

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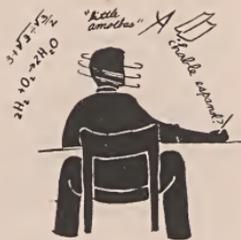


*Vogue*  
The Shop for Men

in that one. Yesterday I couldn't spit over my chin; today Lil Henry smiled at me and now I am a man and can spit all over my chin.

But I'm telling you, you'd better be careful around that girl. She'll bite your head off if she feels so inclined, without reference to rank or station. Maybe some of you who have squirmed and cringed beneath the lash of the Rawl's vocabulary can appreciate the statement.

Lil Henry has some advice for freshmen. This advice has been well considered, and is based on a long and successful tenure here at Deaconland. First of all, don't jump the first man available. After all, you are new here, and maybe the man is too. So why take a chance on missing a better deal? Wait till all the convertibles are here, and all the handsome brutes are attending classes so that you



may make a cold and calculating selection, and then—only then—get to work on him. Secondly, get to know the girls of the school. As was pointed out in a previous article in this magazine, the girls can make or break the enterprising and well intentioned young man on the campus. Well, the same applies to the girls. It is common knowledge that here, all you have to do is be seen twice in the same semester with the same person—after dark—and you are engaged. Listen, freshmen, get in with the girls, get them to like you and you can get away with anything. Thirdly, and finally, in the advice department, don't let the first guy you go with pin you up. The first thing you know you will be getting pinned up and pinned off every night, and you are going to wonder why! But you won't wonder very long, says Chips.

Lil Henry is due to graduate this June. She says that she is not sure what happens then, but one thing is certain, and that is that she's going to head up to Tanglewood again and turn over a small piece of change. Who knows, maybe if the change is big enough, she'll stick around for a few years. At any rate you can bet your last rasbuknik that she'll get along. People around here are going to miss Lil Henry. I wasn't kidding you about her having a chip on her shoulder—she has—but come hell or high water Lil

Henry is going to make out the way that is most expedient and convenient and nothing you or I say or think will make any difference.

You see, it's like the other day when I was trying to get some material for this article. I heard that Lil Henry was down at the stadium, so I wandered down to talk to her. She was there, perched up on the cross-piece of the south goal stringing crepe paper. I wanted information. I asked her for a story or two to pass on, so she said:

"Haven't I given you an idea or two?"

Meek answer: "Yes, Lil Henry."

"Aren't you the one that's supposed to write that thing?"

Meek answer: "Yes, Lil Henry."

"Then for Pete's sake go paddle your canoe, you're on your own now, and I can't be bothered."

Meek answer: "Yes, Lil Henry."

Like I said before, this job really pays off at times, and this was one of them.

#### SUBSTITUTE

(Continued from page seventeen)

Grace looked at the fire, but she could hardly see the dancing flames for the tears that came suddenly into her eyes.

There was a loud knock at the front door.

"Answer it, Jane," Charley said.

Jane jumped up and skipped into the hall. They heard a door open, then a gasp of utter astonishment.

"Well, aren't you going to ask me in?" boomed the question through the room. Grace and Charley glanced at each other.

The door was slammed and Jane came running into the living room.

"Mommy!" she cried. "Daddy!

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To All Students

It's Santa Claus! He's come to see us!"

And just behind her was a huge figure dressed in red and white and with flowing white whiskers.

"Merry Christmas!" the hearty voice boomed, and then the old Santa Claus shook with laughter.

The three children, with eyes as large as all-day suckers, stood in front of the jolly man. They watched with avid eyes as he swung a huge bag off his shoulder and dropped it to the floor.

"Kids," he shouted, "gather 'round me. There's something for all." The three children timidly moved closer, and he took some packages out of the bag, two for each of them. Then he reached into the bag again and brought out two more packages, handing one to Grace and one to Charley.

"Good point, his not calling any names," Charley thought.

The children sat down on the floor and tore open their packages. Jane squealed with delight when she saw her huge

chocolate-colored doll and tea set. Tommy was equally as excited with his electric train and football. And Jim thought he was the best man of the three with a box of books, some crayons, and a small artist's outfit with water colors, smock, and easel. Grace slowly unwrapped her present. It was a large picture of an Indian on a horse at the end of day. And Charley had a new overcoat.

Santa Claus was putting the bag back on his shoulder before the packages had all been opened. But the children jumped up and gathered around him as sheep do a shepherd, shouting, laughing, and thanking him. He moved backward toward the door with the excuse of many more calls before morning and the whole family followed him, thanking him again, begging him to stay.

And then the door opened and he was gone.

Slowly they all moved back into the living room to their wonderful presents. Grace had a few tears in her eyes.

"Go to bed now," she said

gently. She reached down and smoothed Jim's unruly hair. "Oh, Mommy, please," and "Please let us stay up a little while longer," seemed to come from all directions.

"No, it's time for bed now. You can play with your toys tomorrow," seconded Charley.

"Put your things under the tree," said Grace.

Reluctantly they did as they had been told. Then they kissed their parents good night, and with a last glowing look at that wonderful tree trudged slowly up the stairs. But Jane came running back down to the foot of the stairs.

"Daddy," she called, "I love Santa Claus." Then she flew after her two small brothers.

"This was more than I expected," Charley said, after he had listened for the sound of the door closing up stairs.

"Bob always was good like that," his wife ventured.

They moved from the tree to



"Now, it's just that you've been studyin' too hard."

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the divan in front of the fire and sat down. They looked into the fireplace, seeing more than burning wood. Charley put his arm around Grace and they closed their eyes in rosy happiness.

The sudden jangling of the telephone woke them both up. Charley glanced at the clock on the mantle. Nearly midnight. He stood up, stretched, crossed the floor to the phone, picked it up and yawned a sleepy greeting.

"Hello, Charley?" he heard on the other end of the line. "This is Bob. I called to——"

"Oh, Bob!" Charley interrupted him. "Thanks a million for doing that for me. You don't know how——"

"That's why I called you, Charley," Bob said. "I got in a traffic jam as I was coming down town to get the presents and a guy ran into me. He bent the front fender against the wheel, and when I finally got



my car towed to the garage and the fender straightened, all of the stores had closed. I've been trying to find some place to get some presents, but everything is closed now."

"That substitute you sent really put on a good act, then," Charley guessed.

"Huh? I didn't send no substitute! I tell you all of the stores are closed, even the drug stores. I'm terribly sorry, Charley. Hope the kids weren't too disappointed. I'm sorry I let you down, honest I am."

"Oh," said Charley as he put the receiver down.

He turned slowly back toward the fire.

#### BE BOP

(Continued from page thirty-one)

there's one guy—he went to court to get his name changed to Ali Salaam!"

"You mean he uses it everywhere?" somebody asked.

"Got it on his social security card," Diz replied, matter-of-factly.

Our discourse on religion was interrupted suddenly by a coed who announced that fried chicken was being served. Dizzy — first in everything — apparently did not deem it wise to relinquish his reputation over such a small and inconsequential issue as fried chicken. So, with a hasty assurance that he would talk later, he made it clear to the boys in the band by use of his vocal chords and elbows that he was leader in more ways than one.

Next to Gillespie, the center of attention was a short, powerfully-built man named Gonzales but called "Chano Pozo." Chano — wilder than the most active Delta Sig — comes from Cuba, and he looks as though his birthplace was just a little farther back than the places where they sang "Rum and Coca-Cola."

His hands, which are loused and hard as boards, got that way from beating a Bongo drum. Black and fierce as the jungle from which his rhythms come, Chano sat by himself most of the afternoon and stared into the fire. When some of us approached him about his Bongo drum, he replied in very broken English: "No Bongo drum! Congo drum! Congo drum!" That was just about as far as we got with Chano. To have questioned him further would have tempted him to embellish his fried chicken with roasted arm or leg.

## The W. H. King Drug Company

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**PAGE'S CRU-MO**

There once was a

Young man named Blair  
As slim as a

Shriveled up hair  
But he went to see Shorty  
At about 2:40  
And by 3 he was  
**BIG AS A BEAR!**



"The Man Who Wakes  
up the Roosters"



# SHORTY'S

Wake Forest, N. C.

Dizzy and his band had been invited to stop in Wake Forest to break the trip between West Virginia (where they had played the night before) and Raleigh (where they were to play that night). So it was with a feeling of encroachment that we asked him if three or four members of his band would play a few numbers so we could get some pictures. The students present waited eagerly to see if they would get a small sampling of Dizzy's bebop.

He didn't seem anxious to play. "My lip," he said, touching it with his finger, "I got this salve on it—penicillin, y'know? My mouthpiece makes it sore. But wait a minute and I'll see if some of the guys will play."

We had specifically requested pictures of Chano, so it was to Chano he went first. And he was the man to whom we were responsible for a private concert in bebop by an eighteen-piece band.

"They wanta get some pictures, Chano," Dizzy said. "You and three, four other guys play some for them."

"No!" Chano said. "Big band play! Big band play!" He got up from his chair and ran around to each member of the band. "Big band play! Big band play!"

Either the boys in the band felt the same way about Chano as we did or they all were interested in playing for us, for they lost no time in getting their horns.

In a wild maze of noise and musical confusion, the boys warmed up, and even Diz—who had been hopping about like a bird—took out his trumpet and ran over a few notes.

"My lip," he said, touching it again and opening his eyes wide, "feels a lot better. This penicillin, y'know? Ha ha ha ha ha ha!" He grabbed hold of my arm to keep from falling and roared with laughter. "Penicillin! Ha ha ha ha ha ha!"

"Heh heh," I smiled feebly, trying but failing to see the humor in penicillin.

After fifteen precious minutes of warming up, the boys took their places. Chano sat down beside the piano and straddled his "Congo" drum. Dizzy moved to the right side of the band and stomped his foot until everything got quiet. There was a fifteen-second lull before Dizzy started to blow up a storm.

He hunched over, counted off four fast beats and the north wall trembled as the brass section screamed through the in-

troduction of the tune. Beneath the rain of blasting, ripping phrases, you could hear a hard, pulsating beat, accented by the weird off-beat sound of Chano's mulehide-covered Bongo drum. Suddenly everything dropped away except the rhythm, and lifted his horn high. Air swelled through his cheeks and neck until he looked like a brown toad.

From his horn ripped an incoherent stream of jumbled notes, beginning and ending where you wouldn't expect, and touching on everything but the melody so that the suspense was unbearable.

Like a punch in the mouth, notes popped out from the brass section, and Dizzy, with fluid, jointless movements, would kick or hit out into the air, seeming to cause the music by himself.

It was exciting music and it was funny music. You could feel their intense drive for release, and your foot would jump



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up and down like a rubber ball. And because it was the wildest music you ever had heard, and because it pleased something wild in you, you laughed. Diz laughed. And as everything but the rhythm died again, the boys in the band began to look at each other with pleased, silly expressions.

Then it was we became convinced that Chano was not too far removed from darker and more foreboding places than the land of cotton. Bass, piano and drums formed a beating, driving center of which he was the core. With hands and fingers, he beat softly at first, allowing the straight, unvarying rhythm to present itself to our ears. The boys in the band put their horns in their laps, turned their eyes toward him and began to bounce in their seats. Somebody in the back row yelled to him.

And then Chano really got away.

The rolling, baulking, erratic sounds increased in volume. Opening wide his mouth and eyes, he began to lift his arms higher and higher, striking the drum with the flats of his hands, his shoulders and head rocking back and forth over the drum head. All the time, the bass, drums and piano drove a straight beat sympathetically, allowing him a form from which to escape.

As the basic, emotional intensity increased, he grimaced and began to strike the back of his neck with one hand. Then, plac-

ing one elbow on the drum head, he varied the pitch of the sounds by moving it toward the center of the drum while pounding with his other hand.

Now, writhing in his seat like a voodoo king, he began to hit it with his chin, and then he drew one foot up onto the drum head. Restless, undecided, unable to find a new way to express the orgy within himself, he began to club the drum with both hands at the same time so that he seemed like a bear about to destroy a toy.

He had lost all sense of rhythm and now he was merely fighting the reality from which he had been unable completely to escape. The band, which had stopped altogether, waited as he administered to the drum the last of his wrathful punishment. Abruptly, he threw one leg over the drum and stalked away from his seat into a group of students.

But as abruptly, the band began again with its deep, persistent drive. Chano returned to his seat. The rhythm was just as urgent, and the jungle sounds returned.

"Go! Hoppa lee dah, go!" chanted the men in the band as they rocked forward in their chairs.

"Aaaiiiiiieeeee!" screamed Chano over the top of their voices.

"Go! Hoppa lee dah, go!"

"Aaaiiiiiieeeee!"

Dizzy kicked, jumped, lifted his leg and arm, and as he hit



"I don't know, but they say he's a ministerial student."

out into the air again, the wall of sound hit against us. Pushing and driving, they screamed out notes which were unnaturally high for their instruments. Climax after climax arrived until it seemed impossible that they could play higher or harder.

And, when they finished with four ear-splitting chords, there was no doubt anywhere from the Homotel to the Administration Building that they were really through.

We had expected them to be loud, but the word "loud" used in reference to Dizzy Gillespie's band is a gross understatement. Some students were left wondering if beams and timbers supporting the roof would be considered safe enough to keep the building from being condemned.

Three numbers later, as the boys packed up their instruments and prepared to move on to Raleigh, eighteen students, some of whom had been extremely doubtful, stared in awe at the characters who had made the fascinating music they had just heard.

As the boys prepared to leave, I spoke briefly with Al McKibbon their tall, dignified bass man who is a graduate of the University of Chicago. I told him I hoped that it had not been too much of an imposition for the band to play when they had not come for that purpose.

"It's not hard," he said, donning a grey homburg, "when the people you play for enjoy it."

"I guess you really like playing for him, don't you?" I asked.

He grinned slightly and turned to leave, "It's like riding on the crest of the wave."

We discovered later that he—Al McKibbon—could make \$250 a week playing with any band of his own choosing, but that he was making half that much in order to play with Gillespie.

And the short, bouncy cyclone who had caused fights and starvation in the music world and



who had received national recognition because of his eccentricities, straightened his beret, lit his pipe, put on an arctic coat and bounced out, aware of the storm, yet uncaring.

(Ed. note — "Chano Pozo" Gonzales, according to *New York* columnist Earl Wilson, was shot and killed in a fight on December the sixth. The shooting, which occurred one week after Gillespie's visit to Wake Forest, took place in a restaurant on 52nd Street in New York.)

#### THOUSAND JARS

(Continued from page fourteen)

two hundred yards in 17 seconds—to find that Al and the boys had been hot at work. There weren't quite a thousand jars left then, but there were more than a few.

Al and the boys had built something of an igloo-like house with some of the jars and were sitting inside singing something about, "How come something like this ain't happening to us every day?" The newcomers didn't fool with Al's structure for a while. They set to emptying the turned-over car, packing armloads of jars up to their chins. Finally, Al's house had to come down. When the mob pulled the roof down on him and his friends, Al fired three jars at the chief attackers, asking all the while "Would any of these good things happen if I'd been able to drive a lick?"

Nobody was taking much time

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### JACARD'S

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out to toss down any great quantities from the jars. They wanted to gather the goods while they could. They were philosophical about it, that's it. "Man," said one gatherer, "I got days to load my belly with it, if I can just load my arms with it now."

But there wasn't a set of arms present that would hold all that each collector wanted. So the folks were hiding it. Get a jar, hide it, go get another. When the car was jarless, the jargathering assumed all the aspects of a large scale, after-dark Easter egg hunt. Everybody was looking for, finding and rehidng everybody else's jars. A lot of good jars went to waste when angry gatherers found strangers bending over their hiding places.

There wasn't a night police force at the time. The present night force — Otis Nuckles — was somewhat of a youngster at the time, operating a hot dog stand. He was on the scene, selling hot dogs like mad to folks hungry from hunting, hiding, carrying and dodging jars. But finally the day police officer, W. R. (Bob) Timberlake, appeared. He needed evidence and managed to recapture several cases from the more timid, law-respecting gatherers. But the bolder ones were all for recapturing the cases he'd recaptured. And he had to caution them:



"Now, boys, please don't bother it. I gotta have evidence."

Some folks were pretty respectful of the law. They left alone the jars he had, even gave up a few of their own and some even agreed to help him carry them into the jail. The ones who agreed to do this are still described by others as double dealers who carried the jars in the front door of the jail and right out the back.

Finally the night was spent. The day broke clear and bright, the sun casting rays on:

Students lying beside the highway, their heads propped on half-gallon jars, preparing for eight o'clock classes. . . . Miss Janie's Guernsey staked to the ground with 31 jars strapped on her back. . . . Al and his boys sitting amongst the ruins of their once-fine jar house. . . . The overturned automobile, its wheels pointing skyward, resting on its back directly on Thousand-Jar Curve.



"I bought him for a parrot, but he keeps screamin' 'E Pluribus Unum!'"

*Announcing . . .*

# THE STUDENT

## Short Story Contest

\$15 PRIZE



1. Any student is eligible to submit a story, with the exception of those who have contributed stories to *THE STUDENT* this year.

2. Stories should be from 1,200 to 3,000 words long, double-space typewritten.

3. Manuscripts for the contest must be submitted by January 30, 1949. Bring them to *THE STUDENT* office or mail them to the magazine at Box 1067, Wake Forest.

4. Judges for the contest are the editorial staff and the faculty adviser.

5. The author of the winning story will receive a prize of \$15. The story will be printed in the February issue.

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# THE STUDENT



VOL. LXII

NO. 4

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# Behind The Student Door



WINNER OF OUR short story contest and fifteen dollars this month is John "Snake" Byers. One of the most retiring boys in the Alpha Sig House, the Snake had his first short story published in the May issue of the 1948 *THE STUDENT*. In all of his stories, Snake has followed the formula of most successful creative writers: he has written from his own common realm of experience. With the publication this month of "The Lame Ones," he has followed that formula through to give us one of the best, we feel, and certainly one of the most modern short stories we have run this year. He is from the Western part of the state, and his story is set in that locale. We recommend Snake's story to you as one of the outstanding contributions to this month's issue.



IN ALMOST ALL the departments of our magazine, there are at least two and occasionally three men who are indispensable to the finished product. Not so, however, in the photography department whose responsibilities rest solely upon the shoulders of Jimmy Anderson. Painstaking and metriculous with his work, he has spent as much as an hour arranging his subject before he flashed his first bulb. This is particularly remarkable in that our Business Manager gnashes his teeth monthly over the photography bill, and moans helplessly about Anderson being so "all-fired shutter happy." Because of his patience with the Speed Graphic, Jim has been able to record successfully on film such varying personalities as Dizzy Gillespie, Bob Sherrill, Paul Green and Jewel Adams. It would

be hard to say what type of subject he prefers most to photograph, but his chin, usually inconspicuous, quivers noticeably when his camera is focused on the monthly pin-up.



ALEX KIZER, *Howler* photographer, was unchained and released from the dark room by Editor Trueblood long enough to cover the Big Four cafeterias with his camera for us. Needless to say, we had to swear an oath to put him back when we finished. It was, however, a welcome change for Alex since he has been solely the chattel of each *Howler* editor since 1946. Considering the triametrically opposed personalities of the past two editors and the present one, and considering Alex himself — who is sensitive and not cut from the same mold as are other men — it is no wonder that his eyes are haunted and his manner furtive. When queried about his opinion on Trueblood's renovation of the central plant, Alex waded out of the dark room, and said with a malicious expression on his pale face: "The 1949 *Howler* will not be out on time."



OUR NEWEST CONTRIBUTOR this month, the smiling, clean-cut boy on your left, is Bill Bethune, writer, warrior, athlete, scholar, adventurer, and, in general, a churlish fellow. As a writer, he splits infinitives for the *OG&B*. Standing high in his class at West Point before he was discharged because of a bad knee, he was a great potential threat to all enemies of democracy. While there he and Doc Blanchard became close chums. Such a distinction alone should qualify Bethune as

(Continued on page four)

The **WINDBREAKER**  
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Golf Style Jacket  
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Wake Forest, N. C.

## Letters to the Editor

### Mad Dogs and Exams

Dear Ed:

Time your mag comes out people will have forgot exams. Folks are that way — a mad dog's bothering them and they worry about him; he leaves or gets drove off and they forget about him; don't never take to mind he'll come back.

But I just finished my last exam and I'm telling you they were awful. Like in English, that guy asked some stuff that probably don't anybody know. Don't think he knew hisself, just wanted to see what I'd put down. And I used to do right good in English back home. Sometimes I think I done wrong in coming here.

Well, all I'm asking you to do is run a couple of good stiff pieces in your mag against exams.

Sincerely,  
A guy who's sick  
of this whole mess.

Ed. note—Watch the "Alumni News" for a series of such articles.

### Friedenberg Misinformed?

Dear Sir:

I read with interest Walt Friedenberg's article, "A Date in Wake Forest," in the December THE STUDENT. I found it most enjoyable but I'm a bit concerned about the author. He stressed the "there's-nothing-to-do-here" angle in his article, and I'm wondering if, really, he shouldn't be taken in hand and shown that he's misinformed.

I'm just a iddy-biddy sophomore and he's a great big senior, but I feel sure I can show him a few things to do on a date.

Sincerely,  
A New Dorm Girl

Ed. note—Well, Walter????

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## Letters to the Editor

### Dolls For Them

Dear Ed:

Let's have more babes in your book. We think your pin-ups are terrific. How about a 50-50 set-up—half pin-ups and half editorial matter? Man, you could get some readers that way. How's chances?

Sincerely,  
The Boys At The  
Alpha Sig House.

Ed. note—*Some readers don't like women.*

### Somebody's Loving Girl

Dear Editor:

I would like very much to feel the warmth of someone's affection, to be, you might say, somebody's loving girl. You can help me.

In person, I can't seem to win a man's heart. On paper, I feel that I could. In writing, I could set down the intense emotions and profound understanding for which I have a capacity. That is where you can help me.

Do you think you might possibly print some of my comments, observations etc. about love and life and see what men would be interested in me?

Respectfully,  
A Junior Girl.

Ed. note—*Anything up to a million words.*



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 "ON THE CAMPUS"

## Letters to the Editor

### Need For Reform

Dear Ed:

It's time you ought should look back. Half a year's gone, and what can you and your crowd say your mag's done?

When you started throwing that stuff together last September, things were pretty bad around here — profs expecting you to know a whole lot of trash that won't never help you none; some bright guys studying real hard and making everybody else look bad; needing a 70 instead of, say maybe a 45, to pass etc.

And just what are things like now? Why, just the same as they was. What do you figure you've done about all these bad things? Well, I'll tell you what — nothing. That's what, nothing. You either get some fire about your stuff or I and my friends will see about finding a guy who will.

A very, very  
 leading student.

Ed. note—Give us three more months.

### BEHIND THE STUDENT DOOR

(Continued from page one)

an athlete, but, in addition, he was a member of the varsity baseball squad. Scholastically, he ranks alongside of such all-time greats as "Silent Dave" Fuller and Campbell McMillan. His plans for the future include a trip to Tibet where he intends to acquire to powers of Extra-Sensory Perception. For proof that he is also a churlish fellow, one may find him at this present writing in the gymnasium, lifting weights with his neck so that he can pop off his collar button in front of friends while eating cheeseburgers.

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## College Man's Minister

WAKE FOREST IS a Liberal Arts college. Like any competent school of its type, it presents both sides to an academic question, and religion is no exception. We read in our literature the faith of Jonathan Edwards, but we also read the questioning of Thomas Paine. We study doubters, agnostics, atheists and blind believers.

For most freshmen—and many seniors—the exposure of reason to a fertile mind often has a chaotic effect. Some of us, finding fault with some one phase of religion, reject it in its entirety. Some hold on, but with their faith badly shaken. Still others continue to believe in the religion of their childhood, but lack reason upon which to base their faith.

A great portion of the success or failure of Christianity on the college campus rests upon the shoulders of the college minister, for it is he who must reconcile reason with faith.

Dr. Glenn Blackburn, THE STUDENT feels, has met that challenge not defensively, but aggressively. Facing a congregation which is by its very nature hypercritical, he speaks clearly, simply and courageously. His conclusions, which are concerned not so much with moral issues as they are with the attitude of the individual, we believe to be true conclusions. Love, faith in man and faith in God he stresses as the way to both a better life and a better world. And in his excellent interpretation of those principles lies his ability as a minister.

Dr. Blackburn can be of inestimable aid in helping us to develop both individually and collectively. THE STUDENT strongly urges you to hear him on every available occasion.

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# PENCIL SHORTAGE



BEFORE THE BUST, TOWN'S WELL-KNOWN AND RICHEST CITIZEN'S SMIRK OVER A POKER HAND AS THEY PLAY FOR THE ONLY

# E CAUSES BUST - UP

## Brown, Frye, Hinnant and Weston Suffer Financial Destruction in Local Liberation

by RALPH STOWE



**A**FTER MANY years of quiet conformity to the mold of the business cycle, properly approved and discussed by the leading capitalistic economists of the world, the sleepy town of Wake Forest has been rocked and socked by the great passion of the revolution. This great event, truly an economic orgasm of the most violent and unholy order, has given birth to new wielders of the whip. The world waits to see how old Dobbin will make out sitting in the wagon.

Some astute students of economics have said, in all probability, that we can analyze the present only by a careful scrutiny of the past. It is in this manner that I will try to tell you what is happening now in this quiet center of culture.

This is a college town. This is also a small town. Exclusive of students and base animals, the town can scarcely muster 1,500 people in one spot under any circumstances.

Practically every person in college eats. That is, for the purposes of this analysis, an axiom.

**A**s a result of the premise that we have constructed, it follows quite logically that food is necessary to the people of the town. Now, those who aren't in

school can do one of two things: i.e. eat, or starve.

Until recently, most of us were starving. Evidence of the sorry situation is shown in the accompanying photographs taken by Comrade James Anderson, the peoples liberator. Comrade Anderson grew a beard, picked a cigbutt from the local garbage heap, and furtively wangled himself to one of the meetings of the capitalistic element of the town. As you can see, there are world-wide issues at stake here. The green stuff that you see being circulated is not legal tender. They are merely signed cafe checks. With their little games, these men prey upon the needs of the college student. It must be made known that the students do not aid or abet this practice, on the contrary, the student is forced to the embarrassing position of having to back those who would draw to two card flush. Look how fat their cheeks are, look at the insolent puffing of tobacco smoke. How little did they know that ere another sun arose they themselves would be the victims of their own mad system.

Now comes the problem. What will the proletariat do in return? Will they serve them an eye for an eye? That, of course, remains  
*(Continued on page twenty-nine)*

ONLY X  
MUM OF EXCHANGE—THE SIGNED CAFE CHECK.

## Note

We dare the danger of Congressional Investigation in order to present to you in a fearless and unbiased manner, our impression of a sudden reversal of economic fortunes in Wake Forest.

Do you think it can't happen? Are you convinced that we are to remain forever in our economic shackles? Yes?

Well, take a look at the expensive spread on the previous page showing you the old order of things with the owner cast in the role of master and the student in the role of servant. Then, here on this page, you see the state of things when the great reversal comes. The second step is to turn the page and look at the great commoners who are the main participants in said great reversal.

Now you see — surely you see, don't you? You don't? Then all we can say to you is, "Oh fudge, you silly thing, why don't you join the *Howler* staff?"



COMPLETELY dispossessed and facing a bleak future, Tony stops a curious couple, begs from them an old signed check, a crust of bread, anything . . . anything.



HARDEST HIT by the economic collapse were suburban merchants in the rural districts. Pictured above is

Omar the Tentmaker who stands alone, uncertain and lost, in a world of confusing and changing values.



AFTER THE GREAT bust, two unidentified students hold on to cue sticks to keep from falling as they giggle

hilariously at the once-wealthy Payton Brown who has now been reduced to the ignominious rank of rack boy.



NOT QUITE so cocky now, Dick Frye attempts to work his way back by starting all over.

WITH GRIEF and humility, P. D. contemplates past errors as he starts job as mill hand.





A WEEK BEFORE the break, a special committee from the student council met in an effort to break up the ring

of Hinnant, Weston, Brown and Frye. Above are Phelps, Roberts, Glenn and Royston who devised the Master Plan.



A WEEK AFTER the break, special committee, convulsed with gales of hysterical, rollicking laughter,

meet again to congratulate one another on the success of their plan. After picture was made, meeting ended.

END

# Gregus of Wake Forest

by

WALT FRIEDENBERG

HE NEVER studies. He doesn't care about his studies. But Bill Gregus, number forty-two, a second-year-man from Toledo, Ohio, has the best average in school. Even the 3.0 of R. T. Weatherman can't touch the 5.2 of Gregus, which is tops, not only among the whole student body, but the varsity football team as well.

Like Peahead drills into the boys when they get here, "Your studies come first, then football." And it would take weeks to just mention the All-Southern half-backs he has cut from the squad for slipping below that 1.0 mark. But unlike the other boys, Bill would rather chew on an old football shoe in front of P. D.'S than finger a Milton first edition in the South Reading Room of the Library. Still, his natural ability has enabled him to get 5.2 yards every time he carries the ball, a mark which has a better chance of setting a record than the 48 he gets every time he carries a new or an old course. Academically, his intellectual capacity has enabled him to top the grades of some of the best students on the squad, with a total of thirty-three hours and sixteen quality points for his 48. That figure includes the seven hours he passed last semester.

Bills taking his major in the Math Department, "over there in the Psychology building," and he admits that he's "pretty good at studying that stuff. If it wasn't for them I wouldn't be in school." He's had five math courses, has passed them all, and is going to take the rest of them. He's a "religious minor."

That dull thud you just heard was Gregus dropping English 1. What other English courses has he had? "What do you mean, what other English? English 1. "I had it five times. I had the same teacher twice. I carry it, drop it, carry it, drop it . . . I've wrote so many themes—enough for four courses. I'll take it again in Summer School."

LAST year he got to know Dr. Earp when the doctor would made a daily visit to Ernie MacKensie to have his back massaged. Bill signed up for his Greek Civilization course. "I thought he was going to be a buddy of mine, but you got to get 70 to get a D. I got out of there."

Once he told Professor Thane MacDonald he'd carry the flag in the band if Professor Mac would look out for him.

The "Splendid Sophomore," as the sportswriters called him last fall, ought to make out all right this semester, and really polish off Latin 1, History 2, and that Math course. Because like Bill says, "They're all good to me. They all know me."

Just the same, Bill doesn't think he'll graduate, but he does expect to stick around for two years until his eligibility is up.

It seems like a long time to Bill (and to Mrs. Smith of the English Department), since the nice man with the noisy neck tie threw his arm around his shoulder in a fatherly way and said, "And so, Greegus, (he always calls him Greegus) you're going to like it down here, and we're going to like you." It was easy to get Gregus away from



Purdue because "you have to work there." But Kentucky offered more competition. But old "Uncle Tom" Rogers took a trip up to Bill's home, threw a hammer-lock on him, chained him in the back of Coach Weaver's Town & Country wagon, and led him to Wake Forest.

Gregus got down here late at night, slept in Simmons, got up the next morning, went down town, and asked where the town was. "I was expecting someplace like Atlanta, you know. It looked like a place Gene Autrey came riding through once a day. I says, 'Where's my bags?' But they started football so I stuck around. There's Raleigh . . ."

GREGUS is sort of glad now he didn't toss his helmet and T-shirts in a sack and move on to another college. "Wake Forest," he figures it, "sounds pretty good . . . 'Gregus of Wake Forest' . . . 'Gregus of Wake Forest' . . . Don't sound so good as 'Harmon of Michigan' at first, but if you say it enough you get used to it."

And when they started football he started making material for his story, in case they ever film it. He didn't waste any time

(Continued on page thirty-four)

# Food For Thought

AN EXCLUSIVE SURVEY OF THE BIG FOUR CAFETERIAS

by

Bill Bethune

ONCE THE PROSPECTIVE scholar has mastered the intricate problem of getting into an American college or university, he soon finds that the process of education itself tends to become one of his minor concerns. The real problem, and the one that is much more difficult to solve than exercises in differential calculus or a synthesis in organic chemistry, is the problem of eating three square meals a day, and liking it. Diligent application has been known to overcome the vexations of math and chemistry, but a fair solution to the bill of fare is a calculation that defies the brightest young minds in the county.

Wake Forest students have been heard to converse briefly, and a little vehemently at times, concerning their academic woes. However, even the casual observer would find that students here, as elsewhere, are more troubled by a lack of vitamins than a deficiency in quality points. Holding that self preservation is the first law of nature, and that four years of college is only a necessary evil, we can easily see the logic in their conclusions.

NATURALLY, the issue is an open one, and concern along these lines is felt on both sides of the problem. Some weeks ago

Mr. Cummings, the manager of the local cafeteria, informed THE STUDENT that he would gladly sponsor a student investigation of the situation at Duke, State and Carolina. He contended that these schools were all in the immediate vicinity of Wake Forest, and would necessarily have to operate their eating establishments under pretty much the same circumstances, and encounter the same problems that were present here. The idea was that student dissatisfaction could best be justified, or removed, by a comparison with the other schools in the Big Four.

John Matthis, the President of the Student Body, Alex Kiser,



*Meat line in the Wake Forest cafeteria*

staff photographer for *THE STUDENT*, and a broken down hack writer, who was cutting classes at the time, were delegated by the editor to make the swing through the circuit and prepare this report for *THE STUDENT*. As we mentioned before, it was to be an impartial observation that would afford a fair comparison between these institutions and Wake Forest.

OUR first stop was at Duke, where we were introduced to Mr. T. W. Minah, the director of the Duke University Dining Hall. Quite an impressive title, and well it might be, for Mr. Minah occupies a position that requires no mean ability. He in turn introduced us to Jim Miller, the director of student employment. Jim is a senior, majoring in economics, and he was our guide during the greater part of our stay there.

As we entered the building, located in the Student Union at about the center of the campus, we found ourselves in the kitchen and began our tour from that point. Mr. Minah explained that all the food that was served on the Duke campus, with the exception of meals prepared for the dining halls over on the woman's campus and the cafeteria at the hospital, were cooked in this huge kitchen. Some thirty-five people are employed in the kitchen alone, and of that number eighteen are cooks. The perplexity of automatic washing machines, steam ovens and the machine-like efficiency of the employees left us a little confused, but well impressed.

From the kitchen we moved to the rooms that were immediately adjacent. Here the University has its own bakery, butcher shop and various supply rooms. Mr. Minah estimated that the outlay of equipment alone, disregarding the cost of the building, would run over \$600,000.00 if rebuilt at present day

(Continued on page thirty-seven)

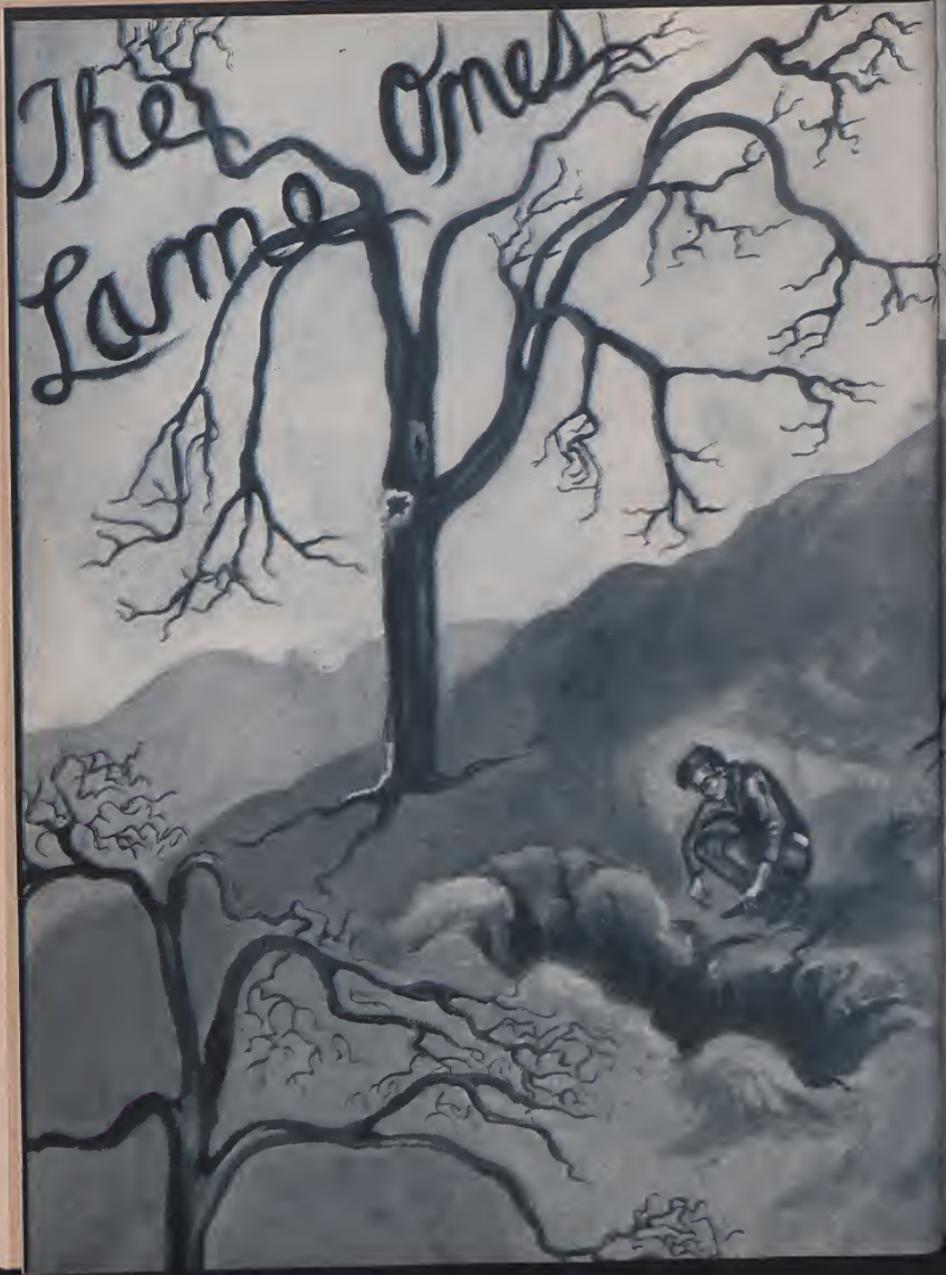


*Kitchen conditions at Carolina . . .*

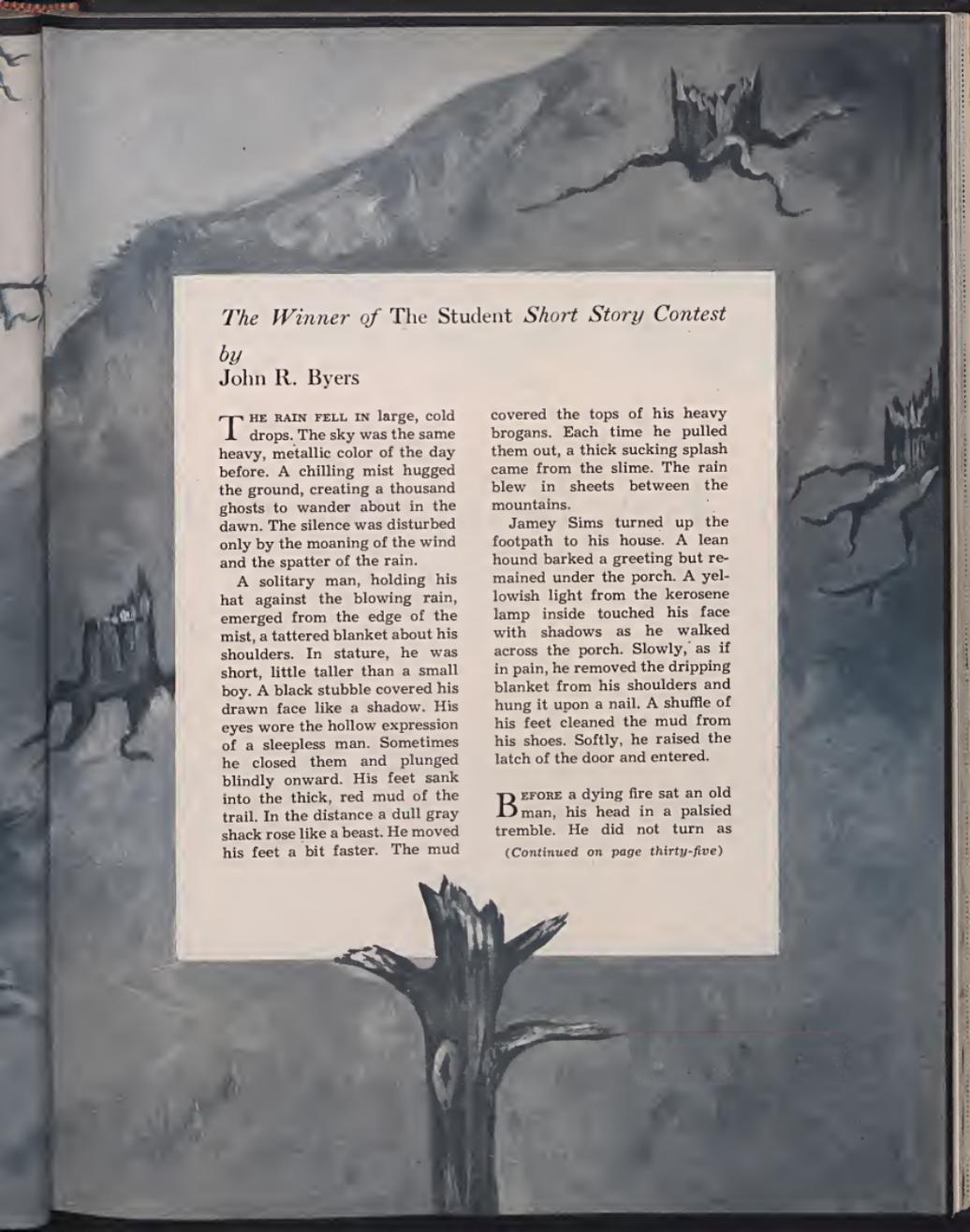


*. . . at State . . .  
. . . and at Duke.*





The Same Ones



*The Winner of The Student Short Story Contest*

by  
John R. Byers

THE RAIN FELL IN large, cold drops. The sky was the same heavy, metallic color of the day before. A chilling mist hugged the ground, creating a thousand ghosts to wander about in the dawn. The silence was disturbed only by the moaning of the wind and the spatter of the rain.

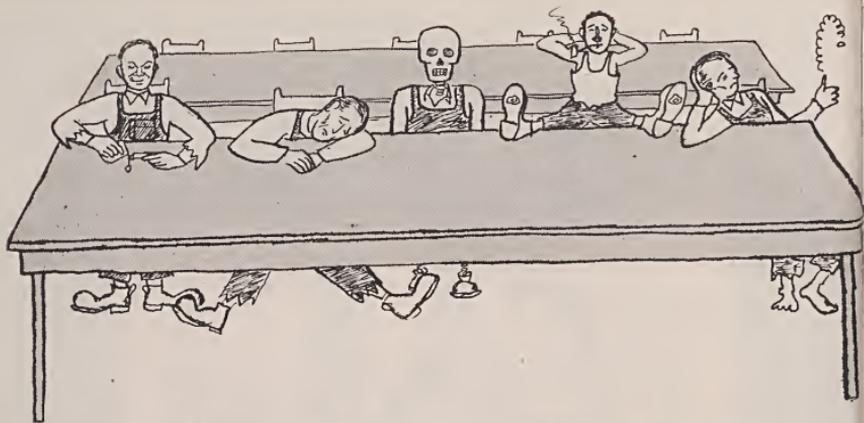
A solitary man, holding his hat against the blowing rain, emerged from the edge of the mist, a tattered blanket about his shoulders. In stature, he was short, little taller than a small boy. A black stubble covered his drawn face like a shadow. His eyes wore the hollow expression of a sleepless man. Sometimes he closed them and plunged blindly onward. His feet sank into the thick, red mud of the trail. In the distance a dull gray shack rose like a beast. He moved his feet a bit faster. The mud

covered the tops of his heavy brogans. Each time he pulled them out, a thick sucking splash came from the slime. The rain blew in sheets between the mountains.

Jamey Sims turned up the footpath to his house. A lean hound barked a greeting but remained under the porch. A yellowish light from the kerosene lamp inside touched his face with shadows as he walked across the porch. Slowly, as if in pain, he removed the dripping blanket from his shoulders and hung it upon a nail. A shuffle of his feet cleaned the mud from his shoes. Softly, he raised the latch of the door and entered.

BEFORE a dying fire sat an old man, his head in a palsied tremble. He did not turn as

*(Continued on page thirty-five)*



## The Fray Before The Frolic

GO ON—GO ON over to Memorial Auditorium this weekend . . . Tell yourself you're looking great, got an edge on the Hollywood crowd . . . Tromp on a few toes and tell their owners how sorry you are . . . Curse solidly but silently when your own get mashed and say it's really nothing . . . Get stuck with some square and have to call a doorman to set you free . . . Forget the books and pretend you're a big shot, a college graduate, footing it on the Astor Roof.

Do all that. Have yourself a time. But remember, for every foot you dance, a pint of human blood has been spilled. Well, maybe not a pint of blood, but many fifths of sweat and tears.

Do you think these frolics just happen? You can bet your lone laundered sheet they don't. Before you ever drag or get dragged to the frenzy, noses have been broken, homes wrecked and bad words said. The battlers are 22 men called, among other things, the Inter-Fraternity Council. They're the Supreme Court of Wake's 11 fraternities,

WHY IT'LL COST YOU  
TEN BUCKS FOR  
MID-WINTERS INSTEAD OF TWO

by  
Bill McIlwain

and when it's dancing, these are the guys who have the final say—where and when the ball will be, who'll make the music, and, above all, how much gold each frat man will have to plomp down. And, of course, they deal with other fraternity matters, some of which cement almost as many friendships as the fox-trot question.

MAYBE you're thinking it should be easy for 22 men to decide these matters without any teeth rolling in the aisles. About as easy as it would be to have a square dance in Mr. Paterson's office on Sunday morning. They're split on one thing, money — the item that's caused

trouble ever since the Egyptians used to play five-card stud down behind the pyramids. Some of them represent so-called "rich" fraternities, and the others — you guessed it — are from the poor, don't - hit - us - too - hard - we - ain't - got - a - dime outfits. When the two factions collide on money matters, it would be like giving David and Goliath bazookas and telling them to knock away.

Each fraternity meets on Monday night and drills into its I.F.C. representative what he must try to gain when the Council meets the next night.

Let's take a Monday night look-around at some frats, without calling any names.

\$\$\$



(Boys wearing monogrammed smoking jackets and striped pants, file into a mahogany-pannelled chapter room illuminated by 15th century candelabra. They settle in chaise-lounges, hiding their feet ankle-deep in a rare Persian rug. Load O'Gold, the I.F.C. representative, enters last. The president raps with ivory gavel on a marble top table.)

PRES.—Our chief business tonight appears to be setting on how Load will vote on several issues which will arise at the I.F.C. meeting tomorrow night. Load, what will be under consideration at the meeting?

LOAD—The Midwinter Dances, how many pages we'll have in the *Howler*, and our neighboring fraternity's complaint that our members have been walking on its grass.

PRES.—Is there any discussion?

1ST MEMBER—Pertaining to the Midwinter Dances, I'd like to suggest that Load urge the Council to obtain one of the nation's topflight name bands. Money is no object. If Beneke wants \$9,500 to come down,

well, give it to him. In connection with this, I feel that no fraternity man should be admitted to the Friday and Saturday night dances unless attired in tails.

2ND MEMBER—I feel that he is absolutely right and now I'd like to say a word about the *Howler*. I realize that in charging us \$40 for each extra page Judson Trueblood is lining royally his own pockets, but, nevertheless, I think we should have at least four pages besides the one given us.

3RD MEMBER—I think they're both 100 per cent correct and now I wish to say something about our walking on the grass of our neighbors. Pay the penny-pinchers whatever they demand. It's worth a fat fee just to see them have to re-plant their grass.

(Cries of "cheepskates," "crybabies," "Bravo." All laugh heartily and agree, and the meeting continues.)

0 0 0 0

(Boys, wearing T-shirts, combat boots, battered hats and faded khaki pants, crowd into a

rugless room and fight for the few broken-backed wicker chairs and seats on a torn old couch. The president enters, pushing in front of him, Slim Roll, the I.F.C. representative. Jeers are directed at Slim.)

PRES.—Knock it off. Knock it off. Let's get this thing over with. Okay, Slim, what're they gonna do at the Council tomorrow night?

SLIM (smiling feebly)—Well, I guess the dances and the *Howler* stuff.

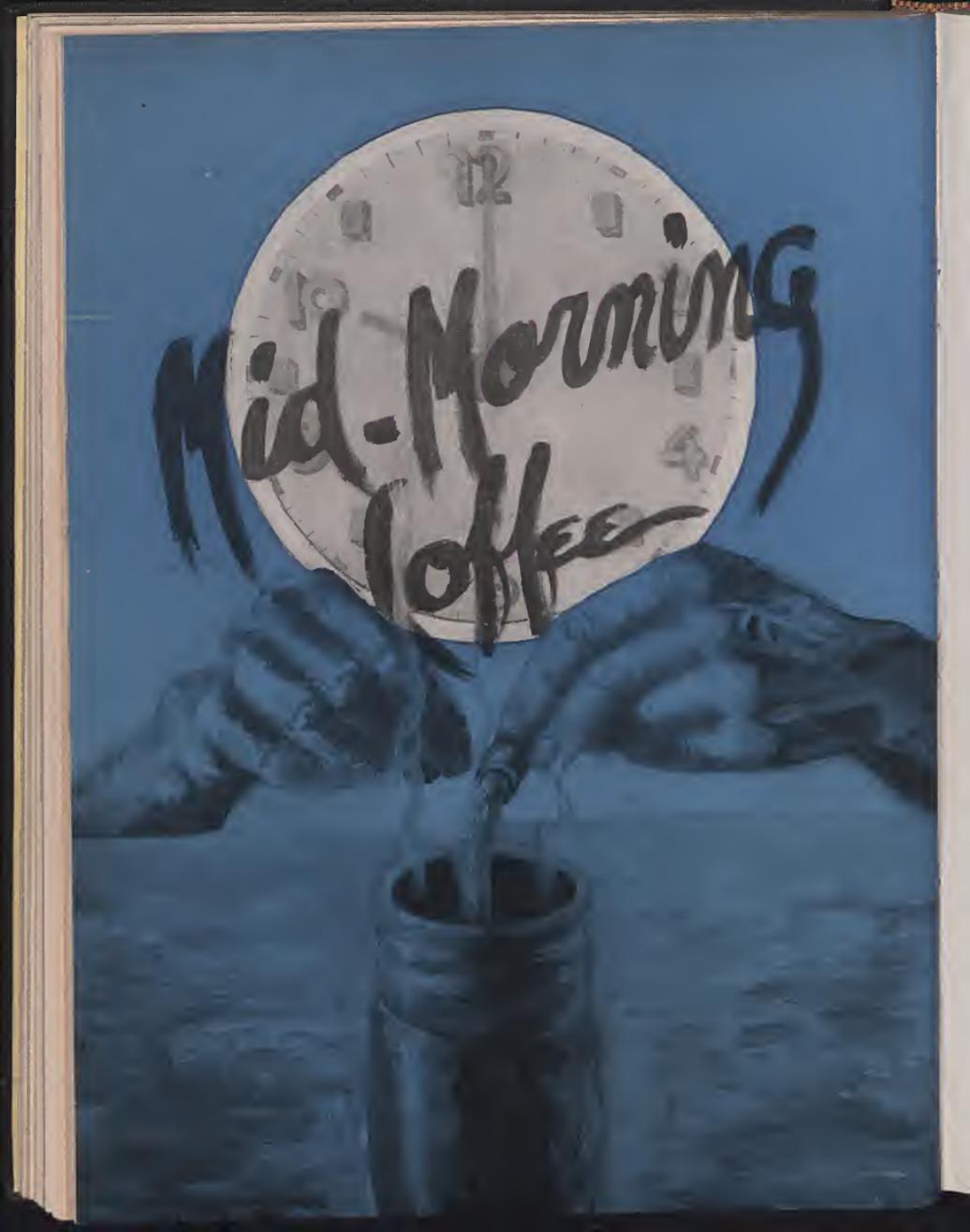
(Moans of "nooooo, nooooo" and "not more money again.")

PRES.—Knock it off. Give it to us one at a time.

1ST MEMBER—All I got to say is slim, if you go down there and let 'em pop us with any ten-shuck assessment, you better not come back home.

2ND MEMBER—Man, that's the truth. What kinda bands those guys trying to bring in here? This ain't the Paladium. Why don't you try to get some outfit out of Raleigh, so it won't cost us but a buck-and-a-half a head? I'd rather get a Salvation Army band than pay 10

(Continued on page forty-one)



Mid-Morning  
Coffee

by  
G. O. GUNTER

WHEN THE COFFEE had percolated, Mrs. Adam poured half of it into the thermos bottle for Ed's lunch and set the rest on the back of the stove for his breakfast. Then, from her purse, which lay on the table, she took a tiny vial of cyanide which she emptied into the thermos bottle. After replacing the vial in her purse, she closed the Thermos and went into the bedroom to wake Ed.

He lay there snoring in the gray light of the foggy morning, his big, bloated body heaving with each breath. His open mouth with its heavy, selfish lips revealed an irregular row of stained teeth. His face was covered with three days' growth of black beard which contrasted sharply with the white, blue-veined puffs under his eyes. Mrs. Adam regarded her husband with loathing. She wanted to shriek, "Wake up, you lazy, filthy, shiftless, two-timing dog! At last I'm going to get even with you today!" But instead, she said sharply, "Wake up Ed. It's almost seven. Breakfast is ready and your lunch is packed. I'm leaving now to go to that sale." She usually shook his shoulder to arouse him, but this morning she could not bring herself to touch him. When he uttered a grunt which signified that he understood, she turned and went back into the kitchen.

There she drew on her faded black coat with the cheap fur collar. As she put on her hat, she looked at herself in the mirror, but she was not aware of her coarse features or the bitter twist of her mouth or the emptiness of her eyes. All she saw was the plump face of a middle-aged, graying woman—an unhappy face, to be sure, but hardly the face of a murderess. Then, taking her purse, Mrs. Adam went out of the apartment, walked

down two gloomy flights of steps and out to the sidewalk.

A light mist was falling as she hurried up the street. She reached the corner just in time to catch a cross-town trolley. She had to kill time somehow, and the stores would not be open for almost two hours. And she had to get rid of that poison bottle. She knew there were some lonely streets near where she had once lived on the other side of town. She remembered a pet shop there and also a few scattered second-rate hotels and a number of vacant lots. She could dispose of the bottle somewhere in that vicinity without being seen, and it would take almost an hour to get there. Looking up, she thought she saw the conductor glancing at her, and she wondered if he might possibly suspect anything. She picked up a newspaper from the floor and began to run through it, but she could not keep her mind on anything she read. She looked at her watch.

ED WOULD be leaving for work at the Farmers' Market where he unloaded produce. Little would he suspect that he was carrying death in his lunch box. About mid-morning, whenever he got a chance, he would drink some of the coffee. She knew that he always did that, and she hoped that he would take one swallow and fall dead, spilling the evidence. That was the way she had planned it. Everyone knew that Ed stayed drunk half the time and that he had some kind of attacks now and then. Nobody would be likely to suspect anything, but if they did, they would have a hard time proving that she had poisoned him. She had got the poison over two months before at a drug store in the north suburbs. She had said that she wanted it in order to

poison an aged pet dog. Perhaps the man would never remember her. Anyhow, that was a chance she had to take.

Mrs. Adam stared out the window into the gray, misty day until she heard the conductor call the name of the street she wanted. There she got off, went down the street one block and turned the corner. As she walked along the side street, she took the vial from her purse, wrapping a handkerchief about it as she did so. After rubbing the handkerchief over the vial to erase her fingerprints, she quickly cast both vial and handkerchief into a storm drain.

"Hello, Mrs. Adam. What are you doing away over here so early in the morning?"

Mrs. Adam looked up startled. It was a girl she had seen frequently at a neighbor's apartment.

"Why, I—I came over here to look at the birds in the pet shop around the corner," she answered with affected brightness. "Ed promised me a canary. But the shop isn't open yet."

"Canaries are nice," the girl said, and passed by.

"That damned hussy!" thought Mrs. Adam. "It's not hard to figure out why she is here so early in the morning. She knew I was lying. I could see it in her eyes. She must have seen me throwing the stuff in the drain. I should have been more careful, but I didn't think there was anyone else in the block."

SHE glanced at her watch again. It was a quarter past eight. In less than two hours, Ed would drink some coffee. Meeting that girl had made Mrs. Adam edgy. She began to think about the buying of the poison. If anything were to come up, that druggist might possibly remember her. Not many people

(Continued on page forty-three)



## It's Been a Long Time Since a Circus Was Here

Unless he's cashed in his peanuts and gone on to the Great Burial Ground, there's a circus elephant touring this country who's got a lot less left ear than most elephants his age.

And if he's got the memory folks say elephants have, he'll remember that he lost that hunk of hearing device—but won the name "Notch Ear"—right here in Wake Forest twenty-odd years ago.

Couple of people say they saw an elephant with a shot-up ear not long ago—one said in Durham last fall, one said in Wilmington some time back. Maybe it was old Notch Ear, maybe it was another elephant, but one thing's for sure: Old Notch Ear hasn't been in Wake Forest since that wild, ear-losing night in the early twenties. In fact, there hasn't been a single circus elephant or a single circus that's stopped off here since that night. Some folks say there's a town law that won't let them cart even a toothless old lion into Wake Forest, and that may be so. But it doesn't really matter much whether there's a law or not—circus folks don't care much about doing business here.

You're wondering if maybe the ten-and-tiger crowd don't like the cultural atmosphere here, can't find any College boys with any money to spend, find

the ground too hard to drive stakes in, or can't find enough hay around here for their animals. Well, it's nothing like that. They just haven't forgot the night old Notch Ear lost that piece of ear here. And a lot of other things happened that night—things that made the circus folks so they'd rather pitch tent on the side of a glacier than in Wake Forest.

We might as well start right in at first, telling you how it all happened. Wasn't much more anybody's fault than anybody else's. It was just one of those things that happen when you get steam callipoes, elephants, gamblers, shot guns, town folk, circus folk, and college folk all together in an old ball park.

It was sort of a warmish fall day around five o'clock in the afternoon. The circus—Sparks' Brothers or Marks' Brothers or something—had been in town a couple of days and was catching a lot of the local gold. They had a big tent and a couple of skinny ones thrown up on the old ball diamond on the end of Faculty Avenue, right up there back of old Professor's White's house.

Well, everything was going fine until a boy name of Geech got to wondering how come two little white dice always rolled better for the circus man than they did for him. He'd bang his good, hard half-a-dollars down on the counter, give the dice a good shaking, and let them fly. And they'd sit on two's and three's. But for "Palms," the circus man, they'd roll out just as pretty and settle all gentle like on sevens and elevens.

Geech kept at it a right good while — about thirty dollars worth—before he got to wondering if he and "Palms" were chunking, out the same cubes. The more he'd throw, the more he'd lose. And the more he'd lose, the more he'd wonder. Finally, he sort of asked "Palms," "Look, Buddy, are you sure you're not using a friendly little set of your own?"

Palms got real indignant and said a man can't even make an honest living and he didn't care much about that kind of talk and what did anybody mean coming to him talking about using a friendly little set of his own and also he was going to have to get a pistol or a stick or something in behind him if he didn't just go off quiet like.

So Geech got real mad, too, and said he wasn't going anywhere, quiet like or any other way.

Well, to get right to the point, Palms finally had to get something in behind Geech to get him away. A stick wouldn't do, so he got out a pistol. Soon as he saw it, Geech figured it was getting to be supper-time anyway and he might as well be running along home. But he didn't want to make it look like he was scared, so just as he was turning to go, he looked Palms right in the eye and said, "I dare ya! I dare ya!" And you can imagine how surprised he was when he heard a loud explosion and felt a sharp sting in the seat of his pants.

"Yowee!" hollered Geech, slapping his backside. "Why you . . ." Well, nobody remem-

(Continued on page forty-six)

# Medicine Men



Bowman Gray, our advanced guard  
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and a "B" average away

by  
WALT FRIEDENBERG



CAMPBELL MCMILLAN, class of '48 and freshman at the Bowman Gray School of Medicine, beats the sun up and

clears his head in preparation for the maze of mental gymnastics he will undergo in classes during the day.

## The Student Studies a Career . . .



CAMPBELL ENTERS the Baptist Hospital onto which the med school is annexed.

**N**EXT JUNE first, Wake Forest, Class of '49, will hit the streets and begin the long, hard struggle against the cruel life outside the rock wall. Roughly half of us will starve within I think it takes three weeks. The graduating football players will stick around and eat at the Colonial Club until the Charlotte Clippers start practice late in the summer. A few people will stay over a few days to petition for Biology 1 and 2, and then go home for a short rest before Summer School starts. Some of the smarter ones will step right into high-paying executive positions, or go to law, divinity, or graduate schools. But the people who'll have the toughest row to hoe (next to the man who's getting a job on a thousand-acre pea farm) are

those who will hitch-hike up to Winston-Salem, enter Bowman Gray School of Medicine, and spend the next four back-breaking years trying to become doctors.

Way over there on the other side of the stadium, 110 miles away, is the west end of the Wake Forest campus, the ten-year-old gift from some more of those nice people up there with all the money, this time the directors of the Bowman Gray Fund. In 1939, the old School of Medical Sciences here accepted their offer to add two more years to its course, change its name, and move into a brand-new million dollar home in the 'Twin Cities.

**T**HE five-story modern building, which provides classrooms, labs, a library, an am-



GETTING UP TOO late to eat breakfast, Campbell grabs a coffee at Soda Shop.

phitheater, and offices for the 200 students and the faculty of 142 full- or part-time physicians, surgeons, and technicians, is still pretty shiny even after those years of wear and tear. Here that hardy band of 42 who will make the trek next fall will settle down until 1953 — if they're lucky. Here, and in the almost-as-new North Carolina Baptist Hospital — which runs into, around, and behind the med school — is the proving-ground for future M.D.'s.

Of course getting accepted was easy, after capturing close to two quality points for every one of the 90 wickedest hours on the campus, including whoppers like Chordate Anatomy, Embryology, Organic Chemistry, and Quantitative Analysis. Those who were still in good health by that time, and had a splendid character and a fat purse, went ahead and applied, and if there weren't too many 3.0 men crowding them out, got in.

For the newcomers the first few days at Bowman Gray will be like Old Home Week. Most of their classmates up there will be former classmates down here, and most of the upperclassmen



BEFORE HE IS graduated from Bowman Gray, Campbell will spend many hundreds of hours in classrooms such as this one, listening to outstanding doctors.

will be oldtimers who have swapped this one-horse town for the Camel City — Campbell McMillan, Bernie Eisenberg, Nick Sacrinty, Maxine Knight, Sid Martin, and just about everybody else.

**B**OTH the scholars and the playboys who've been there for a while say that med school is a whole lot like they thought college would be, but wasn't. This is graduate school 'n'ow — no ball games, shows, week-end parties, hanging around the

(Continued on page forty-five)



DR. CAMILLO ARTOM, noted biochemist, holds morning lectures for freshmen.

BETWEEN CLASSES, Nick Sacrinty, former Deacon and Chicago Bears football ace, Charlie Medlin, Campbell, and John Hardaway hold a quick Wake Forest reunion.



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 9:30 - 10:00 AM  
 10:30 - 11:00 AM  
 11:30 - 12:00 PM  
 12:30 - 1:00 PM  
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 2:30 - 3:00 PM  
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 4:30 - 5:00 PM  
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 HISTORY OF THE  
 HISTORY OF THE



THE ONLY RECREATION offered to the students during the day is in the form of ping-pong. Above, Campbell faults.



WITH ONLY A FEW minutes to go before afternoon classes, Campbell and roommate Hardaway review assignments.



FREE AT LAST, Campbell escorts an attractive, young Twin-Citizen to a near-by restaurant where he keeps

her amused and entertained by his constant and unceasing puns. His date is a Salem College sophomore.



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THE LATEST VOLUME, number eight, of Jazz at the Philharmonic has recently been released with something new in the line of jazz albums. This edition has six sides of one tune—Perdido—done up in typical fashion by such noted sidemen as Howard McGhee, Flip Phillips, Bill Harris, Illinois Jacquet, Hank Jones, Jo Jones and Ray Brown.

Perdido was written by Duke Ellington a number of years ago but didn't hit the limelight until not so long ago. Tony Pastor helped to put the piece across back in 1942, and then Jimmy Dorsey kicked it around for awhile with fair success. The tune itself is good and probably should have had more recognition than it has received. However, this album gives it a good

chance to make the rounds of jam sessions for the next decade, perhaps.

Usually a Jazz at the Philharmonic album has three or four sides of two tunes, but Norman Granz, who produces these sessions, thought that Perdido deserved six sides. Volume eight is not the best JATP album ever to be released but does hold its own.

One of the main faults of this edition is Illinois Jacquet. Illinois has a large number of followers and is one of the most popular members of the Philharmonic jazz recorders. Still he doesn't seem able to hold his own with such men as Flip Phillips, Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Ventura, et al. It was interesting to listen to the tenor sax duel between Jacquet and Phillips. Phillips got the best of the old master in terms of range, originality, tone and technique. The main trouble with Jacquet seems to be his love for screaming. His high tones, if they may be called tones, please the crowd no end, but can this really be called tone? Jacquet and Lester Young sound similar in the low range, but the Illinois persists in employing long series of screams.

Part one of the six sides is opened by the entire combo, and Flip and Jacquet exchange a few licks before Flip goes into his ride that lasts throughout the initial side. Flip is the old Woody Herman standby, and the former Herder can do wonders with a sax. His ride is very inspired and original.

Howard McGhee, who is a carbon copy of Dizzy, takes over on the second side and rides all the way to part three in a bop fashion that will almost make one think it's the Diz. McGhee and Diz both have the same technique except for the high screams that McGhee uses.

Illinois Jacquet controls the third side in a mediocre rendition of this bit of Ellingtonia. With two tenors working on the

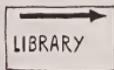


same number it gives the listener a chance to pick out the style he likes best. The crowd that jammed Carnegie Hall for the performance liked the "Jacket"—maybe you will too.

Side four is taken up by the rhythm section with Hank Jones, the pianist, holding the upper hand. Jones sounds like a combination of Teddy Wilson and Art Tatum in his long runs, and the chords are very original. Jones is a newcomer to the jazz ranks and his bop style places him the ranks of the select few bop pianist. Brown is an ex-Gillespie bassist and another newcomer to the school of bop.

Bill Harris, one of the finest trombonists in the business, plays a side and a half before the entire outfit joins him on part six and brings the album to a close. Harris doesn't give out with the best he has ever done on this number, but still it's Harris all the way and anyone that likes Harris (and who doesn't) will enjoy Herman's ex-sideman. Bill is one of the few modern trombonists that can play anything—and usually does. Harris gives out with his usual terrific licks in his usual slow and unconcerned method.

Any follower of jazz will like this album and it is one of the best technical jobs turned out by the Philharmonic jazzist. The recording, balance and sound are nearly perfect — all of which makes some nice listening.



THE RECENT MUSHROOMING of civic symphony orchestras, choral groups, and opera companies even in smaller towns of the country has shown that there are potentialities for adequate production of the best in classical music even in the sticks. The extent to which the potentialities are realized depends on the skill of the musicians, directors, and those who plan the presentation.

An experiment along the line of production of good music in a permanent form is in progress on the campus now. The band, Glee Club, and a cappella choir, under the direction of Professor Thane McDonald are offering for sale a three-record album of truly professional finish.

The album includes favorites from a cappella choir concerts, and the school songs, *Dear Old Wake Forest* and *Oh Here's To Wake Forest*. Two of the choir numbers are Russian church liturgical music, one is a Negro spiritual, and the other two are the well-loved setting of *The Lord's Prayer* by Malotte and the hymn *Onward, Christian Soldiers*.

*To Thee We Sing* is a Russian number by Peter Tkach. Like much of the music of that nation it moves at a slow tempo, and has a resounding bass section

with a great deal of the melody to take care of. Its harmonies are full-throated and majestic to the utmost degree.

*The Creation*, by Willy Richter, has the same slow tempo, vibrant bass, and Russian flavor. It is based on the first three verses of Genesis, and recounts musically the Biblical origin of the earth so vividly that the listener can almost hear God say, "Let there be light," and share in wonderment at the miracle when "there was light."

*The Animals A'Comin'*, a Negro spiritual arranged by Bartholemew, is sung by the men of the choir. It recounts the entrance of the animals into Noah's ark one by one, two by two, and so forth, being, as animals will be sometimes, very entertaining as they come. Children up to advanced age have been known to smile when the "old fat pig say, 'Who dat shovin?'" The music is gay and light and the tempo rapid, as if the ark were loading up on a sunny day, but it had to be done hurriedly, for thunderheads were piling up in the sky.

*The Lord's Prayer*, by Malotte is sung by the entire choir with piano accompaniment. Its smooth melody, deep feeling, and range of tone make it a perennial favorite.

*Onward, Christian Soldiers* was written originally by Sir Arthur Sullivan, of light opera fame, but the choir sings it as arranged by Ringwald for the Fred Waring Glee Club. To this arrangement have been added a few changes, notably in the ending, by Professor McDonald.

The band accompanies the entire Glee Club on the school songs. These are the first pressed recordings of the songs ever to be made during the history of the school.

The albums themselves are attractive. They are bound in gold and black and have a picture of the chapel on the front covers. On the back is a picture of the

(Continued on page twenty-nine)

*Lib Hellen*  
*Student Pin-Up*



## JAZZ

(Cont'd. from page twenty-seven)  
archway. The band, choir, Wait Hall, and Professor McDonald appear on the inside covers along with program notes.

The discs are the shellacked type, pressed, not cut. They may be played on any regular 78-revolution per minute machine.

The quality of the music attempted by these amateurs is excellent. The quality of their performance, if not up to par with concert artists' is adequate. An album by classmates can become, in later years, a particularly treasured possession of any student or alumnus. If it is worth listening to, so much the better.

## PENCIL SHORTAGE CAUSES

(Continued from page seven)

in the realm of speculation. Let us, for now, leave the conjecture to the prophets and confine this discussion to the situation as now rears its head in Wake Forest.

It seems that at the various meeting of the capitalists that occurred at regular intervals, the poker game was standard procedure. After they decided the scale of prices, so as to eke out the last cent from the innocent student, they would then engage in a game of chance whereby all of the capital would be concentrated in one person. This person would, out of a kind heart, refund enough money to each of the remaining losers so that he could operate that month, and then the process would be repeated at the first of the next month. In that way, one man would have all of the funds of the locality for the current month. In all probability said winner would invest this money in a foreign state, so it could not be touched the next month, in case he was the loser. It was on this wise that the capitalists operated. The establishments were successful in their attempt to corner the market.

As long as their little plan worked out, they were all right, each could be assured of a continued existence as one of the favored few. But, something happened and the capitalists were defeated.

All writing instruments were removed from the city. For three solid days — from March 1 to March 3 — there was not a way in the world to sign a check.

So what happened? Well, there was no poker game. As a



matter of fact there was no director's meeting. Consequently there was no winner at the poker game that they didn't have, and therefore there are no losers. The winner, then, there being no poker game, won nothing. And the winner, winning nothing at the poker game which they didn't have could not distribute winnings to the losers, because there were no losers since there was no poker game. This presented quite an intricate problem to those that deal off the arm. They were faced not only with the prospect of having to operate on nothing, because they didn't lose because there was no winner at a poker game they didn't have, but they were also faced with the problem of having to eat themselves—not in the sense a cannibal has to eat.

So there, the monopolists were faced with the problem of demand, yet no supply to satisfy said demand. You ask, now is that possible? Doesn't the lack of money operate to the same effect on the person purchasing?

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Wasn't he without money also? The answer is a qualified, yes. But there is one essential difference: that is that the student operates on a credit basis, while the owners operate on a cash basis. Therefore the students owe for food eaten while the owners pay today for today's supply. There justice triumphed. It happens that the capitalists who deal with the restaurant owners are themselves both malicious and greedy, and eager to pounce on a fellow capitalist and chew him to bits. That is exactly what happened. Needless to say, the impact was terrific in all quarters.

The first day was not so bad. There was an air of shaky confidence that the person who removed all of the writing methods would soon repent and return same to the rightful owners. This was early in the day. Before long, the owners were hoping that someone would bring back at least one pencil,



or a thimbleful of ink. But it didn't happen. Then, the owners, in a burst of fraternal love, gathered together and began to search for a writing implement. They turned the town upside down in their frantic effort to find an instrument capable of making a line on the back of a check. They assaulted Tom Holding, shouting that he was hiding a pencil, or a piece of lead, and that further he had proved his liberal tendencies when he sold cigarettes one cent less than the syndicate price.

P. D. wept.

Dick Frye was the first to break away from the mob tactics. He decided that he would get out on his own and attempt to find a means of signing the checks. He could see the steaks rotting, and the bread going stale. Dick went around collecting old typewriter ribbons and ink blotters. He would then mix the blotters with a liberal amount of water, and squeeze the ribbons until his hands were sore and bleeding. For a few moments it was thought that the method might prove successful and that the crisis would be averted, but one of the more starved students stole it from him, thinking that it was a cup of coffee. It will never be known for sure what it was.

Mr. Brown was seen trying madly to suck the dye out of his overcoat and spit it into his fountain pen. He was constantly frustrated in his purpose by a loose plate that had been pro-

vided in the past by a not too honest dentist who was also a member of the capitalistic system. Henhouse Tony was observed trying to convince one of the students that it would be a simple matter to extract enough blood to fill up his fountain, and that if he would volunteer his red juice that he would give him a cup of coffee free with every five meals he purchases.

There they were. Poor little rich men. They had in their hands enough money to patronize Uncle Tom indefinitely. They had large new autos, with no gas. They had large beautiful homes, with an empty icebox therein, and no way of getting any food. They could not plant a crop and harvest it before starvation ran its awful course for them all. They could have walked to Raleigh or Durham, but you can imagine that, I know. They were paper poor.

There you have the picture be-

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fore the great event, and immediately thereafter. You may well wonder what the result is, and why the worm has so gracefully but definitely turned in favor of the oppressed students. Now there are certain human factors that enter into the picture at this point. You remember that the students were worn and haggard due to the severe bouts with the management of the various beaneries in Wake Forest. The owners were directly opposite. Now, you remember that Caesar once said, "I like fat boys. Those are the ones. But take a look at that skelton over there, (referring, of course to Cass Frye) he's a worm. He's liable to steal your toga right out of your praetorium!!" Well, Caesar wins the fur-lined exornation for that profound remark. History now is beginning to repeat itself, and it seems that by the time the Ides of March roll around, the final blow will be struck to the Caesars of Wake Forest. The starvers, students, are a hardy species. They thrive on adversity. They welcome a free-for-all



to determine the possession of a scrawny piece of meat that is brushed from the griddles of the eating establishment. During the fatal three days, the strain and pressure of economic instability was too much for the local owners and so the students have risen as one to drive the restaurant owners into their rightfully earned position of dancing on the street. Little is known as to just how the people will handle this new and novel position. All that has been learned is that the reins of the new order have been taken over by a few of the high-minded left minded citizens of the school who were,

before the revolution, among the more acute cases of malnutrition in greater Wake Forest. This board of directors, headed by Jack Glenn, is pictured with this article shortly after they assumed command for the people. They are formulating the policy that in the future will mean the great liberation of the people. For the time being, chairman Glenn seems to think that it will be necessary for the people to be patient and to bide their time. The wheels of administration *must* be started smoothly. To facilitate the people's rule the board has purchased two new Cadillacs, a suite at the Sir Walter, two pairs of socks, a television set, and a chair that furnishes the occupant with two levels and if desired, a fresh drink of water whenever the chain is pulled. To date, the board is fully occupied in testing the new contrivances and has not



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fully formulated the policy to be pursued by the people.

When approached about the matter, chairman Glenn said, "This is indeed a significant event. It was a fatal mistake for the owners to underestimate the importance and the force of controlled price-cost linearity. The people of Wake Forest have made a study of these various cost and production factors in a free enterprise, and have been expecting this shake-up for some time. It was the increment of capital that did it. So much capital was added to so much capital without increasing the quality or amount of production, that the industry was bound to stagnate sooner or later. Wasted capital is wasted utility. The terrific backlog caused a cessation of investment and a cessation of business. It was given the needed impetus by the unusual but fortunate disappearance of writing equipment. Had the capital been more evenly distributed, or had some of it been circulated among us, then all would have been well with them now. But, they wanted to be greedy, and they were. If you care to make a study of just what happened, observe the legends and formulas contained in the graph and you will get a clear picture. Don't worry folks, we'll straighten out this mess, you bet we will, we will."

The only other member questioned was member Hensley of the board who said: "I wonder why they don't furnish a dipper for this seat they sold us?"

It is somewhat doubtful as to whether the status quo will ever return to the town. The tiger has at last tasted human blood and the tiger will not be satisfied with anything less. Notable, too, is the complete defeat of the restaurateurs. They are a whipped bunch of boys. They are ashamed of their folly, and quite properly so. They are ashamed that they were unable to withstand the three day pressure of waiting for pencils or pens. They are crest-



fallen. It is said that Dick Frye is degraded to the humble art of begging. He sits out in front of his cafe (or what once was cafe) and broods on hamburger. He is like a lost man, occasionally he is heard to say "I do NOT put stale bread in my hamburger." Then he holds out his cup, an empty cup, and says with or without cream. The proletariat spit in his as they walk by until it runneth over into his lap.

P. D. is currently employed by a pro-capital faction in the town. He picks cotton, gins it, bales it, and loads it on the car. His hours are from four in the morning until seven-thirty at night. One day last week he had to pull the car to Louisburg after he had loaded it. The capitalists always look after their own, it is said. Thus far they gave him as a bonus, two pounds of cottonseed to squeeze for the oil content. P. D. says that it sure does feel good on the whelps he receives every day.

Tony and Brown are probably a little better off than P. D. and Dick. Tony has a small reserve that he carries with him, and thus far it has held up very well. He has the additional advantage too, of instead of taking up a notch in his belt now and then, being able to eat a notch or two off and simply transfer the belt from the outside to the inside, so that, instead of the belt pushing in on his stomach, it is pushing out against the remainder of the belt. Brown still has his pool hall. As yet, he has not been the victim of boycott. In addition to being able to pick up a nickel or

two for a loaf of bread, he can wander about the place sniffing old coke bottles for nourishment. It might be said that he too has a small amount of reserve that he carries with him, although he definitely is not in the same bracket with Tony.

It just goes to show you that the pen is mightier than the sword. Had there been one person in Wake Forest capable of writing a name on a check, then all this would not have happened and Wake Forest would be as always a sleepy town devoted to the pursuit of the mental riches and the more worldly monetary gains. Things would be unchanged. But, fate did not will it. The people have, after centuries of servitude, come into their own as the rulers of themselves. While some may call it a depression, as some undoubtedly will, even more will call it, as I have mentioned, the great liberation. Even now veterans are waving the green checks in front of ag-

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onized and tortured faces of those who were once in command. They are exacting a grim harvest. Karl Marx sleeps in peace.

### GREGUS OF WAKE FOREST

(Continued from page eleven)  
doing it because he likes that physical contact like people like to see him like it, and the old-fashion head-butt is his favorite technique. "I just put my head down and run into a guy. I broke three helmets my senior year in high school. I like to hear the leather pop." And Jim Weaver is glad to keep on buying him helmets as long as he likes the sound so well.

And so the boy they imported to take the place of Nick Sacrinty, three-time All-Southern and Phi Beta Kappa, has in at least one respect been a good replacement.

But there are several other qualities that make Gregus such



an outstanding player. One of them is his lack of fear for the opposition. After the Carolina game last fall, some of the boys were sitting around discussing the game. "Man, Billy," said one, "you sure played a fine game today—ran just like a scared rabbit." Gregus replied hotly, "I did not! I'm not afraid of them. I don't care how big they are!" I, for one, will tip my hat to any man who can make such a statement. We need more of that spirit on our team.

Being a great football player means being praised to the skies by sportswriters who often exaggerate a little. Bill wants no praise he doesn't deserve, and he sees to it, whenever possible, that writers tell the truth about him. In the fall of '47, the year Gregus came here, now-balding Bill McIlwain wrote a story in which he said that Gregus was showing up so well in practice, and looked like such a good prospect that they were taking him down to practice in an armored car. Gregus spoke to Bill about it, telling him that it wasn't true. Most players let flattering things go by, and don't take the trouble to see whether or not publicity written about them gives the public the right impression. Bill Gregus should be complimented for taking this young writer aside and impressing upon him the need of not distorting the facts just to make a player look good. I think that little experience has helped McIlwain in his career.

You've probably noticed how Gregus follows the blocking through the line, but when he gets into the defensive backfield runs independently, if he has to. That still illustrates another part of his make-up—a love of independence. Take last summer, for example. It was hot here in Wake Forest one week-end, so Dave Dawson, a center, and Gregus decided to go to the beach. Dawson went home, got the car, and drove Gregus down to his family's place at Carolina Beach. When they got there, Gregus got out and told Dawson, "You go your way and I'll go mine." And he did. He stayed down there for a few days, then hitch-hiked back. Do you get it? Do you see that "rugged individualism," that desire to be free, unrestricted, unfettered? A love of independence. "You go your way, and I'll go mine." A beautiful statement. There is more to it than meets the eye.

Gregus is a nonchalant fellow. He takes things as they come. He goes to practice, to class, to the show—taking it easy. He doesn't worry about things. He doesn't fret over his studies, injuries, or money. Take the matter of money. His scholarship includes enough to get by on, but you don't see him running around in a Buick convertible. Yet he doesn't envy the boys who have money. Like one law student. Says Bill, "Sam Erickson's got more money than Carter's Little Liver Pills." But he said it in such a matter-of-fact way that you know that he's not jealous of what other people have.

When he's not maiming strong, healthy football players, Gregus keeps in shape by dabbling in other sports. He plays basketball for the Delta Sig fraternity, of which he is a member (he disobeyed Peahead's warning not to go near that house where all the bad men live), and last year played for the Wake Forest Helmets, the Monogram Club's team.

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During the summer Bill plays baseball with several of the near-by teams—Henderson All-Stars, Louisburg, and others. Last summer a man belted one of his curve balls over the low left field fence into an adjoining field. Gregus still thinks that Whitey Auld, who was playing left field, should have hopped over and tried to hold the hitter to only a couple extra bases, and not minded about the bull that was grazing there.

When it was his turn to hit, he tried to flatten the thing. He says, "I hit it a mile. It must have gone a mile." Like Gregus says, it must have gone at least that far, because he took time out to fall down half way between first and second, pick himself up, keep on going, and do the same thing again going into third. Either the fielder was trying to pick up the ball with his arm-pit, or it actually was a long trip out to where the ball finally stopped rolling.

But like he says, football is his game, and these days he's spending his afternoons running up and down Gore Field, cracking helmets open.

This spring Peahead's shifted Gregus from halfback to full. Bud Lail told Bill he wouldn't like it, but the coach followed Lail by saying that he'd worked a lot of new plays for the full-back and that he'd get to know and love the new position.

Well, they got down there and there were a lot of new numbers, but when they started running through the plays they turned out to be the same old plays.

"Peehead tried to fool me," he says, smiling over the impossibility of such an attempt.

What he'd really like to do is play center. "They don't do anything." And just about everybody on the campus would like to see Bill Gregus do exactly what he wants to do.

All except the men and women in the Alumni Building. They'd like to see him pass English 1.

### THE LAME ONES

(Continued from page fifteen)

Jamey entered but continued rocking. His white beard was stained with tobacco juice, as was the front of his shirt. A limp felt hat covered his head. At last he spoke with shaking lips.

"Did ye git hit fixed?"

"Four foot wuz all, but hit'll haf to do," said Jamey and dropped into a chair.

"I'd've hepped ye, but m'eyes don't see so good these days."

Jamey did not reply. He stared at the faint embers and wondered why Paw had never accepted his blindness. The coal upon which he had fixed his eyes

ceased to glow. He shifted his gaze to the corner.

A coffin about five feet long sat in the darkness. In shape, it resembled a diminutive mummy's coffin. Two unfinished pieces of walnut lumber were used as sides; they had been sawed to within an eighth of an inch of the thickness to allow the boards to bend. The narrow strip of black cloth along the edge was stretched so tightly that the threads were beginning to break. The lid stood upright at the foot of the coffin like a mute guard.

JAMEY rubbed his hands over his knees and stood up. He glanced at the shaking, sightless head of Paw, thrust his hands into his pockets, and walked to the coffin. His hands closed about the nails and the jackknife in his pockets as he lowered his eyes. A small, deformed woman lay before him. The hump on her right shoulder would not permit the body to lie flat; she seemed merely to have turned on her side in sleeplessness. Her hands were clasped across her waist in a painful attitude; the elbows fitted into the bend of the boards. The face, though rough and porous, had the features of a doll.



A strip of flowered cloth was tied under her chin and knotted at the top of her head. Two washers the size of silver dollars rested on the closed eye lids.

Jamey's lips parted and shaped the word "Lily."

He turned abruptly and faced Paw.

"I'm goin' now," he said.

He knelt and untied the piece of cloth about Lily's head. The jaws did not open; that was good. He stared at the washers. In the shadows they seemed like two huge eyes with the whiteness of the eyelids showing through the holes. Uneasily, he relieved the washers from their duty and put them into his pocket. He arose and placed the lid on the coffin.

"Don't ye want me to go, son?" asked Paw.

"Nope."

"But they ort to be somebody else there. An' ye got to have a prayin' man."

"Prayin, me an' her is the only ones."



The old man's head drooped to his chest; he said no more.

When Jamey had nailed the lid on the coffin, he lifted it to his shoulders with a sliding motion. He walked to the door, kicked it open, and stepped out upon the porch.

The rain had turned into a slow, cold drizzle. The same thick mist lay on the earth. Brown leaves gave a last shiver on the trees and fell to the ground. From a nearby poplar came the weak voice of a thrush, seemingly frightened of its song.

Jamey started slowly down the steps. The coffin was heavy, and he leaned forward to catch its weight better. A scrawny, crow-like rooster, its wet feathers clinging to its sides, strutted across his path. On down the slippery way he walked, placing each foot flat upon the ground. The burden weighed heavily upon his back. His spine was now almost parallel with the earth. A lone figure, he seemed a gnome from some fantastic land.

A rampant saw-briar lay across his path. His right foot slipped under the brutal creeper. Jamey lunged forward into the mud. The coffin fell to one side, resting at a crazy angle. Jamey sprang to his feet. His face was covered with the wet, red clay. Quickly, he picked the box up and held it in his arms like a baby.

"God, Oh, God," he muttered, his face a mask of fear and utter hopelessness.

The rain made a brushing sound on the coffin as it hurried past. From the distance came the hollow bark of a dog. The still-

ness of the air soon crushed the sound into silence. A gray catbird lisped an uneasy imitation; its throat trembled, then, was hushed. The wind picked its way through the barren trees, whispering the sad lament of the fallen leaves. A sigh arose and swept over the fields like a homeless phantom. And Jamey lumbered on toward the grave.

The hill was steep; the ground was slippery. Of physical things he was unaware. His being was, for the moment, inside of him. The world had ceased, except for the life which he held in his own frame. About him the cold mountains held their dignity as he struggled up the trail. They would always possess their cruel dignity; they would always remain aloof.

The burying ground was a small plot, cleared of undergrowth. Gaunt oaks stood around it acting as mourners when none were present. They murmured and wept according to the goodness of the dead, and sometimes a dirge issued from the topmost branches. The rough stones, each crudely carved with name and date, stood at random on the ground. They seemed to watch the lonely figure as it walked with its burden to a corner apart from the other graves. Jamey took no notice of them.

His eyes fell to the moist earth about the grave and then to the pit. The rain had made it into a water hole. Jamey closed his eyes and breathed deeply. Shifting the coffin to the ground, he stepped into the grave. With his hat he began to bail the water out. His eyes were closed now; his body worked as a machine. The rain pelted his skin; his hair hung in strings like so many snakes. His body bent and filled the hat. The slime trickled down the hill as he threw it over the side. He worked faster and faster until only a little water remained. Painfully, he crawled over the bank and sat down on his haunches, his head lowered

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toward the ground. His breath came in great gasps.

Without standing he lifted the coffin and, sliding his legs over the edge, lowered it into the grave. His body became frozen as he watched the crude box float on the remaining inches of water. Quickly, he set his foot on the lid and put his weight upon it. He could hear the swish as the muck was forced between the cracks. The box sank to the bottom; only the lid was visible.

Jamey began to rake the clay into the hole with his hands. It splashed into the water and banged on the coffin. Feverishly, he dug into the sticky mud and watched it fall about his legs. Climbing from the grave, he started shoveling it in with the sides of his feet. His eyes were wide with terror. His whole body trembled as he shaped the dirt into an uneven mound. Then, he turned and stumbled down the hill.

The rain had stopped; the fog was beginning to rise. Jamey had calmed himself, and he thought he could see the first glow of the sun. Slowly, he walked toward the shack and Paw. He thought about the old man. Blind and palsied, he would always sit in his rocking chair by the fire. He would always stare with his glassy eyes. He was a burden, but it would not be for long. He was too old to live much longer. Jamey wandered toward nothing, but it was all he had.

He raised his eyes toward the shack, and, as he drew nearer, he saw at the foot of the steps the crumpled figure of an aged man. His clothes were still smoking. A stray spark, thought Jamey. This was the last of the lame ones. His deformed wife, his old man.

Jamey looked at the charred body; he turned his head. No expression bothered his face. And then, the corners of his mouth began to curl. His broken teeth split his face. A deep, rough roar crawled from his throat and

changed to a hysterical cry. He lifted his face toward the sky and laughed. His eyes were dry. He sat down on the steps. He was free of his burdens. He was alone; he wept.

The wet rooster strutted about in the mud.

### FOOD FOR THOUGHT

(Continued from page thirteen)  
prices. The kitchen has the highest sanitary rating in the state, and was recently featured in a national trade magazine.

Moving upstairs we found that while Wake Forest students have to be content with one cafeteria, students at Duke have a choice of three cafeterias, a tray shop and the services of an upstairs restaurant, the Oak Room. We were getting a little carried

away with all this until Jim Miller stepped in and explained that although the students had a choice of where they could eat, the food was the same in each case. It was just a matter of selection and convenience which he explained a few minutes later. At the moment he also pointed out the remote location of the Duke campus. Whereas Wake Forest students can make the short trip to town if they don't care for the food offered in the local cafeteria, the student at Duke who is without a car is faced with a two mile trek to the nearest cafe.

It is estimated that from 3,000 to 3,500 persons are served each meal in the dining hall, with the total number approximating 10,000 people during the course of a normal day. A breakdown of

### QUESTIONS

- A** It takes five letters to make THREE. They're all in Chesterfield, you see.
- B** There are three in the pack which have three in each one; Which should make about nine; in reality, one.
- C** Think of a word for a biscuit, change a letter and then You'll have a home for Daniel; but not the lion's den.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

*Chesterfield*

#### RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

#### LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** The sock which Arthur Godfrey is holding with his white mitten.
- B** The Chesterfield cartoon whose last five title letters show out of the green sock.
- C** Always Bring Chesterfield. The central word of the famous slogan has been revised from Buy to Bring.

WINNERS...

#### CONTEST—JANUARY ISSUE

Bob Holloman, Ham Boyd, Ralston Welch, Johnny Dillon, Marvin Norman, Julian Chap-

pell, Z. V. Morgan, Jr., Bill Beacham, Clarck Mitchell, Marcelle Milloway.

those figures shows that around 650 students are served each meal in the three cafeterias, some 800 more eat in the tray shop, and the remainder find their way upstairs to the Oak Room.

The three cafeterias, located in the central part of the Union, are all adjacent to one another, and are designated as A, B and C. Each has a single line and the same serving capacity. The choice of food is much the same there as it is here, with three meats and four vegetables being offered at the noon and evening meal. An average account lists breakfast at 34c, lunch at 57c and dinner at 65c. Mr. Minah estimates that with desert and a beverage included, the average cost per student in the cafeteria would run about \$1.55 per day.

The tray shop is located just to the rear of the cafeteria area, and specializes in a fixed menu for those students who are rushed for time or disgusted



with standing in lines. The top meat is taken from the cafeteria menu, along with two vegetables, beverage and desert, and the trays are picked up by the students at 65c each. Also in the tray shop is a snack bar, and a light breakfast is served there in the morning.

Both the cafeterias and the tray shop make use of two large dining rooms. The two are done in distinctive Gothic architecture, feature authentic European reproductions of art, and on the whole present a very pleasing appearance. The Cambridge Room, as the smaller hall is called, is located just off cafeteria A, while the Oxford Room, a little larger, serves those using cafeteria's B and C and the tray shop. Students eat at long oak tables, seating some twelve men, instead of the smaller tables that are employed here.

The group had lunch in the Oak Room, as guests of Mr. Minah, and Jim Miller, who eats there gratis anyway, was present to answer our final queries. As we mentioned before, the Oak Room is located upstairs and features table service at a slightly higher cost. The food is the same as that served in the cafeterias, and the room accommodates some 180 patrons. The faculty, and those students who feel flushed, make use of the Oak Room, partly for convenience and partly for the escape that it offers from the day's activity.

The entire establishment is a non-profit organization. It employs some 125 people, including

four dietitians and 75 student employees. We found the organization a model of efficiency, prices reasonable and Jim Miller and T. W. Minah very gracious hosts.

Moving over to Carolina, we made our way to Lenoir Hall and found that along with being the right field wall on the baseball diamond, it also serves as the University Dining Hall. Mr. Leigh Skinner, the manager, was supervising the conclusion of the noon meal when we arrived, and we moved over to his office in the south wing of the building to see how they did things at Carolina.

Mr. Skinner explained that Carolina, along with State, was on a state buying contract that employed competitive bidding by both wholesale grocers and producers. Staples are bought on the quarter and other requirements are filled as the need arises. Carolina, like Duke, operates on a non-profit basis and the entire procedure is designed to cut food costs as much as possible.

Prices there ran on a close parallel to Duke, and it is estimated that the average student can get by comfortably on \$1.50 a day. The only difference in the serving procedure is that there is a selection of four meats and five vegetables, and at both schools we noted a very wide variety of salads and desserts. Meat and vegetable prices were almost identical with the same items in Wake Forest.

At Carolina, said Mr. Skinner, a great number of the students eat down town, and he estimated that some 4,000 to 4,500 students make use of the cafeteria each day. There are two tray lines, and both are in the large main dining hall. Just to the rear of the main hall are two smaller rooms. The green room serves as a grill room, and serves meals throughout the day, cafeteria style. In the morning a special

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## THE STUDENT'S

### 2 Short Story Contest



**\$15 PRIZE**

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#### RULES

1. Contest open to any member of student body.
  2. Manuscript must be typewritten double-spaced.
  3. No story may be less than 1,500 words or more than 3,000.
  4. Contest closes March 10, 1949.
-

breakfast is also served in this part of the building.

The other smaller room also features a small tray selection, but unlike the grill room it is open only during those hours when the main cafeteria is in operation. The table arrangement there is similar to the one here, as is the system of student employment.

We were especially inquisitive about the success of the grill room that was operated, and Mr. Skinner was quick to point out that it was one of the most attractive features of the entire set-up. He stated that a good business was done there throughout the day, and expressed the belief that such an arrangement is very helpful to those students with crowded schedules.

Over in Raleigh, we took time out to scrape Wake Forest stickers off of the automobile, and drove out to State College. A bit of inquiry led us to Lezar Hall

where we found Mr. Harry Stewart, who directs the State dining hall. Mr. Stewart is a young fellow, and we all made the mistake of taking him for one of the students there on the campus. However, it didn't take him long to convince us he knew his business, and he was still friendly after we told him we were from Wake Forest.

Mr. Stewart gave us a very complete breakdown on food costs, and of course made mention of the fact that State was on the same buying contract with Carolina and operated on the same non-profit basis. We found that some items were higher at State than they are here, while some are correspondingly lower. Rice, for instance, costs 10c over at State compared to 5c here. Fried chicken was the highest meat carried on the menu, it was listed at 45c. Hamburger steak was billed at 15c, the same as it is locally.

A fourteen day rotation is featured in the menu, so that meals on the first and third Mondays of each month are essentially the same. Four meats are offered a day, along with four vegetables. One feature that came to our attention was the practice of serving fresh sea foods in season. Fried oysters and shrimp were on the menu during the evening meal we were there.

Estimated costs per student were lower here than at either Carolina or Duke. Breakfast was estimated at 30c on the average, lunch was listed at a 50c average along with dinner. The average cost ran at about \$1.30 per day per person.

Lezar Hall, one of the oldest buildings on the State campus, is at the present undergoing a complete remodeling to increase the food preparation facilities. The dining hall proper will remain the same. There are two main wings, with two lines in each wing. Just to the right of the east wing are two rooms de-

signed as room A and room B. These are on reservation for groups that wish to hold dinner meetings, banquets, etc. The cost there is the line charge plus 20c per person for table service. Ordinarily, unless these rooms are arranged for, there is no service at any meal.

To the left of the same wing is located the Grill Room. To our mind it was the most attractive feature of the organization. At lunch it is reserved for the faculty and staff, but in the evening it is open to student use. Three choices are present from night to night. Fried chicken, with all the trimmings, is listed at 95c, steaks are 80c and up, while the most popular dish, spaghetti and cheese, goes at 50c. Table service is rendered at no charge.

During both the noon and evening meals, music is played over the public address system, and Mr. Stewart added that this was an innovation that had proved to be popular during the last year. Paintings and murals are being added to the main halls, as atmosphere, as well as food, is a prime concern at State.

Mr. Stewart estimated that around 6,000 meals were served during the course of a day. There are some 3,400 men on the campus at State, and nearly one half of that number make use of the school facilities. We couldn't conclude our report without saying that the food in the Grill Room was as good as advertised. Once again we kept the expense

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account to a minimum on an invite from Harry Stewart.

Back at Wake Forest, where the situation is more familiar, we feel that a word might be inserted as to the operation of our own cafeteria. Mr. Cummings stated that the cafeteria is subleased from Miss Jo Williams by Mr. E. F. Cooley of Chapel Hill for a period of five years. The terms of the lease state that the present management has the right to give up the lease at any time or, on the other hand, be subject to removal by the College if the management is not to their satisfaction.

The building is located on College property, and was built by Miss Jo Williams on the terms that she operate the cafeteria for a period of ten years, at the conclusion of which time the building and the property would revert back to College control. Mr. Cummings further stated that for all practical purposes the organization is under College control at the present. It is a management that is operated for profit, but is under close supervision of the College authorities.

And there, as complete as

space would allow, is the situation we found it to be. In no way complete. In no way intended for a solution. We merely offer a comparison in prices, in arrangement and in student problems for your consideration.

### THE FRAY BEFORE THE FROLIC

(Continued from page seventeen)

skins to bring in one of them big shots. And another thing, for a change, how 'bout getting these dances so we don't have to rent those black suits?

3RD MEMBER—He said that right.

And about this *Howler* stuff, Slim, tell 'em they can leave our picture clean out the book before we pay 40 bucks a page. We ain't took Trueblood to raise. Let him go to work if he's trying to get fat.

(With that everyone rises, and there are shouts of "that's right, Slim," and "show 'em sumthin', Slim.")

\*\*\*\*\*

Well, you've seen the rich boys and the poor boys mapping plans for the I.F.C. meeting.

What'll happen when they come together?

\$ 0 . \$ 0 \$

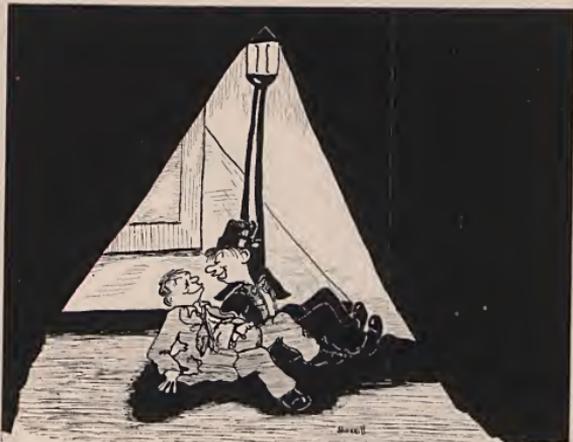
(In the I.F.C. room sit 22 men, divided into two groups. Load O'Gold, dressed nattily in a one-button, long roll-lapel suits, is in the center of one group. The men about him are dressed as he is. In the center of the other group is Slim Row, his frayed O.D. shirt showing at the neck of his field jacket. The men about him are dressed similarly.)

PRES.—We need to get some idea on how your respective lodges feel about the coming dances.

LOAD—My lodge feels that we should go first class. An assessment of \$15 a man appears reasonable if we can obtain a topflight band. I suppose that would bring Beneke or Goodman down here, wouldn't it?

SLIM—Fifteen shucks a man! Bring Beneke or Goodman? Man that'd bring John Phillip Sousa outa his grave.

ONE OF LOAD'S GROUP—Well, fel-



"You git up an' turn it out"

It's Time  
for That  
NEW  
SPRING  
SUIT

Ben's

of

Wake Forest

(Ben wants to see you!)

lows, after all, Carolina had T. Dorsey, didn't they?

ONE OF SLIM'S GROUP—Yeh, and Southern Cal mighta had Harry James with Betty Grable along doing a strip, but we ain't got that kind of gold in this college.

LOAD—Really, really, \$15 per man certainly isn't too much to pay to have a real name band play three dances.

SLIM—No? Well, why not go the whole hawg? Clip everybody for \$55 and get a real setup—Beneke, Friday night; Goodman for the Tea Dance; Dorsey, Saturday night; and Dizzy Gillespie be-bopping on the steps of the Auditorium.

ONE OF LOAD'S GROUP—Your attempted wit is absurd, but it is vital that we get a big band.

ONE OF SLIM'S GROUP—Yeh? Well, why don't you get Thane out, or maybe you could get the Lenoir High School band. They got a hundred pieces.

PRES.—We're deciding nothing. We'll take a vote.

*(Load's group wins, as is usually the case, the result being that each man will be assessed \$15 to obtain a name band to be decided on later.)*

PRES.—Let's get on with the other business. Load, a complaint has been lodged against your chapter for walking on the grass of your neighbor.

LOAD—Our boys are oftentimes in a hurry. Cutting across their grass enables us to save much time.

PRES.—I recall past complaints relative to the same matter. Is there any discussion?

ONE OF SLIM'S GROUP—Yeh, I got some. Fine 'em fifty bucks the first time and a C-note the second time.

SLIM—And if they do it again, burn their house down.

ONE OF LOAD'S GROUP—Well, really, I have never.

ONE OF SLIM'S GROUP—No, I guess not.

*(The discussion on grass continues, but finally the question of "Howler" pictures is raised.)*

LOAD—The section of the *Howler* devoted to fraternities must be uniform. Each lodge should be required to have the same number of pages. Personally,

I feel that each lodge should have at least four extra pages. That would cost each fraternity only \$160.

SLIM—\$160? Man, our frat house aint worth that much. What's Trueblood trying to do, shoot fish in a barrel? Let him go back to South Carolina and pick cotton.

*(The battle rages on, but finally Load's group triumphs, and each fraternity will have to pay \$160 for four extra pages in the yearbook.)*

\*\*\*\*\*

The meeting is over. Each representative will return to his house to tell his brothers the results. Load O'Goal will be received warmly at his house; he and his followers have accomplished everything his fraternity desired.

But Slim Roll, what about Slim Roll? Everything his brothers wanted has been beaten into the dirt. It'd be fine to go home and tell the boys you'd got what they wanted. Like the one time Slim could remember when he helped get an informal, buck-and-a-quarter-dance; the boys had carried him through town on their shoulders that night.

But tonight? Well, Slim would

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# SHORTY'S

Wake Forest, N. C.



"I understand they're considering her for head of the department."

tie a note on a rock and throw it in the chapter room. He wouldn't be going in there himself.

### MID-MORNING COFFEE

(Continued from page nineteen)

go around buying cyanide. He probably knew she was lying when she told him she wanted it for a dog. Perhaps druggists keep records of sales of poison. She had not thought of that before.

Mrs. Adam turned the corner and walked back up toward the car line. She would return up town and go to the sale at Brinker's. It was too late to turn back from her course now. For a long time, she had been planning to kill Ed, and now she would just have to take her chances. A few minutes later a trolley came down the street and stopped. Mrs. Adam climbed aboard. After paying her fare, she suddenly drew back in surprise. It was the same conductor, and this was the same car that she had come out on. She wondered if he had recognized her. It seemed that he had been staring at her when she had looked up. She hurried to the



other end of the car and sat down. She looked at her watch. It was eight forty-five. Fear was welling up in her breast, and her hands were shaking.

"I shouldn't have got into this mess," she thought. "I'm not smart enough to get away with murder. The trap is already closing in on me. But what am I going to do? Oh God, why did I ever get myself into this situation?" She grasped the arm of her seat, closed her eyes, and tried to organize her thoughts, but she was too confused to think. She felt as though she might faint. Suddenly a hand was laid on her shoulder. She started and looked up in terror.

"Pardon me, are you sick?" a woman asked sympathetically.

"No, no! I'm all right!" Mrs. Adam answered harshly. Now the trolley was stopping, and she got up and hurried to the exit.

"People are noticing me! That proves it!" she said to herself. She got off the car and hurried to the sidewalk and found herself in front of a large department store. She rushed inside and entered an elevator without any idea of where she was going. She had to go somewhere and think.

"I just can't go through with it," she said to herself. "But what am I going to do? What am I going to do?"

"Twelfth floor, lady," the elevator boy said. "Top floor. Is that where you wanted to go?"

Mrs. Adam suddenly realized where she was.

"Oh—yes, yes, thank you,"

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she answered, and stepped onto the sales floor. It was the dry goods department. She walked down an aisle, pretending to look at the merchandise. Glancing at her watch again, she saw that it was a quarter past nine.

"Maybe if I went to the Farmers' Market, I could get there before Ed drinks the coffee," she thought suddenly. "I could make some excuse and get the thermos bottle away from him. If only I've got enough time!" She turned quickly and rushed back up the aisle. The doors of one elevator were just closing.

"Down!" she shouted in a frantic voice. The operator reopened the doors and Mrs. Adam entered. She noticed that there were five or six other people inside. Just as they started down, there was a scraping noise, and the elevator stopped abruptly.

"Looks like we're stuck between floors," the operator remarked. "But don't worry, folks; there's no danger of falling. And we won't be here but a few minutes."

"But I—" began Mrs. Adam. Then she clenched her teeth. There was no use to get hysterical in front of these people. She

would have to keep a grip on herself. Perhaps she would still have time. She looked at her watch. It was nine-twenty.

She tried to be calm as the minutes passed. Only vaguely was she aware of the thumping sounds overhead and of the shouts between the operator and the building engineer. Nine-twenty-five . . . Nine-thirty . . . Perhaps she could get the engineer to make a phone call to Ed. But what could she have the engineer tell Ed without arousing suspicion? Anything she might say would seal her own doom. No, it would be better to keep quiet. She would make the call, herself, as soon as the elevator was fixed. Now her watch said nine-thirty-five . . . Nine-forty . . .

Gradually it became obvious to Mrs. Adam that it was too late now to prevent her crime from taking place. With a shudder, she visualized the dead body of her husband. Then she realized that she could hardly hope to escape punishment, and suddenly she was too weak and exhausted to care.

When the elevator had finally been released and had descended to the street floor, Mrs. Adam



aimlessly wandered out to the sidewalk.

"I might as well go home," she thought. "There's nothing else to do but face it."

Half an hour later, she was trudging up the steps to her apartment. Just as she reached the second landing, her door opened and a policeman came out.

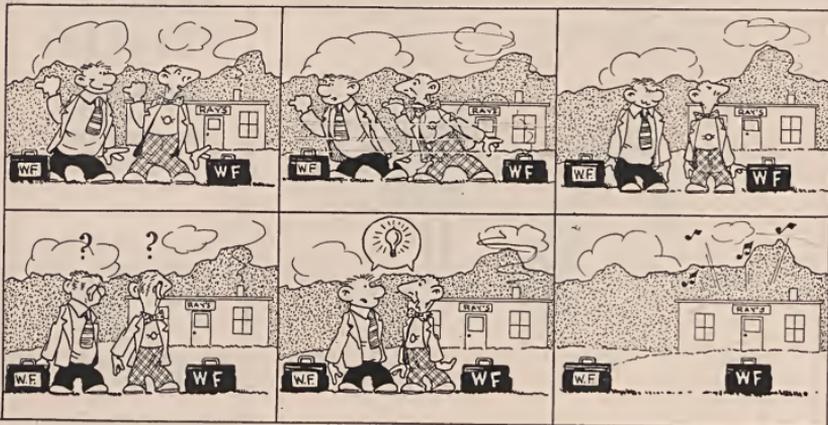
"Are you Mrs. Adam?" he asked quietly.

"Yes, I am," she answered in a listless voice.

"Well, I'm afraid I have some bad news for you. It's about your husband."

"Is he— dead?"

"I'm afraid so. It happened this morning about nine-thirty. He was crushed by several crates



of produce which fell off a truck."

Incredulously Mrs. Adam stared at the policeman. She was too abashed to say anything.

"I suggest that you get in contact with your husband's employer," the policeman continued. "And incidentally, I brought his lunch box home. It's in the kitchen."

"Thank you," she managed to whisper. Then she entered her apartment, went to the ice box, and poured herself a stiff drink of Ed's whiskey.

### MEDICINE MEN

(Cont'd. from page twenty-three)  
Book Store, and dusk-to-dawn poker sessions. And there's no coddling by professors. Students have a different, business-like, mature attitude. There's little cramming to pass a test or a course, not only because it's next to impossible, but because they'd be missing something they'll have to know in order to practice later on. The M.D., more so than the B.A., isn't just a cover-up for a tear in the wallpaper. Doctors have to work with what it represents.

And to get right in there after that degree they shove the beginner off the high board the first trimester. He has fewer subjects than he had in academic school, but he spends more time — lots more time — on each one. The first two years are a general theoretical approach to medicine, and they start the novice off with Gross Anatomy and Histology, then Biochemistry, Neuroanatomy, and Psychobiology. A little trying at first, but before he knows it, he's agreeing with

the rest of them that the characteristic reaction of aldoheoxes, a six-carbon glucide with a free-reducing aldehyde group is the formation of an alpha or beta methyl glucoside upon reaction with one molecule of methyl alcohol.

Later on come Pharmacology, Otorhinolaryngology. Ophthalmology, Endocrinology, and other subjects which only the professors know how to spell. These tongue-twisters are also back-breakers, and it's courses like these that make staying in med school tougher than getting in. Competition is a big factor in practicing medicine, and they start the first-year-man early. At first he competes against the rest of the class, watching their work, not to see whether he can help them, but to see that they're not doing too much better than he is. Professors don't announce test or course grades (the members of the class are ranked at the end of every year), so competition is increased by the suspense. But by the second year, he's still in school, so he stops fighting the rest of the class and settles down to beating that old 75.

In his last two years the future doctor does clinical work, spending nearly all of his time on the wards — taking charge of several patients from the time they enter the hospital until he kills 'em or cures 'em. These third and fourth years amount to a pre-internship, and the M.D.-to-be at Bowman Gray gains much more practical experience than one would get at most med schools.

Aside from the fact that he still goes around muttering, "It will come out on time. It will come out one time," Campbell McMillan is about as typical a Bowman Gray freshman as you can find. Last year's *Howler* editor, Phi Bete, and Pepsi-Cola Scholarship winner is looking much better these days — he doesn't have that worried look

any more, and he sleeps in a bed instead of on the table in the yearbook office like he did last year.

Like every other med student Campbell lives in a private home. For him it's 2023 Elizabeth Avenue, the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Williams, a druggist and a Wake Forest man himself, where he rooms with an old fraternity brother, John Hardaway.

The day starts at 7:30, and if he doesn't dawdle too long in the shower, Campbell takes his "over light's" in the paneled dining-room of the Phi Rho Sigma house, four blocks away, where he is a member. Or if by the time he gets his coat on it's too close to class-time, he lets it go with a coffee and doughnuts at the Soda Shop in the hospital.

At any rate, by 8:25 he's walking through the hospital corridors to the med school. Already the hospital is busy, in a quiet, efficient sort of way. North Caro-

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lina Baptist Hospital . . . big and clean . . . slippery, waxed linoleum floors . . . pastel walls . . . lots of fluorescent lighting . . . doctors, nurses, technicians, internes, and an occasional patient, all dressed in white, all looking very business-like . . . only the visitors and in-coming patients, dressed in colored clothes, looking out of place . . . the voice on the P.A. system, giving it the old "Doctor Brent, call . . . surgery." . . . and that unique, pleasant hospital smell.

In a couple of minutes Campbell is downstairs in the student's lounge, where he swaps his overcoat for a white lab coat, and heads toward the classroom, where Dr. Camillo Artom, one of the world's most noted biochemists, holds a one-hour lecture. From 9:30 to 12:30 it's a lab period that makes anything we've got here look about as complicated as making salt water.

There's a whole hour off for lunch, so Campbell goes back to the Phi Rho house to bite his way through a chicken dumpling or two, and chew the dumpling and the fat with the boys.

From 1:30 to 4:30 there's another try at lectures and lab for the same or sometimes a different course. That makes a seven hour day, portal to portal, and Campbell relaxes for a little while before supper by playing a few games of a pretty fast brand of ping-pong, or by walking up and down the corridors pinching the nurses.

At six o'clock it's supper at

the frat house, where the meal is eaten more slowly, and then he and the boys sit around and talk about the day's business and think about how they used to rip through those courses at Wake Forest.

The real fun starts for Campbell at about seven, either in the library or in his room, trying to figure out what was flung at him during the course of the day, and trying to learn it for tomorrow. This form of diversion lasts until around midnight, when his body feels like it's been beaten with a masheiblick all day, and his head feels like those goblins in there are trying to keep warm by building a fire, so he drags himself into bed and falls asleep hoping that dawn won't break. But it does, five minutes later, and the whole rotten mess starts all over again. And so on until Saturday night, when he takes a date to see the flicker, or goes someplace to relax with the crowd. Sunday is the day before Monday, and Monday starts off six more rounds. Four years of it.

Some far cry from the "What-are-you-studying-so-early-in-the-semester-for?" school of thought that's so prevalent in this vicinity. Four years is a long time at Wake Forest, but it's a longer time in Winston-Salem. So wish good luck to the Gallant Forty-two.

## CIRCUS

(Continued from page twenty)

bers his exact words any more, but the general idea was that he didn't like the way Palms

creased him up, and he'd be back and when he came back he'd have a right good number of friends with him and also Palms would have done better to jump in a lion's cage with nothing better than a switch. And it wasn't until Geech was through with his little speech and was out of the ball park that the cloud of smoke blew away.

And right about this time was when the college boys got mixed up in the whole thing. It was about sundown, and just about the whole student body was flocking down Faculty Avenue, after a hard day of conjugating the verb avoir for Doctor Gorell and writing Doctor Billy Speas a few words on Newton's Third Law of Gravity. They were headed for the circus for some honest-to-goodness, boyish, innocent fun. They hadn't heard about the trouble between Geech and Palms. All they were doing was going to the circus.

Well, at the time it was quite the college-like thing to sing "We'll ride old—newish—on the rail"—to the tune of "Golden Wedding Day." The boys were always singing "We'll ride old freshman on a rail," or "We'll ride State College on a rail." They'd sing about how they'd ride most anything on a rail. Right then, it was just natural to be singing "We'll ride old circus on a rail."

Meanwhile, the circus people were getting a big kick out of Palm's story of how he and



Geech had sort of had a misunderstanding and how Geech was going to get all his friends and get even. And when they heard a noise and looked out on Faculty Avenue and saw all those boys coming they figured they were Geech's friends coming to square up. And when they heard them singing "We'll ride old circus on a rail" they were mighty sure that gang was getting ready to treat them pretty rough.

The circus folks had heard something about how the guy who hesitates gets lost, so when they saw the mob of boys coming their way they didn't wait around to find out what they had on their minds. To the tune of "In the Gloaming, Oh, My Darling," that was blaring out on the steam calliope, they started grabbing up sledge hammers, tent stakes, and anything else they could get hold of. And of course Palms still had his pistol.

A sophomore named George, singing out in a good brisk tenor about riding "old circus on a rail," was the first to set foot in the circus lot. He was just digging around in his pocket for a dime to get in with, when right off, Mamie, The Bearded Fat Lady, swinging a sledge hammer like it was a prize cane, smacked him across the arm.

"You mean a dime ain't enough?" George asked, not knowing what to make of it.

Mamie swung again, "G'wan," she said, "G'wan."

George jumped back this time, but he figured that was a right unkind thing for a lady to do. After all.

But by then there were more of his boys on the lot, and all of them were also being treated unfriendly by the circus people, getting sledges, sticks, tent stakes, and water buckets against arms, heads, legs, and turned backs. They all knew right off they weren't going to stand there and let any gang of men with big green noses and fat ladies club them to death with a



bunch of circus tools. So they dropped back, figuring to organize and pick up a few weapons of their own.

Just when a big senior called Johnny, who sort of unofficially had got command of the college boys, was getting his ranks armed with sticks and getting whipped into shape for an attack, Geech and all his friends came puffing and screeching up to the edge of the lot in cars — ready to get revenge. Geech, leading the band, could see that the college boys weren't feeling so friendly toward the circus folks either, and he figured he'd found some allies. So he bounced along over to Johnny.

"What's a matter?" Geech said, "Looks like them circus folks been whupping you and your boys up a little bit. How 'bout throwin' your gang in with mine and really givin' 'em a beatin' that'll make 'em know how folks in this town is?"

Johnny could see that Geech's crowd was pretty well fixed for fighting equipment and could do a good job on the circus folks. So just like that, Johnny and Geech shook hands, joined forces, and led their boys onto the lot.

When they saw the college boys and the town boys coming toward them, the circus folks could see they were going to have their hands, arms, and everything else full. They put Palms and his pistol up front so's he could really do the business. But his pistol wasn't as important as they thought. One of Geech's boys had brought along a mighty long double-barreled

12-gauge, and when Palms fired the shot heard 'round the ball park—setting off the fray and also winging one of the town boys — Geech's man let the old 12-gauge roar, throwing buck shot all over the lot. Palms retaliates with his pistol.

Bong! Palms misses his target and hits the bong of the weight-lifting machine . . . Whack! A sophomore bangs a lion-tamer in the behind with a bag of peanuts . . . Swish! Mamie, the fat lady, flings a kewpie doll over a freshman's ear . . . Usssh! Somebody pushes her face down in the mud . . . Uhhh! Ajax, the strong man, grunts and groans under a pile of football players . . .

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## DAIRY LAND

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Pffff! The elephant gets in the pink lemonade tank and starts squirting the acrobats . . . Um-pa-pa Um-pa-pa all the time the merry-go-round is spinning away. . .

And all the time Geech's man had his old twelve-gauger booming away. He'd lay down a sort of creeping artillery fire so the college and town boys could advance. And they finally made their way to the Big Top, and sent a wiry freshman clean up to the top of the main pole to cut the canvas loose. And down it came real slow, catching the Indian Rubber Man crawling around on the floor like a mole, trying to find out where the entrance was.

Two big things happened during all this battling. The boss of the circus snatched up the cash box, legged it off up the railroad track, and hid in the woods for two days. And the mayor of Wake Forest heard about the fuss, hurried up to the



lot, took one look around, and hurried back up town.

The war lasted until around midnight. Could have been any number of things why it broke up. Johnny and his boys and Geech and his boys might have figured they'd squared things up with the circus crowd. Or maybe the college boys wanted to get back to the dorm and get in a few licks on the next day's lessons. And then it could have been because somebody shouted out toward the end of the scrap that the tiger had busted out. Nobody felt like they wanted to fool around with a tiger, even if he was an old fleay tiger, and even if they did have the 12-gauge on their side.

Anyway, the battle broke up, leaving quite a scene on the old ball diamond:

The big circus tent laying flat on the ground like a busted penny balloon. . . . The penny-pitching table on top of the bark-er's stand in front of the girly show. . . . The door of the cage standing open and folks wondering where the tiger was. . . . Palms, wrapped in an Indian blanket, barely sticking his head out from under the cotton candy machine. . . . Mamie, the fat lady, still floundering around in the mud, trying to wipe the mud out of her beard. . . . and the elephant (now called Notch Ear), standing all sad like with a square inch of hole in his left ear where the old 12-gauge had got him.

That's the way it looked. The circus had two more days to play in this town, but they wouldn't have stuck around another day if you'd given them Wait Hall. They packed up old Notch Ear and a few of his scared friends, threw their busted-up equipment in busted-up boxes, forgot all about the missing tiger, and got out of town.

And there hasn't been a circus in Wake Forest since. Some folk say they won't even pass through here on a train.

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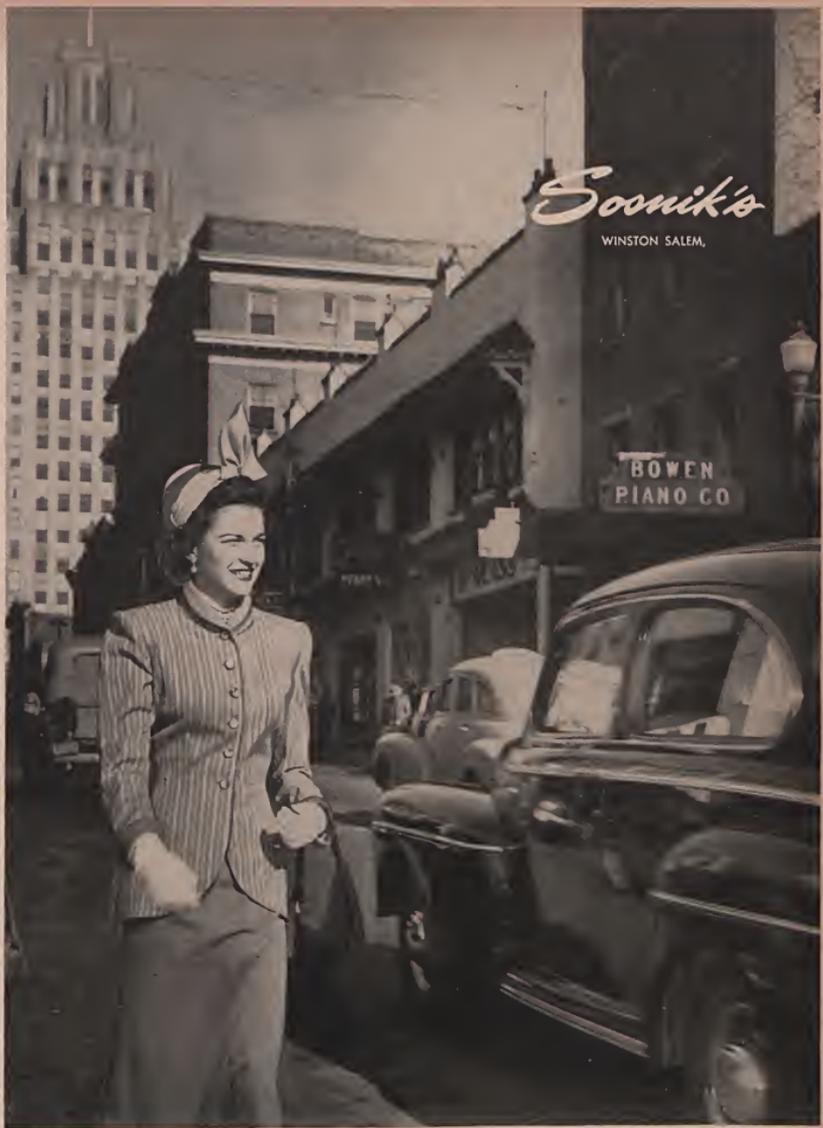
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# Behind The Student Door



W E'VE GOT A COUPLE of strangers this time. The man whose chin is modestly hiding a diamond stick-pin is Mr. Nat Barrow, also known as The First Man in The World To See THE STUDENT When It Comes Out. If he chuckles, if he chortles, if he smiles, we release it. If he doesn't—well, he's been real nice so far. He's the shop foreman of the Edwards and Broughton Company of Raleigh, which prints our magazine. After six months of seeing Harold Hayes pop out from behind linotype machines and type boxes to ask if the magazine will be out on time, Mr. Nat has developed the habit of hiding under a printing press every time he sees one of THE STUDENT staff come into the plant. But like we said, he's been real nice so far.



T HIS BOYISH - LOOKING man on your left is Mr. Dana Stearns, president, owner, manager and just about everything else of the Stearns Engraving Company, also of Raleigh. Working in the same building which houses the Ferree School of Art, Mr. Dana and his six cohorts spend most of their time on the third floor peeking through keyholes to get a look at the models, coming downstairs every thirty days to re-focus their eyes on a picture of our current pin-up. An artist at heart, and a good one, Mr. Dana studied architecture at Auburn and

painting at Chapel Hill before settling down to the metal plate - nitric acid - and one-sixteenth inch drill business of running his father's photo-engraving shop. For a sample of his work, take another look at his picture.



all the strawberry preserves or setting the house on fire, so she put a paint brush in his little right hand and told him to paint—ducks, dogs, frogs, anything—just paint and keep quiet. He did exactly that and he's come a long way since his first duck. (View his layout on page 24 and 25 for evidence.) The Salem (Va.) sophomore has been around in the world of india ink and fine point pens—working as an illustrator for the Glenn L. Martin Co., the navy, and a Washington law firm.



A LL HIS LIFE it's been a matter of first-place honors for Rom Weatherman. At an early age he established a reputation around Statesville as the "Patty Cake King," a position he still holds. He is the only man we know who wore hip-boots to

his English History class all last semester. He is the first man in the history of the College by the

(Continued on page forty-one)

We  
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 Everything  
 A  
 STUDENT  
 Needs.  
 ★  
 The  
 Friendly  
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 The  
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 "ON THE CAMPUS"

## Letters to the Editor

See Here, New Management  
 Dear Eds:

What a year this comes out to be. We start out with this Hayes, a pretty big clown hisself, putting out the mag and you guys hanging around lighting his cigarets, sitting in for him at Chapel, doing his algebra and all. He leaves, and right off I and my friends are thinking, well, now we'll be getting somebody to put out that mag that knows something, some guy that don't mind getting in there and slapping around a few profs, the Dean, the chief of police, Peahead Walker and a couple of other guys that need some slapping around. And what happens? You guys get in charge of the mag.

Well, all I'm telling you is this — don't get to thinking you got everything too much your own way. I and the boys aren't feeling too good about the whole thing, and you guys may not last the semester out. It's a case of you guys show us something good or pack up and get out of that hole where you write the mag.

Somewhat sincerely,  
 Very, very much  
 a leading student.

Ed. note—Will it be satisfactory if we slap these people around one at a time, instead of getting to them all in our first issue?

### The Grand Old Game

Dear Sirs:

How 'bout some baseball, fellas? I'm a diamond addict, myself. If there's a sound more pleasant than hickory cracking horsehide it hasn't reached my ears. I thrill to seeing a topflight grass patrolman pull in a long drive, watching a towering el-bower burn his high hard one over the old dish, hearing the

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and  
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and  
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## Letters to the Editor

old apple rattle the board fence around the ball orchard, seeing a good hot corner guardian clothes-line a throw to the first sacker, watching a first-rate receiver rifle a bullet to the key-stone sack to thwart a base theft, seeing the old skipper charge out of the dugout to blister the ears of the men in blue, and watching a broad-backed lumber swinger bludgeon the old pill out of the lot.

How 'bout it, fellas? How 'bout a few lines on the great American game?

Yours for better baseball,  
A dyed-in-the-wool fan.

*Ed. note—Slap on your sliding pads, slide into a box-seat, rattle this old magazine to pages 17 and bludgeon yourself out a look.*

### The Fortunate Few

Dear Eds:

Fine story, well-written, organized well and all that, but why did you include a seven-page spread on the med school in your last issue? The average man could drive a railroad spike into the side of Wait Hall with a hymn book before he could get in Bowman Gray. You mentioned in the article that 42 persons from here will enter next fall. They must be stockholders, or maybe they're going up there to dust up the corridors and operating rooms. Surely, they won't be enrolling as students. I've been trying to make the trip since '46 and I'm planning to give up if something doesn't happen before '56. I've tried everything I know.

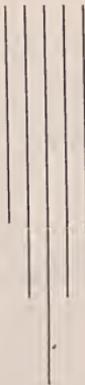
Pre-Medical.

*Ed. note.—Have you tried getting a white suit, walking right in and acting like you've been there all along?*

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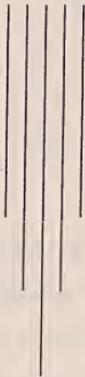
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Wake Forest, N. C.

## Letters to the Editor

Queens Aplenty

Dear Sirs:

Have you ever considered running more than one pin-up an issue? There are quite a few of us good-looking girls on the campus, and you'll never get around to all of us at the rate of one pin-up per magazine. I think the fellows would like to see us in your magazine. Would it be possible to devote the entire April and May issues to us girls you haven't used yet?

Pulchritudinously yours,  
A New Dorm Senior.

P.S. I graduate in June, so if you don't get me this semester you won't have a chance next year.

Ed. note—*Slip on some shorts and drop around the office.*

Iron Lungs and Automobiles

Dear Sirs:

Indubitably you are cognizant of the disintegration of political integrity at Wake Forest College. There exists on this campus a prevalent belief that an individual can be elected to office with relative ease if he possesses iron lungs with which to unleash a series of verbal barrages and automobiles to bestow upon potential voters provided they render him support. A man of meager perspicacity can discern readily that this existing belief is not without ample basis.

In view of the approaching elections it is imperative that some remedial measures be effected to correct this existing evil. Will you shoulder a portion of the responsibility and attempt to launch a campaign designed to procure ameliorative effects?

Sincerely,  
Hermit Crabshell,

Ed. note—*You can count on us.*

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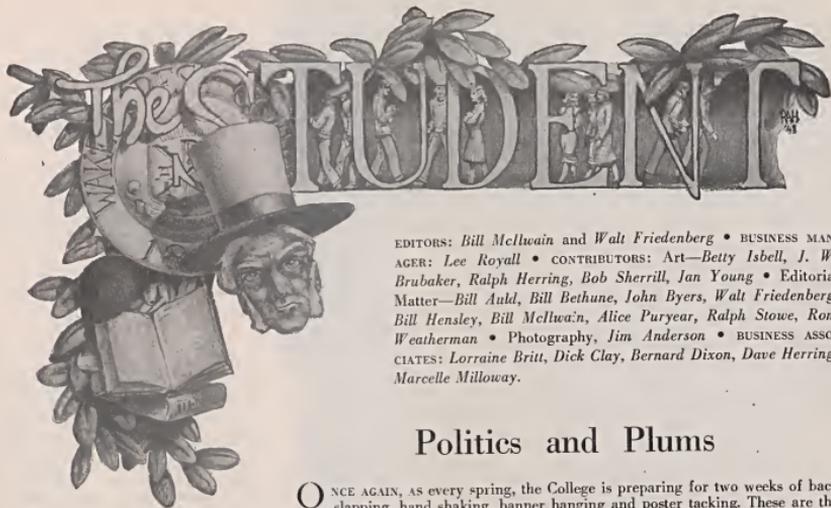
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## Politics and Plums

ONCE AGAIN, AS every spring, the College is preparing for two weeks of back slapping, hand shaking, banner hanging and poster tacking. These are the seasonal signs that announce the coming of election day at Wake Forest — the day when next year's student government officers will be chosen.

Will a political party composed of approximately 400 members again be able to lock a strangle hold on a student government that administers to 1,300 persons? Each year the Progressive Fraternity Party, a euphemism for the "fraternity caucus," succeeds in placing virtually all its candidates — whether or not they're qualified — in office. Actually, the P. F. P. cannot even name its best men as candidates. Within the party there is the problem of satisfying all its factions. There must be a fairly even distribution of political plums to keep each fraternity happy. Consequently, a qualified man may well be eliminated from nomination because his fraternity already has gained its share of candidates. The less qualified member of another fraternity is nominated in his place — simply because his fraternity has to have a man on the slate.

The fact that compromises must be made in choosing names for the party slate means that some incompetent men will be nominated along with capable men. Those who vote a straight P. F. P. ticket enable these unfit candidates to ride into office on the coat tails of worthy candidates. For example, one P. F. P. nominee who was elected to this year's Student Council attended only seven of fourteen meetings.

Then too, since the P. F. P. confines its choice of candidates to its 400 members, those persons who vote the straight fraternity party slate actually are assuming that more than 75 per cent of the student body is unable to produce capable leaders. Can it be, for instance, that there is not among the 350 women on campus a single one worthy to serve as a student government officer?

The P. F. P. should be commended for its interest in student politics, but the student body would do much better than it has done in the past if it were to vote for a more representative government on the campus.

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# WHO YOU

*A Daring Exposé of  
Wake Forest Politics*

By

WALT FRIEDENBERG

IT WAS A WARM, lazy spring day. Even the sun hadn't got up until nine-thirty. Now it was three, and a bunch of the campus politicians were resting by the side of the Durham Road, with their backs leaning against Calvin Ray's alehouse. Awfully warm in town in the spring. It's a lot cooler out there in the countryside, especially after the long walk out there.

The conversation, in little clouds of alcoholic vapor, drifted back and forth along the wall — from girls to coeds, then around to women, then to babes, then back to coeds again, once in a while to sex. "I used to know a babe that had such a big nose that every time I kissed her I got a black eye." "Now you take those girls in Bostwick."

Then everybody ran out of lies, and there was a lull in the conversation.

Roscoe Tweed, now in his sophomore year at Wake Forest, blew the head off his brew, scraped his chin with the edge of his mug, and threw back his head and burped. Then, nibbling thoughtfully on a small pebble, Roscoe sat up straight and broke the silence. It fell to the ground in pieces. "Hey! Hey, fellas! This is March, ain't it?"

Nine right hands slowly place nine mugs on the ground, nine heads slowly turned around,



MONEY, CHICANERY, s-x and prestige play big roles in the annual caucus, held under Snyder's garbage cage. Man at left tries, barely saves face.

THE REALLY serious candidates start early on memorizing *Howler* portraits and directories to be able to give every student that "Hiya, Billy boy!"



# GUYS WANT?

and nine pairs of eyes slowly refocused and gave Roscoe Tweed the cold stare.

"Roscoe," said Charlie Hustler wearily regripping his Corona with his wisdom teeth. "Roscoe, who said anything about what time it was?" Charlie was a Five Year Man, a veteran politician, and he hated wise guys. Grayhound Flatfoot leaped to his feet. "He's right! He's right, Charlie! Roscoe's right! This is March. We had Mid-Winters!"

All the rest of the boys nodded and belched and hiccupped approval. Charlie had been around long enough to be able to tell which way the wind was blowing. He nodded "That's right, Roscoe." He belched. "That's right, Greyhound." He hiccupped. "That's right, fellas."

Greyhound sat down again.

Roscoe knew he had won one round. He tried again. "Won't next month be April?"

Nobody said a word. Greyhound leaped to his feet, but he sat right down again. Charlie was mumbling and counting on his fingers. "Thirty days hath September, all the rest have . . . Check with me later, Roscoe boy," he whispered.

"What I mean," Roscoe said, bumping Charlie's nose several times with his beer mug to emphasize his point, "is isn't it time to start — you know — getting together and picking who's going to win this year's election."



EVERY MAN who plans to capture an office tours the restaurants from 5 to 7, shaking hands, seeing how everybody's getting along in his studies.

Greyhound leaped to his feet again and hollered all that about Roscoe being right again, and Charlie started grinning and slapping everybody's back, and everybody had another round on everybody else, and it all wound up with plans being made to hold a caucus the next night. But Peppy Cuddles felt there ought to be one day for "making arrangements and seeing how some of the boys in the other houses feel about some of our boys," so the meeting was postponed to the day after.

Two nights later the caucus met secretly in Snyder's garbage cage.

"Awright awright awright," Charlie growled, "let's get started." Charlie was president and he pounded an old shoe against the floor for order. "Put your money and your bottles and all your dirty pictures up. We're gonna do this honest."

There was a last minute exchange of gifts, winks, and handshakes.

"O.K.," continued Charlie, "let's pick out a man to front

AN UNDECIDED voter can pick up a lot of equipment during the campaign if he's a cool shrewdy. Sometimes you can even get your choice of colors.





SPIES FOR THE I. C. U. watch New Dorm constantly for political or other movements by coeds. Observer

in foreground smiles and giggles. His accomplice asks repeatedly, "Come on. Let me see the glasses."

for the party. Who you guys want? Who you guys want for president?"

"Reed Quinine."

"Second the nomination."

"All opposed?"

"Awright. Who you guys want for vice-president?"

A thin voice from the dark corner suggested, "Slick Lousy."

Charlie flung the shoe into the corner. "Slick?" he said, in his bored manner, "how can a man nominate hisself? Use your head."

**G**LADY FRIENDLY stood up to speak. He hit his head on the roof and sat down again. "Mr. President," he said massaging his head, "I'd like to nominate a boy who we all know. A boy — who — who we all know. This boy has been a hard worker here on the campus and he knows a lot of people. He's been a member of the student body for three years. He is now Grand Local Salamander of Sigma Alpha Pi and he is Keeper of the Gold of Sigma Omicron Beta. He made a mark of 98.2 on the famous Thermometer Test, and I'd like to see the man here tonight who can top that. He has shaken hands with Dogwood Cornsnap. He's one of the most careful drivers on the campus. He was one of those present when our football team played Carolina here last fall. He's the kind of a man we want for our next vice-president! I give you — Greyhound Flatfoot !!!

And as he wound up his arm on that "give you" and let it fly, Gladly slipped on a wet cigar butt and fell right out of the garbage cage and sunk his nose into the mud.

Charlie closed the door quickly and spoke to Greyhound. "O.K., you're nominated. You got anything to say?"

Greyhound rose to one knee. "Golly, fellas," he said wiping a carefully planted drop of glycerin from his eye, "I had no idea that you boys had so much

confidence in my ability. Gee, it kind of gets you. I mean, gee, thanks, fellas. Like I told you at that party I gave you last week, you're all a swell bunch of guys, and I won't let you down." He wiped a carefully planted smile from his mouth and sat down.

"O.K., O.K., what're you guys waitin' for," Charlie said impatiently. "We got lots to do yet. Who you guys want ' for treasurer?"

And so it went until the last favor was traded, until the last promise was kept, and until the last man was nominated.

There were joke - tellers, term paper - writers, football players, card players, convertible drivers, lovers, and ornithologists. There were some old-timers and some new-comers. Max Perish, perennial candidate for vice-president of the

sophomore class, was chosen once more on the basis of seniority. Pete Girdle was picked for the support of the coeds. He promised to hold them together as a body.

And by the time the nominations were finished it was beginning to stink in the garbage cage, so the caucus was adjourned until the following night, when some matters of policy were to be decided.

Roscoe Tweed thought there would be less chance of being overheard by the coeds if the caucus met below the chapel walk, but Charlie ruled it was much safer back in Snyder's garbage cage, so the politicians piled all the fresh orange peels into one corner and got down to business.

Charlie called the meeting to order. "Everybody knows," he

ONE SURE WAY of lassoing votes is to hide in the bushes beside Bostwick and let go with the clothes line when the girls leave for the library.





LOCK YOUR CONVERTS in your room until election day, then round them up, get a good grip on the rope, and make sure that they all go to the polls.

grunted, squeezing a few left-over drops of orange juice into his straw hat, "that every party has to have a platform."

Roscoe was at it again. "Oh,

boy! We can hold the party on the railroad platform!"

Charlie winced and snapped his arm bands. "No, Roscoe, this isn't the same thing. Grey-

YOU CAN BRIBE, lie, give your clothes away, and still not win a vote. Who wins is decided by

childish Student Council members who check ballots first, throw many out, give voters the foot-



hound, read what you've got there. Please."

Greyhound whipped out a piece of paper and began to read.

"Dear Snooksie, How is my drate big baby" . . . oh, 'cuse me. Letter from my mother. Lem me see here. Oh yea . . .

"We first, last, and always, are fully in favor of student government of the students, by the students, and for the fun of it.

"We stand for honest student government even if it means not getting a single one of our boys in office.

"We are fully in accord.

"We demand the immediate return of compulsory chapel even if it means using the stadium.

(Continued on page thirty-one)

# The Great Goober Grab of '07

**H**ADN'T ANYBODY around here stole 619 bushels of peanuts this spring.

And that just goes to show that professors ought to stop all this hollering about automobiles and moving pictures ruining students. If it wasn't for automobiles and moving pictures, students might be out somewhere this very minute planning to capture 619 bushels of peanuts.

You take back in 1907. Weren't any cars or movies here then, and what happened? Well, you check the April issue of the '07 *Old Gold & Black*. There's the story in big black type: "Over Half A Grand Of Goobers Grabbed."

The *OG&B* will tell you pretty good how those goobers got grabbed etc., but back in those days the paper used to get pretty careless with the truth. So to straighten this whole peanutty thing up once and for all the absolute truth of the matter is being laid down on this paper.

There weren't but 400 students here in '07, but they were 400 guys who didn't have anything to do. No cars. No movies. There were some right good Jews harp players around here then, but you get tired of that stuff after so long.

So every night the boys would walk down town to eat and stop off at the railroad track to see what was doing in the way of trains. Some nights there'd be a big night and two freights and a passenger would run. The boys got to knowing about all there was to know about trains.

Almost 42 years ago to the day a senior named Shanks and a freshman he called Pot Face because his face looked like a pot were walking down town. They got to the tracks and looked

north and south, figuring they might see a train or so before time to eat.

Pot Face looked down the tracks toward the siding behind where Holding's warehouse is now. There was a box car on the siding. Pot Face was a freshman and all that but he also was an observing boy. He was the kind of boy who'd observe something like a box car on a siding.

"Ain't s'posed to be no box car on the siding this time of day, Shanks," Pot Face said, trying to look and sound as observing as he could. He liked for folks to think of him as that kind of guy.

"Pot Face, you're right." That's all Shanks said, but Pot Face could tell he meant it.

**R**IGHT OFF POT FACE and Shanks were down on the siding trying to find out what a strange box car was doing on the track at that time of day. They knew the siding like they knew the back of their hand and they didn't like the looks of a strange box car being on the siding unless they knew something about it.

There was a 12-inch crack in the sliding door of the car and Shanks gave Pot Face a poke and told him to look in and see what was inside.

"Look in that crack, Pot Face," Shanks wasn't going around looking in any crack in any strange box car.

"Sacks in there, Shanks," Pot Face said, seeing sacks stacked solid from floor to ceiling.

"What's in them sacks in this strange car, Pot Face?" Shanks asked.

Pot Face whipped out a little knife he used around the room to cut the backs off old text books and slit open one of the



outside sacks. Peanuts poured through the slit, bounced off Pot Face's chest and rolled around at his feet.

"Peanuts, Shanks. Them's peanuts," Pot Face said, looking carefully, all observing like at the peanuts.

"Okay, Pot Face, let's go eat," Shanks said.

Well, Pot Face wasn't much for this business of going off to eat and leaving all those peanuts piled to the roof in that box car which didn't belong on the siding in the first place. And he told Shanks so.

"Shanks, it's a shame to leave all them perfectly good goobers to rot in this car that don't belong here."

But Shanks had read right smart of drama and the like and he knew all this business about the murky cloak of darkness being an ally of rogues. So he told Pot Face, "We'll come back when it gets dark."

**A**ND THAT'S JUST exactly what Shanks and Pot Face did. They went on off to eat, but they cut Shorty out of a good bit of change that night because they knew those peanuts would be on the siding when they went back and they wanted to save plenty of room.

(Continued on page thirty-two)



# Cymbals and Men

*The Winner of The Student's Second Short Story Contest*

by

*John R. Byers*

FOR WANT OF SOMETHING else to do Georgie wandered toward the rival tent.

As he neared the vacant lot where the services were to be held, he could see the dim outline of the circus-like canvas. It reminded him of a flat, brown squash clinging desperately to the ground. The plunkity-plunk of a five-stringed banjo floated lazily through the air and died in the distance. A warm breeze from down the river cracked the untied flaps of the worn canvas like a whip. Spears of light were hurled from the jagged holes to end in nothingness. A sullen yellow doorway held a wilted invitation for repentant sinners.

Georgie hesitated at the edge of the lot. The high weeds surrounding the tent depressed him, and he nervously twisted his foot in the dust. Voices came out of this place. Some entreated him to enter; others seemed to be threatening him. He stooped and tried to see who was inside, but their backs were toward him. They were only so many visions. He stamped his cigarette into the ground and moved falteringly down the path.

As he entered the doorway, one of the loose flaps struck him on the leg. He lunged uneasily forward and found himself in the middle of the faces. The sawdust under his feet gave him the feeling of walking on so many pebbles; it was dry and lifeless. He looked about and saw that all the faces were staring at him with their huge, round eyes. Suddenly, a tall, thin man emerged from the faces and took him by the arm. He was so thin and his hands were so cold that Georgie tried to pull away. He found it impossible,

and before he knew it he was on the front row.

"Welcome, son. I'm the preacher," said the thin man and left.

GEORGIE squirmed in his seat. This was not his place. He had not meant to be here. Curiosity had prompted him in the first place. Now, here he was in the midst of a strange thing with which he was not familiar. Why was he on the front row? Why had The Preacher led him there? He wanted to sit in the back. The faces still had their huge, round eyes on him, and he was restless. A lifeless, grey woman with a small girl walked silently to the front row and took seats beside him.

As the Preacher stepped to the pulpit, the group became silent. He surveyed the faces with the glassy eyes of a dead man. Quietly he opened a black book and began reading.

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.

"And these signs shall follow them that believe; in my name shall they cast out

*(Continued on page thirty-four)*



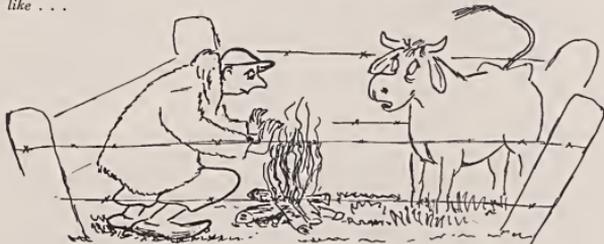


"Well, it looks like . . .

## TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME

says that old Asheville Athletic himself,

**Bob Sherrill**



. . . there's a new pitcher warming up in the bull pen . . .



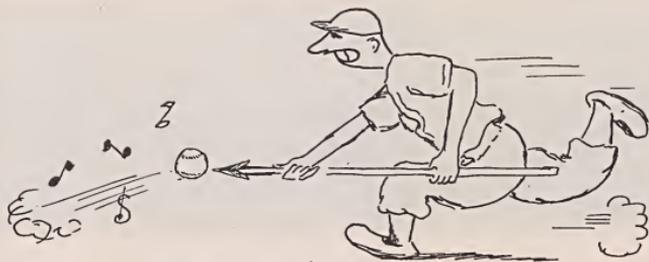
. . . the batter steps into the  
box . . .



. . . the coach flashes the  
signal . . .



. . . the boys in the dugout are pulling for their team . . .



... the short stop spears a whistling line drive ...



... the next batter drives a man home ...



... the left fielder camps under a high fly ball ...



... and Jones dies on third."



*Baseball's newest child prodigy, Harry Nicholas of Wake Forest.*



## The Baptists'

# Ole Saint Nick

"HEADLINE HARRY" — YANKEE PROPERTY AT 18

by

Bill Bethune

A LITTLE OVER nineteen years ago, in the quiet town of Valley Stream out on Long Island, the Saturday Afternoon Bridge Club was holding forth in its regular weekly session. A lazy summer wind was blowing in from the sound, and, although the day outside could have been ordered by the ghost of Abner Doubleday himself, the ladies couldn't see any resemblance between the shape of a card table and the size of Mr. Doubleday's diamond. Baseball was a thing for their husbands to be screaming over in the Stadium or the Polo Grounds some seventeen long miles away. No, the only cards that they were concerned about were the playing kind, and, except for Mrs. Harry Nicholas, we might have passed up the Valley Stream Bridge Club altogether in a story about baseball.

You see, Mrs. Nicholas was soon to become a mother. Like all good bridge players, she

wanted to get in these last few games before she became a member of the club in name only and began to raise her child instead of her partner's bid. It wasn't unusual for the other members of the club, who had older children of their own, to be concerned over the condition of Mrs. Nicholas. And, funny thing, their concern for the prospective mother manifested itself into a lasting handle for her child.

Actually, the Valley Stream Bridge Club cooked up a baseball nickname without knowing it. Every time that Mrs. Nicholas was the dummy, some one else got up and went after the cokes. The good women of the group told Mrs. Nicholas to sit still, they didn't want her to disturb Buster.

Well, in September Buster was born, and although the monicker has since been contracted to a more appropriate Buz, we see how the ladies had their usual way. Thus, the scene

changes, and we switch our interests from pasteboards to scoreboards.

MRS. NICHOLAS, TOO, never did regain much interest in the doings of the week-end social group, for she and her husband, Mr. Harry Nicholas, became too interested in the exploits of their newly born son to ever spend a week-end away from a baseball diamond. It isn't at all unusual that mama and poppa followed the doings of their boy, for in nineteen short years Buster has led the kind of life that might leap right out of a yarn written by the great Ring Lardner.

It's a storybook tale that any kid who has put Babe Ruth before George Washington might have dreamed. It's a whole series of events that most boys wish for in part, and for Buster they all came true together. It's the story of a strong right arm

(Continued on page thirty-six)

580



FROM CLARK MITCHELL, phone jockey; to Woody Woodward, disc jockey; to you. On the popular "Deaconlight Serenade."

# on your dial

## THERE'S MORE TO WFDD THAN MEETS THE EAR

by Rom Weatherman

WAKE FOREST FOUND its voice in April, 1948, and it has been boldly articulate ever since. Clear and strong from the beginning, that voice emanates from the transmitter of radio station WFDD, owned and operated by Wake Forest College. All you have to do to hear what the College is saying is flip your radio dial to 580 kilocycles any evening between seven and twelve o'clock. Forget the books. Just sit back and listen. Wake Forest is on the air.

Down at the station, situated in the press box in Groves Sta-

dium, making "The Voice of Wake Forest" clear and strong is more complicated than just tuning in. There is a little switch on a gadget which looks like an uncased radio set. That gadget and another one just about like it make up the transmitter. Reach over, flip the switch on, check a couple of meters to see if everything is operating right, adjust a modulating dial, and WFDD's 50 watts are piping out over a 23,000 volt power line. The station is ready for business.

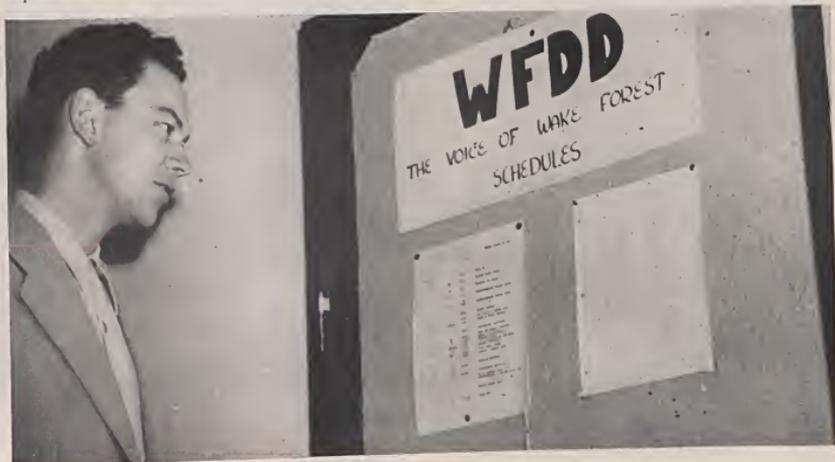
But there is more to be done yet. Go into the control room where the turntables and control board are located. Climb up on the little stool and set the microphone at the desired position. Switch on the mike. Now it's live. A few words spoken into it will reach anybody in Wake Forest lucky enough to be tuned to WFDD.

Not much to it, is there? To getting started there isn't, but keeping it going is another matter. There are switches to be thrown at a given moment, modulating dials to be adjusted, meters to be constantly checked, the telephone to be answered, and between-record spiels to be made. And what's more, a great deal of thinking and planning must be done. Doing a radio program is a nerve-racking job. Gnashing of the teeth will suppress the naughty words that are likely to rise to the surface in the confusion.

Almost every move made in the studio is for the sake of continuity. WFDD announcers are faced with a poster that doesn't

THE PROGRAM schedule of "The Voice of Wake Forest" is posted between THE STUDENT and Old Gold offices

for the convenience of students. Bill Hensley takes a glance at WFDD's daily catalogue of entertainment.





RAY STONE interviews Jim Duncan for information to use on his sportscast.



TILLIE ROBERTS pecks out fresh copy in order to keep the sponsors happy.

let them forget that there is no excuse for "dead air," the long pause which makes for embarrassing silence. Even a short pause is like an eternity to radio-men. The studio clock is a hard taskmaster. It moves along relentlessly, and WFDD men must see that the programs keep pace with it. In the case of FM rebroadcasts, the time element is of double importance. Re-broadcasts must come in at the exact moment, for a moment too late or too soon will knock continuity into the front row seats. WFDD announcers find little time to roll their own.

**N**OISE IS ANOTHER boggy that haunts WFDD Arthur Godfreys. The studio mike can be switched in and out. When it is out, conversation is in order on any subject — usually a clamor for this or that. But switch the mike in and every word dropped goes out over the air. The announcer signals that he is going on the air by a shush or by putting both hands into the air. Any-

one present had better put a clamp on his vocal cords unless he wants to incur an unpleasant scowl. The telephone, not to be deterred by scowls, often jangles unconcernedly over the air. All telephone conversations must come to a halt when the signal for silence is given. If you happen to be talking with someone at the studio and suddenly find yourself talking to no one, don't think everybody at WFDD has dropped dead. Your conversational partner is merely waiting until he gets the all clear signal again.

WFDD's equipment is not the best in the world, and at critical moments is not too reliable. The announcer places a disk on the turntable. If the cue is working, he cues it in; if not, he lets it scratch in by itself. Great pains are taken to eliminate the scratch that precedes the actual music. The moment comes to set the turntable in motion. It rolls. Not a note of music comes forth. The turntable is dead. Quickly the record must be lifted off and



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, Clark Mitchell, Bill White, Woody Woodward, and Alex Kiser make last minute checks of

the time and script before taking the air on WFDD. The last drag from a cigarette doesn't hurt either.



ERMA LANIER, a freshman, edits the "Women's Radio Journal," a campus review for coeds.



GIL BRANDE and Kiser give the audience a first-hand account of the important campus and local events by use of wire recorder.

transferred to the other turntable. Precious seconds tick by—seconds of the dreaded dead air.

**A**NNOUNCING AT WFDD is no job for an emotional person. It takes calm, steady nerves to bear up under the strain of giving continuity to a broadcast. It takes will power to check the impulse to hurl a record across the studio to smash to smithereens against the wall. Rent hair and smothered oaths are no help—even if the announcer has time for them. It is a tired and exhausted man who gets up from the studio stool after a tour of duty at WFDD's mike.

Not too often, but often enough to create dread of the worst kind, WFDD suddenly goes off the air unexpectedly. A transformer can blow, or power can fail. Any number of things can go haywire to put WFDD temporarily out of business.

Such a calamity occurs usually at a very critical moment. For instance, last fall WFDD so-

WITH GIL BRANDE at the controls and Bill White at the microphone, WFDD brings to the student body program "piped-in" from Mutual.





WFDD'S BUSINESS MANAGER totals month's advertising income. College grant is needed supplement.

licited the whole student body for funds to carry the Wake Forest-Clemson football game in Winston-Salem. The students came across handsomely, and the deal was on. Any trouble that might arise was expected to occur from the Winston-Salem end of the line. Troubles aplenty there were. The crew in Winston with game time pressing them on had to fight football traffic and a flat tire to secure a long loop of wire to plug into a 120-volt power line. In the end, the wire was never needed. Another location was picked out for them. All the equipment had to be lugged through the crowd to another broadcasting booth on the other side of the field. After many hectic moments, WFDD was ready to broadcast by kick-off time. But all was to no avail. In Wake Forest a transformer blew, and not a word about the Clemson game reached the student body over WFDD that afternoon.

What with dead air, noise, and faulty equipment, radio is a hectic business throughout. But the most hectic job of all falls to the disc jockey. There are moments when he wishes he had fingers on his feet instead

of toes. He wishes, too, that his brain cells would do double time.

With a goodly supply of cigarettes and chewing gum on the control table before him he is ready to begin his evening's work. His program has a theme song. Maybe it's "Nightmare," an appropriate theme for any kind of disc program, for once the theme is played a kind of nightmare ensues.



RALPH HERRING, who helped design and build the station, helps to keep complicated equipment in constant repair.

PERHAPS THE DISC program is by request. The telephone rings and rings, always at the wrong time. This record must be dug out from this file and that record from the other. Or maybe the record is on hand but not filed anywhere. Here is a request for just any old thing by Gene Krupa. Dig it out. Another request is for "How High the Moon" by Stan Kenton. Gene Krupa will not do at all for that

*(Continued on page forty one)*



CARPENTERS ARE rapidly converting old Sigma Chi house into WFDD's

new home. The station should be installed within a matter of days.

# The Bull of the Yukon

by

Bill Underwood

"There's a race of men that don't fit in,  
A race that can't stay still;  
So they break the heart of kith and kin  
And they roam the world at will.  
They range the field and they rove the flood,  
And they climb the mountain's crest;  
Their's is the curse of the gypsy blood,  
And they don't know how to rest."

—ROBERT SERVICE.

SYDNOR LORENZO STEALEY, Junior . . . Wow !!! . . . Have you ever? Well he has. What I mean is have you ever been in the Malmute saloon? The place where Dan McGrew tangled with that gal name Lou? He has. Have you ever been inside of the Arctic circle and picked berries with a bear? He has. Have you ever stacked seventeen beer cans, Schlitz, four Pepsis and a bottle of Air Wick on top of each other in fifty below weather? He has. Well . . . the bottles were the new eight ounce Pepsis.

About twenty three years ago a new face appeared at the Stealey household, which, by the way, was situated in Louisville, Kentucky, at the time. It wasn't much of a face, but depression was the thing then and too much couldn't be expected. He ain't pretty now, but inflation is the thing now and too much can't be expected.

"Stealey," his father said one day, (He never could remember his first name.) "Why don't you run away?"

He did. But soon after, Jacob Rupert went up to twenty cents a bottle and he came home.

Then his parents ran away. Yes, they were always on the move. After Louisville they went to Indiana and lived there for some time, Dr. Stealey preaching at the University. But Syd caught up with them and they went on to Richmond. He followed, and they made their way to Raleigh and back to Louisville. One day Syd built a fire in the living room and his parents were very distressed because there wasn't any fire place. "Stealey," said his father, (He never could remember his first name) "You're going to school."

He went.

I mean that boy went. He was one of the fastest runners that school has ever seen. But it wasn't fast enough for Syd and he "knocked down" money from various places and bought himself a motorcycle. You may not think that this is important, but it is.

He enrolled at the University of Indiana. I just said enrolled. He never did start. Oh yes, he got his cuts. What I mean is while trying to outrun a car on this motorcycle (I told you I'd bring it in) he had a mishap and was thus disqualified from the race. After going home and selling his motorcycle, he entered the University of Louisville and ran around the track again and made the highest grades in his class. I told you that boy could go.



HE WOKE UP ONE MORNING hearing someone shouting . . . "Grab your socks !!!." Yes, our boy was in the Army. The air corps no less. I told you that boy could go. He was stationed at the University of Florida, went to Texas and Arkansas. While a guest of the government at these various places he taught the boys to touch their toes and jump up and down. He was, while not flying, a PT instructor ("Physical Training" to you) and made many friends showing them how to "push up" and pump a rifle. Then that dark day came when they took our little air corps boys' pretty suits away and said "Boys, we know that you all don't mind being enlisted men." Many of them cried and sobbed for hours, but not Sydnor Lorenzo Stealey, Junior. He went home.

Then he had probably the greatest experience in his life. He went to Virginia Military Institute, situated in the Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia, where in 1865 a hundred cadets marched against the . . . ta, dah, dah. While at this institution he taught the others how to use a

(Continued on page forty-four)



## SO YOU WANT TO DATE ONE OF OUR GIRLS?

*"Do you solemnly swear, by the Handbook for Women Students of Wake Forest College, to . . ."*

by

Ralph Stowe

THIS, ACCORDING TO Tennyson, is the time of year when a young man's fancy lightly turns etc. But if he's permitting his fancy to turn lightly, or otherwise, toward any of Miss Lois Johnson's co-eds, he'd best become quite familiar with a ten-page tome entitled *Handbook for the Women Students of Wake Forest College*. He'll need to know all he can about the contents of that book.

Rather than set down the rules and take them apart piece by piece, I'm going to set up a hypothetical situation. I'm the boy and Susy is the girl. I have had a long hard winter and am bursting with energy. I am loaded for amour. I intend to expend all of said amour on Susy and I have reason to believe that Susy will be not too unresponsive. IF, we don't break the rules. Can I get through an evening

without breaking the rules? Can I get Susy out for the evening, have a good time, and at the same time leave her honor un-sullied? Well, read on and find out.

I have a rule book in my pocket, and a blanket in the back of the car. I have just walked into the dormitory to pick up Susy Q. Susy, I am proud to announce, is a senior who has unlimited dating privileges. I walk up to the desk and ask the receptionist to ring for Susy, which she does. Meanwhile, I walk in to talk to the housemother. I salaam twice, as usual, and ask her whether or not Susy has filed permission to ride in motor vehicles and airplanes as is required in the first subdivision of the second division of the Rules of Conduct of the Woman's Government. She immediately walks over to the

files and extracts therefrom a full written statement from Susy's old man saying that he thinks the auto is here to stay and that he hates to see Susy having to walk to Sarasota every semester, and that it is ok for her to ride in automobiles.

Then, during the course of the conversation, I happen to mention that I am taking Susy to Teel's for dinner. Immediately the housemother alerts herself. Her ears stand up, and her nose begins to twitch perceptibly. She is thinking of Rule 3 under "Riding," which states that a student may not go out of town on a date without another couple accompanying them unless she is a senior in her last semester. This rule I think is made to assist those who are driving, so that they can change places, and the driver can get in the back seat. When



one gets into the second semester of the senior year, one should be able to drive and love at the same time. But then, she slyly checks up on me by tactfully saying:

"Party?"

"No'm."

"Oh?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, be sure and bring the girls back in on time."

"Yes'm" . . . Then I get mad . . . "Susy should not be referred to in such an insinuating tone as 'girls'. Susy may be a little heavy laden, but that is no reason for you to call her 'girls'."



SO THEN I DECIDED that the housemother knew that I had misunderstood and misconstrued her statement. She reminded me that she was only referring to her ability to go out of the village alone, except in the company of a date. So I told the housemother that I just KNEW that Susy is a second semester senior. She assured me that she believed me but just wanted to make sure. So she sent up for a transcript of her record and had it notarized. It said Susy was a second semester senior and was scheduled to graduate in June. It also stated that her average was ample. However, in order to make doubly sure, she did inquire into the present grades for the semester, and after a few oaths, decided that Susy was at last old enough, wise enough, and honorable enough to venture into the wild, dark unknown that lurks just south of Wake Forest in the capital city.

So out we went. At last, I thought, we were free to let our-

selves go and have one rip-roaring time. But, I decided to check the rule book once more.

"Dating in parked cars during the evening is not permitted." This was going to be a problem. We were ready for a pleasant evening before this problem arose. It was hard to decide how in the world we were going to get to Raleigh, unless we used the car, and in order to use the car we had to get inside of it. Then, anybody knows that in order to get in a car the thing should be at a standstill. This is in the interest of public safety. Then again, we also knew that if we did that, we would be violating the rule of dating in the evening in a parked car. I was almost stymied. I got into the car and made a few passes at the curb trying to let her jump in on the run, but after a few falls in the mud we decided that something else had to be done. Finally I prevailed on her to climb a nearby tree and climb out on a limb. Then I let the top down and cruised under. Her timing was perfect! She plopped right down in a three point landing, and we were off for the big city without having broken a single regulation.

I WHEELED INTO Teel's, pulled up and went in side, and prepared for a pleasant evening of dining and dancing.

Soft lights, sweet music, a soft word, a light caress — all those things were in my eager mind. It was still fairly early, so we sat down and ordered a meal. Fine meal. Then, somebody got up to dance. My girl, truly a lovable creature mur-

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## FATE'S NIGHT ON

by BILL AULD

**T**HE BIG LEMON: Draught and Bottle Beer. The second "t" in "bottle" was cracked in half and the "r" in "beer" wasn't flashing red, but that's what the neon was trying to sputter.

Through the rust-cut screen door sounds were drifting out: "He won't leave the stuff alone — she oughta break his arms so he can't lift a bottle" . . . "Louis sticks in the ring much longer, somebody'll club his brains out" . . . "Sure she's got a body."

Joey and Lou were pushing on the screen when she started through the door. The screen brushed her shoulder and she stepped back, hesitating.

"Kinda wrong in there isn't it, Ma'am?" Joey said, holding the door open wide and smiling at her. She was blonde, long-legged, lithe.

"Yes, it is." That's all she said, but it was in a quiet, throaty voice unlike the grating hack of bar flies.

"We're strangers, Ma'am. You know anywhere we can drink

some beer without so many guys hollering in our ears?" Joey asked.

"The Bell Tavern's a little quieter. It's about four miles out," she replied. Her voice was without expression, as if she were an information booth clerk directing a traveller to gate 6.

She must not know we're trying to pick her up, Joey thought. Class written all over this babe . . . she can't be on the make . . . but what's she doing coming out of a hole like this . . . and why

pass a deal like this up without giving it a try?

"WOULD YOU LIKE to ride out there and see what's doing?" Joey asked, still expecting the whole thing to explode in his face.

The blonde looked at Joey, then at Lou — who hadn't spoken to her — and then down the street in the direction from which they had come. Joey searched her face, wondering how she felt about being invited to ride out of town with two men she'd never seen before. Her feelings were masked. Neither anger or agreement was recorded on her impertinent face made especially striking by the big hazel eyes and sensual, well-formed lips. Her lips moved as if to speak. Joey knew now that the blonde would lash him.

"Yes, I'll ride out there with you." Her voice wasn't intimate, but she didn't seem reluctant about riding out to the Bell Tavern with two men.

Well, O.K., Goldylocks, Joey said to himself. You're on.

"The car's right over here," Joey said, taking the blonde's arm and leading her toward the '39 Ford coupe that he and Lou owned together. When they were seated — rather tightly — in the front seat, Lou spoke for the first time. He was driving. He always drove when he and Joey travelled together.

"How you get out there?"

The blonde directed him, and the trio, the girl in the middle, was off.

"You know a girl at the Tavern who might join us?" Joey asked. "It'd be a lot better with another girl."

"There may be somebody there I know, but I haven't been out there in a long time."

"You haven't?" Joey said amiably, wondering why she hadn't been if she were a street walker. But she's not, he

thought. I just can't dope her out.

"Incidentally, we haven't met," Joey said casually. "I'm Joey and this is Lou."

"I'm Ann." The girl seemed ready to say something else, but instead she turned away and remained silent.

THEY DROVE ON maybe a mile before anyone spoke again, and then it was Ann.

"I know how all this seems to both of you. I want to explain. I'm no little Sunday School girl, but I usually don't ride around with two men I've never seen. I heard today my husband was killed on Okinawa last month and I just can't sit at home. Okay, this is no way to do. I'm no' good . . . think that . . . think what you like." With that she lapsed into silence.

Okinawa, Joey mused. Lou and I could have gone there easy enough. A lot of the boys from our old First Division were put in the Sixth and hit there. Wonder how those guys made out? George Radman, Buster Crowder, all those boys went into the Sixth.

Joey and Lou had been in the First Marine Division on Guadalcanal in '42 and had hit a string of islands before being sent back to the States full of malaria and carrying fragments of a Jap mortar shell that had got them both at the same time. Some of their buddies in the First had been put in the Sixth Division and had gone back overseas. But Joey and Lou had been discharged, and now three months later they were riding toward a roadhouse with a blonde they'd never seen before.

"We're almost there," Ann said, putting her hand on Lou's arm.

Lou swung the old car into a parking place beside the Tavern, and they got out. The Tavern was pretty much like any roadhouse anywhere. Cars were lined around its walls. Drunks—

men and women—streamed in and out the door, letting the smoky air from within join the clear, cool air on the outside. Blaring jukebox music filtered through the door, escaping into the stillness outside.

Joey, Lou and the long-legged blonde filed through the door and weaved across the crowded little dance floor to an empty booth at the far end of the hazy room. They sat down, ordered beer, and began watching the couples dancing on the rough, knotty floor. Joey immediately crowded closer to Ann, and she didn't move. She didn't seem pleased about his being closer to her, but neither did she seem to mind. So far she had shown no feeling about anything that happened.

JOEY, LOU AND the girl tossed down two bottles of beer apiece with very little conversation. Finally, she spoke.

"I see a girl I know. Maybe she'll sit with us."

Ann crossed the dance floor — Joey watching her hips all the way — to a booth where two girls and a man were sitting. Joey and Lou couldn't hear what she

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**PAGE'S CRU-MO**



WITH NEW INVENTIONS rolling out of the patent office as fast as they can be given a serial number, recording companies are not to be out done to say the least. The fight is on, and before long one can go into a record store and buy a disc that will play anywhere from one minute to several hours. The new inventions along record lines are all very nice. Records that play for long periods of time make for very pleasant listening and needless to say are convenient to the last T. There's only one catch.

These new type records cannot be played on an ordinary turntable or record player. The long-playing microgrooves require special attachments before one can throw on a record, sit back and enjoy a steady flow of music without having to change the records every few minutes.

However, if you happen to be one of the more fortunate members of society and can afford such luxuries, you are in for a treat. Entire albums are now being released on one record of the long playing variety. This is a big step in the music world. It's kind of handy to have all of your favorite orchestras' best recordings on one platter. Besides

saving a lot of space, which is a big headache for disc collectors, the jumbo records bring to an end all the endless searching for a certain tune. The long players, at present, come in regular records sizes—10 and 12 inches. Every tune an orchestra has ever recorded could possibly be placed on just a few 12 inch records. Kind of nice, you'll have to admit.

Not long ago Columbia came out with one of the first microgrooves that features ace drummer man Gene Krupa and his orchestra. This collection has eight of the Krupa standbys assembled from not too long ago. The eight tunes on number CL 6017 can't be classified as the best tunes Gene has ever recorded, but they are some of the old favorites made famous by the Krupa band.

The tunes are: *Tuxedo Junction*, *Boogie Blues*, *Drum Boogie*, *Leave Us Leap*, *Let Me Off Up Town*, *Drummin' Man*, *That's What You Think*, and *Knock Me A Kiss*. The Krupa fan will notice that classics such as *Lover*, *Valse Triste*, *Dark Eyes*, *Body and Soul*, *How High The Moon*, and a few more have been omitted. Why? Think of what it would mean to individual record sales if all of his best numbers could be bought on one record. Other microgrooves by Gene and the boys feature these numbers. Which is another catch. To get all of the good numbers, one has to be satisfied with a few



mediocre tunes also. But even that seems fair enough.

No Krupa recording would be complete without the unique vocalizing of Anita O'Day, Roy Eldridge, and Irene Day. All three are featured on this disc with Anita doing Boogie Blues, That's What You Think, and joining Roy Eldridge for the Krupa Klassic of a few years back — Let Me Off Up Town. Roy does the solo vocalizing on Knock Me A Kiss and finishes each vocal with a bit of trumpet work. Irene Day handles the chirping on Drummin' Man and Drum Boogie.

**T**uxedo Junction and Leave Us Leap are strictly instrumental and feature the entire band. 'Leap' will be just a bit more on the modern side, as Boogie Blues and displays the Krupa band as it is today. The rest of the numbers are none too new and lack the new style that Gene is giving out with at the present. The arrangements in this collection serve more as a recapitulation of the things that made the Chicago drummer what he is today. Like all Krupa recordings, there are the ever-present drum-breaks and inspired beats on every number.

The entire record is a sampling of Krupa's talents with the drums and with an orchestra, and the numbers are representative of some of his most exciting works. Nearly all the tunes are done with different bands over the course of time, and it is interesting to note the changes in style from year to year. Krupa has always been a modern musician. If jazz is the current rage, Krupa plays jazz. If it's bop, then you can always count on the Krupa Krew doing some mighty fine bopping. Boogie, Blues, Ballads, Swing, or what have you, Krupa will always be among the top in that particular field.

BILL HENSLEY.



**T**HERE'S SOMETHING ENTICING about a mystery, particularly one that is somehow allied with beauty. Perhaps that explains the sudden spurt of interest in a composition known as Dream of Olwen to anyone who recognizes it as more than "that nice piano and orchestra thing that you hear often now on the radio and from the P. A. system at Wait Hall."

Columbia has put out a single twelve-inch recording of Dream of Olwen as played by Charles Williams and his concert orchestra, with Arthur Dulay as piano soloist. On the reverse side is incidental music from the Edward Dreyhurst film, "While I Live," by the same artists.

Outside of the information appearing on the record seal, however, very little is available about the selections. Dream of Olwen is the theme of the film, and snatches of its tone patterns are scattered throughout the incidental music.

Dream of Olwen is faintly redolent of such other semi-classical selections as the familiar Warsaw Concerto, although, in keeping with the title, it sounds much more like a dream than a city. The piano does not hold the theme long enough at any one time to become monotonous.

At the propitious moment, the violins take it up, while the solo instrument takes either a counter melody or a definitely subordinate part.

One portion is particularly melodious. The entire violin section, sounding like a single instrument with magnificent vibrato, carries the theme. Violas harmonize with a deep-toned counter melody which would be very tuneful even removed from its surroundings. All this is done with just the right touch of *schmaltz*, sweet as possible without becoming insipid.

The incidental music on the reverse sounds very much like what the habitual cinema-goer has heard so often as to be quite immune to, except that removed from its visual setting, it makes excellent listening in itself. In its various moods and developments it pictures to one who has never seen "While I Live" a series of sunny hillside, soft breezes, people walking hand in hand through a blossoming orchard in the sun, a rainy afternoon with puddles in the streets of a town, and a dash of not-too-heavy suspense. This is supplied by the usual crescendo and the retaining of a high note by one violin, but it is artistically done and anything but melodramatic.

**F**OR A PLEASANTLY blended whole this record is hard to equal. Performance is smooth throughout. The orchestra and soloist work excellently together, and the emphases fall in the places where the ear of the casual listener senses they should fall.

This is the record you will want to put on the automatic changer at the top of the stack before you sit down to dinner, for it is calm, sweet, and guaranteed not to raise your blood pressure in any way unless perhaps you are subject to having it raised by soft music. If you

(Continued on page forty-one)



*Student Pin-up*

*Shirley Parker*

## WHO YOU GUYS WANT?

(Continued from page ten)

"We promise to put running water in all men's dormitories.

"We fully hopethat each and every veteran gets his check by the fifteenth of the month.

"We fully hope that each and third base coach's box at baseball games.

"We will build secret entrances to the girls' dorms for coeds who come in late.

"We promise free neckties for the ministerial students and free T-shirts for the football players.

"We will double the size of the parking spaces in front of Wait Hall, thereby cutting the parking problem in half.

"We will have professors' salaries vary in proportion to the grades they give: \$100 a week for all A's; \$40 a week for all B's, etc.

"We promise compulsory class attendance only for those who want it.

"We will see to it that more lime is used in marking the tennis courts.

"We will fight for fresh popcorn in the Forest Theater.

"We are for pictures of a more educational nature in the local movie houses, and an occasional Owl Show.

"Above all, we plan to 'Bring More Students to the Polls' by giving away free barbecue on election day!"

Charlie was nodding his head appreciatively. "A touching document. A masterpiece of political liberty."

He was toying his lower lips thoughtfully now. "Only we've got to appeal to more groups. Flog in something more for the coeds. Like 'We guarantee a hair dryer in every closet.' Or 'We promise we will get the ban on Shorty's lifted.' Ya gotta have an angle for everybody."

"I get it, chief," shouted Gladly. "We will secure extra credit for students taking chor-

date: 25 extra points for bringing in the left eye of a dogfish shark, 100 points for a whole dogfish shark, and 500 points for a dogfish shark captured in the golf course pond."

"That's the idea, Gladly," Charlie said, patting his cheek with an old innertube. "Any more?"

"How's this, Charlie?" asked Roscoe. "We solemnly swear upon our sacred word of honor that all text books weighing over 24 pounds will be barred from the law school."

"That's fine, Roscoe," Charlie said a little hesitantly. "Only don't make it so binding. After all, these are only campaign promises. Take it easy."

"You mean, you mean we're not going to do all these things like we say we are? Roscoe asked.

"Roscoe! You little devil, you! What a clown, huh fellas?"

Laughs and jibes filled the cage.

"Awright, awright, awright! Let's get goin' here!" Charlie

shouted, rapping for order.

"You guys keep foolin' around and we'll lose the election." O.K.

"Now you boys know what you gotta do. Get on those Howlers and start memorizing names. Write 'em on your shirt cuffs if you gotta. Some of you pretty boys start foolin' around with the coeds. Hang around in front of the dorms. Smile! Say 'hello!' How do you guys expect to win an election? O.K.

"Now, I want you to split up suppertime. Move around. Smile and cover the restaurants at suppertime. Move around. Smile! Say 'hello!' Bring 'em pie and ice cream! Pick up their check! O.K.

"Now, couple of you guys get down to that post office around six o'clock. Ask 'em if they got a nice letter from home. Hold the door open for anybody you think might vote for us. O.K."

"We're a cinch, Charlie," Reed Quinine said.

"Let us do the talking, wise guy," Charlie warned. "And I wouldn't be too sure about



"Whatta fake!"

that," he said, twisting his cigar into the floor. "You know what a tough time we had last year." That joker Happy Haze, and all that big publicity campaign, walking a tight rope between Wait Hall and the library in his bathing trunks. And "Boss" Ringaling, making all those law school boys fall off their fire escape by sunning herself right on the edge of the Bostwick roof. It's things like that we gotta watch against."

"Well, I guess that winds everything up. Girdle, you're in charge of putting our posters up. Perish, you're in charge of pulling the opposition's down. I guess that does it. O. K., let's run through the platform once more. 'We first, last . . .'" And they all joined in.

O. K., remember, keep smiling, keep shakin' hands, and keep promisin'. See ya after election."

#### THE GREAT GOOBER GRAB

(Continued from page eleven)

After the murky cloak had settled and all and Shanks knew he and Pot Face and an ally they edged up beside the strange box car. Both of them had black derbies-jammed down on their heads. In those days a guy wouldn't be caught dead without a derby on. If you didn't have a derby you might as well not have a head.

"Now, Pot Face, we ain't here to try to carry off this whole load of goobers. You just slit that sack a little wider and we'll fill up our hats and get on back to the room."

"Tha's all good enough for you, Shanks. You got on that big size nine your brother, Melon Head, handed down to you. But how 'bout me, standing here with nothing but a size six to tote my goobers home in? Either I get to fill up both front pockets or I don't cut no more holes."

Shanks wasn't 'specially aching to stick his arm in a strange box car and he didn't have a knife anyway, so he saw if any more holes were going to get cut he'd have to let Pot Face fill up both front pockets.

"G'wan, fill 'em up, Pot Face," he said.

**J**UST LIKE SHANKS TOLD Pot Face, they weren't there to try to tote off the whole load of goobers, so after Shanks had filled the size nine derby Melon Head had given him, and Pot Face had filled his size six and also both front pockets, the boys were off. Headed home with the goobers.

When Shanks and Pot Face started up the steps of the old Wait Hall where they lived, it didn't take long for the other boys to find out about their good fortune down on the tracks, because Shanks was hitting freshmen in the back of the head with handfuls of peanuts and Pot Face was cracking them open, throwing a handful in the air and managing to catch at least seven at a time in his mouth when they came down.

Wasn't long before everybody got wind of where those goobers had come from. And they started pouring down to the siding to see for themselves. It must have been around eight o'clock and when you get right down to it, it was a pretty strange sight to see all those boys doing the best they could to get ahold of and store away for summer a pile of those goobers. There they were . . . One skinny little junior headed for the siding armed with the canvas sack he kept

### QUESTIONS

- A** Twice here in red, two-thirds in white, Explains just why a Chesterfield's right.
- B** Four are shown and all the same. In color and shape, but not in fame.
- C** You've no doubt heard it noised about that oysters "R" in season, One glance at lovely Linda and you're sure to see the reason.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

*Chesterfield*

#### RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 2 subjects in each cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decisions of Judge will be final.

#### LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** The word **THREE** is composed of five letters and they're all found in **CHESTERFIELD**.
  - B** Chesterfields in the pack, 3 E's in Chesterfield, 3 x 3=9. One E in **REALITY**.
  - C** Biscuit = muffin; Change M to R and you get Ruffin, the home of Van W. Daniel.
- WINNERS...

#### WINNERS IN CHESTERFIELD CONTEST

Ed Baublis, Bill Sutton, Zeb Morgan, Bob Jones, Thurman Woodward, Thomas Little, Bea Douglas, Ray E. Burns, Marvin Norman, Aubrey Todd.

his chordate dog fish shark in . . . His roommate, a football player, carrying 13 drapes he'd snatched down off the windows, saying wasn't nobody gonna get more goobers than he did . . . Another poor guy with a 3.0 average not being able to make the trip because he had a Shakespeare quiz the next day, telling everybody else he'd write them four themes if they'd bring him a pillow case full of goobers . . . And down on the track, tall guys — especially those long-legged basketball players they had then — reaching over everybody else's head trying to cut open sacks nobody else could reach . . . And short guys down on the ground, getting heads and hands stepped on by everybody else, but still trying to separate the peanuts from the rocks along the track . . . One big guy, must have been the biggest in school, swinging his arms and knocking guys off the side of the box car like flies, hollering all the time, "You little guys with little stomachs get back from them goobers and let a big man up there who can do something."

**T**HAT'S THE WAY it went. Nobody ever drug a whole sack out of the car, at least not a whole sack at one time. They'd just cut, rip, tear, bite or butt open a hole in a sack and let the goobers ripple out into pockets, derby hats, bath robes, hip boots, Indian blankets and cooking pots.

Well, it went on like that for a long time. Must have been one o'clock before the boys figured they had goobers enough to last them through exams, the summer and maybe registration the next fall. Some folks say those boys captured 620 bushels of goobers out of that box car and some say 622. You'll even hear a few folks who just don't care at all about the truth say those boys grabbed off 629 bushels. But, just like we said, the boys



actually got 619 bushels. Not 620 or 622, just 619.

The boys wobbled home with those goobers, their backs bent from carrying them, their stomachs aching from eating them and their hands all bruised up from beating against the side of the box car and also against the side of guys' faces who got too greedy. They tossed their text books out in the yard so they could jam the book cases with peanuts. They threw their laundry out in the hall so they could fill up the laundry sacks. They filled up the bath tubs and wash basins.

They put goobers anywhere goobers would go.

**W**ELL, THE NEXT MORNING a few boys were able to be up and about so they went down to the tracks to see how things were going. There was a right kindly station agent working in Wake Forest at the time, old Mr. Reid, and in one or two ways he'd found out about the boys capturing those 619 bushels off the box car. He was a mighty pleasant and good fellow as far as station agents go and he figured he'd have some fun with the boys. He'd whipped himself out a fake wire from the Seaboard headquarters saying that a special investigator would be in Wake Forest at noon that day to do some especially special investigating of how 619 bushels of goobers could get gone off a Seaboard box car.

The agent flashed that wire

around, letting the boys know that there'd be some mighty keen investigating going on when that special investigator rolled in on the noon passenger from the north.

It was around 10 o'clock at the time, and that gave the boys only two hours to get their rooms, clothes and other property degoobered. They didn't want any Seaboard-owned goobers lying around when that special investigator set in to do his snooping.

Well, getting rid of those 619 bushels of goobers was pretty tough. There's more than a few goobers in a bushel ('Fessor Carroll can tell you exactly how many) and when you multiply that by 619, you got quite some goobers. But anyway the boys set out to get rid of them. And there they went:

Trying to burn them in the old sheet metal stoves, but the fires mostly just causing a lot of goober-smelling smoke and not doing away with the evidence . . . Guys tying pillow cases full of goobers on dogs' tails and telling 'em to "Git" . . . Other more cautious fellows heading for the woods, loaded with bulging blankets, meaning to bury 'em deep in the ground . . . Law students carting bags into the registrar's office, feeling sure that legally they wouldn't have to take the rap for goobers found in the registrar's office . . . The preacher boys, strolling slowly around the campus, gazing at the tops of trees and humming hymns, and dropping a peanut every few steps.

When the noon whistle blew every big bunch of goobers on the campus had been done away with, either burned, hidden, buried, eaten or beaten into dust. The only ones left were the few that the boys had in their hands and pockets. They knew you couldn't get incriminated or anything else terrible if you only had a few. You

could have got a few goobers like that anywhere. Knowing that, and feeling pretty good about how they'd cleared out all the evidence, the boys flocked down to the station, ganging around where the train would come in. They wanted to see that special investigator step off. They knew they had him now. He'd be a mighty disappointed special investigator when he couldn't find 619 bushels of missing Seaboard property and would have to go home empty handed.

MR. REID, THE station agent had kept his fake wire joke mighty quiet and none of the boys had the slightest idea that one of the most special special investigators in the world wouldn't get off that noon train. Well, it so happened that a magazine salesman got off, all official looking with a black brief case and smelling like a bloodhound.

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Right off the boys knew he was the special investigator.

"Have some goobers, Cap'n," the boys shouted, poking handfuls out under his nose and cracking them open right against his ears.

"I beg your pardon," the magazine salesman said, stepping back. But by then all the boys were ganging around him, all of them shoving handfuls of peanuts at him and all shouting, "Ah, come on, Cap'n, have yourself a goober or so."

IT WENT ON like that for maybe ten minutes, except getting worse. Some of the bigger upperclassmen were even trying to shove peanuts down the neck of the salesman's shirt. It so happened that the train had to take on some mail and hadn't pulled out of the station. The magazine salesman took one quick look at the train, three quicker than that looks at the guys waving peanuts and decided he'd better get back aboard that train. And he did. Muttering to himself as he hopped back inside something about, "Crazy, that's what these college boys are, crazy."

Well, that's about the end of it. The boys went back home feeling pretty good about driving off the "special investigator" . . . The magazine salesman didn't quit twitching until he got to Atlanta . . . Mr. Reid went inside to throw himself down on a bench and figure what a good'un he'd pulled off on the boys.

It all sounds pretty happy and funny when you look at it like that. But you get right down to it, and you got to admit that 619 bushels of goobers got grabbed off a Seaboard box car and nobody got apprehended or anything else bad.

And that's why professors ought to quit all this hollering about automobiles and moving pictures ruining students. They ought to remember The Great Goober Grab of '07 and know

that something like that could happen here again if the boys didn't have something to do. In fact they, they even got girls here now. And you could imagine how it would be if a great goober grab was pulled off with a bunch of girls right in the midst of everything.

#### CYMBALS AND MEN

*(Continued from page thirteen)*  
devils; they shall speak with new tongues.

"They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

AN OPPRESSIVE silence hung over the crowd. The hot, still air made breathing a labor. Georgie could hear the man behind him straining to stifle his asthmatic cough. He felt the cold stare of The Preacher as he looked down upon the congregation.

"The text, brethren and sisters, was taken from God's Holy Word according to Mark. And now let us go to the Lord in prayer."

Georgie began to feel a chill run over his body. He bowed his head with the rest. The Preacher's cold, gruff voice boomed out at him like a huge drum.

"Almighty God, look down on these poor sinners and be merciful unto them. Look into their souls and try not to see the filth and sin there. Oh, God, strike them down as Saul of Tarsus was struck down. Show them the light. Put the Holy Fear into their hearts and lead them down the right road. Give them strength to fight off temptation. We know that the flesh is weak, oh, Lord, and now the time has come for us to separate the believers from the unbelievers.

"Judge them, oh, God, as they deserve to be judged. See for

thyselves which are worthy to be called thy children. Tonight we are going to give them all a chance to prove their belief. Judge for yourself, Lord. Judge for yourself. In His name we pray, Amen."

No sound was made. The asthmatic gentleman was quiet. Georgie trembled; he wanted to leave, but some force compelled him to stay. He heard The Preacher with his thunderous command.

"Turn to hymn number 31."

Georgie fumbled with the thin, paper-bound hymnal in his hands as the band began to play. The lazy strumming of the guitar, the gaudy tones of the accordian, the dull twangs of the banjo, the beat of the piano, and the deafening clash of the cymbals, all combined to form a weird accompaniment. Georgie tried to sing, but the music frightened him. He found his mind wandering about in confusion. The woman beside him sang out in a sharp, biting voice which hurt his ear. From The Preacher came guttural shouts, reminding him of a howling animal. The hymn ended on a dead key of the piano.

The Preacher stepped forward, his hands clenched, his forehead sweating.

"Brethren and sisters, tonight you are going to be separated. Tonight we are going to see which ones are believers and which ones are devils in disguise. I'm tired of seeing so many people walking around like they were brothers, while all the time one is a true friend of Satan. This is going to be the greatest night this town has ever seen. God told me last night that too many of his children were going about with these people without knowing their true colors. Tonight we're going to find out. Just look among yourselves and bid these sinners and unbelievers goodbye, because they're going to be tested."

From the back came a loud "Amen." The crowd began to whisper boldly. Georgie whispered with them. He was a part of them. The voice of The Preacher struck his ear again.

"Now listen here to me, you sinners. You've hid long enough. You're coming out now. You're going to show yourself. This is going to be the night. This is going to be it, sure enough."

His voice had risen to its peak. Georgie shuddered at its effect. Some of the old ladies were sobbing quietly into their handkerchiefs. The small girl near him began to whimper and clung to the grey woman's arm. The Preacher slipped from his coat and threw it into a nearby chair. He was waving his arms wildly about his head. Georgie saw his mouth moving and his eyes rolling, but was unconscious of what he was saying. He was fascinated by the man. His unreal motions had an overpowering influence upon the people. He no longer held himself with the dignity that he had at the beginning. Georgie occasionally caught words and phrases which brought frenzied yells and "Amen's" from the crowd. He grew bolder and found himself shouting with the rest.

"Ye heard what I said. I ain't gonna mess with ye no more. You've come for a show. Well, God done gimme a show to put on that is a show. He's sure 'nough gonna enjoy this 'un. Yeah, man. He sure 'nough is. You're all sinners, you're all sinners, an' we gotta see which 'uns is believers. Now, it's come. Boys, strike us up another one of them sweet old tunes. Sing, you sinners, sing."

As the band started its music, The Preacher retired from the pulpit and went toward the back of the platform. Georgie glanced about him. The people were beginning to sway with the



music, and their faces were frozen into masks. The shuffling of the feet in the sawdust soon became a frantic stamping. The shouts grew louder and louder until the music faded into the background. Georgie shouted an "Amen" and raised his trembling hands above his head. His feet were keeping time with the piano. The small girl was still whimpering and the grey woman was sobbing outright.

The Preacher remounted the stage. In his hand were seven tin pans and an oblong, pasteboard box.

"These here pans is for the works of God. Don't pass 'em up an' be condemned. Don't pass 'em up an' be condemned. An' don't put nothin' in that'll rattle." His voice rose above the wild shouting of the congregation.

Seven grey men walked slowly forward, each taking one of the pans. Georgie watched them closely as they moved about. One of the men suddenly stood beside him. Georgie, rather puzzled, reached into his pocket and drew forth a crumpled bill. His mind whirled as he dropped the offering into the shallow vessel. He shook himself, and then without any effort he began to sing again. He realized that he was shouting and that his body was moving with a definite rhythm. He discovered that his arms were waving in the air and that he was sweating. He could not remember what had taken place, but he did not care. He was happy.

The grey men moved silently

toward The Preacher with their contributions. Their lips twitched as they placed the seven pans at his feet. Without words they crept back to their seats. The Preacher raised his voice above the mumbling.

"Blessed be the name of the Lord. And now, comes the test."

A hush fell over the crowd. A faint spatter of rain could be heard on the canvas. The grey people stood as if in a trance. Georgie glanced about him like a dazed animal. In his mind, shackled figures moved about with ease. His thoughts came in spurts, and he could not separate reality from fantasy. The warm breeze made a moaning sound as it wandered among the rain drops.

The Preacher raised his arms toward the sky. His eyes were closed. Slowly his mouth opened and his eyelids sprang apart.

"H-A-E-E-E-AH. Here we go. Here we go. Now's the time. The message. The message. Ye gotta be tested. Now's the time. Start the music. Sing, you sinners, sing. Are ye saved? How's your heart? Put your

head away. Test your heart. Are ye ready? Are ye ready? Lemme hear them voices ring. Louder. Louder. Make it heard up to the Lord. He can hear. He can hear. Show him what ye are. He will know. Now's the test. Here it comes. A-men."

The crowd swayed to the beat of his voice. The music filled the tent with strange sounds which could not escape. Georgie screamed and wept and sang with the rest. The grey people blended into one, and he was unable to part them.

Georgie saw The Preacher as he raised the pasteboard box. His voice rang out.

"Who's a-gonna be the first. Ye all know what it is. Come on up and be the first. Show us if ye're saved or not. Come on up and show the Lord."

Georgie's eyes were fixed on the box. He could not take them away. He stood frozen for a moment as The Preacher lifted two short, fat copperheads from the container. Then the minds of the grey people surrounded him, and he began to sing.

Without knowing why, he

reached for one of the snakes. The scales were cold and ghostly on his bare arm. He heard The Preacher chanting in a persuasive tone.

"Hold that snake, boy. Hold that snake.

Hold that snake, boy. Hold that snake.

Love that snake, boy. Love that snake.

Love that snake, boy. Love that snake.

Wrap it 'round your arm, boy. Wrap it 'round your arm.

Wrap it 'round your arm, boy. Wrap it 'round your arm.

Let it climb your arm, boy. Let it climb your arm.

Let it climb your arm, boy. Let it climb your arm.

Hold it on your face, boy. Hold it on your face.

That's the way to go, son. That's the way to go.

P-r-a-i-s-e the Lord.

P-r-a-i-s-e God Almighty.

GEORGIE closed his eyes as the snake's belly slid over his face. Gently it fell to his arm. Georgie cupped his hands forming a bed for the thing.

He opened his eyes and for the first time saw the grey woman dangling the other reptile over her head. The small girl tugged at the old lady's dress, trying to pull her away.

Suddenly, The Preacher, hovering over the grey woman, bellowed.

"Go 'way, girl. 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God!"

The small girl wandered back to her seat.

Georgie watched her, the words still ringing in his ears. His eyes fell to the coils in his hands. He heard the cry of the wind lost among the trees. The snake struck, burying its fangs in his chest. Placing it in the box from which it had come, he walked through the flaps into the fresh rain.

The cymbals echoed in the night.



"Go ahead. I'm all ears."

## THE BAPTISTS' OLE SAINT NICK

(Continued from page seventeen.)  
that shook hands with "Leo The Lip," and "Harry The Cat" and signed Yankee contracts that boomeranged like a bad pitch with the bases loaded. Road trips with the Giants, morning workouts with the fabulous Dodgers, and radio shows with Harold Stassen and Joel McCrea. Baseball success story with a capital "B."

Buster is, of course, Harry Nicholas, a Wake Forest sophomore who is better known for being the most publicized college twirler in the Southern Conference than for being a student in his second year at the North Carolina Baptist college. Like all athletes who are in the habit of seeing their names in newspaper streamers, Harry is pretty well convinced of the fact that, as far as the public is concerned, he is a sports luminary first and a student second.

However, unlike most collegiate stars who don't count themselves in forty-two point caps until they have won their first letter, Harry was a sports page regular in the ninth grade. All of which makes him the quiet, easy going, unassuming lad that he is. When we say quiet we mean that no one, not even the umpires, has ever caused Buz to put any undue strain on his vocal chords. As for being easy going, you could freeze ice cream in his hip pocket during the course of a nine inning thriller. About the only thing that gets Harry excited is taking football coach Bob Kellog for a ride on the golf course at Cheviot Hills or receiving a letter postmarked Boston.

**H**ARRY COULDN'T be anything else but unassuming. With his quiet nature he takes a lot for granted, people as well as baseball. Anyone who isn't too well acquainted with him would figure that he is as distant as a

professor of German geology. One might also conclude that the blond hair and Hollywood profile make him that way, but such isn't the case. Harry is a serious young man who knows that baseball is his business and who tends to worry more about his earned run average than leading the figure at the senior prom.

**Y**OU HAVE TO KNOW Buz to understand how little of him isn't all wrapped up in baseball. When he does let his hair down, conversation runs to a Wellesley College girl named Jane. Or he might express a strong interest in bridge, which could be hereditary. If he really has you on his side you'll become convinced that the United States is a suburb of Long Island and that Valley Stream really is the capital of that tight little isle.

Harry has spent all of his life in Valley Stream, and, to keep the tale running true to form, he was born and raised right across the street from the town's baseball park. His dad is the manager of a chain of men's clothing stores. Just like Bob Feller's father, Mr. Nicholas never played a great deal of baseball himself, but he always nursed the hope that Harry would grow up to make a name for himself in the game. His grandfather, who was quite a star back in the old days of the New York Civic League, did know the game, and the two of them teamed up to get that right arm off on the right foot.

Some parents have a hard time getting a lot out of junior, but not so with Mr. Nicholas. Harry took to baseball like a rookie at try-out camp. He gave it everything that he had, and even before grade school Buz was serving up a three-quarter delivery with a seventh grade zip. Looking back, Harry recalls the only tight moment that he had during that long period. His battery mate was his grand-

father, a young man of sixty-two. During one of their practices, Harry let go with a wild pitch. In desperation granddad went after it, and just caught it. In their game of make-believe no runners advanced a base, but a tight squeeze had become too tight. The catcher had split his Sunday uniform, right in the seat, and the game had to be called right then and there.

In the seventh grade Harry began to take his regular turn on the hill in intramural games.

When he moved up to the ninth, the high school coach asked Harry and his catcher to act as the battery in one of the school's league games. They obtained the waiver from junior high, and Harry racked up his first triumph over outside competition. Dick Vander Clute, whose story is so closely woven into an account of Harry that the two are almost inseparable, was playing in the outfield. Dick is now here in Wake Forest too,

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and like Harry he's one of the top flight pitchers to come out of Valley Stream in the past few years.

**M**R. NICHOLAS was in the stands to see his efforts pay off, but Harry was too excited to wait for dad after the game. He had to run all the way back home, both he and his catcher, to tell mother, and then both of them had to run back to junior high and report to home room for roll call. They were big stars, but they were still in grade school!

Moving over into high school the next year, Harry made the jayvee football team. In basketball Harry suffered his most crushing defeat, and while the coach was anxious for Harry to play the game, it was Harry that was never in the right place at the right time. The night of the first game with East Rockaway Harry decided that he wanted to sit in the stands with some

of the local quail more than he wanted to sit on the players bench. Coach was willing to forgive and forget, but the next night at practice Harry fell asleep during a timeout lecture. That was the last of Buz on the basketball court, as the cage mentor insisted that Harry display his talents on the diamond from there on out.

That spring brought the first taste of the duties of a starting pitcher. Dick Vander Clute was the big gun on the Valley Stream mound corps and pitched most of the league games, but Harry managed to come through with seven wins and no defeats. A right fair record for a greenhorn, even in high school. Harry was getting speed all along, but the curve ball was still a little on the wild side to throw at the boys from across town. He had to play football with those guys the next fall, and ball players have a funny way of remembering bean balls, regardless of the season.

That summer Harry came in contact with a man that was to play a large part in his future success, a man by the name of Father Kelly. It was natural that the Father would take an interest in Harry, and he asked him if he would like to play with his club on Sunday afternoons. Father Kelly was, to the boys in Valley Stream, sort of a saint and a Brooklyn Dodger wrapped up in one. Harry jumped at the chance.

Father Kelly was a college star himself but had chosen the task of helping young ball players instead of becoming one himself. He, too, had been through the maze of ivory hunters that were soon to begin haunting Harry Nicholas, and no doubt his advice served to make Harry a little wiser in the years ahead.

**F**ATHER KELLY, besides lending Buz his car to make one of the school proms, was a good

enough Irishman to be on speaking terms with the moguls in the Dodger front office. And, right about here, our account takes a Hollywood twist. Every morning when the Dodgers were in town, Harry had an invite to work out in Flatbush, with the Dodgers! It was something to be the star of Father Kelly's Sunday Sluggers, but it was something else to work out with the Dodgers.

Every once in a while there would be a few more high school pitchers in to throw batting practice during the morning sessions, but Nick was the only "regular." Harry says that this time he wasn't nervous; he was just plain scared silly. Babe Herman didn't help any when he kept yelling at Harry to put the ball over the plate, but Red Corrigan, the current clown of the crew, toned down Herman's blasts. He told Harry to throw fast and to the outside, and the Babe would never even get his bat on the ball. True to form, Herman trickled a few weak rollers down the baseline and whiffed the air on the rest. And now, when he still had two more years of high school eligibility, Harry had thrown them by one of the top second basemen in the game.

Other features of the practices that stand out in Harry's mind were Leo Durocher playing short in his bed room slippers and Dixie Walker's Southern accent. That was the first southern accent that Harry had ever heard, and to this day he still can't see how people learn to talk like that.

It was during these workouts with the Dodgers that Harry met the great coach, Chuck Dressen, who is now with the Yanks. Chuck was a ballplayer's coach and, unlike the guy who growls at his charges in a second rate bass voice, you learned to do the right thing under him because you felt that he really wanted

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you to be a ballplayer. Chuck taught Harry a lot of the finesse that goes with throwing a baseball.

Every day or so the two would go out to the bull pen by themselves. They wouldn't take a catcher, or even a baseball, but would spend long hours on form, and balance and follow through. Things that don't come in an ordinary baseball education, but things that make the difference between a polished pitcher and just another country moundsman. Before he left that summer, Harry had learned that a curve ball is thrown with the same arm motion as a fast ball. That you hold both of them the same way, and that the magic is in the wrist, not the elbow. He learned that the release is the most important part of the delivery, and that the fingers do the trick in the change of pace. Chuck knew that Harry had the speed; he just needed the polish that would make him feel at home out there on the hill.

**T**HE DODGERS WENT away on their last road trip, and Harry went back to school. Football crowded baseball out of the picture, and Harry and Dick shared honors at the fullback slot to carry the Valley Stream crew to the island championship. Harry was still too tired to play basketball, according to the coach, but that spring he worked up enough energy to throw twelve games and win them all. He and Dick teamed up on a couple of no-hitters, and Harry almost had one on his own when a single through the box with two away in the final frame removed the chance. Once again Valley Stream won the league pennant. It was getting to be a habit.

That summer Harry worked as a life guard during the week but was with Father Kelly on Sunday afternoons. He lost his only game of the season when the opposing pitcher caught on

to a fast slant and tagged it for four bases with two on board. It was the only game that he lost during three years.

Later on in the same summer, Buz pitched in during the last three games to help send the local Legion team into the regional championship. The team won a chance to play in the finals at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and Harry also turned in three wins for them there against some of the finest young competition in the country. Washington, D. C., finally took the title, and Valley Stream was second.

All along during the summer, Harry had been going over across the river to Yankee Stadium when the Yanks were on the road. His Latin teacher in high school was a Yankee scout, and during these workouts he fell under the shrewd eye of Daddy Kritchel, who was to play such a large part in Harry's future. He also went over to the park across the street and worked with the Cubs try-out camp, and next fall it was back to Valley Stream High.

The next spring Harry lost

the only game that he pitched in his high school career, and it was a hard one to lose. The opposing catcher came up with some very unorthodox baseball, bunted with two strikes and two away in the ninth, and the third baseman couldn't believe his eyes. He muffed the throw, and Freeport took Valley Stream, 2-1, in a thriller. The same spring, Harry got his first no-hitter in the playoffs for the Island championship, and also got into his first baseball rhabar when an opposing coach thought a lack of control meant too many bean balls.

**H**ARRY LEFT FATHER. Kelly that summer and went to Keene, New Hampshire, to play in the semi-pro Northern League. Dick went along, and also there was Babe Narr, who is now here in school at Wake Forest. It was up there in the Green Mountain country of Ethan Allen that Harry learned what it was like to have to be ready to go every day in the week. Benny Myers worked on control with Buz and brought a little more out of the curve. Be-



fore the season was over Harry had come through with a ten and five slate in some very fast company.

During this time, dad had had hay fever, and Harry had developed a bad case of contract fever. Mr. Nicholas had been coming up to Keene pretty regularly on the week-ends to attend to both maladies, but right after he left one Sunday Harry got a call from him to come home, as he has just been picked by the New York *World-Telegram* as the outstanding school-boy pitcher in the New York metropolitan area. The selection had been made by the three major league pilots in town: Burt Shotton of the Dodgers, Mel Ott of the Giants, and Bucky Harris of the Yanks. Dick had won the honor the year before. There was a banquet for the presentation of the trophy, but dad had to do the honors. Harry had to get back to Keene to join the club, and he wasn't present. In just a couple of weeks Harry got another phone call, but this time his father was there in Keene, not New York.

Mr. Nicholas had had some important traveling companions on his trip to New Hampshire, and they hadn't come to Keene for the train ride. Daddy Kritchel was there and so was Tom

Whelan, another of the Yankee scouts. When Harry walked into the hotel room his dad said hello, and then handed him a pen and three sheets of paper. He told him to sign all three and when he did he'd be a Yankee. Just like that! Write your name three times and you're with the Bronx Bombers, the highest riding crew in baseball. The agreement called for four years in college, a bonus that ran well into four figures, and required Harry to report to Newark in the International League at the end of four years. In short, a triple A contract. A very unusual arrangement for a boy who had never played organized ball!

**B**Y WINNING the *World-Telegram* award Harry had become eligible to go on the last road swing with any of the clubs in New York. He picked the Giants and met them on the fourteenth of September as they left for the West. On the trip he roomed with Whitey Lockman and pitched batting practice, in a Giant uniform, before most of the ball games. Harry remembers Ott, manager of the Giants in those days, as one of the nicest guys that he's met in baseball.

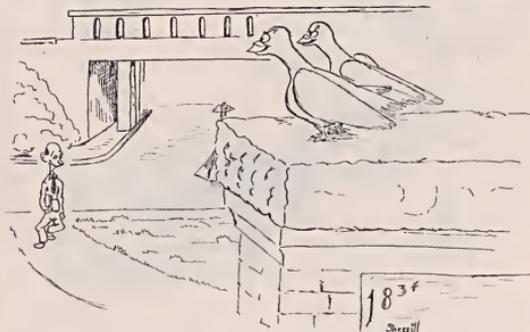
In Pittsburg the team went

to the movies and left Snoz Lombardi asleep there; in Saint Louis Harry saw Larry Jansen pitch one of the finest games in his life. He beat the Card's Harry Breechen to sweep the series with the Red Birds. Also in Saint Louis he met Mickey Rooney, who was rooming across the hall and talked with Willard Marshall a lot about coming to Wake Forest. Willard had played here a year and was one of the big sticks in the Giant outfield.

Harry had trouble with the autograph fans, and they never could figure out who this kid Nicholas was. He didn't even have his name on the program. But, they hounded him just the same.

Back at Valley Stream, however, there were some more people who were interested in Harry's signature, on Yankee contracts! Harry had one more semester to go in high school, and of course that made him ineligible to sign with a professional club. He received a nice letter from Baseball Commissioner "Happy" Chandler. Just a friendly note to let Harry know that the Czar had his best interests at heart, and then in a few days the entire case was reviewed. Harry was declared a free agent, was told that he could never sign another contract of any kind with the Yankees, and the Yanks were fined five hundred skins. Harry was no longer Yankee property.

The flashbulbs began popping, and Harry said that the school looked like a press conference. Pictures in the lunch room. Pictures on the ball diamond, and one question right after another. The scouts started coming around again, and Harry was invited to be on a radio show with Joel McCrea over WOR in New York. It was right much of a fuss for a boy of



"Well, Well, Well!"

eighteen to contend with, but a lot of it wasn't new to Harry.

He finished school in January, and with the aid of a map that was drawn by Dick, he came to Wake Forest. There was more ice here than there was in Long Island, and Buz' first look at the South proved to be a big let down. He settled down to an academic grind, and of course last spring he displayed his wares locally for the first time. His biggest thrill came when he beat Yale's Frank Quinn 2-0, and by far the worst disappointment was the licking he took at the hands of Carolina, the only college game that he lost all season.

And, in abbreviated form, that's the story of Buster Nicholas to date. He's been a sort of baseball child prodigy and he's been around the circuit almost as much as Connie Mack himself. Through it all he's continued to wear the same size hat, and we think that he always will. This year should be one of Harry's best, and it's certainly the year that all of us here are interested in. With a fast ball that nicks the corners like a homesick ice pick, it should be one of his best seasons in the box.

#### BEHIND THE STUDENT DOOR

*(Continued from page one)*

name of Rom Weatherman to live in Room 242, Hunter. His 3.0 average is, as we all know, as high as a man can climb with the books, and for his academic



efforts Phi Beta Kappa asked him to join their club only last month. But by his own admission (You can let him up now, George), his greatest honor so far has been his debut in the pages of THE STUDENT. For Words by Weatherman, turn to "580 on your dial," on page 18 in your magazine.

#### CLASSICAL MUSIC REVIEW

*(Continued from page twenty-nine)* study by music, this is an excellent background. If you decide to lay aside even conversation, however, and listen with both ears, you won't be disappointed, either. In fact you may be so charmed you will decide to use your records for whole-hearted listening more often.

ALICE PURYEAR.

#### 580 ON YOUR DIAL

*(Continued from page twenty-two)* one. Start turntable No. 1 rolling. Line up the next number on No. 2. Another call on the telephone. Be polite. Over here the record is nearing its end. Time for a station break. Cue in another disc on No. 1. Answer the telephone again. "Red Hot Congo Mama"? Never heard of it, but we've got a lot of hot mamas. How about just plain "Hot Mama"?"

And so it goes — no break, no rest, no respite. All this time the disc jockey is thinking of cute things to say. Platter men are required by their public to be cute, you know. But it's not so very easy to be charming with a hundred things to think about in addition to conjuring up puns and things. A relieved man is the disc man who concludes WFDD's broadcasting activities at midnight by throwing the final switch.

The voice of Wake Forest was a little cracked in its infancy, a little stammering in its adolescence, but today rapidly it is

reaching the mellowness of ripe adulthood. Nursed along by a conscientious, hard working team, Radio Station WFDD has definitely eked out a position of respectability among campus organizations. The station's growth has been orderly and progressive. And it continues to grow, urged on by the prospect of a bright future.

A college radio station was not original with Wake Forest. Almost all first-rate colleges and universities have one. In fact, Wake Forest was the last of the Big Four to establish a radio station. Despite its lateness in reaching the scene, WFDD has been the most progressive college station in the state.

WFDD began from scratch. In the beginning there was only the idea which existed in the minds of Henry Randall and Al Parris. To aid them there was little publicity, less equipment, and no money. The station's supporters plugged their idea

*"Creators of Fine Foods,  
Reasonable Prices and  
Pleasant Atmosphere"*

**GRESHAM  
RESTAURANT  
and  
MOTOR COURT**

*On the Lake*  
TELEPHONE 3-3727

*Specializing in*  
**STEAKS . . .  
FRIED CHICKEN  
. . . SEAFOOD**

*Where You Can Relax  
and Enjoy the Best!*

until it took possession of everybody who had the interests of the College at heart. The administration of the College, cold to the idea at first, gradually warmed to the prospect of having a voice it could call its own. Finally warmth turned into action. The administration agreed to underwrite the project for \$200.00, and WFDD was on its way.

**B**UT money was of little value unless someone could be found to purchase the equipment and fashion it into a radio transmitter. Ralph Herring accepted the task, built the equipment, and today, along with his brother Dave, keeps the station in working condition. Without the Herring brothers to troubleshoot, to repair and replace faulty equipment, WFDD would find itself voiceless half the time. Ralph is happiest when he is tinkering with the transmitter, eliminating a "bug" or so. Easy going, he seldom becomes ex-



asperated when things go haywire. He just calls it "crazy, just plain crazy."

Ever since Ralph put WFDD on the air, it has been making long strides forward. But things have not always gone as smoothly as desired. The lack of sufficient funds has always been a grave problem. The station has never received a direct grant of money. The College merely underwrote the project to give it a start. The executives and staff of WFDD receive no remuneration

for their services, and the station must meet its expenses as best it can. The staff will tell you that radio is no cheap business. There are power bills, telephone line fees, bills for new equipment, bills for new records, and numerous other expenses which come up when least expected. To meet operation expenses, the station must rely on the sale of advertisements or on open pleas for student donations such as the ones made in chapel last fall.

Ray Royston, business manager of the station, has an onerous time of it making credits balance debits. Handicapped by the lack of an adequate staff, Ray has worked marvels in keeping the station in business. He is always on the look-out for a place to economize. Every clipping he finds offering a free record he mails in immediately. In times of dire need, he hits the pavement to solicit spot ads, even if it means, as it did once, haggling with Shorty over a contract at three o'clock in the morning.

WFDD hopes for an appropriation next fall when the College budget committee meets. Such an appropriation would give Ray his first relief and put the station on a sound financial basis for the first time in its existence.

**T**ECHNICAL and financial matters consume much of the staff's time, but the main business of broadcasting requires the most diligent attention. Hours of preparation must precede the actual production of a program. Each program, be it live or disc, must have a script or a format. The former takes care of a program from beginning to end. The latter provides for the opening and closing of a program. Ad lib fills the gap. The preparation of formats and



"Four call-downs, plus two regular campuses, divided by two strict campuses equals . . ."

scripts requires a great deal of planning and a large staff to accomplish the work.

Responsibility for program planning and coordination among the departments to put the shows on the air fall upon Station Manager Roland Woodward and his assistant Bill White. These two have a back-breaking job from beginning to end. Once the station has adopted a policy, it is their job to see that the policy is properly executed. Hundreds of vexatious problems come up in the course of program planning, and any vacancy which occurs — and there are many — Woody has to fill. He never knows when he might have to fill in for an absentee announcer. From sign-on to sign-off time Woody stands in readiness to take care of any emergency that might arise.

To Bill White falls the job of scheduling programs and seeing that the programs are on hand when needed. As an assistant to the manager, Bill must also be prepared to fill gaps in an emergency.

To plan the programs is one thing; to put plans into finished form is another. Once ideas and plans for programs have been agreed upon, they are dropped into the waiting lap of Tillie Roberts. She and her staff are expected to whip them into finished scripts and formats. All

commercials are written under her direction. For lack of office space and equipment, Tillie's continuity department works in the girls' dormitories. Banging away at typewriters, they give life to WFDD's ideas and advertisement contracts.

On paper, finally, the programs are put into the hands of the announcing staff, headed by John Nelson. They can make or break a program. The equipment permitting, the announcers are expected to present the programs with the utmost continuity — a large order in any radio station. John Nelson works out announcing schedules and assigns the staff members to the job for which they are best suited. Whenever he can, he points out ways in which new announcers can improve their performance. Each announcer is usually scheduled for one hour, three nights a week. John, too, is responsible for seeing that his announcers meet their schedule — a task not always so easy.

**G**OOD BROADCASTING requires a good system — especially a good record file. Responsible for keeping the record files in order is Jewell Adams. Her job requires close cooperation with the announcing staff, for they are the people who are actually using the records. Almost daily Jewell treks down to the studio to set the file in order. In addition to her filing duties, she acts as secretary to the executive council of WFDD.

Ed Best, who has been with the station from the very beginning, heads the newest department in the organization of WFDD. His duty is to supervise any survey undertaken by the station and to publicize the activity of the station.

The heads of WFDD's eight departments join to make up the executive council. This body draws up all station policies,

subject, of course, to the approval of the entire staff.

The future of WFDD looks bright. The staff hopes first to improve the FM rebroadcast setup. At present the station has permission to rebroadcast Mutual programs picked by an FM set located in the studio. The staff seeks the same permission from three more nearby stations. If granted, WFDD will have connections with all four major networks, making it possible to vary the programs more often and present the best programs of each network. Such connections would also make possible rebroadcasts of the Deacon's out-of-town football games next fall.

WFDD's future includes plans also to carry as many Big Four baseball games as possible, especially the games which are hardest for the students to attend. Afternoon broadcasts of baseball games may eventually

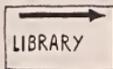
## DEACONS

*Make Your  
Headquarters  
at the  
Vogue Shop*



*Vogue*

Raleigh, N. C.



lead to a regular afternoon schedule.

By the time you read this article, WFDD will be established at its new location, the former Zeta Chi chapter house located in the little settlement below the gym. Two sound-proof studios (one of which will serve as a control room), a transmitter room, and an outer office will give WFDD room in which to stretch after being cramped up for a year in the remote press tower at Groves Stadium. The securing of the new location which the College is fashioning into a studio along the lines desired by WFDD's personnel is the longest stride forward the station has made since its founding a year ago.

**H**AVING FIRMLY established its internal organization, WFDD is branching out. It has joined the Intercollegiate Broadcasting System, an organization of college broadcasting stations

which claims an audience of over one hundred thousand. IBS is a clearing house for techniques and programs and maintains a script library from which WFDD is at liberty to borrow. Most important, IBC represents its members stations before FCC.

Branching out even further, WFDD hopes by next fall to have become affiliated with Alpha Epsilon Rho, a leading collegiate radio fraternity which boasts twenty-eight chapters at schools located all over the nation.

Born a stripling baby, WFDD grew rapidly and waxed strong through conscientious hard work. Today WFDD is still an eager team ready to serve the College through the medium that it loves and knows best — radio. WFDD is taking its place proudly among the top service-rendering organizations on the Wake Forest campus.

#### THE BULL OF THE YUKON

(Cont'd. from page twenty-three)  
rifle and was top man on the rifle team. Again he ran and figured in some of many victories that this school is known for. He was elected to the office of president of his class. This was indeed an honor. There is no politics at this school, no caucus. A man must be unanimously elected, and he was. Things went all right for a while, and then one day he happened to remember that he was supposed to meet an old Army buddy in Alaska.

He left.

He made his way up to Anchorage, acting as co-pilot, and then hopped another ride on to Fairbanks, where he was to meet his old Army pal. Just because you're two weeks late an old buddy leaves you. There he was twenty thousand . . . Well, anyway he didn't know anyone and his mother doesn't like the cold so he couldn't call her. But



luck was with him. In one of the local bars he ran into a fellow. "Are you from Kentucky?" asked the stranger.

Very modestly Sydnor replied. "Yes." Have you ever seen such poise?

"Well, I have a brother there; his name is John. Do you know him?"

With deep thought Sydnor again replied. "Yes." Then his friend, showed him a place to stay. The owner was out of town and would be for a month, so our boy made himself at home. To his delight the owner had the best collection of records and books he had ever seen, and he spent his evenings here reading and listening and stacking beer cans. Have you ever stacked seventeen beer cans, four Pepsis and . . . ?

Syd soon got a job at Ladd Field where he ran a small crane and drove trucks. This didn't provide enough money, and he worked at night in the worst bar in town, and I quote, "The liquor was watered." He started as waiter and in two weeks he had been promoted to bartender. He modestly lowers his head when asked about this rapid advancement, does a "buck and wing" and slowly draws, "I told you the liquor was watered." Even this was not enough, and on his days off he flew light cargo up Wiseman, Alaska.

**O**NE DAY HE DID acrobatics over a landing strip, amusing all who watched. One of the admirers was his landlord. Oh,

**Everything  
A Drug Store  
Should Be**

**EDWARD'S  
PHARMACY**

Drugs & Sundries  
Lee & Kaywoodie Pipes  
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Magazines



*Enjoy Our Booths When  
Having Your Cokes  
and Sundaes*

PHONE 2761  
Wake Forest, N. C.





to whether being in a car which was on a street would mean that she could not smoke in a car which was on a street. Susy is really conscientious. I thought for a moment that she was going to refuse, until I leaned over and whispered slyly, "They're referees."

SHE GRABBED the pack out of my hand. Immediately she began thumbing through the handbook to see if there was a regulation against referees. She would say under her breath, "If it's good enough for Mitchum, it's good enough for me."

"EUREKA," she exclaimed, "no rules. Have you got plenty of matches?"

I calmly drove on.

The problem was now, of course, where to take her. I thought that I'd better take the little book out and check through it again.

"After 7:30 p.m. women students may not date off the campus without permission except in the village" (we were clear there); "and may not date on the campus beyond the walk in front of the chapel. Dating in the stadium or the old athletic field at any time is not permitted."

WELL, WELL, WELL . . . They slipped up. We went down to the golf course. The moon is really nice on the greens, especially when you aren't playing golf. We noted that there were no rules on that point, but I must confess that Susy at that time was not particularly inter-

ested in rules. She was on her second reefer.

We jumped out and walked hand in hand down into the valley by number nine, and up into the grove. There we stopped to rest. We sat down. I decided to smoke a cigarette. There were about two minutes of complete, glorious silence. In the quiet of the night we sat and looked at the beautiful moon rising as a great orange ball, and not a word passed between us. Our hearts went out into the black beauty of the evening, and somewhere crossed and entwined in an embrace. We had transcended all earthly beings and had suddenly found ourselves high above the universe, floating on a couple of tea leaves.

I offered her another tea leaf and had one for myself.

I kissed her gently.

I kissed not so gently. The kiss was fashioned from a ray of the morning sun, from the warbling of the robins that sing in the spring, from the gentle wafts of cool air that bathe the thick grass, from the tables down at Mory's.

She whispered, "Where's that rule book?"

I said, "There's no rule against kissing."

"But there must be."

"No, I've checked it completely."

She raised her eyebrows and wiggled her ears with incredulity, "Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"But my word, my honor. I don't think I should. After all, my word and my honor are sacred and honorable, and that . . . my word . . . and . . . my . . . honor . . . are . . ." She glanced at her watch. "MY WORD!"

WE MADE IT BACK to the dorm by 11:25. There was the housemother looking out the window to see that there was no dating in parked cars. There was none in my parked car to be sure. But, I still had to make her jump out while I was moving up the street. I can see her now, as she jumped out and staggered over the brick wall with a nasty gash in her head. And I can hear her now as she fondly waved her handbook at me, "Goodnight, darling, see you tomorrow for Sunday School."

And the housemother smiled contentedly.

#### FATE'S NIGHT ON

(Cont'd. from page twenty-seven) said to the girl, but they were starting back across the floor together. And the girl, maybe not as good looking from calves to shoulders as Ann, wasn't bad.

"This is too much, Lou, too



"You P. F. P.?"



much," Joey said. "A couple of guys stumble into one fine looking babe and she ends up by rounding up another. Man."

"Joey, Lou, this is Clixie."

Ann sat down in the booth beside Joey, and Clixie moved to the other side next to Lou. Lou signalled to the fat Negro waitress for twelve more beers.

The table in the booth was beginning to look like a beer display, and Joey could tell a difference in Ann. Maybe it was the beer. Maybe it was Clixie being with them. But something had happened.

Lou and Clixie were out on the floor dancing. It was the first time Joey had been alone with Ann. He dropped his left hand in her lap, and his long fingers brushed momentarily against her smooth, well-formed thighs. For the first time Ann showed some interest in what was happening. Maybe it was the beer, but she did. She moved closer, and her legs were slowly pressed tightly against his. Their feet touched, and Joey crossed his ankles over hers.

She ran her long, tapering fingers down his arm and locked her fingers in his.

She squeezed. He squeezed.

They weren't holding hands as a couple would in a sudden frenzy of drunken passion, as a boy and girl would for companionship while tripping home from a movie, as a young teenager and a timid boy friend while sitting on the front porch swing, as a married couple would from force of habit. It

was different. It was as if they weren't thinking at all of what was happening at the time, but as if their minds were racing on in anticipation of what was to come. The way they were holding hands seemed to be a sign of what the night held in store for them.

THEY STAGGERED, half from beer, half from passion, out onto the floor to dance. They clung together, barely moving, just hanging on, body to body. Warm, full breasts, flat stomach and long legs were pressed against Joey.

"We'll go home after a while, Joey?" He could feel the words starting in her stomach.

"Yeah, Ann, yeh, we'll go home."

"Laura" had been playing on the juke box. It stopped and Joey, his arm around Ann's waist, their hips touching, led her back to the booth. Their dancing had been as their holding hands. It was not concerned with the present, but roared out in great, booming tones of what was to be.

If it was beer that was doing all this, Joey wanted more beer. He looked for the waitress, trying several times to get her attention. He left the booth and went up to the front of the roadhouse to get the beer himself.

"Hey, you. Give me four beers."

A yellow-toothed waiter smiled and nodded and went after his order. While he was waiting, impatient to get back to Ann, Joey noticed a stack of early editions of the morning paper, which a vendor had just tossed on the counter.

"B-29's Lash At Jap Mainland," he read in the headlines. The air corps boys are coming in for their glory now, he thought. My old boys, the Marines, knock off Okinawa, and now the sky jodies are coming in to grab off the headlines. That's great. Fly-

boys always grab the credit. Gyrenes do the work. Wonder what island George Radman, Buster Crowder and the boys are holed up on now that they've busted the Japs off Okie?

Joey's eyes moved from the headlines of the paper down to the lesser stories. His vision rested momentarily on a bold indented, boxed story. He looked away, coughed, picked up the paper, folded it into his pocket, grabbed the beer, paid the proprietor and started back to the booth.

He pushed aside the empty bottles to make room for the new beers on the table and then sat down beside Ann. She picked up his hand just as she had when they had been in booth before.

"Let's dance, Joey," she said.

"No, we better drink up and get out of here," he answered. "Let's go, Lou."

The girls may have thought

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•  
**SHORTY'S**

Wake Forest, N. C.

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leads an  
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Take a sweeping brim, add a dashing narrow band... and put them on a hat with a talent for highlighting your best features. That, sir, is Lee's smart All-American!

Don't take less than the best... don't take less than a Lee!

### B. & S. Dept. Store

Wake Forest, N. C.

Joey spoke a bit sharply, but Lou had been with him long enough to know that Joey knew what he was doing. Maybe he wanted to get in a spot better than the Tavern.

PUTTING FOUR people in the old coupe crowded things up pretty much. Lou was driving, Ann was sitting in Joey's lap and Clxie was pushed against the door.

Ann pulled Joey's arms around her waist, but he drew them back, dropping his left arm over Lou's shoulder and his right against his own side. Joey spoke little during the ride to town.

Ann directed Lou to her apartment on Scott Boulevard, and he pulled the coupe up to the curb in the shadow of a tree in front of the building.

"Clxie, you can spend the night with me," she said. "Why don't we all go upstairs for a while?"

"Sure," Clxie answered.

"Yeh, that'll be fine. Let's do that," Lou said. It was the first time that night that he'd spoken before Joey.

"We can't make it, Lou. We better shove off," Joey said quickly.

"Just for a little while, Joey," Ann said, reaching for his hand.

"No, we can't stop, gotta be on the way," Joey answered. He took her elbow in his right hand, almost pushing her up the walk toward the door of her apartment.

"Aw, Joey, just for a while," Lou grumbled.



"Sure, Joey, come on up. It's only one o'clock. Stay 'til two," Ann begged.

"No, we can't stay at all. Not 'til two or any other time." Joey bounced Ann's right hand in his own. "Take care of yourself. I'll see you."

"Tomorrow, Joey?" Ann asked.

"We're leaving tonight." Joey opened the door, shoved Ann gently through it, turned his back and walked back toward the car.

JOEY AND LOU were in the car again, headed for the highway out of town. Lou was more exasperated than disappointed.

"Joey, damn if I don't believe you're going crazy as hell. The babes throw themselves all over us, and what do you do but say we gotta get out of town?"

They were stopped for a red light. Joey said nothing. He reached into his pocket for the paper he'd got at the Tavern. He unfolded it and pointed to the bold indented, boxed story.

Lou read:

"Mrs. Ann Radman, 1308 Scott Boulevard, received word from the Navy Department today that her husband, Sgt. George Radman, U. S. M. C., was killed in action on Okinawa last month while the Sixth Marine Division was engaged in..."





*Mr. Vernon Wall, fitting a pair of Jarman's at Ben's of Wake Forest*

# Always Buy **CHESTERFIELD**

"Everybody likes Chesterfield  
because it's MILDER  
it's MY cigarette."

*Linda Darnell*

*Starring in*

"A LETTER TO THREE WIVES"  
*A 20<sup>th</sup> Century-Fox Production*



"I've been smoking Chesterfields ever since  
I've been smoking. They buy the best cigarette  
tobacco grown . . . it's MILD, sweet tobacco."

*M. H. Griffin*

TOBACCO FARMER  
BAILEY, N.C.

(FROM A SERIES OF STATEMENTS BY PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMERS)



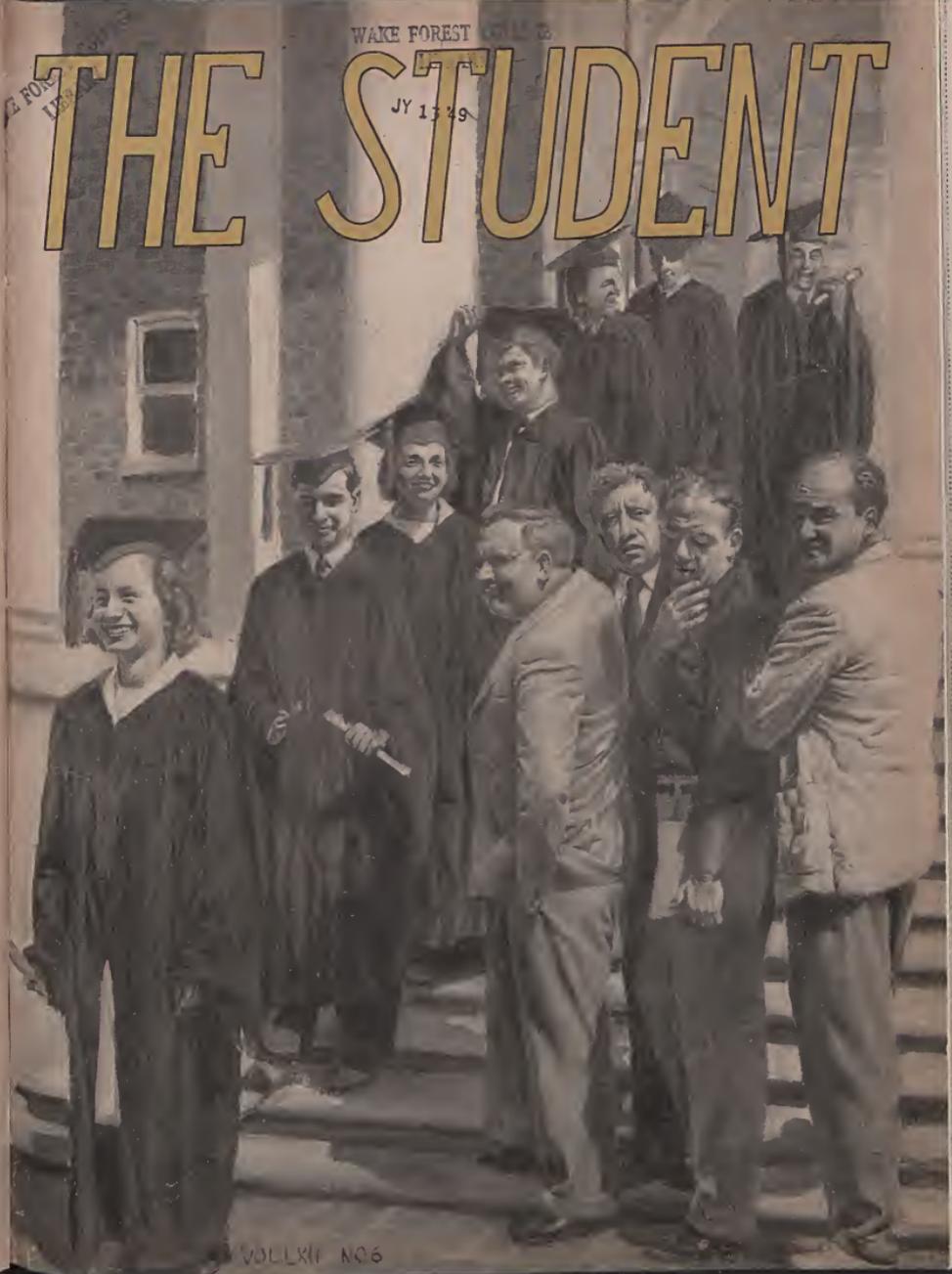
MAKE YOURS THE **MILDER** CIGARETTE

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

JY 1929

# THE STUDENT

2 FOLIO  
1929



VOLLRIE NO 6

Gladys  
Swarthout

One of America's most popular singers... star for many years of the Metropolitan Opera, motion pictures, concert, radio and recordings.



Virginia  
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She has scored brilliant successes with the New York City Opera Company, at Covent Garden in London, and in concert.

The famous mezzo-soprano and opera's brilliant, new coloratura agree...

# Camels for Mildness!

In a recent test of hundreds of people who smoked only Camels for 30 days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

**NOT ONE SINGLE  
CASE OF THROAT  
IRRITATION  
due to smoking  
CAMELS!**

Millions of people who have smoked Camels for years already know about Camel's cool, cool mildness. If you're not among those Camel smokers... if you've never given Camels a real, day-to-day trial... start *your own* 30-day test of Camel mildness today!

Try the mildness and rich, full flavor of Camels in your own "T-Zone" (that's T for Taste and T for Throat—your proving ground for cigarette mildness... for smoking enjoyment).

### Money-Back Guarantee!

Try Camels and test them as you smoke them. If, at any time, you are not convinced that Camels are the mildest cigarette you ever smoked, return the package with the unused Camels and we will refund its full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

I AGREE, MISS SWARTHOUT—EVER SINCE I MADE THAT 30-DAY MILDNESS TEST, IT'S BEEN CAMELS WITH ME!

AND WHEN YOU'VE SMOKED CAMELS AS LONG AS I HAVE, VIRGINIA, YOU'LL APPRECIATE THAT MILDNESS AND FLAVOR EVEN MORE!



According to a Nationwide survey:

**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS  
THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

Doctors smoke for pleasure, too! And when three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked, the brand named most was Camel!



# Behind The Student Door



Sitting or squatting, left to right, are: Ralph Herring, Mae Daniel Ward, Betty Isbell, Jim Anderson, Bill McIlwain, and Alice Puryear.

Standing or leaning, in the same order, are: Lee Royall, Jay Brubaker, Dave Herring, Bernard Dixon, Walt Friedenber, Bob Sherrill, Bill Hensley, and Bill Underwood.

## Blood, Sweat, Tears, and a Few Laughs

**T**HIS HAPPY, EARNEST, forthright group of extroverts, here presented in a body to the public for the first time, are the folks who've been putting out

the 1948-49 **STUDENT**. In fact, they've been putting it out so well that the North Carolina Collegiate Press Association, at its convention in Raleigh last

month, named it the "best all-around" college magazine in the state.

The main credit for a fine job belongs to a boy nobody took

**Be With the Best  
Drive a  
NEW FORD**

WE GIVE YOU BETTER  
REPAIR WORK FOR  
LESS MONEY

Miller Motor  
Co.

FORD SALES  
and  
SERVICE

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

**Before Leaving  
for Summer  
Holidays . . .**

Drop by to See Your  
Old Reliable Friends  
at TOM'S

*We Extend to You Wishes  
for  
"A Most Pleasurable  
Vacation"*

**T. E. HOLDING  
DRUG CO.**

Wake Forest, N. C.

seriously, gangling Harold T. P. Hayes, recently departed from our midst, who spent all last summer reshaping the personality of the magazine he inherited. THE STUDENT started out, back in 1882, as a literary magazine, switched to a humor mag in the '30's, got closed down for being naughty, bowed out during the war, and was resurrected, as a literary mag, two years ago. Hayes, in what to our mind is the most progressive step ever taken in the history of local publications, changed THE STUDENT from just some more second-class mail to be chucked into the postoffice waste basket to the most widely-read, if not wildly-written, publication on the campus. And, at the same time, he put Wake Forest in the big time in collegiate magazines.

THE "BEST ALL-AROUND" that the N.C.C.P.A. liked so much included an oil painting cover, humor — and straight - picture stories, short stories, a legend, a character sketch, pin-up, cartoon spreads, letters, and an editorial.

After he decided *what* he wanted, Hayes had to decide *who* he wanted. Rescued from a life of gaming and general dissolution at the Delta Sigma Phi Home was Bill McIlwain, and filched from the *Howler*, the *OG&B*, and the South Reading Room of the library was Walt Friedenberg, to associate edit a little bit, and to take some of the weight off Hayes' skinny shoulders.

Once a month McIlwain hunched over his typewriter and wrote "Letters to the Editor," featuring a leading student and other campus celebrities, and a legend about the college, the latter becoming the basis of one of the most popular books of our time. Bill's "Burning Machine, The World's Hottest Typewriter," also turned out the G.W. football game scoop, the  
(Continued on page thirty-six)

**We Offer You  
THE BEST**

Woodstock Typewriters  
Speed-O-Print  
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Carolina Typewriter Co.

115 S. Salisbury Street  
RALEIGH, N. C.

"We Repair Any Office  
Machines"

**STUDENTS!  
ALUMNI!  
FRIENDS!**

*Give Us a Chance to Serve  
Your Hardware  
Needs*

*We Appreciate Your  
Patronage*

**Parker Hdwe. Co.**

WAKE FOREST

Come by to See Us Before  
Leaving for Vacation

We are striving to  
make our slogan  
tell a complete  
story as we begin  
OUR 17th YEAR  
serving Wake  
Forest people—

★

Here it is:

***"Having What the  
Customer Wants,  
When They Want  
It, at a Price They  
Can Pay"***

★

**HOLLOWELL'S**  
NEW SUPER MARKET

## Letters to the Editor

End of The Line

Dear Eds:

For you guys it's the end of the line. You ought should be proud you lasted it out. More than many times I and my friends are thinking we'll be putting in new men to put out the mag. But you guys all along keep being pretty good about putting in my letters—most of the time right up front just like you ought should. I'm the kind of guy that likes little things like that. Maybe that's why I never say flat out you guys got to go. I'm that kind of guy.

Well, what I'm wanting to say is that I'll be on hand here next fall and could do something with the mag. I'm the kind of guy that cracks down on people and I got the right kind of words for doing that sort of thing. Now, I don't know how a writer like myself goes about getting to run the mag, but you guys won't be harming yourself none by speaking good of me to the right people. Just like I can here on the campus, I and my friends can make or break you guys on the outside.

As much so as ever,  
A very leading student.

Ed. note—*Your writing speaks for itself.*

Hoya-Doya

Dear Sirs:

I'm a writer of poetry. Real, honest-to-earth new stuff. Nothing like you've seen anywhere before. I use sort of an internal-external rhyme scheme, hitting right up to some pretty good metrical glories every so often. This is the sort of stuff I can do when I want to:

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Shouting hoya-doya  
Slipped and hurt hisself  
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## Letters to the Editor

I just found out the other day that I can write this stuff. I was sitting in biology when it hit me. Can you use some?

Yours for better poetry,  
A Sophomore.

Ed. note—*Tough course, that biology.*

Gets Job, Gains Weight

Atlanta, Ga.  
May 15, 1949

Dear Fellas,

The only time you boys have written me was when you wanted to know if I wouldn't send back those three pair of shorts I borrowed from you so I could go to work down here. About the only thing you said in that letter was how 'bout the shorts and that you think the magazine has been a lot better since I've been gone. Well, I'll overlook both points and tell you a few things that I've been wanting to say now for quite some time. They are: (1) I've gained six pounds—weigh 92½ now. (2) Take your school work seriously, boys. It'll mean a lot to you later. (3) Everybody in the telephone office here calls me "Mr. Hayes"—none of this "Skinny" or "Chesty" stuff. (4) I'm doing a lot better down here than you guys will ever do when you get out. (5) Tell Dr. Earp I don't guess I'll bother now to hand in that paper on the Greeks that I was working on last fall. (6) Forget about the shorts. I won't send them back. (7) You're mistaken about the mag. It was better when I had it. Well, fellas, let me hear from you.

Telephonically yours,  
Harold T. P. Hayes.

Ed. note—*Dr. Earp and a lot of other people here have said they're glad you're gone.*

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## For Appearance's Sake Only

THE PROPRIETY of dancing is a question on which more than half a million North Carolina Baptists are split.

That the Baptists are divided on the issue is not alarming. Those who oppose dancing consider it an evil which, if tolerated, would undermine the morality of the youth. Those who favor dancing regard it as a wholesome and proper social custom. Neither group should be attacked for its stand on the matter, for each is adhering to a principle that it thinks right.

But there is no room for a hypocritical compromise—as the one which now exists at Wake Forest.

A resolution of the Baptist State Convention promises withdrawal of financial support of the College if students or faculty members campaign for campus dancing. Ostensibly, the Convention is opposed to Wake Forest students' taking part in dancing under any conditions.

Yet, Wake Forest students have dances in Raleigh and Durham, and even in the Community Building. The dances are planned by the Inter-Fraternity Council and other organizations, meeting in College buildings; the dances are publicized in College publications; late permission is granted co-eds who attend; and, finally, College faculty members act as chaperones.

In short, the College cooperates with the students with only two exceptions: there can be no dances labelled as "College-sponsored" events, and there can be no dances held on the campus. Apparently, this condition enables some Baptist leaders to say quickly, "No, Wake Forest does not condone dancing."

The College furthers in spirit and action that which the Convention requires it to oppose nominally.

It would seem that the State Convention should do one of two things: (1) Recognize that dances are being held under the auspices of the College and permit "College-sponsored" dances, possibly to be held on the campus. (2) Reiterate the belief that dances are evil and outlaw them completely.

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FIRST MEN to solve the job problem were Moe Bauer and Ray Cicia, who signed contracts with the English De-

partment. Of course, it meant that a couple of the old-timers, Snuggs and Jones, had to look for new jobs.

## B.A., B.S., M.A., M.S., LL.B.,

*Man, With 90 Degrees, It's Still a Cold World Out There.*

by

Walt Friedenberg

COME THE END OF the month and a lot of people around here will become college graduates.

Graduation — mothers snooping into dirty laundry, fathers snooping into bank accounts, younger brothers asking you to show 'em where Ray's is, every-

body running around in black bathrobes telling the profs how much they enjoyed their courses and asking if they've turned in the grades yet.

But while I was just sitting here, waiting to see if the Degrees Committee would grant my petition for those three algebra problems I failed to turn in back in '45, it occurred to me that many of my friends—the boys I had rubbed shoulders with while lining up to watch Jewell Adams go to class, the girls who'd refused to date me—will be absent when the baccalaureate preacher goes into his

routine about "life outside this ivy-invested campus."

There have been, of course, plenty of casualties all along: boys who had sat in the front row in Latin class and had their eardrums busted when Doctor Hubert called the roll, fellows who were ruined by library fines and had to drop out of school, girls who were guillotined for thinking about going below the chapel walk after dark (you can think about it only in the daytime.) These people have been out of the graduation race for some time. But recently there seems to have been an un-

usually large number falling by the wayside along Sheepskin Street.

There are always a few of the Phil ("If-at-first-you-don't-succeed-try-and-try-again") Harris School. Boys like Tom Jones occur often and vie for the Intramural Scholastic Long-Distance crown. (Incidentally, if you're interested in this sort of thing, keep your eye on Wayne Massey.) Ten Year Men, with free admission to call home football games, are common. And, as everybody knows, the Five Year Plan was not thought up by Joe Stalin but by Bud Lail.

**B**UT THE UNIQUE thing about this year's crop of long-distance men is that they're not getting their diplomas, but they're not coming back to school either. You take these boys who got all wrapped up in the ball club's winning streak and spent all their time traveling with the club, and used up a lot more paper trying to keep up with Wiley Warren's batting average than trying to keep up with Professor Raynor's trig as-

## R.F.D.

signments. They won't be back any more.

Then this dance kick got started up this spring. Fellows got to going to the Mid-Winter Dances, the Mid-Mid-Winter Dances, the PIKA Ball, the Sig Ep Ball, The Basket Ball, the Low and Outside Ball. Then the Spring Dances started up at Wake, and then other places. Everybody started going to St. Mary's, Meredith, Carolina, W.C., Texas Tech, the University

BRYAN AND SNUGGS found posts as Chiefs of Dirty Campus Politics.





SHEP HAMBRICK and Merle Dotson didn't mind working in a clip joint, so they acquired gainful employment as a pare-and-slash combination.

of Wyoming, and you heard about what fools those guys made out of themselves at the U.C.L.A. Frolics. They're not coming back.

Some of the boys got to week-ending it pretty heavily. It started with a quiet little run into Raleigh on Saturday night for relaxation at some neighborhood pub. Then they started hitting all the spots—Rolesville, Franklinton, Millbrook, Pocomoco. From there it was just a matter of how long until they

bumped up to Pennsylvania and New York with Peahead. Some of them went up there to buy hard-to-find textbooks. Many went in search of bug specimens for Biology 2. But, unfortunately, some went up for business reasons—to make a little advance book on next year's football team.

**N**OW THEN, WITH all that no-good crowd not coming back to school any more, they got to go someplace. In other words,



if they're not going to be at Wake Forest next year, they're going to be someplace else. I'm not making this up, either. The principle of logic which I am here demonstrating is the Robert Helm-Spade Cooley Law of Excluded Existence, which states: "Friend, if you're not here, you got to be someplace else." (There may be a measure of truth in the charge that I've dozed off occasionally in that Logic class, but, by and large, I seem to have grasped the basic concepts of the subject.)

Well, that takes care of the crowd that won't get B.A.'s, B.S.'s, B.C.'s etc. They'll be on the outside, just like I said. But you people, all armed with one more degree than the normal 98.6, will be out there with them. And wherever you're going to be, chances are you're not going to have it so good. It's cold out there. In the first place, you won't have magazines like *THE STUDENT* dumped in your lap for nothing every month. You won't get choice seats on the goal line



ENTERPRISING EX-COED is making a pile as a baby-sitter for New Dorm.

Cash Register, a mail-hauling madman, says it's haul in a day's work. This boy is seen with more old bags than any other man in town.

at football games. You won't have the library sending up post cards and letters. There won't be any spacious modern restaurants where delicious meals are served promptly and cheaply. There won't be as many nice people around the place where you work like Tony DiTomo who'll tell you for free how to play bridge, why Fetzer shouldn't have passed on third down, and how you can make thousands of dollars buying used cars in Jersey and carrying them to Mexico. And the girls won't be able to take just any afternoon off to bathe on a strand as lovely and exclusive as Jabez A. Bostwick Beach. You won't have nurses like Florence to put her hand on your forehead and ask you how you feel. You're going to miss the place.

AND IF THE Helm-Cooley Law takes care of you as far as being someplace, there's another law, the Municipal vagrancy Regulation Ordinance, as I've heard it pronounced in so many Southern cities, that takes care of you as far as just hanging around goes. They'd better see you get a job.

A guy can get mighty frightened listening to profs tell you about you guys ought to hit the books a real lot because you're going to find things a lot tougher in the great "out yonder."

On the contrary, already a number of our group have accepted fine offers for positions and will, within the next few days, assume their mature responsibilities as young men and women in society, and put their shoulder to the wheel of American life.

Many shoulders will meet with the cold shoulder, but it is encouraging to note the ease and comparative success with which many of our number found a toe-hold in society.

The easiest way, of course, if you can stand it, is to get yourself a job here with the College. Ray Cicia got his job for next



IF THERE are two guys in the world who can sell a wrecked car for a "Twice as good as new Roadmaster," they're hustlers Tom Jones and Frog Augst.

fall through the College Place-kick Service, which will give you a job, just to boost the percentage of graduates getting jobs. Because of his many years of experience with English One classes, Cicia was assigned a position with that department as

a fellow. Another one of the fellows is Moe Bauer, the ball player, who'll serve as Cicia's lefthand man.

AND WHO EVER thought Wake Forest would see a Baby-Sitting and Carriage-Ambulating



A GOOD SALESMAN can tell a customer that they're wearing coats a little loose around the knees and get away with it. Of course, he's a snappy dresser himself.



SHORTY, a shrewd man, hired three coeds to serve as hostesses for the masculine trade. Says Shorty, "It adds some class and takes their minds off the coffee."

Service in the New Dorm? OK, OK, who else? Mary Belle Sloan, showing the ability to recognize the need for such an establishment, is doing very well.

Filling a long-felt need, Vivian Snuggs and Billie Bryan have been appointed Graduate Advisers of Politics and Elections. Snuggs will be in charge of Subtle Innuendos and Bryan will teach candidates techniques

in hand-shaking, political smiling, backslapping, and window-peeping. Said Bryan, "It should make politics more interesting. The courses should be helpful. I don't know what that window-peeping course will do, but a lot of the boys were asking for it."

Filling a vacancy left by the retirement of Clarence N. Nuckles, Sterling Gates was employed as College Night Watch-

man. Gates got the job, because, as Superintendent of Grounds W. Holliday said, "Well, he's up all night anyway, and it was just a matter of asking him to carry the clock and the blackjack around."

If there is anything worse than liking the College so well that you take a job with it, it must be liking the town so well that you stay here just because they cross your palm with a few pieces of silver. But already you're on the outside world and it's not so easy to get a job.

**YOU TAKE A BOY** like Cash Register, who had a fit trying to get a job with the local Postoffice:

Cash: I'm Cash Register. I...

P. M. Wiggins: Yeah? Well, I'm an ice box. BRRrrr.

Cash: No, that's my name and I want a job.

Wiggins: I'm an ice box! I'm an ice box! Brrrr!

Cash: I want a job with the postoffice. I'm graduating. I'm an outgoing male.

Wiggins: (thawing out) Do you have the clothes?

(Continued on page thirty-seven)



IF YOU KEEP late hours and have a strong right arm, you may be just the man for the nightwatchman's job.



BATTLING LACEY BLUE weighs in for match with heavy-weight champ Bill George. He lied about his weight.

The  
Hayes  
Story



# or I Took a Job on the Outside

by H. T. P. HAYES

"YOU'RE HIRED," he said. A muscle in my jaw twitched only slightly. Quietly but casually I replaced the receiver on the hook.

Bill Mellwain, co-author of *Legends of Baptist Hollow* and a personal friend of mine, leaned forward, his face flushed, a vein in his forehead throbbing.

"Ja get it?" he asked anxiously.

"Check," I replied efficiently, already acquiring the terse, expeditious manner of the American Business Man.

It was an important event in my life. I was, at last donning the toga of manhood. No longer would I spend countless hours in gruelling, aching study, seeking, forever seeking, to prepare myself for the moment when I, a mature, responsible individual, would step forth into society untrammelled by the petty restraints of a collegiate, two-meals-a-day, one-laundry-a-month world. For months, hours, seconds, I had awaited anxiously the day when I would no longer sit before the beloved faces of my many friends on the faculty.

In fact, I sat right down and penned off a few curt notes to that effect to the heads of each department, a moment for which I had waited four years.

Rather hastily now, realizing I ought not linger longer than the time it would take Postmaster Wiggins to dispatch those pungent little *coups d'etat*, I began to set my personal effects in order.

It was no easy task.

I took my leave of Bill, promising to see him before I left, and made my way, for the last time, across the brick-strewn paths under the whispering magnolias.

At last I reached my section of Hunter Dorm and began the long, last ascent to the fourth floor. Picking my way carefully over the prone, inert forms of some of my friends (whom I dared not rouse as it was a dance week-end and still an early hour), I slowly climbed the stairs to the accompaniment of fond sounds which I would never hear again. Past the second floor where Dean Futrelle was whispering eagerly, "I fade 'ya," past the third floor where the crudely-improvised copper still in Bill Underwood's bathtub was already merrily bubbling away, I made my way blindly, realizing as I went that these, these things were the *real* Wake Forest.

AND THEN MY room. Ah yes, my room; it had been home for me, and what if it did smell?



It was not for that reason I was abandoning it, but because it had served its purpose for me, and now must become a refuge and cloisture for some eager, clean freshman whose socks, someday, would be as dirty as mine.

As I hastily threw my few belongings into an old pillow

case (which had been there some four years ago when I had first come), the thought occurred to me that I would need funds to meet a small dun I had incurred there some days back when my check had run out.

I craftily procured from my drawer a blank laundry slip. Having marked it for seventeen shirts and forty-five pairs of underthings, I made my way to the Wake Forest Laundry, where, two weeks before, I had left to be completely laundered and restitched Dick Steele's old tux shirt (which I had borrowed some four years ago when I had first come).

Suavely, and a trifle impatiently, I walked up to the lady behind the counter.

"Like to get my laundry please, Mrs. Bigrip," said I, staring at the ceiling in a pre-

occupied manner.

She obtained the thin package containing Dick's old shirt and placed it upon the counter.

I picked it up, felt it gingerly, stared at the ticket and then smiled pleasantly.

"Are you sure this is all I had?" I asked.

"Y-es," she answered, ob-



viously alarmed by my disarming smile.

"Perhaps then," said I, a shadow darkening my sallow face, "you would like to see my duplicate slip."

With that I placed it on the counter.

Nothing stirred.

"Would you like for me to call Officer Otis Nuckles to straighten out this discrepancy, Mrs. Bigrip?" I asked coldly.

For a moment she simply stood there, unhearing. Then, quickly, she began to disintegrate into a paroxysm of fear.

"No. No! Not that!" she whispered in a terrible voice.

She clutched her coat about her throat, retreated a few paces, and then dashed wildly to the cash register where she began to pound frantically on the "No Sale" key.

AS EACH OF the several drawers would pop out, she would withdraw handfuls of currency and hurl it across the counter at me. Not wishing to take advantage of Mrs. Bigrip, and because she had gotten down to quarters and was now hurling them with uncanny accuracy, I gathered together an amount sufficient to cover my needs and

hastily withdrew. As I closed the door behind me, she was still exclaiming "Not that!" and pounding upon the "No Sale" key.

But, dear reader, I have digressed too long and it has been because at that golden sad moment of departure, familiar surroundings were indelibly engraved upon my heart and I had to impart them to you. Suffice it to say that my father (who had come for me in our family Maxwell) and I were given *bon voyage* by Dick Frye and Mr. Earnshaw, both of whom were screaming, rather loudly and a trifle too harshly, I thought, that I write immediately upon receipt of my first check.

LIKE MOST LARGE cities, Atlanta, Georgia, is the home of a great many reasonably-priced hotels which cater almost exclusively to the middle or "white-collar" class of trade. On the other hand, there are but a few really exclusive edifices which offer accommodations to members of the peerage. Realizing that as a young executive I had a certain amount of prestige to maintain, I naturally chose one of the better known establishments in the latter category

for my rooming place. Located in the heart of down-town Atlanta, this famous hotel, the Yonkers, Montague, Carleton-Amhurst, is part of a chain which enjoys a national reputation and is known in this country and even foreign lands under the simpler abbreviation of "Y.M.C.A."

It was to this imposing structure I made my way, lugging my faithful pillow-case behind me, late one night in the middle of March. It had been a weary journey for me, coming all the way from North Carolina, and my back was still somewhat stiff from the impressions the rods had made upon it. Nevertheless, I soon arrived before the brilliantly-lighted facade of my new home and made my way inside.

The sight which greeted my eyes was at once breath-taking and spectacular. Tall, pink columns rose high into the air, the floor was a crystal-clear marble and potted-plants were everywhere.

The place was expensive silent.

"Over here, boy, over here," echoed a voice from a darkened corner of that great lobby. It was the desk clerk, an old, senile gentleman who was wearing bi-focals and sitting behind a highly-polished walnut desk.

Casually, I lit a cigarette and then walked over to him.

"Hayes is the name," I said. "H-a-y-e-s, Hayes. I believe my (Continued on page thirty-eight)



# A Tip



# For Lucretius

by ARTHUR GORE

THE ONLY NOISES resounding against the solid walls of McMillan Dormitory were the throbbing buzz of the coke machine, the gushing of water, and the booming voice of a bathing warbler. An impish figure garbed in rags with a shine-box clutched in his hand moved stealthily up the three flights of stairs toward the dissimilar sounds. The scarred door to the room across from the head of the steps was cracked. He sneaked to it and peeked in, his large white eyes meticulously searching every nook and corner. Upon hearing the scrape of distant footsteps, he hid himself in the gloom of the attic.

A stocky boy made a hasty entrance into the room. Tossing his books upon the dull-green desk, he stalked about in a rage as his flighty eyes rested on a sleek-necked bottle of whiskey with more than half of its contents consumed. A shot glass still briskly shiny with wetness snuggled up to it.

"Muscles! What th' hell's th' idea of drinkin' all my whiskey?"

"What? I can't hear you!" echoed the same deep voice that had been singing.

The hissing of the shower died slowly, and a skinny giant with only a towel around his waist tip-toed into the room, leaving splashes of water in his wake.

"You been drinkin' my whiskey! I told you t' save it for th' dance. We'll be drinkin' water!"

The slender body shivered across the room, heedless of the stray shoes and stiff socks lying where they had been removed.

"Oh hell, Sunny! I didn't drink it all.

Close that window and stop gripin'—it's cold as th' devil in here."

"I paid three dollars an' thirty-five cents for that whiskey. What th' hell do ya' think I'm made of? Money!"

"Yeah," Muscles muttered under his breath while slipping into a pair of shorts, "everybody knows your ol' man's filthy rich off bottlin' soft drinks."

A FANCIFUL SHADOW appeared in the doorway, scarcely distinguishable against the musty background.

"Shoe shine?" rang out a clear, timid voice.

Sunny peered over his shoulder, lifted a thick eyebrow and surveyed the boy from his kinky hair to his bare feet. Muscles snatched a last approving glimpse of himself in the mirror and gaped at the figure hidden among his baggy clothing.

"Yeah, I'll take one in a few minutes," Sunny growled, "Jus' wait out there."

The shine boy backed away, seating himself upon the steps across the hall. Stiffening his leg, he fumbled among the togs, fishing for his harmonica.

"Yaw'll min' if'en I plays m' harp?" he asked, directing the question to Sunny.

"Yeah," Muscles cut in, "go ahead. I'd like t'hear you."

SUNNY IGNORED THE question and the music that followed, undressing hurriedly and slinging his fine clothes upon a rickety chair. Scraping aside sheets of dog-eared paper, he cleared a place to empty his pockets.

(Continued on page forty)



## Doctor "Skinny"

THE GRAND OLD MAN IS STEPPING  
DOWN AFTER THIRTY-THREE YEARS

AT THE END OF the summer Wake Forest will lose from service Dr. C. C. Pearson, for 33 years head of the department of Social Science. Honored by degrees and the profound respect of distinguished men, Dr. Pear-

son's fame will longer live in the recollections of his students, as they remember him with affection and retell the innum-

able incidents, anecdotes and pungent observations of the inimitable educator.

Charles Chilton Pearson originated in Tidewater, Va., in the Rappahannock country, a geo-

*(Continued on page eighteen)*



THE RITUAL: "rolling his own..."



... eyeing the fluorescents ...



... closing the window ...



... baffling two-word pop ...



... the ever-growing ashes ...



... those wilting questions ...



... his corner-wise perch ...



... his shaking laughter ...



... table-top lecture.



DR. PEARSON peers out of the window of his venerable Buick. Recently replaced, by a new Chevrolet, it still retains the profound respect and love of its owner.

graphical if not chronological neighbor of George Washington.

A graduate of Richmond College, he took his first year of graduate work at Columbia University. His M.A. was conferred at Richmond College in 1904. Some time later, Dr. Pearson was touring extensively and investigatively throughout England and France, taking care to avoid the American hotels and the usual tourist rounds.

Within the next few years Dr. Pearson received the Farnum Fellowship in History at Yale, served as instructor in that university the next year, and in the year following received his doctorate in Philosophy there. He was acting Professor of History at Washington and Lee University for one year, then came to Wake Forest in 1916.

With the exception of a year at the University of Pennsylvania, where he was a Harrison Research Fellow, twelve consecutive summer sessions at the University of Virginia and one at Duke as Professor of History, Dr. Pearson has served Wake Forest as Professor of Social Sciences continuously since his arrival. From the second year to the present he has occupied the chair, or as one friend observed more appropriately, the settee of that large department.

THE VETERAN OF 35 years of teaching once conducted this college's classes in history, government, economics and soci-

ology. Recent progress, however, has seen the various sections of the department specialize, enlarge and break off as independent branches of the Social Science tree. Economics, now labeled business administration, and sociology have already severed the bond, and the retiring department head anticipates a separation of the government section in the near future.

Summer vacations and brief holiday periods have found the analytical historian conducting research studies financed in part by the Carnegie Foundation, most often by Pearson's personal treasury. However, the heavy responsibilities of his position have consumed most of Dr. Pearson's energies, and extensive re-

(Continued on page forty-three)



THE PEARSON family includes the Dr., the Mrs. formerly Sarah Cullom, and Virginia Chilton. Here they pose in their front yard on North College Street.



*Student Pin-up*

*Doris Moore*



*Student Pin-up*

*Charlotte Duling*



*Student Pin-up*

*Judy Patton*



*Student Pin-up*

*Joanne Matthews*



HERE HAVE BEEN, in the crime-beset 173-year history of our shockingly criminalistic nation, men who have become legendary because of their monumental strides in stamping out lawlessness.

America has had its Bat Mastersons, who rid Dodge City of cold-blooded gunmen; its Pat Garretts, who captured the notorious Billy the Kid; its Judge Roy Beans, who calmed the six-gun-infested Texas Panhandle; its Wyatt Earps, who drove the bad men from Tombstone; its Melvin Purvises, who checked the highly-mechanized, modern Dillinger-type desperadoes; and, finally, its J. Edgar Hoovers, who ended the terrorizing reign of Public Enemies "Pretty Boy" Floyd, "Machine Gun" Kelly, "Baby Face" Nelson, Alvin Karpis et al.

Beside these fearless men—these victors over the black monster, Crime—a man even more daring than his predecessors, a man who wears justly the toga of intrepidity, has taken his place—the immortal Howard Richard Tracy, High Supreme Arch Commander In Chief of the Fighting Forty-Second Armored Mad Dog Battalion of Wake.

Commander Tracy, supported only by a dauntless, hand-picked group of mad dog combatants—the fabulous Knucklebreaker

Legend

## H.S.A.C.I.C. Dick Tracy,

### Master of Mad Dogs

brothers and the fear-instilling Red Dog Rigskeet—has cut from this tiny hamlet the terror of being ravaged by hordes of tiger-tusked, condor-clawed killers.

Driven from our town by the valiant Commander Tracy have been ruthless beasts born to kill—among them old Wheezer, the balding, crippled veteran who at one time, in an act manifesting utter defiance of the law, slept for three successive nights on the doormat of the Monogram Club.

Once again the new chapel can extend its lofty spires heavenward without fear of Wheezer and his followers; once again tiny children can laugh and play in Peyton Brown's sunlit basement pool-room; once again the doors of P.D.'s can swing open, offering 17th century benches to foot-sore wayfarers; once again the chimes of Wake can ring out celestial chords without fear of having razor-fanged Wheezers cut down the chime-ringer; once again the natives, in their colorful peasant costumes, can play hopscotch, unafraid, in the streets.

AT WAKE PEACE AGAIN reigns. As Commander Tracy modestly phrased it, "Never before has one man done so much for so many."

In order that historians may have an accurate source from which to draw their material, the glowing details of Commander Tracy's intrepid conquest of the mad dogs are here recorded. . .

Commander Tracy was standing stiffly, soldierly erect against the plate glass window of Tom

Holding's when a runner burst upon the scene, bearing word that a mad dog had been sighted outside of Baltimore, headed Wakeward.

Commander Tracy became even more stiffly, more soldierly erect. What if that mentally deranged animal were to set paw within the limits of this tranquil settlement, threatening the physical welfare of its citizenry and striking fear into hearts that never before had known fear?

Shortly, word came that the mad dog was within the Wake town limits.

"That," said the grim-visaged Commander, "is the camel that broke the straw."

With a single leap the agile Commander was upon the shoulders of Worth Joyner, pounding him in the ribs with his black-jack, to direct him to the middle of the street.

A crowd gathered, thinking the Commander was preparing to engage in a game of rooster fighting.

Turning on Worth's shoulders and firing a three-shot volley to gain silence, the Commander faced the crowd and declared sternly, "Jacta est alea."

Discerning that only Dr. Hubert Poteat, standing in the rear of the gathering, had understood his statement, Commander Tracy said, "I said the die is cast."

The crowd roared, repeating again and again, "Yes, jacta est alea."

RECOGNIZING THE NEED of a statement that would unite the townsfolk, the quick-almost-full-witted Commander boomed out a challenge that promises to

(Continued on page forty-six)

# Billy the Kid

by Walt Friedenberg



AT THE AGE of seven, Wolfgang Mozart had composed his first sonata and was touring Europe in concerts.

At the age of sixteen, Alexander the Great ran his daddy's government when the old boy went out to pop off a few Persians.

At the age of 17, Billy McIlwain did yet not know how to tie his shoes, but he was sports editor of a daily newspaper. At the age of 18, he learned how to tie his shoes so he could join the Marine Corps. At the age of 19, he was back to loafers and back to the journalistic trade. At the age of 20, a veteran of six newspapers, he retired temporarily from the profession "to get educated," and now, a balding old man of 23, is ready to get out there again and give his old job another twirl.

For a boy whose third grade teacher asked his mother if she thought he would ever learn to write, Bill has come right along, and not too much time has elapsed from the time he was writing notes like "Mary, kin I play with yoo after skool," until he was beating out his

first book (you should excuse the expression, *Legends of Baptist Hollow*).

He didn't start out being a writer. He just got around to it, although he always kept aiming for it. Soda clerk, dairy helper, tree sprayer, surveyor, shipyard worker, clothing salesman, shoe store clerk, newspaperman, football coach, sports publicist—now this—then on again, gone again, McIlwain.

Now this—McIlwain the student. Busting along the brick walks, waving, "Hello, boys, how y'all feelin'" to a group of professors. Making like a referee in front of Bostwick at 10:30, calling penalties, "This boy—huggin'—that girl! Fifteen yards!" Preaching, in his mock-serious manner, that "all persons not using their talents shall have them taken unto them." Kidding anybody along with his straight delivery and straight face—Jim Cook about being the boss of a crooked mimeograph paper ring, Rudolph Pruitt about throwing races, Jud Trueblood about buying furniture with the Howler money. Pounding away on the "Burning Machine, the World's Hottest Typewriter." "Catching a few" in the back of the classroom.

AND MCILWAIN the good guy, the soft touch, who'd rather not have you think so—who lost many dollars by putting out the magazine this spring, instead of writing free-lance.

McIlwain, the elegant, who puts on the khakis and combat boots as soon as Long gives him the weather report.

McIlwain, the namegiver—"Long" Matthews, "Mad" Walter, "Chesty" Hayes, "Five Hens" Allen, "Frog" Augst, "Hog" Bryant, and the place itself—"Baptist Hollow."

McIlwain, the colorful-language man—"trapping shucks, flogging tests, capturing grades, wearing lace-ups.

McIlwain, the friend, and owner of a lot of friends.

McIlwain, the colorful, the character of them all.

I don't know how he got that way. Maybe this will help.

From the start he was a mean little kid, pushing his dog's house down the stairs and setting fire to his grandmother at the age of four. The McIlwains moved a lot in those days, always taking little Billy with them in his cage, and always keeping one jump ahead of the juvenile retention authorities.

By the time he got to high school, in Wilmington, Bill had quieted down until he was real cool. He still rarely gets mad, rarely smiles, rarely laughs. In those days he was known as "The King of the Sharpies," complete with zoot suit, six foot chain, and peroxidized hair. "I used to think," he remembers, "you could measure a man's intellect and character by how big his britches were at the knees and how small around the ankles."

WHEN HE WASN'T hanging around in front of Lane's Drug Store in pegged pants being a cat, he was running around a football field in padded pants being a blocking back. "I was sorry," Bill admits. "The only reason I played was because there wasn't anybody else." As a place-kicker, he had his ups and downs. Against Wilson he missed an extra point that lost the ball game, 7-6, but the next year he booted one through against Fayetteville to win the game by the same score.

With Bill acting as captain  
(Continued on page forty-nine)



Behind The  
Howler Door  
by Bill Underwood

# THEY SPENT A LOT OF TIME . . .



THERE ARE some people who would accuse Friedenberf of fiddling away his time and Trueblood of playing around.

But . . .

your *Howler* is going to be late this year, and when you finally do get it the price will have gone up five thousand dollars.

I WAS STANDING in the book store the other day minding my own business and messing with my own coed when Bill McIlwain and Walt Friedenberf came wading through the campaign posters selling the legends. I watched these two approach.

There were screams—"I've already bought one." . . .

"You'd better take one for graduation."

"Let my arm go . . . I'll buy."

"Underwood." I cringed against the wall.

"Did you know that the *Howler* is going in the hole about five thousand dollars this time and that it's going to be late?" Wanting to express myself just right in the presence of these two sages I replied, "No."

Exchanging a look that only those of the first magnitude can, they answered. "It is." See how picturesque that is. See how it



BUT YOU'VE GOT to admit that those cards are entitled to a little diversion. Here the relaxing boys are trying for a pair of queens.

AS SOON AS the sun goes down, the staff begins resting up for the next day's work. Nightwatchman C. N. Nuckles is the solitary toiler.



# THEY SPENT A LOT OF MONEY...

seems to flow? These two boys are going somewhere—McIlwain back to Durham and Friedenberg back North. Still on my good behavior I said, "Well I'll be damned." They laughed at this bit of witticism, and with that nervous habit of temperamental artist McIlwain tore the screen door off of the Monogram Club while Friedenberg pointed and laughed "he he." My girl had clubbed herself in the head with a coke bottle. I was quite upset but Friedenberg assured me that she would have flunked out anyway.

Still shaking with convulsions, McIlwain concurred. "He he." Friedenberg then in that distinguished Northern tongue, said, "Mac (I love the colloquial expressions), we want youse to find out about it, pronto." After going to the Spanish department and finding what this meant (these men are really cosmopolitan), I went back to them and told them I would do it quickly. It doesn't hurt to show someone that you know a little something.

*(Continued on page fifty-four)*



THE LOOT includes a Hayes' first edition, and Picasso's "Fat Boy." Says Jud, "A lot of it was left from last year."



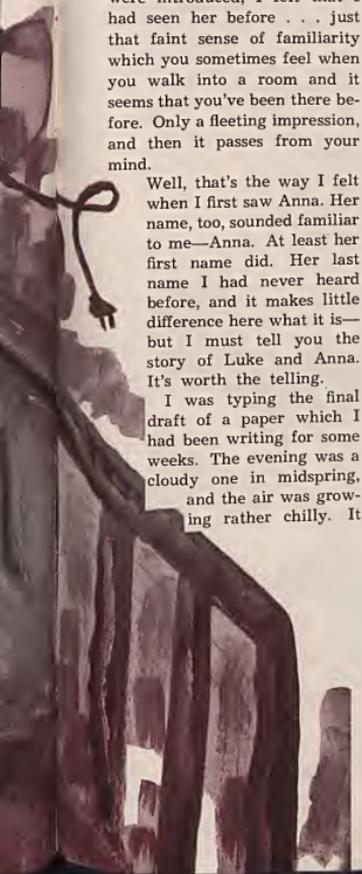
STRETCHING the dollar has been hard this year. (One for me, one for you.) Don't fight, boys. There's plenty for both of you guys.

NOTICE HOW this little underprivileged girl's face brightens on receiving a gift. "Thanks." "Don't thank me. Thank the *Howler*."



# THE FIRST STONE

By Robert Howren



IT WAS NO ORDINARY turn of chance that brought Anna to the same city where Luke and I were studying. The first time I saw her was when Luke brought her by the house one Sunday evening. Even when we were introduced, I felt that I had seen her before . . . just that faint sense of familiarity which you sometimes feel when you walk into a room and it seems that you've been there before. Only a fleeting impression, and then it passes from your mind.

Well, that's the way I felt when I first saw Anna. Her name, too, sounded familiar to me—Anna. At least her first name did. Her last name I had never heard before, and it makes little difference here what it is—but I must tell you the story of Luke and Anna. It's worth the telling.

I was typing the final draft of a paper which I had been writing for some weeks. The evening was a cloudy one in midspring, and the air was growing rather chilly. It

was one of those spring cold snaps which are all the more uncomfortable in contrast with the preceding warm days. The room grew cooler as I banged away on my battered old portable, and as the small steam radiator showed no signs of being on the job, I got up to plug in the cord of the tiny electric heater stationed on the floor between Luke's bed and mine. We had bought the thing during the winter, because at times the feeble efforts of the antiquated furnace in the basement were insufficient to the task of supplying heat to the second-floor rooms of Mrs. Josephson's not-too-ritzy boarding house on Eleventh Street.

FROM THE MOMENT Luke and I bought the small electric heater, he developed an intense aversion to it.

"Modern technology," he pronounced with mock solemnity, "has taken the last vestige of romance from the age-old human necessity of warming oneself. With the advent of this insane contraption has disappeared the esthetic comfort of the open hearth and dancing flames, leaving only the sensual pleasure of physical warmth.

"Look," he continued, when, back in the room we had put the heater into operation, "no mellow glow to warm the soul as well as the body; no castles and giants in the coals—nothing but harsh, impersonal coils, with a little fan to blow the heat around. Mechanical precision—the curse of modern society! Listen to it, sitting there on the floor with its infernal, asinine buzzing, like a little factory, manufacturing heat. Any minute I expect to hear a whistle

blow and a lot of little people come tumbling out."

Taking this speech with my usual grain of salt for such occasions, I remarked that I noticed that he didn't object a hell of a lot to its warmth when Mrs. Josephson's furnace took the day off.

"A necessary evil," he replied.

The heater furnished the subject, in future months, of a great deal of bantering.

I GOT UP FROM MY WORK, set the heater to buzzing, and stepped to the one window of the room to look into the street below.

In the fading light I saw Luke and a girl approaching the house. "That must be Anna." I hadn't seen her before, but I knew that she was occupying a great deal of Luke's time lately.

Luke's habits had changed a great deal since he met Anna. Our varied and sometimes colorful escapades together seemed to have ceased altogether since that time, and our outings were confined to an occasional evening beer down at the "Anchor-age."

I tried to see Anna's face as she and Luke approached the house from across the street, but it was growing dark and I was too far away. They stopped across the street, waiting until traffic would permit them to cross; then Luke placed his hand beneath her elbow and the two walked toward the house. One would hardly suspect that Luke's right leg was factory made. Only a slight limp and seeming heaviness of the right leg gave evidence that he had

(Continued on page fifty-five)

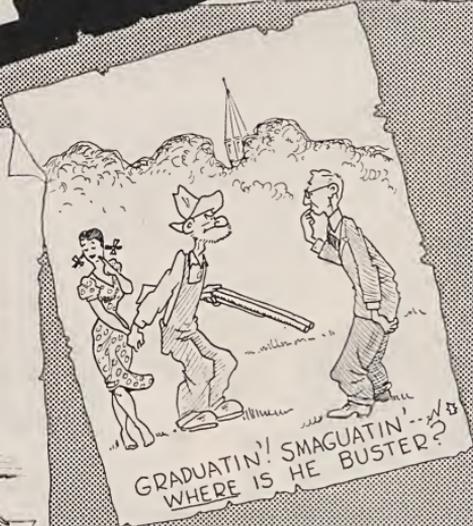
# END OF

by JAY

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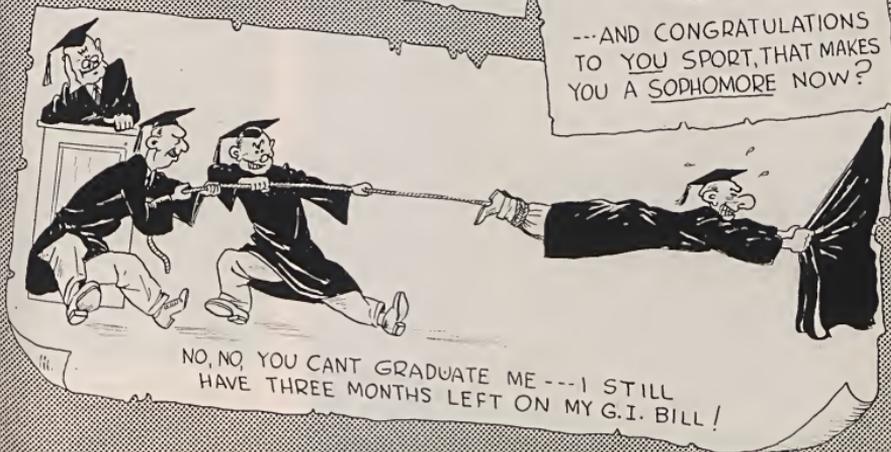
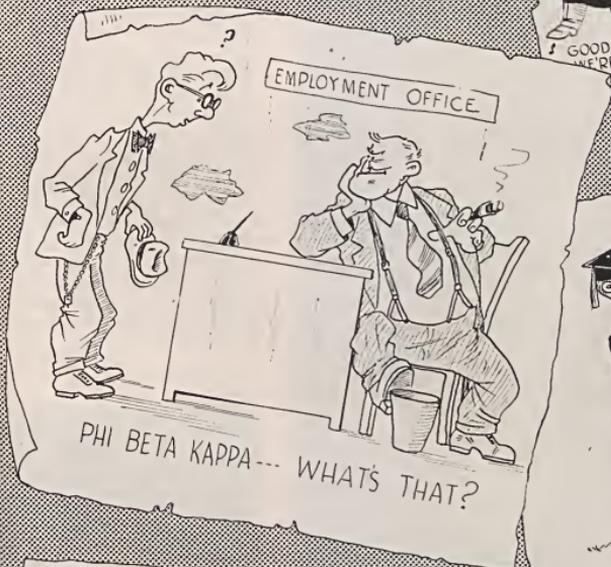
WHAT DID YOU SAY  
YOUR NAME WAS?



GRADUATIN'! SMAGUATIN'! ...  
WHERE IS HE BUSTER?

# THE MILL

BRUBAKER



# WAKE'S

EVER SINCE THE MacDos and Mac Doughs tired of breaking battle axes over English heads and settled down to breaking par over the hallowed hills of Saint Andrews, the game the Scots called golf has captured more hearts than were won by all the smiles of Bonnie Prince Charlie himself. We are quite aware of the fact that as far as humans went, Charlie was quite the lad when it came to winning friends and influencing people. But, the lure of the links holds forth a far stronger tie than any mere personal attachments. Anyone, from Johnny Dub to Jimmy Demaret, will swear that man has no better friend than his partner in the regular Sunday foursome,

ARNOLD PALMER, conference ace



BUD WORSHAM, champ's brother



# OTHER TEE-FORMATION

These Boys Have the Lowest Averages  
in School — But They Like It.  
And So Does the School.

by BILL BETHUNE

wives, old college chums and Santa Clause included.

Looking back over the early history of the game, before Bobby Jones brought history and everything else back to the United States, it isn't hard to see that the misty climate of the Scottish Highlands was a natural for golf, and golfers. Golf should have begun here, for where else in the world could hot tempers cool so quickly, and where else but on a golf course could tempers get so hot in the first place.

Many experts have earnestly tried to picture the perfect golfer, but such a flawless flailer would be a hard man to run down. Offhand, we'd say that the ability of the average fairway farmer varied in a direct ratio to the boiling point of his blood system, which in turn varies inversely to the number of shots that beam down the center. With most country clubs keeping kids away from the course until they have signed statements from their mothers that they don't care what kind

of language they hear, you can see how many of the advocates of the game excell in all its phases.

HOWEVER, IF BY chance you happened to be making your way over the rolling terrain of the Carolina Country Club in the city of Raleigh, in the company of the golfing Deacs, you could take the kids, Aunt Sally and the Sunday School class and fear not the least about purple-colored language. As we mentioned before, it's the boys who stay in the rough who use the rough language. The Baptist par busters figure the woods were put there for the Indians, and the last time any of them were in a sand trap was when Sonny

(Continued on page fifty-eight)



SONNY HARRIS, local talent



DICK TIDDY, 300-pound pounder



FRANK EDENS, Hogan-sized

Deacon Hollow Men  
Buy Your  
SPORT WEAR  
and  
DRESS CLOTHES  
at the Vogue Shop

★

*Vogue*

Raleigh, N. C.

**Everything  
A Drug Store  
Should Be**

**EDWARD'S  
PHARMACY**

Drugs & Sundries  
Lee & Kaywoodie Pipes  
Whitman's Candies  
Magazines  
and Periodicals

★

*Enjoy Our Booths When  
Having Your Cokes  
and Sundaes*

PHONE 2761  
Wake Forest, N. C.



THE NEWEST THING in music arose last month in New York. From the idea created by three men in New York, a place called Bop City has opened its doors to the followers of jazz. The purpose of Bop City is to give people a chance to see and hear all the famous sidemen without parting with too much gold. And the idea is going over great.

Bop City joins the Royal Roost as the place to go while you're in the big city. Located at Broadway and 49th, the new night club will be one of the foremost in the country and one of the few hot spots that is dedicated to good music. The admission price is only ninety cents, and the array of talent couldn't be bought elsewhere for love or money.

On opening night the City was host to something new in the music world. Artie Shaw and a gang of long-hairs christened the place with a touch of Ravel, Milhaud, and De Falla, but it didn't take. The fans wanted bop, so Artie and his crew had to give way to Ella Fitzgerald and Kai Winding. Since the inaugural, there have been no more symphonic concerts.

The new night spot has the reputation now among the jazz

artist as a place to go for jam sessions. Guys like Dizzy Gillespie, Billy Eckstine, Charlie Ventura, et al, play just for the kicks because the crowd appreciates their art. Many of the top stars drop around after their engagements are over and jam with the rest of their set — and the crowd goes wild.

Besides the music, one of the big reasons for the success of Bop City is the popularity of the prices. The club offers just about anything in the line of refreshments from a gin rickey to an ice cream soda. The kids don't have to show their draft cards in order to be served; as long as they stick to the non-alcoholic portion of the menu.

Every Sunday afternoon a jazz concert is given by such headline stars as Sarah Vaughn, Charlie Parker, Woody Herman, Charlie Barnet, the King Cole trio, Illinois Jacquet, and the dance groups of Jack Cole and Katherine Dunham. Of course all of the stars don't appear on the same bill, but the City does offer several feature attractions every Sunday.

New Yorkers have labeled Bop City as "the new jazz center of the world." Most of the club's fans prefer to sit in the theater section and spend the entire evening listening to the jazz presentations that are offered. The semi-circular stage is surrounded by tables, for those who desire them, and nearly one thousand people can be seated comfortably.

ANOTHER POPULAR feature of Bop City will be the recording of several new albums of Jazz at the Philharmonic. The producer of the albums has fallen in line with the new rage and plans to assemble a host of jazz men and cut a few platters in the near future.

If Bop City continues to catch on in other cities it looks as if the average jazz addict will be in a world of his own. With bop

and the blues brought out of smoke-filled liquor joints on 52nd Street, where the beer costs seventy-five cents and the liquor is watered, modern music will have an ever growing herd of fans. In a place like Bop City, for instance, one can pay the ninety cents admission charge and enjoy the music in a lavish night club with all the extras. The refreshments are optional and the ninety cents buys an evening's entertainment of America's finest modern music artists.

New Orleans is furthering the idea with a Sunday jazz concert in the city's auditorium featuring the best Dixieland sidemen in the canal city. The setup is about the same as Bop City's Sunday concert and is broadcast coast to coast.

The age of modern music looks as if it's here to stay for a long time.

—BILL HENSLEY.

## For Late Snacks Early in "Morn"

Drop By To See  
Wake Forest's

# SHORTY'S

HOT DOGS

and

HAMBURGERS

*Our Specialty*

Wake Forest, N. C.



**S**TUDENTS OF MEDIEVAL history, as well as music-lovers, should be interested in Mendelssohn's *Reformation Symphony*, a composition written to be used at a ceremony commemorating the Augsburg Confession, but quite well-suited to anyone who likes variety.

The four-disc album is performed on Victor records by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, directed by Sir Thomas Beecham. It is listed as *Symphony Number Five, Opus 107*, in D minor, although in chronology it is second among Mendelssohn's symphonies.

The three movements although unified in treatment, provide an artistic variety. The first incorporates much militaristic trumpet fanfare, in keeping with the zeal of the Reformation, along with the use of the "Dresden Amen" familiar to church-goers as a prayer response. This is the same pattern Wagner uses in *Parsifal* as the "Grail" motif. In this movement it is used sparingly, inserted after grand crescendoes by the brasses. It is done on muted strings, which sound exceptionally fragile by contrast. The general effect of the movement pictures the power, brutality, and also the divinity of

theory which were mixed into the Reformation itself.

After the somewhat grim, yet surprisingly melodious first movement, the second is mildly amazing. It is in waltz time, a well-constructed scherzo, which is supposed to picture the dissolute priesthood in times of pleasure. The wood-winds carry a delicate melody which is woven through the movement against a background of muted strings playing with short stopped bows on the beat. The accents are very clear.

According to some authorities this movement has some of the finest scoring for wood-winds in all symphonic music, and surely the orchestra on this recording does it justice. The short clarinet solos and the flute passages are particularly melting, and might remind one who has been studying ancient history of the pipes of Pan, or another such fairy myth.

This is a section to set the

## We Always Offer the BEST

*We Offer You Best  
Wishes for a  
Successful Vacation*

We Are Looking Forward  
to Your Arrival this Fall

TRADE AT

# Ben's

of

Wake Forest

head nodding and the feet tapping, and is hard to equal in classical music for pure light-hearted gaiety without recourse to one of the Strauss family.

**T**HE THIRD MOVEMENT ties in again closely with the Lutherans and the crusading effort. It amounts almost to a hymn-tune fantasy on *Ein Feste Burg*, sung in many churches today in the translation, *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God*. Both words and music have been attributed to Martin Luther, although it seems more probable that John Walther set Luther's poem to music for him.

At the beginning of the movement one flute begins the chorale, while all the other instruments rest. The effectiveness of this is hard to parallel. Then slowly, as the theme progresses, the other instruments come in, amplifying the melody, adding harmonies, and finally counter-melodies, until they reach a

strong crescendo. Almost the entire orchestra plays the theme then in unison, and very loudly. It has a clean, square-cut sound, which makes the listener visualize huge crowds of simple men marching freely into their plain chapels, with heads held fearlessly high. Then the musical elation of the composition moves into some more brassy-sounding fanfares, reminiscent of the first movement, and afterwards becomes polyphonic enough to sound somewhat Bach-y.

The ending is quite simple and not nearly as prolonged as that of many symphonies. In a very measured, slow tempo, with only the simplest of harmonies, the full orchestra repeats the uncluttered hymn tune, and rare is the listener who, if he knows the words, does not go away singing, "His kingdom is forever!"

The entire symphony is captivating to listen to. It incorporates good balance both in volume, tempo, instruments, mood, key, and feeling. The second movement could serve as background music, but the whole thing is so absorbing that it really invites the listener to put everything aside and enjoy it thoroughly.

—ALICE PURYEAR.

#### BEHIND THE STUDENT DOOR

(Continued from page two)

bowl story, and what he calls a "highly humorous" account of an Interfraternity Council meeting.

Walt Friedenbergs showed up in September weighing in at 196, in purple trunks, and including this issue, has donated 24 pounds of blubber, two quarts of blood, and a number of stories to this year's mag. His goal was "anything for a laugh," including getting arrested in Wake Forest and dating a coed, but he usually got more laughs from his straight stories. Walt also popped out a couple of character sketches.

When Hayes left school in March (he says, "Voluntarily, fellas.") McIlwain and Friedenbergs, instead of changing the mag's name to *The Student Quarterly* and going out to Ray's, clenched their teeth (including McIlwain's \$40 gold incisor) and turned out the last two issues of the magazine.

If you really want to know what happened to Hayes, see page 11.

**W**E HAD TO CHAIN RALPH "Sot" Herring to his refrigerator to make him do it, but he immortalized a couple of dozen students and a half dozen STUDENTS by oil painting covers that Washington and Lee's *Southern Collegian* called "the best college art we've seen." Unchained, but fed intravenously, "Sot" drew illustrations for two short stories to boot.

Ralph Stowe, a Blackstone in his mouth and a Blackstone under his arm, sent his stories fluttering down out of a window in the Law School. You'll remember the Stowe Plan for the subsidization of football fans, the economic bust-up story, a pair of character sketches, and many picture captions.

Another legal man, Bill Underwood, started off as a short story writer with "God's Love," and "The Whining Madonna," then said something funny in the office one day. We laughed. And Underwood was sent home to his Underwood to write funny. He chipped in a character sketch, and the *Howler* expose, which appears in this issue.

Bill Bethune joined the club in mid-season with his survey on Big Four cafeterias, which appeared just about the time he was putting on all that weight. Turning sports expert, Bill followed up with stories on pitcher Harry Nicholas and on this year's divot-digging Deacon Duffers.

Evelyn MacDaniel Ward, of

### STOP! THINK! REMEMBER!

WHERE YOU EAT THE  
MOST SATISFYING MEALS  
IN BAPTIST HOLLOW

You Will Join in With Others  
in Soying That

## THE HEN HOUSE

IS YOUR FAVORITE PLACE  
FOR EATING  
BETTER PREPARED FOODS

"Our 'Nests' Are Cool in  
Warm Weather"

Ward and Ward of the legal world, put aside the duties of the hearth long enough to write up interviews with Paul Green and Dr. "Skinny" Pearson and dash off another exclusive STUDENT expose, the one on how coeds trap their men, a story signed "Anonymous," whose identity will never be revealed.

OTHER REGULARS on the editorial staff were Alice Puryear and Bill "Al" Hensley, Alice informed our readers of significant events in the world of classical music. Bill put down what was where in jazz, man.

With the exception of the "Sot" Herring, the art staff was good-looking, and so were their illustrations. Bet Isbell, who did a short story illustration for every issue, as well as the silhouettes in the back of the book, would have made the grade even if she hadn't been Hayes' girl. Jan Young maintained the standard in both talent and looks.

Hold it. Our cartoonists, Bob Sherrill and Jay Brubaker, are ugly, too. "Sheddill" got more laughs per line than any member of the editorial staff. Jay Brubaker reinforced Bob this spring, in the back and on story illustrations—like coed rules, for example. For being good, both boys were given two page spreads. Hayes did a little cartoon-story illustrating before the pros came along.

Aesthetes as well as illiterates and admirers of the well-turned calf enjoyed the photographs of Jim Anderson. As the Chinese saying goes, "One picture is worth a thousand words." It always took us about four thousand words to get Anderson to bring a picture in on time.

Not a regular member of the staff, but the man who made more money off THE STUDENT than any of the regulars, was John "Snake" Byers. He had three short stories published, including two contest winners, and gained himself fame and \$30.

BU T BEFORE SHORT stories, cartoons, typographical miscues and the like ever saw the light of impressive black print, some courageous soul had to wrestle the time-worn problem of who's going to pay for all these wonderful things. Lion-hearted Lee Royall, as Business Manager, got the nod. He didn't feel quite lion-hearted enough to beat the streets alone in search of advertising, so he took on as hired help Dave Herring and Bernard Dixon. To this trio goes the honor of having footed the bill for the biggest—and our mothers say "best"—issues of THE STUDENT in the 115-history of the College.

B.A., B.S., M.A., M.S., LL.B.

(Continued from page ten)

Cash: No, but I can buy a uniform.

Wiggins: Don't get a uniform. Get a coat of mail. Ho, ho, ho, ho. . . .

Cash: I will. I will.

So Cash got a job hauling the mail cart for the P.O.

Three girls had jobs dumped into their laps when Shorty decided that what he needed was three girls to dump into the laps of his customers. With hostesses ushering the boys in for their midnight snack, and a general change in the tone of his establishment, Shorty has changed his slogan to "Meet me at Shorty's—by appointment, only." Shorty says, "It gives the girls a job, it adds class to the place, and it takes the boys' minds off the coffee."

But be that as it may, not everybody will be so fortunate as to get a job here in Wake Forest. The P.O. only needs one man and Shorty's only needs three girls. And the other places have enough people. What they need is better ones. So a lot of new grads are going to be chased out of town by the law of supply and demand and begin hunting for jobs.

THERE ARE ANY number of ways that you can get hired if you have no scruples. The "Make Yourself At Home" method works fine. Shep Hamrick and Merle Dotson, who didn't mind working in a clip joint, got jobs right away. The first thing they did was to pick out a barber shop where they thought they'd like to work. Then, wearing waiters' jackets they'd borrowed from Dick Frye's, and carrying old issues of the Police Gazette under their arms, they stepped right in and up to a chair and started work—Merle shaving and Shep manicuring. Pretty soon—after slitting a few throats and amputating various fingers, they got to be pretty good at it, and the manager stopped asking who they were and started paying them.

Then, there's the "Stick Around and Make Yourself Obnoxious and They'll Give You a Job" system, as successfully

**THE KIND  
OF SERVICE  
That You Are  
Bound To  
Like**

*Looking Forward to  
Your Return to  
Wake Forest*

**B & E  
Cleaners**

Phone 3072 Wake Forest, N. C.

employed by Tom Jones and Frog Augst. Tom left school because he couldn't find anyone to write his master's thesis and Frog figured he wasn't in town enough to go to classes, so they hit the road in search of a job. Both of them wound up in a used car lot, owned and supplied by a gang of Wake Forest Kappa Sigs. By sticking around the lot for a few weeks, blowing horns, dropping firecrackers into gas tanks, and smearing peanut butter on the upholstery, the boys won the heart of the manager. He pushed Tom off the lot but he couldn't budge Frog. And when he tried to shove Frog, Tom came back, so he hired them both so he could fire them. But since then the boys have been hiding in the trunk of a '39 Packard, so they've still got their jobs.

**A**NOTHER FAVORITE technique with this year's collegiate crop will be the "Gee, Sir, I really Need the Job" angle. Boys like Lacey Blue, who ordinarily wouldn't be good for anything much besides slipping through keyholes to open locked doors, wrangled himself a position as a heavyweight wrestler. But he had to lie about his weight. Forced to leave the bar because he was a minor, he left the postoffice box where he lived, dressed up in an old sweat suit and made the trip to Promoter John Burney's office and made his plea for a job as a groaner. "What experience have you had?" Bruney growled, after he sold Lacey a shirt. "I acted with the College Little Theater and I sung with the glee club," replied Lacey. "Do you promise to maul your opponent?" asked Burney. Flexing his muscle, (you know that muscle he has) Lacey returned, "I'll squeeze his guts out." And, as you've probably read in the papers, he's meeting Bill George in Philly next week. *Requiescat in pace,*

Lacey, which is, I believe, Latin for "George will win."

Only a few, only a chosen few, will be able to use the "My Friend, I'll Tell You What I'm Going To Do For You" approach. The idea, as successfully illustrated by Paul Moyle and Henry Huff and others, is to never let the prospective employer say anything. You go into a clothing store, see, wearing a Panama hat, sun glasses, a big tie, referee's shirt, alligator shoes, and a cane. You bust right in, go right up to the owner and give him a slap on the back and chuck on the cheek, and go into your act:

"Hell-O, Hell-O. Well, what kinuva hole d'ya call this? Brudder, what choo need is LIFE, per-son-AL-ity!! What this place needs is a little noise! Say something. Whattsa matter? Ya got cold feet? Ya tootsies a frozen asset? O, brudder, I'm jus' what choo need!! Friend, I like you. I like ya looks. An' O'll tell you what I'm gonna do for ya business. For only one hunnert dollars a week, I am gonna make this the biggest li'l clothing store in the worl', including Canada. . . . If you make me manager. . . ." Well, he won't make you manager, but you might get a job in the hosiery department.

**S**EE, IT'S EASY. I feel confident that by the middle of next week, the Class of '49 will have secured, one hundred per cent, positions of employment which far exceed their wildest expectations. In fact, there seems to be a public announcement for a post here which has caught my eye:

**COLLEGE** Graduates! Geology majors preferred. Yes, we have room for a number of clean-cut, robust ambitious grads. No experience necessary. Here's a down-to-earth position, and the ground you cover is just as big

as you want to make it! We want YOU in our organization! If you get in there and dig, you can buy stock in the company dirt cheap. Only college graduates need apply. Bring your own shovel.

O.K., Boss. How deep shall we go?

### THE HAYES STORY

(Continued from page thirteen)

company has made reservations for me?"

Insolently, I blew cigarette smoke out my nostrils at him. He peered over his bi-focals at me.

"Wipe yer nose, boy," he snarled, "wipe yer nose."

**T**HEN, AS I hastily complied, he removed his glasses and washed out his eyes with boric acid. Replacing his glasses, he pushed the registration book toward me and thrust a nice, new fountain pen into my vest pocket, apparently believing it to be my hand.

I let it remain there, of course, and I then shrewdly signed the guest book by writing with the edge of the rubber heel on my left shoe.

The old gentleman fooled me though, because, after I had finished, he snatched my shoe, filled it with a bottle of ink and stuck it away in a drawer. Then he looked through his glasses straight at the pen in my vest pocket. Emitting a shrill scream, he struck me in the mouth, retrieved his pen and loudly accused me of theft.

"If you will tell me my room number, I will retire," I said archly, attempting to twist my fat, bloody lip into a wan smile.

He looked me straight in the eye and said with a cold leer on his wrinkled face, "Basement dormitory: 27th cot on the left."

He said it almost as if he were pronouncing sentence upon me.

He was.

MORNING BROKE ON Atlanta in a beautiful way and the air was clear, wholesome and wonderful to breathe. Or so it seemed to me that March 14th, my first working day, as I leaped from the steps of my palatial home. I was detained momentarily by the knot coming loose in my old pillow case, which was tied about my left foot.

"Drat that old, senile gentleman anyhow," I said to myself as I fussed to make it neat.

But it was only a little thing, and the bright sunshine quickly warmed the cold cavern of my heart which had forced me to utter such a shocking expletive.

After a two-block walk (which really seemed like nothing because of the joy within me) I came to the Hurt Building, home of the great Southern Bell<sup>1</sup> Telephone and Telegraph Company. Yes, it was the home of Southern Bell,<sup>2</sup> and because of that, it was my home now . . . a place where I would both work and play, in continuous fellowship with many happy telephone folk.

At first, as I gazed upon that towering monument of concrete and steel, I was struck with awe. And then, suddenly, a great wave of confidence filled me. They had hired me: they knew about me. They wanted me!

I swept into the revolving door and was quickly swept out again by a terrific force exerted from the other side. It was a woman who outweighed me by only a few pounds, but who obviously was quite stronger than she looked.

"Touché, Madam," I said sportsman-like as I picked myself up from the sidewalk.

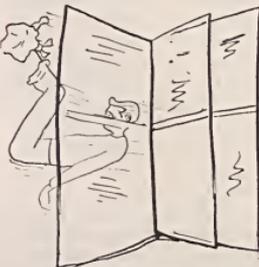
Still as confident, but now more cautious, I walked around

<sup>1</sup> Patent applied for: 22696969-69, Alexander G. Bell.

<sup>2</sup> A. G. Bell invented the telephone in 1876.

<sup>3</sup> Patent applied for: 22696969-696, Alexander G. Bell.

to the side entrance where the doors were less modern but more likely to yield to my some ninety odd pounds.



AND THEN I FOUND myself in a city within a city. Everywhere there were people, bustling hither and yon, all gainfully employed, all adding their bit to our society. I made my way to one of the elevators. In less than a second, I was whisked upward to the 97th floor, but it was only after I had sworn I would never be sick again that the elevator girl did allow me to depart.

And now, after four years of college and four-hundred miles of travel, I stood before the door which I would open upon my life's career. On it was printed, "Public Relations Department," Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company."



I opened the door and the sight which met my eyes was marvelous to behold. The entire suite of offices were walled with telephone pole-paneling, and each individual office was built in the style of a pay-station booth.

"Number, please," said the receptionist at the desk.

"Hayes," I said hopefully, "Harold Hayes, H-a-y- . . ."

"Just a moment, pul-lease," she said, throwing switches and connecting wires wildly.

I shifted my weight to my right foot since my old pillow case had worn through and the floor was getting cold.

Meanwhile, she whispered alternately into seventeen telephones located on and about her desk.

Somewhat nervously, I walked into the office on the left, which not only looked like a telephone booth, but was, indeed, an actual telephone booth. As I shut the door behind me, a light and a fan turned on automatically. I picked up the receiver.

"Hello," I said warily.

"Hayes," rasped a voice over the wire, "you have been hired by this company. However, I would like to ask you a few questions to determine how telephone-conscious you are."

"Go ahead, please" said I, already catching on adeptly to their bizarre telephone jargon.

THERE WAS A silence at the other end of the line. I could tell he was impressed.

"Who," rasped the voice, "is Alexander Graham Bell?"

Ah ha, so he thought he would catch me on that one, did he? But I was not so uninformed as he thought. It was not all for nothing that I had studied so adroitly at Wake Forest. And I had been reading up on the telephone company, too. So it was that I spoke out, with a voice clear and true: "Present president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company of which Southern Bell is a subsidiary."

There was another silence at the end of the wire, this time a little longer.

I had him; I knew I had him.

As time passed, the questions grew harder and harder, and

after I gave him my answers, the periods of silence lasted for a longer duration. That silence could mean only one thing: I knew the answers.

Now he asked, "Southern Bell covers what section of the country?"

Would he never learn that I was not to be fooled by those silly trick questions?

"Every section of the country that has a telephone," I answered quickly, a trifle impatiently.

I thought this time I heard him gasp, but, no doubt, it was due to his amazement at my alacrity.

"And finally," he said at length, "is it in the public interest to separate Western Electric from the Bell System?"

I mentally reviewed my instruction in economy and political science at W. F., cleared my throat and began.

"Why, I should certainly think so! Even a child would know that the Bell Telephone Company and Western Electric together would compromise one of the most ruthless monopolies imaginable. It would cause financial destruction to our great nation!"

This time, there was a terribly long silence. I shifted my weight to my right foot again. Perhaps he desired me to expound more fully on what I had said.

"And furthermore. . ." I began.

"You're fired," he said.

A MUSCLE IN MY jaw twitched only slightly. Quietly but casually I replaced the receiver on the hook. . . .



#### TIP FOR LUCRETIOUS

(Continued from page fifteen)

"Where's my studs?" he griped, fumbling among the assortment of trinkets cluttering the desk, "I left them right here on this table."

"How should I know?" Muscles retorted, "you never put your things away. I'm sure I haven't touched 'em. Say—listen. He's pretty good, isn't he?"

"Who?"

"Shine."

Sunny threw a defiant look at the open bottle and tilted it, filling the shot glass. The penetrating vapors of alcohol escaped, saturating the air and cloaking the pungent odor of mildewed underclothing and towels. He closed his eyes and gulped it down with a single upturning. Gasping for breath, he leaped to the water fountain in the hallway. Muscles issued a harsh, guttural clicking he meant for a laugh. Returning to the room, he lit a cigarette and inhaled it deeply, exhaling through his nostrils. After a few successive drags, he dropped it among the shredded, flat butts speckling the floor.

Slivers of late afternoon sunlight streamed in through the milky windows, casting bobbing, silvery shadows like erratic spotlights upon the unmade beds. Sunny took his tuxedo from the closet, placing it upon the dingy sheets of his bunk. Particles of dust swarmed up as if agitated by him. Removing the trousers from the hanger, he slipped into them, nearly losing his balance. Muscles was gazing into the mirror and admiring his wavy hair as he adjusted the bow tie below his jutting chin.

"Hey, Shine!" Sunny called, "come on in here if you want t'shine my shoes."

"Yes suh!" he said, jumping up as if a live wire had hit him.

A PAIR OF CALLOUSED and chapped feet pattered across the floor. He moved with conscious agility, his wary eyes darting from Sunny to Muscles. After throwing a handful of clothes upon the bed, Sunny rested his foot upon the chair.

"No suh—I've got m'box," the boy humbly whispered, placing a rough-hewn shine kit upon the floor.

Mechanically, Sunny put his foot upon the bridge of the box and reached for the bottle. The waif had knelt, cutting his bright eyes upward as Sunny swallowed the dram. His eyes faltered and fell upon numerous coins and crumpled bills upon the table beside him. A dollar lay upon the edge within easy reach. He stared at the picture upon the money and suddenly felt ashamed. Mr. Washington seemed to be reading his innermost thoughts.

"What's your name, boy?" Sunny commanded, the intoxicant making him glib.

"I've Lucretius," the boy announced as he patted and dobed the shoe with strained fingers.

"You gonna' give me a good shine, boy?"

"Yes suh! I've d'bes' in town!" he grinned.

"Well, give me a good job, but make damn sure you make it snappy."

"UMMMMMMM-UM! You boys sho' is dressed fine. You mus' be goin' t'dat dance to'night?"

"That's right, boy, we've goin' to 'dat dance," Sunny mocked, "make those shoes sparkle!"

"Yes suh! I sho' will!"

"Hey, Sunny, min' if I have another drink?" Muscles asked feebly.

"Sure! — why not? — give Shine a shot—give everybody in th' dorm a shot!"

"No suh. I ain't ol' 'nuff t'be drinkin' no whiskey. Paw's allus drinkin' an' I ain't never tetched none of what he'ze got."

"You ain't!"  
"No suh, but I smokes."

MUSCLES STEPPED BESIDE the working boy, watching him apply the polish. Receiving a whiff of the foul odor seeping from his tatters, he downed the drink as he angled away.

"Ugh! God, it's awful! Why th' hell don't you buy some good whiskey sometimes?"

Sunny glared insolently. Lucretius chuckled.

"If you don't like it, you sure as hell don't have t'drink it!"

"Hey boy," Muscles drawled, "what's wrong with your head? You losin' your hair?"

Lucretius smiled bashfully, touching the top of his hair with his knotty fingers.

"No suh. I'ze been fightin'."

Muscles spotted the bottoms of Lucretius' shoeless feet. His eyes stole above the self-drink bottles upon the window-sill to the snow lodged between the forks of the oak outside.

"Hey, boy. Don't your feet get cold?"

He blinked, trying to draw up his feet and hide them among the slitted rags around his ankles.

"Sometimes 'dey does, but I'ze got used to't now."

"Here, boy, I've got somethin' that might help you."

Muscles stooped below the clothes hanging in the closet, plundering among the boxes and sporting equipment. Straightening up, he threw a pair of tennis shoes beside the shine box.

"They might be a little large, boy, but they'll keep your feet from freezing. Don't you have any shoes?"

LUCRETIUS WAS BAFFLED. His eyes sparkled with gratitude and widened in appraisal. He bowed his head as if the gift had

scorched his pride. Presently his attention strayed to the dollar bill upon the desk. He was afraid to look Mr. Washington straight in the face. His conscience seemed to be coaxing him into doing something he knew was wrong. Lifting his customer's foot, he motioned for him to place the other in position upon the box.

"Boy! How much you charge for shoe shines?"

Lucretius stared at the dollar bill lying upon the table. Stealing that money would be no crime as badly as he needed it. Poverty was a reality. Thievery was an act he could soon blot from his mind. If only he dared speak! A whisper told him to speak up and say a dollar. He pictured Sunny handing him a twenty-five cent tip—even a half—and maybe, maybe that frayed dollar upon the desk. He continued shining as if he had not heard Sunny's question.

"Boy!" Sunny chirped, "you give me a good shine an' I'll fix you up right."

Lucretius coated the shoe with an ample amount of polish. Sunny's petty squabbling with Muscles were far-away words void of all meaning as he meditated. No need to be stingy with

the polish now. His imagination went wild, and he pictured himself placing the dollar before his mother. It would be a night of rejoicing!

TWILIGHT WAS A mass of clouds tinged with gold. The room was dusky and the air was heavy with cigarette smoke. Muscles was now fully dressed, handsome in his formal attire. Bending in front of the mirror, he pinched a wave into his hair. Through the reflection, he watched Lucretius working the shine rag. The tune he played was a rhythmic beat, a hollow drumming. Lucretius chanted in cadence with it.

"Lucretius!" Muscles called as he ambled over to him, "how long you been shinin' shoes?"

"Suh?" Lucretius responded from instinct, cocking his head and feeling good because someone was taking an interest in him.

"How many years you been 'round this college?"

"Bout fo' years, I reckon," he sighed.

"How long you been shinin' shoes?"

"Evah since I been here."

"How old are you, boy?"

Lucretius dropped his arms



"Any of you guys seen Dick Tracy?"

upon his bare knees and rested.

"I'ze 'leven—goin' on twelve."

A smear of crimson had crept into Sunny's high cheeks. The bottle was nearly empty. Groping for the chair behind him, he plopped in it, his head sagging. He commanded Muscles to turn on the overhead light. He did it. Lucretius squinted his frog-eyes.

"Boy! Where you live?" Sunny lisped.

"Suh?"

"I said where you live?"

"I lives on t'other side of town down yonder 'cross d'railroad tracks," Lucretius stammered, aiming an indirect eye at the dollar bill. Mr. Washington's face seemed stern.

"Boy! You know how to shine shoes?"

"Yas suh! I can dance an' shine while I'ze dancin'."

"Never mind—you jus' shine if you want a good tip."

LUCRETIUS NEEDED no second warning. He resumed the tune with the rag, thrushing from his mind any sundry ideas about the dollar. It would soon belong to him without need for theft! Just to touch it—to wrap it around his finger and feel its spongy tissue. Then he would inspect it—yes, every square inch of it. Fold or wrinkle it? Never! He saw himself ignoring the staccato wail of his baby brother and sliding it into the warm hand of his mother. How proud she would be of him! He choked with enthusiasm.

"Boy! You know how to shine shoes?" Sunny blurted, his eyelids half closed.

"Yas suh! I'ze d'bes' shine boy in 'dis town. I is! Ain't you heered me make 'dis rag pop?"

"Pop to hell! Your mother work?"

"Yas suh. Sho' she works. She does d'washin' f'college girls. Paw keeps a col' all d'time an' ain't able t'do no wurk."

"Well, boy! Why don't he see a doctor?" Sunny thundered.

"Hey, Sunny. Lay off th' boy an' let'im finish. You better stop hittin' that whiskey so hard. We won't get to that dance," Muscles warned, crossing his legs as he sat upon the bed behind Lucretius.

"You mind your own damn business! You're not my boss!"

LUCRETIUS HAD finished, and lëaning away from Sunny's shoes, admired his work. It was truly a dollar shine, he thought. He had done his very best and the dollar would be a just reward. Those fancy college boys knew little of the value of money. Why that whiskey must have cost as much as fifty shoe shiners.

"Boy! You finished?"

"Yas suh!"

His joints cracked as he stood up and wiped his spread fingers upon his baggy pants supported by a rope, his eyes glued to the thin dollar. Mr. Washington appeared to be observing his every move. His anxiety was conquering his will. His heart pounded. He placed a grimy hand over his chest as if to hush the steady thumping.

Sunny's body weaved as he rose from the chair. Staggering to the table, he raked the small change into the palm of his hand. Lucretius finched as he heard it jingle when it reached the bottom of the pocket. Then Sunny picked up the crisp bills, his glassy stare overlooking the one on the corner of the table. Lucretius watched Sunny's hands, his thick lips parted. Awe masked his face as he saw Sunny arranging the wad of money, then folding it and slipping it into his pocket. He exhaled softly. The dollar remained upon the corner of the table.

"Boy! How much I owe you?" Sunny smirked as he groped for the arm-holes in his coat.

"Ten cents," Lucretius said wistfully.

"Muscles! You ready? Let's go! What time is it? Boy am I

gonna' be hep t'night! I love everybody!"

"Yeah—I'm ready. I've been sittin' here waitin' for you just for my health. We're late now, Sunny."

"Who cares!" he shouted, reaching for the bottle.

"No! Leave it here. You've had enough."

"Like hell I have!"

"You going to pay Lucretius?" Muscles nodded, "he's wait—ing"

"Boy! How much I owe you?"

Lucretius eased away from Sunny.

"Jes' ten cents."

SUNNY DUG INTO his pocket, withdrawing the coins. Squinting one eye, he swayed toward Lucretius, gingerly lifting a dime. He thrust the coin at him.

"Boy!"

"Suh?"

"That shine won't worth a dime!"

A creepy tickle welled up in his throat. His skin crawled with goose-pimples. He stiffened, forcing back the tears and accepting the money in the palm of his bleached hand.

"Boy! Here's a nickel tip," Sunny breathed, struggling to control himself, "but that shine won't worth a damn!"

Lucretius stepped aside as Sunny brushed past. Muscles uncrossed his legs and followed. Standing erect in the center of the room, he listened as the hollow footsteps faded away. He bent over and picked up the tennis shoes. Then he hesitated, dropping them upon the floor. Kneeling, he placed the polish and musical shine cloth back into the box. His eyes stuck to the dollar bill that Sunny had failed to take. Mr. Washington was frowning. He knew he must leave immediately. Shine boys were not allowed to remain in dormitories. Suppose someone should discover him? He did

not want to be scoffed at. Words stung!

**D**ROPPING THE TWO coins into his pocket, he felt his way across the drafty hallway and down the dank steps. The image of the dollar remaining upon the table was stamped in his mind. He was sure that Mr. Washington was smiling now.

#### DR. "SKINNY"

(Continued from page eighteen)

search and writing have been curtailed. He has nevertheless written numerous articles for magazines and done work for the Dictionary of American Biography.

One of Dr. Pearson's major interests in the course of his career has been the encouragement and promotion of the boys whose superior ability in this field qualify them for greater attainment. It was in an effort to practice what he had been preaching to these students that took him to the University of Pennsylvania for a year's study in 1925.

Another effective stimulus he provided for these men was the Political Science Club, which operated somewhat along the lines of the literary societies but dealt exclusively with the subjects related to political science. The club was composed of twelve members who elected their own successors when a vacancy occurred. At the monthly meetings, individual members presented brief papers, which were subsequently eaten, smoked and talked over. Among the distinguished names on the rolls of the Political Science Club during the ten years of its existence are G. E. Modlin, Carroll Weathers, Stag Ballentine, Jimmy Hogue, Chris Crittenden.

**W**HEN SOCIAL FRATERNITIES were first permitted on the campus, Dr. Pearson served as the first chairman of the fraternity council. Another important

duty has been his work with the library committee, of which he is still a member.

During the first World War, Dr. Pearson became interested in the National Security League, and the summer of 1918 found him hard at work writing a handbook for the organization. It was the purpose of the League, Princeton born and supported, to assist in the war effort and ultimately to promote the formation of a League of Nations. The handbook, requiring the constant labor of Dr. Pearson and four stenographers, contained information on the background and purposes of the war effort, and was to be passed out to teachers and traveling salesmen in particular, in order to make it most effective. But the war ended just as the first few copies were run off the press.

The League's activities locally took the form of providing an eating place for the soldiers. Dr. Pearson returned to lead the Wake Forest group, and through his efforts the gymnasium, now

the Social Science building, underwent a drastic transformation and became a dining hall. The floor of the gym was converted into the eating room; food reached the hungry men from the kitchen below by way of an elevator. However the elevator, Dr. P. Wryly informed us, rarely worked.

Candy and other similar luxuries were hard for the soldiers to acquire, so the room which now serves as Dr. Pearson's office was used as a small store where such items could be purchased. Afterward the little College Book Shop was operated for the students and was the first central campus location for books and other supplies, including snacks. The head of the history department himself supervised the shop for its first four years.

**I**T WILL COME AS A shock to many that golf was not always the dynamic forte of the Wake Forest faculty. In that span of years between the college's founding and the coming



Which twin had the pony?

of Dr. Pearson, other sports and especially tennis held sway. The history professor, we learned, owned the first set of clubs in this town. Mr. E. B. Earnshaw, Dr. Billy Potat, Mr. Roy Power and other able converts and cohorts aided Dr. Pearson in promoting a golf club here. The first attempt was on the site of the old tennis courts, now a trailer camp. Next they moved out to the Durham Highway location, built a clubhouse and succeeded eventually in interesting the college in financing and continuing the project.

Until some dozen or so years ago Dr. Pearson was an avid golfer, and still remains enthusiastic about the sport. Though he has to deny originating the expression, there are many who remember hearing the good Doctor emitting some vehement, "Oh, Teddy Roosevelt!"'s in some unlucky moments on the greens. The listener who might be trapped into asking the meaning of the epithet would be rather smugly informed, "Why, the Teddy Roosevelt is the biggest dam(n) in the world!" (Well, it was then, anyway).

Dr. Pearson's scholastic honors and achievements will not quickly be forgotten, but we are certain that long after Richmond College, Columbia and Yale have crumbled, generations of Wake Forester's will be unwinding yarns about "Skinny" Pearson, as he has been affectionately and universally known.

LIKE HIS FELLOW Virginian, George Washington, Dr. P. has attained recognition well within the boundaries of his lifetime. Two generations of Deacons have already expended a considerable amount of leisure time and talent in passing on the piquant remarks and humorous experiences of their Puckish professor.

As all of his students have learned, Dr. Pearson is a master of repartee. His deliberate, barely audible voice is the per-

fect medium for the sly comments that climax suspenseful situations. Not one of the students present will forget sitting in class, waiting for him to return to the first lecture after his marriage. Having enjoyed the luxury of a prolonged bachelorhood, Dr. Pearson surprised the entire college and community by marrying at all. The boys were therefore waiting expectantly for the bridegroom's first words. The room fell silent and waited as he entered. Finally, in somber, impressive tones, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course. . . ."

The effect of Dr. Pearson's droll comments and illustrations would be greatly lessened without his physical assets to accompany them. Whether developed for the sake of effect or a natural tendency, there is an air of extreme deliberation about everything he does. His words seem heavily weighed and selected before their utterance;

this, plus his low, but distinct, voice create the familiar classroom atmosphere with every student on the edge of his seat, straining to catch every word as it is spoken. (In view of the resulting class attention, we suspect Dr. P. of cultivating this one!).

HIS SLIGHT FRAME seems fragile as he walks and moves about carefully. Students have watched fearfully at a distance or rushed up to walk immediately behind him in order to cushion the fall, as he cautiously crept up the steps to the Social Science building on icy days. When he laughs his famous silent laugh, it seems to possess and vibrate through his whole body. Seeing the man thoroughly amused transmits as much humor often as as the thing he told. Since golf was dropped as an activity, about the most striking physical accomplishment that his students observe—and



"Sho long ol' pal. An' I'll always remember those daysh t'gether at Ray's."

their wonder and merriment over the feat never cease—is his ability to sit with his knees crossed, yet with both feet on the floor. This is probably the strongest preservative for that classic nickname, "Skinny," so indelibly carved in the memory of each of his students and in the blackboard of his old classroom, now in the Law Building.

The complete picture of these attributes is a nostalgically familiar one to the old grads and to us now, as we think of his leaving: "Skinny" sitting behind the lecture desk, knees crossed, his thick brows drawn together in a thoughtful, distant gaze: Then turning and speaking in low, deliberate tones, or gleefully sharing a humorous recollection, or perhaps the inimitable chuckle alone, with the class waiting in vain to be enlightened as to its cause.

Another familiar daily scene was Dr. Pearson's entrance to class, when it met in the old history department, above the library. Each morning the good professor would walk into the room, hat and papers in one hand, rubber galoshes in the other. Each morning he would set the hat on the edge of the lecture desk, the rubbers on the floor beside him. There was, of course, that famous occasion when the preoccupied professor entered as usual, but set the rubbers on the edge of the desk and the hat on the floor beside him.

Since the move into the new Social Science building, where he has an office, a new routine has been formulated. Now Dr. Pearson enters immediately before the last bell, closes the door, turns on the light switch and stands rather skeptically watching for the fluorescent lights to come on. Then across to the radiator for an adjustment, and last, he pulls down the window, which he is certain someone has just raised for the benefit of preserving his routine.

But life in "Skinny's" classes is not consistently gay. Those piercing, questioning eyes are rarely brought to bear on a student with a calm heart. The co-eds, particularly, suffer extreme nervousness from his insistence upon the significance of historical material, rather than rote recitation. And the fright experienced upon a casual questioning is as nothing to the humility of the awful day when not one, but a series of probing queries are shot at the numbed brain. This may last as long as the whole period, or only a part of it; but the day has been ruined in either case.

Quizzes, pops and exams also make life hazardous for the history scholars, particularly since there is no possibility of "bulling" through. To survive a Pearson question, the student must have certain knowledge of the significant points related to the subject named—and there's no hint to be found in the wording of the question. Dr. Pearson's three-word questions are horribly true and no myth. There are those who still react strongly to the recollection of one exam question: "Constitution." That was it; all of it.

Perhaps worst of all were the seemingly endless waits between the test and the returning of papers—and of grades. On one memorable occasion, several interruptions had postponed the grading of the papers, and several tense weeks had passed. Finally Dr. Pearson arrived with the papers, and a disgusted look. Waiting with the pulse beating in their throats, students watched him cross to the window, give another contemptuous glance over a few top papers—then toss the whole set out of the second story window.

Once a big football player rather gracefully to inform Dr. Pearson that he would "beat the devil out of him" if he wasn't passed in the course. It didn't take Dr. Pearson long to size

up his threatener. Crowded Dr. P., "I'd like to see you try!" There were no fisticuffs that day.

We admit that one isn't confirmed; we like it too well to run the risk of having it discredited. But here's a less credible tale that many present students can swear to. Dr. Pearson customarily arranges his students in permanent seats, so that roll check might be quickly dispensed with. After noting the day's absentees, he calls out the names for corrections.

One day, just before the prof entered the room, the friendly, intelligent, if melancholy, bird dog of Murray Greason's ambled into the room for the usual admiration and conviviality. That was a day Brantley Jolly happened to be absent, so for some interesting effects, the boys put the dog in Jolly's seat. The canine scholar was quite obliging, and sat there with his front paws resting on the writing leaf, looking straight ahead with appropriate solemnity. In a few moments Dr. P. came in, proceeded from door to light switch to radiator and window, then began checking the rows for empty seats. Everyone waited for the reaction. "Skinny's" eyes skimmed down the row the pooch was on and went on by without a waver. In a little while he read out the names of absentees; Jolly's name did not lead all the rest.

The lecture began, the period passed, and the dog didn't stir, save to look around with a tired, sympathetic expression at the girl in the next seat. When the bell rang and the class left, dog and all, no one said a word. No one observed it, either, but it's our bet that there was a twinkle creeping into those heavily browsed eyes and a silent chuckle under way.

A significant tribute was the letter Dr. Pearson received a short while ago, declaring that after 17 years, the only thing the person remembered was the

conscientious professor's conviction that there was a "special partition in hell for students who wouldn't work."

AS FAMILIAR AS his perch on the corner of the lecture table, hands perhaps clasped around one raised knee, are Dr. Pearson's smoking habits. With characteristic deliberateness, and a thought for the doctor's orders, Dr. P. rolls his own cigarettes, consuming as much as an entire lecture period in the process. The rolling completed, he is apt to hold the cigarette in his hand or mouth for an astonishing length of time. Nor is the lighting a simple, uncomplicated matter. On class, a large part of the lecture is frequently delivered between the striking and the lighting of either the cigarette or the fingers. Once lighted, a puff or two usually suffices and the cigarette is laid on an ash tray and left to burn itself out. This procedure, he assured us, provided most of the pleasure of smoking without cheating on the medicine man.

One of the most familiar scenes around the town was Dr. Pearson in his faithful old black Buick, now that it has been replaced, Dr. P. has not failed to give it credit for its 17 years of loyal friendship. We asked him to pose for a picture in the car, and he climbed into it with as much affection as a horse fancier mounting his favorite steed.

"I just feel safe in here," he told us; "It never left me on the road—except once, when the battery gave out. But that wasn't its fault. The Chevrolet's all right to just run around town in, but . . ."

We could tell it had hurt him to put aside the old black car. But its dignity had not been always so respected, he told us. There was the time some bored students created activity by "temporarily" stealing the car one night several years ago.



When they were found, Dr. Pearson reminded them of the seriousness of their crime and talked largely of preferring charges, and state penitentiaries and such; but finally he consented to let the matter drop if the car was back in the morning. The fact that they had lost the key didn't make the situation any more comfortable for them. When last seen that night, they were crawling around the ground on hands and knees. But the car was back in the morning.

EVEN THE PEARSON home, on North College Street, has managed to have a fascinating history. The site was originally part of the Samuel Wait estate. Dr. Pearson informed us that the College's first president had once attempted making the place a silk worm farm. To this end a number of mulberry trees were planted, two or three of which are still standing. One serves as a shade tree for the Pearson's front yard; Dr. P. remarked to us that it was not an exceptionally beautiful tree, but it did seem to have character. As he continued with the history of the place we began to realize how it had acquired that character.

The next owner, we were told, built pens around the mulberry trees, after the silk worms failed to produce, and stocked the pens with pigs. How well the pig farm survived is probably indicated by the fact that some time later, the location became

a dumping place for everything from dead cows to rubbish.

Then another transformation was made and the steep slope became the favorite sledding site for the college boys. Dr. Pearson told us that after their home was built there he had many disappointed visitors, equipped with sleds, who had been reared on their father's and grandfather's tales of the beautiful, steep slope where they had done their winter frolicking, back in their college days.

But our anthology has dealt mainly with our retiring professor's interesting past. Of his interesting future, Dr. Pearson leaned back with a smile of anticipation and said, "I want to get me a pole now and go fishing day after day in some little pond nearby. . . ."

#### H.S.A.C.I.C. DICK TRACY

(Cont. from page twenty-three)

take its place beside the great documents of all time:

"We shall not flag or fail. We shall fight in France and on the sea and oceans; we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength. We shall defend our island whatever the cost may be; we shall fight on benches, landing grounds, in fields, in streets and on the hills. We just gotta do somethin' about these dogs."

Unfettered by the fear that plagues the souls of men of less valor, Commander Howard Richard Tracy hurled himself into the battle—a battle that would know no respite until glorious victory flew from the gonfalons of Commander Tracy's Fighting Forty-Second.

"These mad dogs," he said grimly, "have buttered their bread—now they got to lie in it."

With that, Commander Tracy armed First Megaphonic Technician W. Oats Knucklebreaker with a megaphone, and they rolled off in the battalion car

—alone . . . alone against the mad dogs.

THEY WERE APPROACHING a feared Rabies Road, that Wake territory teeming with mad dogs, and First Megaphonic Technician Knucklebreaker was announcing through the megaphone, "You dogs—mad or no—got to get off the streets, or me and the Commander will fire on you or lock you up for 90 days or something."

"That," said the Commander, "won't do, Technician Knuck. Give me the megaphone." He wrested it from the Technician's hands.

And to those dogs the Commander issued a challenge that for pure lyrical and authoritative beauty remains unsurpassed:

"You dogs—So live that when thy summons comes to join the innumerable caravan, which moves to that mysterious realm, where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death, thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night, scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave, like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.' In other words, me and First Megaphonic Technician Knuck don't want no trouble with you dogs, but you got to do right."

For three days, without sleep, without food, without water, without stopping at Shorty's to read a funny book, Commander Tracy and Technician Knucklebreaker continued to speak megaphonically to the dogs. They did not cease to speak until each individual dog had been warned that he must place himself in a voluntary 90-day quarantine.

But Commander Tracy, a law enforcement officer from handcuffs to hangnails, realized that he could devote no more time



to cautioning the dogs. Crime was breaking out among the human beings. Already one College student had passed him without saluting; a checker game had started in Tom Holding's; a four-year-old girl had thrown a gum wrapper on the sidewalk; two freshmen had cut Religion; the small boys were shooting marbles "for keeps" at the grammar school; and an elderly, gray-haired lady had been seen riding a bicycle with no hands. These were heinous crimes that demanded the Commander's attention.

And Commander Tracy gave these heinous crimes his attention—incarcerating in toto the college student, the checker game, the four-year-old girl, the two freshmen, the marble shooters and the elderly, gray-haired lady.

With these persons — who

willfully, feloniously and maliciously had committed crimes — placed behind bars, Commander Tracy felt it a propitious time to launch the second phase of his anti-rabid canine campaign. He had warned the dogs, hadn't he? Now he was without choice—he must rid Wake of all dogs who had turned deaf ears to his command to go into voluntary quarantine.

A COLD, GRAY SABBATH dawn was breaking — cutting the murky cloak that had shrouded Wake — when High Supreme Arch Commander in Chief Howard Richard Tracy assembled the gallant forces of his Fighting Forty-Second Armored Mad Dog Battalion. He whipped his forces through 30 minutes of close order drill, halted them in front of Billy Harper's shoe shop and prepared to brief them on tactical plans.

It was to Red Dog Rigskeet, Highly Mechanized Corporal in Charge of Small Arms and Small Dogs, that Commander Tracy spoke first.

"Highly Mechanized Corporal Rigskeet," he said, nonchalantly firing his pistol at a passing



bread truck, "we've got to cover the church. You'll report to the choir loft armed with a bazooka and hand grenades. It'll be your duty to cover the first ten rows of seats, firing on sight at any dog. Avoid shelling elderly women and small children, if possible."

Highly Mechanized Corporal Rigskeet saluted.

"And you, First Megaphonic Technician Knucklebreaker, will report to the balcony with the same equipment, covering the remainder of the seats. Don't be confused by students who need a haircut."

First Megaphonic Technician Knucklebreaker saluted.

And you, Chemical Brigadier Night Watchman Knucklebreaker, will go home and go to sleep, preparing to rise at dusk with the intention of firing on anything that moves."

Chemical Brigadier Night Watchman Knucklebreaker gave the night salute.

Commander Tracy's Battalion had fallen in and was marching off when he halted them: "M—a—d—o—g Batta—yun, Halt. You men report to the Quartermaster and draw new anti-mad dog equipment before reporting to the church. The Battalion did as High Supreme Arch Commander In Chief Tracy had commanded, drawing new camouflaged jungle suits, combat helmets, six mortars and twelve 50-caliber machine guns.

It was a rather uneventful service, and the Battalion accounted for only six dogs and 17 hymn books. But Monday dawned bright, clear and ideal for anti-mad dog maneuvers. Before the fourth period had ended the Battalion had fired seventy-one 4.2 chemical mortar shells, 3,100 rounds of 50-caliber ammunition, and 4,652 B.A.R. Clips—bringing to death two dogs, critically injuring three others and recording seven near-hits.

THE CHIEF BATTLES had been College Infirmary Atoll, where an incendiary bomb had failed to wound a terror named Spot, but had badly singed two nurses; the Second Post Office Push, where one dog and 13 students had been cut down by shrapnel; and the College Book Store Bulge, where a light Sherman anti-mad dog tank, driven by Commander Tracy himself, had destroyed the front wall while trying to run down Limpy, a very undesirable three-legged dog of no special lineage.

But in these three major engagements the Fighting Forty-Second had been unable to capture or destroy old Wheezer, the yellowish, wheezing, balding chieftain of the beasts. Even in light skirmishes, in which hand-to-hand combat had prevailed, Wheezer had escaped death or capture at the hands of Commander Tracy's forces. On several occasions Wheezer's defeat had seemed inevitable—once when Highly Mechanized Corporal Red Dog Rigskeet had backed him into a shower stall in Bostwick; once when High Supreme Arch Commander Tracy, himself, had pinned Wheezer in Tom Holding's phone booth with three bayonets; and once when First Megaphonic Technician Knucklebreaker had jammed his megaphone over Wheezer's head and maneuvered him into the bank vault.

But each time the treacherous Wheezer, an insidious killer in whose veins ran deadly venom and molten lead, had escaped. And until the mad dog chief was either cut down by shell fire or taken captive, armed warfare in Wake would know no cessation.

MIDWAY OF THE SIXTH period First Megaphonic Technician Knucklebreaker, doubling as Communications and Counter-Intelligence Officer, walkie-talked word into Battalion headquarters that Wheezer had

been sighted in the third row of Doctor Jones's Shakespeare class.

"This," said Commander Tracy, speaking more soldierly than he had at any time during the campaign, "is it."

"Wha's at you said, Supreme Arch Commander In Chief?" Technician Knucklebreaker asked, peering out from under the mosquito netting that the troops were wearing.

"Hush, Technician Knuck," the commander said. "I merely said that the day these dogs came to town is a day that will live in infamy, and today is a day that will live forever in great glory for the Fighting Forty-Second. Report to the air field, load three Superforts with block-busters and discharge the whole load on the Alumni Building."

Technician Knuck was preparing to depart for the air strip when Commander Tracy, a wise man in military tactics, halted him.

"I fear that an air attack at this time might unnecessarily jeopardize the lives of innocent citizens. As Howard Richard Tracy, High Supreme Arch Commander In Chief of Wake's Fighting Forty-Second Armored Mad Dog Battalion, I, myself, will engage in combat with old Wheezer."

Commander Tracy, leaving his light Sherman tank at the foot of the stairs, crawled on his stomach to Doctor Jones's room, while his troops covered his approach with machine gun fire.

Recalling from his West Point days something about "when in Rome, act as you should ought," Commander Tracy crawled into the Shakespeare class and shouted, "Before my body I throw my warlike shield; lay on, Wheezer Macduff; and damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'"

But suddenly Commander Tracy—a man who places the

physical welfare of the citizens above everything—realized that it would not be safe for him to attempt to capture old Wheeler alone.

"I deputize this entire class to capture old Wheeler," he shouted, throwing his badge, both his blackjacks, all three of his guns and his catcher's mask toward the front of the room.

Eleanor Spittle, seated on the second row, lifted old Wheeler into her arms, carried him to Dr. Jones' rostrum and placed him upon it.

The class continued with old Wheeler under arrest on the rostrum.

**T**HUS, WITH THE feared old Wheeler—the leader of the mad dogs—under arrest, the reign of terror was over at Wake. The remainder of the rabid dogs surrendered unconditionally, reasoning that "if they can capture old Wheeler, they can capture us." The terrible menace was checked. The tiny college town once again was the sanctuary of its peace-loving, law-abiding citizenry.

High Supreme Arch Commander in Chief Howard Richard Tracy and his Fighting Forty-Second Armored Mad Dog Battalion had triumphed.

Soon, a 212-ton black marble monument will be erected where Dick Frye's now stands, commemorating the undying valor of one of the greatest fighting men of all time—Wake's own Dick Tracy.

### BILLY THE KID

(Continued from page twenty-four)

in the Raleigh game during his senior year, Wilmington dropped its only game of the season, 39-0. Every time Raleigh scored, the referee asked him whether Wilmington wanted to kick or receive. Bill finally told him to quit embarrassing him, that they'd receive every time they got a chance. That was also the

night Bill got locked in the dressing room during half-time and got back into game a little late.

In baseball he was "awfully lucky." "I used to get nothing but flukes." Bill's had his glorious moments on the diamond, too. One time at Lumberton, he rode the home team pretty heavily as base coach and made a great hit with the local fans. He thought he was safe, but in the last inning he was called in to pinch hit. The big chatterer struck out on three consecutive pitches, and, as he recalls, "You could hear the bleachers pretty good."

As a student, Bill followed his sister Isabelle, who copped all the prizes there were to cop. He didn't follow her too closely, although he did "get along."

Bill figures the reason he got along so well in Wilmington while he got away with a lot of clowning was that "there wasn't anybody trying to get ahead." But in a lazy sort of way, the McLwain's boy was showing signs of getting ahead. At 17 he became sports editor of the Wilmington *Star-News*, working nights for \$16 a week and finishing up his senior year in school

at the same time. "I didn't know much about it," he apologizes. "Talk about cliches! I used to call a basketball game a 'court clash,' a 'hardwood tilt,' anything but a basketball game. As long as it sounded like sports, it went in."

**T**HE MAN WHO taught him a little something about writing was a man on the night desk who used to get drunk and want to run Captain Easy on the front page.

"That year Lord Halifax came to Wilmington," Bill recalls, "and I interviewed him. One thing about me is I always know what to ask a man to set him up. I said, 'Lord, how you think the war's getting on?' He told me too. He was tall, and guant, had a voice sort of how Churchill talks. About that asking questions, I saw Captain Eddie Rickenbacher later on, promoting war bonds. I asked him, 'You think you ought to buy 'em, huh?' With fighters you ask them, 'How you think you'll make out?'"

Bill did only one-sports story for the Wilmington paper. "A man tried to run over his wife, missed her, backed up and tried



again, and she side-stepped him." It turned out to be important later.

The following July, Bill enlisted in the Marines. He speaks modestly of his record, and with good reason—seven months at Parris Island and Camp Lejeune, a lot of the time spent in the sick bay with a bad foot. "I got to go home three days a week. I had little native ability. We used to have inspection, and whenever we came to 'present arms' I'd knock my sun helmet off to the side of my head. I couldn't put my hand up there to fix it, so the drill instructor would come by and jam it down on my head. That drill instructor fouled me up."

THE RETURN of the conquering hero wasn't very noisy or very long. "Three days later I told my mother I thought I'd go down to Miami to get me a job. We rode down with a load of nickleodeons—Saleby (the guy that owned the truck) a guy named Buck, and me. We lived pretty much off the land. At night we'd throw the spot light out there on the orange groves along the highway and get a whole bunch of oranges for supper . . . I hit a punch board on the way down. Won a box of candy."

Bill hopped off in Miami in grand style, wearing a mangled wool suit and a three-day old beard. "It made me feel real good to see everybody walking around in Palm Beach suits, good shoes. Big sports."

He went to the Miami News, but they didn't have anything in sports. Same thing at the Herald. Then Bill put his bags on a bus for Pompano, a little bean market place north of Miami, while he made the trip in a more leisurely manner—if you like to bum—headed north, looking for a job. When he got to Pompano he found out that the bus had carried his bags right up to West Palm Beach. He called there and had them

send them back down, but instead of letting them off at Pompano they made the trip right on down to Miami. Well, they made the circuit once more—up to West Palm Beach and back to Miami—once more. "Every time I'd see the bus pass, you know, I'd figure, 'Well, there go my bags up the road.'" Before Bill moved on up to Jacksonville, he told the bus agent in Pompano that in case his bag happened to stop at his place, just send them on up there. And so while Bill was wandering around in the one change of clothes he had with him, the rest of them were riding up and down the east coast of Florida like a yo-yo.

In Jacksonville, the Times-Union didn't have anything in sports, either. The last resort was the Journal, and here Bill pulled his "You got to tell 'em you can do it" technique. The paper's police reporter, an ex-New York World-Telegram man, was on a vacation for eleven days and they needed somebody for a little while. Had Bill ever covered a police beat before? Sure. "That wreckless driving story in Wilmington was the whole thing grooming me up for the future. If I didn't have some experience I wouldn't have been able to do like I did." Bill got the job—for eleven days.

DOWN AT the police station, Bill explained to the people how he needed the job and everything, and how, as far as he could see, the men and women of the police department could evaluate news better than any newspaperman could. "I used to put their names in there, all of them that ever came near the case. I was their favorite boy."

Three days later, a destitute girl, needing money to get a pair of glasses, and needing glasses to get some money, jumped off a bridge in an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide. Bill got the story, and,

the next day, was told to see if there was a follow-up. Because that eleven days was running out pretty fast, and because he wanted to do something for the girl, the police reporter turned letter writer and got sensational results. The next afternoon, Bill was surprised to learn that, as he wrote, "A worn dollar bill enclosed in a note expressing a desire to help the girl . . . was brought into the police station last night by a young man who said he'd been given the note by an old man at the corner of Liberty and Duval. . . ."

The letter started a flood of contributions ("Following the example of the grand old gentleman who sent in a dollar . . .") which assured the girl of happiness and the boy (and "grand old gentleman") who wrote the story (and the letter) of a job.

Bill's biggest publicist in those days, according to him, was Doogan, "a great big fat news-hawk out in front of the Jenks' restaurant. Doogan always played up violence—'Jaxon Leaps to Death,' 'Two Jaxons Killed in Fire'—and all those stories were mine. Every day after work I'd drop by and say, 'Doogan, I believe I've got something for you today,' and he'd forget all about 'China On Fire' and get into that violence."

THOSE DAYS in Jax were fine times—good stories, lots of freedom in the way you could write them, girls, clothes, the beach. In fact, things were so good that when Bill's editor suggested that he go to a paper somewhere out on the Gulf for "seasoning" (another way of saying "make room for my stepson"), Bill decided he'd rather remember Florida for what it was rather than what it would be.

Through the courtesy of the Saleby Trucking Company once again, he made the trip back to North Carolina, this time with beans and tomatoes.

In Charlotte, Jake Wade, then sports editor of the *Observer*, got Bill a job in his department, on a beat which included all of the boxing. He got to know men like "Banjo Eddie," the promoter, and "Honest Jawn," the fight handler, the guy with the personal "Mister Bill, I believe I've got a champion now." Bill got to know the nose-smashing business so thoroughly that he wrote a column for *Ring* magazine, the *Boxing Bible*. Plus by-lined stories and an occasional column in the *Observer*—all at the age of nineteen.

There were times for sociability there, too. Like the time Bill slept all night in the bandstand in Independence Park so he could get up at six to see a girl who was "so popular she was busy any other time."

Toward the end of the fall '45, Bill decided to go off somewhere and get educated, even going so far as to pay a room deposit at Duke. But he wanted to hang around home for a while before going to school, and Duke opened too soon, so he switched to Wake Forest, beginning with the spring semester.

In the meantime, Bill went home to Wilmington and coached a high school JV football squad. "A great team and a great coach," he says. "Only three undefeated teams in the nation that year—Army, Alabama, and mine."

With the football season over, the man with the eye for a dollar became a publicity writer for a boxing promoter in Raleigh for a few weeks before he started college. Bill packed 190 pounds then and he clown'd around Mann's for a while as "Tony Perozzo, claimant to the heavy-weight title of the South." (In Winston-Salem, the following summer, he posed as Bobby Kellogg for a while. "I told them what I thought we'd have in the fall." He's also been a banker's son, and once called up a woman and had her believing that he was Doug MacArthur.)

**H**ANNIBAL CAME charging out of the Alps on an elephant. Jonah wound up at wherever he wound up at on a whale's back. Bill McIlwain sneaked into Wake Forest on a football scholarship. But before you rudely point your fingers and say, "Him?" let him say a few words. "The only time Peahead had ever seen me was at a banquet in Wilmington in '43. I made a little speech and he liked the way I could talk."

And out on the practice field at Wake Forest, most of his talking was confined to hollering, "Help!" "Ouch!" and "You're killing me?" His statement, "I couldn't play a lick" has been enlarged upon and clarified by his coach: "That McIlwain—is the least talented boy I've ever seen. All those boys—from Eastern North Carolina—are eat up by malaria. They eat up all the food. . . ."

**T**HEORETICALLY BILL was a blocking back ("Me and Ognovich"), but actually he was what he calls a "tester." When they needed somebody to kick the ball so the tackles could practice blocking punts, McIlwain was the boy. And half the time he'd get the pads

knocked off him and get slammed onto the golf course, while the ball went bouncing around among the weeds and Tom Rogers shouting to the tackles to "Cover that ball!" Then they went and looked for Bill.

Going out with the squad did, though, have advantages to compensate for a bruised behind. Food, drink, and a place to rest his back were his until he was found out, and then as long as Dot Cline could persuade Kellogg not to chase him off the room and board. And, he got to know the set-up so well that he has since turned many a dollar writing football stories for several state newspapers. Peahead claims that Bill "knows who I'm going to get before I do."

From the Colonial Club, Bill moved to the Delta Sig house, where lack of space and 75 other inhabitants pushed him out onto the front porch. It was nice sleeping out there in the summer, but in the winter, even with a mackinaw and a straw hat, it was chilly. He didn't know exactly how chilly until the night a damp towel froze stiff. Since then he has moved higher and higher, semester by



"Trim."

semester, until he has finished, "in a blaze of glory," in the garret.

Those were the gay postwar reconstruction days at the Delta Sig house, the Nathan Cole, Fish Giles, Phil Godwin, Donkle Paschal, Hardaway Marks, Joe Erickson days of the "Eat, Drink, and Be Merry" school. Those were the days when "Doc" Settle was hanged for refusing to play anything but "The Bells of St. Mary's" on the piano, and Phil Godwin was tried for sleeping three days and three nights (He claimed he had cuts.) Bill was always either Prosecutor or Attorney for the Defense, and he claims he never defended a guilty man.

FRANK "RUN 'EM DOWN" Baker was practically a member of the house back then just as he is now. He represents the Wake Forest Laundry, and he has used every technique from trap doors to just plain running a man into the ground in order to collect unpaid bills. Baker has had to overcome some mighty rough obstacles in his day, like trapping Nathan Cole and Frank McGoogan in a ditch behind Mrs. Blalock's yard one night. But for length of time, Baker has yet to find a man to out-last Bill McIlwain, who claims to hold the Intercollegiate Indoor Unpaid Laundry Bill Crown with a winning time of two months.

The pay-off came at the Hen House one night. Baker came in, and Bill, seeing that he couldn't escape without going into the ladies' room, turned on a big smile and gave it the "Mr. Baker? Where in the name of goodness have you been, boy? I've been looking all over for you." Baker said he was sorry that they hadn't been able to get together, and he accepted a check for \$13.56. Since then Bill has hid in the bushes behind the Social Science Building when Baker came in the Book Store, held an OG&B in front of his nose in the Postoffice, and

ducked into the Jones Hardware Company. Bill says, "I say, 'Let sleeping dogs lie'."

But Bill's life at Wake Forest has not been all beating a typewriter or dodging his laundryman. He has entered politics. He has run for public office twelve times. He has been defeated twelve times. And he's rather bitter about it. "I'm going to start carrying a stick around here. If I knew that many people disliked me I wouldn't go up on the campus without it." As a consolation office for his many defeats, the Delta Sigma Phi fraternity last week elected, unanimously, Bill McIlwain as Grand Imperial Dragon.

ANOTHER FIELD in which Bill has been more successful if not more active is "the books." This boy is somewhat of a scholar. Not counting this semester's grades (let's none of us count this semester's grades, O.K.?) he has a solid 2.02—and even that figure represents many, many lost quality points for days on which he was "not in attendance." He has what he calls "remarkable academic recuperative ability." "I can stay gone, then I can go back up there and get it."

Many times Bill has announced the secret of his success publicly to his fellow-students just before a test. "There is," he flings back his head and declares, "no adequate substitute for daily preparation. Daily preparation will tell out in the end."

Actually, Bill does one or two things. Either he will assemble a "small circle of eminent scholars" a few nights before the "testing day," and, as chairman of the group, divides up the material, then calls a meeting for the next night, when an "exchange of academic discoveries" is made. "Only when one is permitted to hear the opinions of others who are as familiar with the field as he is, can one

reach a true appreciation of the subject."

The other method, the more popular one, is to forget all about it, and "enter into the matter with a clear, unbiased, and open mind, uncluttered by trivialities."

And when he gets in there on one of those "testing periods" he can go. If he doesn't know the answer he makes one up. Once, on an Education quiz, he started out answering a question without knowing what he was going to say. He wound up with an authentic-sounding, "Retention has as its parents comprehension and application." Another home-made phrase of his, for the same course, is "A man is no better than he feels."

Often Bill will write down a comment on the test. Like "I hope you will not consider this as indicative of my best work" or just a simple "a sorry exhibition."

ORIGINALITY of composition as well as thought have marked the academic career of McIlwain, the student. For an English 72 (Art) term paper, he wrote a short story about a football player who refused to play unless they changed the style of the stadium from Egyptian Ptolemaic to Renaissance. "Mr. Walker, participating in athletics for your team should prove reasonably enjoyable, provided an edifice of Parthenonic nature is erected to replace the present dressing room."

"My days here," Bill admits, "have known their triumphs and their failures." That same English 72 course goes into the "Win" column solely on the basis of the final exam. After a few moments of concentrated study, Bill walked right in there, sat down, and in the blank for "Instructor's Grade" wrote "around 100." On the second blue book he wrote "I have not lost confidence in my ability," and at the end of Book 3, put down, "Well?" Professor Aycock

turned back to the first book and circled the "around 100."

And then there are the failures. Or, "I have met with varying success in some of my courses." His chief obstacle course has been Doctor Earp's Greek 32 (Literature). (The same one Harold Hayes never got through.) "A course which has enriched my life," Bill shakes his head. "I got off to a bad start. The textbook was *Greek Literature IN TRANSLATION*. I said, 'Let's just take it in the original foreign tongue, Doctor,' but he just went, 'Aaaaw!' If he'd have stayed in the Greek I'd have stayed in English, and by the end of May, Bill was lagging a good distance.

So that he could include some information of the exam that would be about what Doctor Earp wanted, Bill borrowed Hugh Dover's old notes and set to "committing them to memory."

"I WENT right in there and I put it right down there, you know, expecting between a 94 and a 97.

"I wrote him, I said, 'Doctor, I hope this provides evidence for you that I have not slept as much as you think (he was always ridiculing me) and I have gleaned a great deal of information in this course.'"

"But in the year since Dover had the course they found out some new facts about Euripides and the conflict between two rights was taken off the list of sources for ancient Greek drama." A few points off here, a few points off there. . . .

A little later, Doctor Earp called Bill up and told him to come down and see him.

The Doctor said, "McIlwain, what would you do with a sorry boy who slept all the time in class, then borrowed the wrong notes to study for the exam?"

Bill recalls, "I had a suspicion it might be one of my nefarious

classmates. I wasn't going to condemn a man too hastily. I said, 'Doctor,' said, "there might be some extending circumstances in this case. I wouldn't say too hastily. You probably couldn't give him an "A" but I believe a "B" or a "C" would be about right. "The doctor didn't think so, though. Said, 'If I give that sorry boy a good grade, what will the good students think? It's no good for the morality of the class.' Then he said he didn't know what he was going to do with me, and I knew it was me he was talking about all this time. Right after school I got a post card saying, 'you have conditionally failed Greek 32.' Later I had to caution the Doctor about making the fact known so publicly."

THAT SUMMER, after many trips to the Earp home ("I went down there so many times the kids would holler, 'Hey, Daddy, Bill's here!'") and after Doctor Earp refused to play it off in ping pong or draw high card for it, Bill took the re-exam and passed the course.

Now, the protege always approaches the master on the campus to discuss anything from contemporary literature to the Little Theater's recent production of "Homer's *Othello*"—all topics chosen by the pupil. "Academically," Bill says, "there are some things that we are not agreed upon, but both of us are basically Aristotelian in our concepts."

Doctor Earp recently turned down Bill's offer to be a special summer lecturer, but it has not

## QUESTIONS

- A Just find the key, throw out the E, And add Blue Grass to fleur-de-lis.  
B A cheerful mien encircled as seen: A doubter of fame, that's most of my name.  
C The leading three in this basic series, Contain advice that's better than theories.

Answers and names of winners will be available at magazine office. Winners will be notified by mail.

### RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date.
6. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
7. Decision of judges will be final.

### LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A The word "milder" appears twice in the ad in red letters, and the word "mild" (two-thirds of "milder") appears in white letters. They all explain why Chesterfield is right.  
B Four eyes (Darnell's and Griffin's) are the same in color and shape, but not in fame, since Linda Darnell's are much more famous.  
C The pearl earrings worn by Linda Darnell.  
WINNERS...



damaged their friendship. "We still respect each other," Bill says. "And they revere me in the English Department." He was "popped out" of the History Department.

An so, three and a half years of intermission, with a total of 119¾ hours and as many quality points as he has left after they count up all his over-cuts, and Bill McIlwain has "got educated," just as he came here to do. Now he's ready to get back in there where he temporarily retired at the age of twenty. He's got himself a fine job on the Winston-Salem *Journal-Sentinel*, where he worked the past two summers. How's he going to make out? I don't know. He feels pretty good about it. "A man can do no better than he feels. I believe he'll make out all right."

#### BEHIND THE HOWLER DOOR

(Cont. from page twenty-seven)

I AMBLED ON DOWN to the Howler office to interview Judson Trueblood and Ed Friedenberg. I had no trouble finding them. Their names were on the door in neon lights. I obtained permission from the doorman to enter, after he had called the hostess, and walked in. As I brushed by several girls drinking and basking in the rays of a new sun lamp, I spied Mr. Trueblood. I had to wait for an hour, but that is the way of the world. These men were really busy. I have never seen such finesse. He had, while I waited, built a two-story card house.

Mr. Trueblood and Mr. Friedenberg were seated in electric rocking chairs. Does this shock you? Get it? I think in a serious article of this type that little bits of humor scattered throughout ease the monotony. Well—anyway these boys were really rocking. I got a million more just like it.

I wasn't greeted too warmly: "Whatta want you all," asked Mr. Trueblood. I think it is wonderful how they choose the staff around here. It doesn't make any difference from whence they come, they always seem to find the best men and those of the same temperament.

"Whatta want you?" asked Mr. Friedenberg.

"We won't say nothing until we see a lawyer." I knew then that I was dealing with brilliant men. Imagine coining a phrase such as this.

"Gentlemen, I came to interview you for THE STUDENT magazine."

"You gung take pictures of us?"

I replied, "yes."

Both thought for two or three seconds as I waited for the decision.

AT LONG LAST and after much deliberation they replied with the language of only those who have imbibed in the drink of BeBop.

"Shoot, Hay."

"Gentlemen, we want to know why there is to be such a loss this year."

"Well there are probably a lot of things that you wouldn't understand—you see a man has to have his smokes and his—" "Watch it, Trueblood," interrupted Mr. Friedenberg. I knew I wouldn't have understood it anyway. I'm not use to talking to men of this caliber. Mr. Friedenberg, obviously shaken from something, these two have worked themselves very hard, continued. "You see, your name

was Student wasn't it, the cost of liquor—I mean the cost of publishing has gone up while the income hasn't changed. You see get that?" I love to hear the Northern tongue, so full of dignity.

We were interrupted by a phone call for Mr. Friedenberg: "Yes honey, well just tell them to charge it to the Howler."

"As I was saying Mr. Student, the income hasn't increased while the cost of publication has. The phone rang and this time it was for Mr. Trueblood. It fascinates me when I sit among men that have been there. Leavenworth is beautiful in the spring.—"You wrecked it? Well, get a convertible this time, sugah—yes, to the Howler—don't you fret none, sugah lamb." The old South at its finest.

Have you ever smelled a Persian rug burn? Mr. Trueblood had dropped a little fifty cent cigar on the floor.

"I hate to bother you two gentlemen, I meekly said, but your rug is burning."

"There's plenty more where that came from, youse."

Mr. Trueblood mashed the cigar out with his foot and began itemizing the expenses of publication.

YOU CAN SEE the cost of publication has gone up. Here are some our expenses: Four bottles of glue, large, 38 dollars fifty-two cents. Twenty-four flash bulbs, 200 dollars, and a filing cabinet, 2,000 dollars and fifty cents."

Anyone can see from this that expenses are terrible. Some of us have the wrong idea. I think that we should erase the thought that these two men have used any of the money for their own enjoyment.

"Mr. Trueblood, I also hear that the Howler is going to be a little late this year." Mr. Friedenberg was busily engaged with an erector set at the time

and I didn't want to bother him.

"Yes, Mr. Student, it will be a little late. It won't be over four months though." You see, we thought that it would be a good Christmas present from us to the student body. Then no one would have to buy anyone a Christmas present. I could say to you, 'Here is your Christmas present,' and hand you a *Howler* and then you could say, 'Here is your Christmas present' and we would all be happy." Isn't that thoughtful of those two brilliant men? I never would have thought of that. Just another incident to show you how well chosen the men on the various jobs are.

MR. FRIEDENBERG continued. "Some of the students think that because we took a month off to go down to Florida that we didn't use our time as we should have. We needed a change. Mr. Student, you don't know how the strain is. We went down there to think." At this point a rasping cough shook his entire frail body. He explained that this was due to their trip to Lake Placid. Mr. Trueblood told me that they had stayed only three weeks at this winter playground. I'm sure that we can all see that this is only a common thing and hardly takes two months.

"We also tried to do all of the work ourselves. We wanted it just right." I wanted to ask what the many girls were doing in the office. But as I have said all men working under a strain need a change. I think they met these girls at journalist meetings in Florida, Lake Placid and Atlanta. They were dressed oddly though, bathing suits with ribbons across the front—"Miss Tampa," "Miss Jacksonville"—probably the paper they represent.

Mr. Friedenberg threw some papers over to me and screamed, "See for youse self."

While Mr. Trueblood and I

were going over the accounts Mr. Friedenberg was talking to a beautiful blonde that had come in the door. It was sort of warm for a mink coat. What a benevolent soul that Mr. Friedenberg is. Mr. Trueblood explained to me that he had given it to the girl to keep her warm. One has to indeed pinch pennies to give a person such fine clothes, especially when the GI bill is only 75 dollars a month. Mr. Friedenberg had to cut out hair tonic and shaving lotion to make ends meet.

MR. TRUEBLOOD seemed hurt that some of the people on the campus think he and Mr.



Friedenberg have spent some of the money unwisely. He explained that some people think that he spent some of the money going to Atlanta to the ODK convention. That the subscription to the San Francisco paper is out of the ordinary; they like the style of this paper. That a collection of 300 albums of records and a new television set are uncommon to a publications office. He admits that having Dizzy Gillespie's band in for the weekends is a little different but not anything to talk about . . . I know we don't have that narrow-minded element on the campus.

They explained, as I was leaving, that some of the loss was due to underestimation. You and I know that anyone can make a five thousand dollar

mistake. A thing of this kind happens every day. I think we should all take our hats off to these two men; but hold them in your hand, bub, hold them in your hand.

### THE FIRST STONE

(Continued from page twenty-nine) not come through the war unscathed.

I turned from the window and started from the room. Luke yelled from the foot of the stairs. "Hey, Jim, come on down. Somebody I want you to meet!"

"On my way," I returned.

WHEN I REACHED the dingy old sitting room, Luke stood in the center of the floor facing the hall, and lighting his perennial pipe. The girl sat in an arm chair with her back to me as I entered. She got up as Luke said "Hi, Jim," and went to stand by his side. It seemed almost as if she were afraid of something, and that she was somehow safer standing there beside Luke. Her dark hair contrasted sharply with Luke's blond thatch, and she barely reached to his shoulder. An odd feeling of recognition came over me as I looked at this girl whom I "was sure I had never seen before. It seemed to me that this feeling was especially heightened by the presence of a tiny, triangular-shaped mole beneath her left eye. Vaguely perplexed, I shrugged the matter away as Luke introduced us.

"Anna," said Luke, "this is Jim. We have only a few minutes. She's persuaded me, of all things, to go to church tonight. On our way there now."

"Well, you've got time to sit down and talk for a few minutes," I insisted. "Any girl who can get you to church is no ordinary woman."

I don't remember anything especially that she said in the

course of the conversation. It was just polite talk anyway. What I do remember is an impression that Anna was scared. Not very obviously so, but hiding in the shadows of her rather pretty features was a subtle sort of wariness. There was something else, too, besides fear. It was likely enough my imagination, but I saw a determination there that seemed to say that she wouldn't yield to the cause of that fear, whatever it might be.

AND STILL I FELT that I had known her before. This thought remained in my mind long after Luke and Anna had gone. Although I attempted to dismiss the thought from my mind, I found I could do no such thing. I realized suddenly that I had finished typing the last page of my paper while these thoughts were occupying my attention.

I shall never forget the force with which the realization struck me that I actually had seen Anna before. The terrific shock of that recognition was accompanied by a multitude of mixed emotions, so that when I finally recovered my wits, I was nauseated—that's the word—nauseated, mentally and physically.

I fought my own growing certainty. "It isn't so. Just a resemblance. But that mark on her cheek. Oh, that was a thousand miles from here.

"No, Anna could not be the girl I had for a fifty ten-spot in that miserable . . . Anna . . . why she hasn't even changed her name! But Luke would have recognized her—he was there . . . no, he wasn't there just then." Memories came back upon me in an overwhelming mass. "He didn't see the girl . . . dammit to hell!"

Grabbing my coat from the bed, I rushed headlong from the house as if I should suffocate for lack of air.



WHEN I RETURNED to the room some hours later, Luke was in bed. He mumbled a greeting when I turned on the lamp, and immediately fell asleep again. I sat on the bed and gazed at Luke's mahogany-colored leg lying across the cane-bottom chair by his bed. The heater was not running. Obviously he had turned it off before he went to bed. I looked at the little machine and felt rising within me a rage I could not stifle. I jumped from the bed and kicked the damned thing against the wall with a crash.

Luke yelled and leaped to a sitting position. "What the hell!"

"Nothing," I said. "Just stumbled."

"Mimph," came Luke's muffled voice from his pillow as he again drifted off. "F that's a stumble, just make sure you don't fall down. This old house wouldn't stand it."

As I finally slept, I consoled myself with the thought that I wasn't sure. . . .

In the days that followed, I plied Luke with questions about Anna, but found that he knew little about her life before he met her. He knew only that she was the daughter of an immigrant couple who had died in her childhood. Since the death of her parents she had been obliged to shift pretty much for herself.

Somehow, this bit of information strengthened my suspicions, and I became more certain than before that I was right. Would not such a life have offered her ample opportunity to fall to the lowest depths to which a woman can resort? But what had brought her here? I knew from Luke that she had a job. Obviously she was living a decent, respectable life here, where no one knew of her past—no one, that is, but I. She didn't recog-



"Look, no hands!"



nize me, I was sure—but I had . . . the very thought enraged me—against Anna, against myself, and filled me with a helpless pity for Luke, for I knew that she was no passing fancy of his.

Many times I almost told Luke my thoughts, but rejected the idea, since even then I might be wrong. And I hoped from the depths of my soul that I was mistaken. And yet. . . .

IT WAS SEVERAL nights later that I heard Luke's halting footstep mount the stairs, earlier than usual when he had been out with Anna. He always navigated the stairs with some difficulty, stepping upward with his good leg, bringing the other up beside it.

"Home early tonight, Luke," I greeted him.

"Yep," he grunted, and I saw instantly that he was troubled.

Unbuttoning his collar and loosening his tie, he reached for my cigarettes on the desk. Luke smoked cigarettes only when he was upset, claiming at other times that a pipe was the only smoke for a man who was at peace with himself. Most of the time a pipe was his constant companion.

I said nothing, knowing that he would unburden himself sooner or later. He said nothing for quite some time, and then spoke bluntly and to the point.

"Jim, I asked Anna to marry me."

"Yeah?" I said, feigning a calmness I didn't feel. "And was the lady agreeable?"

"Funny thing," Luke mused, half to himself, watching the cigarette smoke curl gracefully toward the high ceiling. "She froze up like an Eskimo's nose and said 'no.' A very emphatic 'no' if I ever heard one."

"That's a new experience for you, hey Luke?"

"This is no time for levity, my friend. I love the gal. Then she started to cry, soft-like, and said we'd better stop seeing each other."

"Maybe that's a damn good idea," I said, and meant every word of it."

"Good idea, my eye," snapped Luke, "and speaking of eyes, there's more here than meets that organ. I'm going to find out what it is."

I MUST CONFESS that I felt a bit relieved at that. At least it sounded as if Anna had no intention of marrying Luke, no matter how much she cared about the guy. Maybe she was no longer the girl that I had—but at that the same old rage and strange frustration welled up

within me. But I knew now that if Luke were to be told, it was Anna who must tell him, and that he must never know my part in Anna's past.

Luke kept seeing Anna, and I knew that the dam must soon break with the weight of the waters piling up behind it. I knew that Luke was continually pressing for an answer to his questions. When he made up his mind to a thing he would have it, though the devil himself and all his little imps blocked the gate.

So I wasn't much surprised when in the wee hours of a Sunday morning Luke crashed into the room, roaring, lurching drunk, cursing vilely himself, Anna, everything—but himself most of all. He reeled between our beds, grasped the hateful little electric heater, hurled it against the wall, shattering the plaster and smashing the object of his drunken wrath into a dozen pieces. The heater's fan flew over my head, the metal coils made a twanging sound as the battered little machine crashed to the floor. Luke fell sobbing drunkenly across his bed, and into a troubled sleep,





and I knew that my friend had met the most crushing discouragement and defeat of his life. Anna had revealed him the truth. I threw a quilt over him. He muttered and slept on.

Luke was still asleep when I got up about nine. He had finally ceased tumbling and mumbling and had fallen into a profound slumber. He wouldn't wake up until the afternoon. I glanced ruefully at the smashed heater on the floor and went downtown for breakfast. Mrs. Josephson didn't serve breakfast on Sundays.

FOR DAYS LUKE spoke hardly a word to me. In fact I saw little of him. He often came in late at night and went to his lectures at eight, before I was up. I said nothing to him about Anna, and I am sure that he had no intention of telling me what had happened. He was unaware that I had seen it from the beginning, and it was best that way. I could feel the terrific war that was raging in his mind, for he would sit immovable for great lengths of time, apparently studying, but actually gazing fixedly at a single page. The urge to help him moved me strongly, but I was powerless. His torment was evident in a dozen ways: his restlessness, his continuous chain of cigarette-smoking, his irritable tone, his utter disregard for all that went on about him.

He usually took great pains to hide his limp, concentrating

intensely on his stride, but one day during this time I watched from the window as he crossed the street at the same spot where I had first seen him approaching the house with Anna. I was shocked as I watched to see the pronounced hobble with which he made his way to the opposite sidewalk, oblivious to the stares of passing pedestrians.

On the evening of that same day, I was writing at my desk when he returned.

"Lo, Jim," he said, entering the room.

I looked up, surprised at the greeting. "Lo, yourself."

Luke walked across the room to the corner where we had piled the pieces of the little heater. He picked up the largest piece that was left intact, regarded it gravely, and exploded into a roar of laughter.

"Sort of put our little heat factory out of commission, didn't I, Jim?"

I grinned and said nothing.

LUKE FLOPPED ON his back across the bed and gazed thoughtfully at the ceiling. I bent again over my work. Words came from the bed which sounded like "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone."

"What was that, Luke?"

"Words, words, words, my friend."

I watched him cross the street. Except for an almost imperceptible limp you couldn't tell that his right leg was factory-made.



## WAKE'S OTHER TEE-FORMATION

(Continued from page thirty-three)  
Harris got his car stuck on a dirt road in high school.

Nope, if calmness means perfection, or vice-versa, you don't have to look any farther than right here in Deacon Dell for one of the top flight college golf teams in the entire country. About the only thing that worries these boys is whether or not they're putting for a par or a birdie, and either one their card is about four strikes better than you or I on the same green.

Up until last year, golf had been one of the country cousins in the Wake Forest athletic setup. The locals fielded a team year in and year out, but with no higher hopes than that of finishing the season without a member of the squad getting tagged by a stray tee shot. Up until last year, a Wake Forest golf team had not beaten Duke University since the dark days of the twenties. Local chances of copping the Conference title were a first priority myth, and there were years when the Deacs met defeat at the hands of every member of the Big Four.

OF COURSE, IN looking back over the years, we shouldn't lose sight of the fact that some of the finest golfers that North Carolina has produced played their college golf right here at Wake Forest. Billy Joe Patton, the Morganton boy who stands up well against the pros in his home town tournament every year, led the vanguard. Then there were such boys as Smiley Jack Starnes and John Nealey Davis. Johnny Johnson, a local lad who played his golf with the above mentioned, stayed on in Wake Forest to coach the present golf squad.

Al Dowtin, who is now in Asheville, was the coach during those lean days. Many say that

Al was the finest golfer ever to tour the links for the Deacons, and certainly his tournament record since he left school gives strong support to the claim. But, regardless of individual excellence, and there were golfers here in those days who could be medalists in anybody's golf match, the team lacked the overall balance to be a consistent winner. Back during the '30's and the '40's the team did well to break even, and no schools were played outside the local loop.

In contrast, last year the Deacs played a schedule of fourteen matches, appeared in the Southern Intercollegiate at Mississippi, and were runners-up in the Southern Conference Tournament at Pinehurst. Out of the regular matches, they won thirteen and dropped one to State College by a score of 13-14. A pretty fair record for a club that had been breaking even just the year before!

Previously the squad had taken State 19-8, and had downed Duke for the first time in recent history by a 15-12 count. Carolina, despite Harvey Ward, fell on two occasions. Michigan, defending Big Nine and Intercollegiate Champions fell by the embarrassing score of 22-5, and Mississippi, one of the powers in the Southeastern circuit, was disposed of 13-8. In the Southeastern the club received the ranking of number sixth in the nation, and in the all-important Southern Conference Tournament, the Deacs fell into the runner-up spot, being edged by Duke.

**I**N THE CONFERENCE meet, played over one of the roughest championship courses in the nation, the Pinehurst Number 2, the golfers from all the circuit schools competed on a medal basis. By this is meant that the aggregate score of the four lowest golfers on six men teams is taken, the lowest team score

winning the championship. Each club played twice around the course, a total of 36 holes, and the final tally for the Deacs was something like 616 swipes at the ball. A good team record, but Duke slipped under the wire to upset and cop the title.

Arnold Palmer, who is the number one man on the squad, was crowned the new Southern Conference Champion. The Pennsylvania freshman fired the lowest score of the thirty-six holes, a 145, and nosed out Harvey Ward for the title. Ward was right on his back with a 146, and for Palmer this was sweet revenge after having been eliminated by the Carolina star in the semi-finals of the North South Amateur some weeks previous.

This year Arnold Palmer, Buddy Worsham, Sonny Harris, Jennings Agner, Clyde Randolph, Gene Mills and Buddy Beam, playing in the order named, are continuing their winning ways. The club opened with a road trip into Florida and Georgia, topped such top ranking outfits as the University of Georgia and Rollins College and fell to Florida, the only loss thus far in the season. This spring they again bested Michigan, won over Ohio University and pounded Purdue, and, to make the story read like it should, they have come out on top over any and all Big Four opposition.

**O**NE OF THE MOST noteworthy features of this season's play has been the locals' fine showing in the North-South Amateur. Once again Arnold Palmer went to the semi-finals, and was eliminated by Frank Stranahan, considered by many as the top amateur in the country. Sonny Harris was eliminated by Palmer in the third round, and Frank Edens fell to Palmer in the quarter-finals. Dick Tiddy, who like Edens is a freshman, did well in the tournament play,

and both of these boys will give added strength to the varsity next year.

Jennings Agner was eliminated by one of the past national Champs in the second round, and Buddy Worsham, who normally is one of the toughest Deacons to get onto on the course, was also eliminated in the early rounds. The performance speaks well of the Deacons' ability in some fast company, and the local papers, in their golf coverage, had Wake Forest names in streamers and heads with surprising regularity.

Thus, in the second year that the linksmen have played together, they have proved that the "sophomore jinx" is nothing more than a frame of mind, and here in a few short paragraphs are the word pictures of the boys who, along with being good golfers, aren't in the least superstitious.

Arnold Palmer, who plays the top position on the squad, is the boy who couldn't help being the fine golfer that he is. There is a chance that he might never have taken the game up, but it would have been slim indeed. With his dad the local pro, and living on number six green at the Latrobe (Penn.) Country Club, we find it hard to imagine Arnold turning up his little nose when dad handed him his first wood.

**N**EEDLESS TO SAY, he didn't stop with the woods, but learned to use the irons equally as well. As a matter of fact, his teammates will tell you that Arnie is one of the best long iron shots from the midiron up to the number five, in the game. Excelling from tee to green, he learned to push a putter, and the conquest was on. Arnold is nineteen now, and during those nineteen years he has won the Western Pennsylvania Junior Amateur a total of three times. During the last year that he played on the high school golf team in Latrobe, he won

the state schoolboy title to add to his Western crown.

Palmer met Bud Worsham out in the Hearst Nationals in California year before last, and it was there that Arnold first heard of Wake Forest. Worsham had already planned to come to Deacotown and talked Palmer out of considering such schools as Miami and Ohio State.

Palmer has been the number one boy on the ladder ever since he came into town. Palmer lost two matches in regular season play last year, one to Harvey Ward and one to Brackett from N. C. State. He came back in later matches to top them both, and this year he is undefeated in the Big Four. As a sophomore, Palmer has two more years of varsity eligibility.

Like Palmer, Bud Worsham grew up in golf. It isn't likely that the stocky Washington, D. C., lad would have overlooked the possibilities of the game anymore than Arnold. Buddy was the youngest member of a long line of caddies named Worsham, four of them to be exact. And, from brother Lew, right down to Bud, the former bag luggers have done themselves proud with the sticks.

Lew Worsham, as most of you know, was the National Open Champion in 1947, and is a consistent money winner in the winter golf circuit. Two of Buddy's other older brothers are both pros, one in Washington and one here in North Carolina. Buddy relates that they seldom get together, but that the one time that all four played as a

foursome, he and brother Buck took brothers Lew and Herman.

BEING A CADDY and learning the game like all good caddies, Bud swears that he never took any lessons from any of his golfing brothers. He just kept his eyes open, and by the time he had reached High school, he had seen enough to win thirty-six straight matches in interscholastic play. He won the District Metropolitan Championship for two years in a row, and the Maryland Junior title in 1946. He went to the quarter finals in the national junior playoffs in 1947.

Like Palmer, Buddy also plans to turn pro when his college days are done, and then he will make the quartet complete by having four play-for-pay boys in the same family.

The local boy who fills the number three spot, and also hits one of the longest tee shots in this locality, came by his golf after a war time hitch in Uncle Sam's Navy. Sonny Harris, who grew up in Wake Forest and is proud of it, never did take his golf very seriously until after he came out of the service about three years back. Since then his golf has been constantly on the up-swing, and at the moment he sports the best average on the club, a 71.5 for all matches. That means that Sonny has shot a lot of sub-par golf.

Sonny went all the way to the finals in the Raleigh Wake County tournament last summer, and had the Raleigh sports scribes marveling at the way that he drove those wood shots so far down the pasture. Sonny is the oldest member of the club from point of service and has another year of eligibility.

THE NUMBER FOUR man is Jennings Agner, from over in Durham. Like Sonny, Jennings has been a regular on the team for three seasons, and al-



though he may not play the top position, Jennings has been known to be medalist on several occasions. He was the captain of the high school golf team in Durham and has played frequently with the golfing Alexanders.

Lack of space prohibits our doing justice to Clyde Randolph, Gene Mills and Buddy Beam, but even though we're caught short of space, these boys who fill out the team never do pull up short in points. Also present, and big threats for next year, are Dick Tiddy and Frank Edens. At the present these two lads, from Charlotte and Lumberton respectively, could play on anybody's golf team.

Dick Tiddy, the big fellow who tips the scales at a neat three hundred pounds, was considered one of the best golf prospects in the Carolinas when he was at Central High School. This year he has been a consistent point producer on the freshman club, and Frank Edens has also made the yearling golfers the finest such outfit in the conference.

Take these two boys, throw in Palmer, Worsham, Harris and Agner, and you could almost take up the old Brooklyn cry of "wait til next year." You could take it up, that is, if you needed it. For several years to come it looks as if Wake Forest is on speaking terms with ole Mister Par himself, and the once dominant Dukes will have to look to their laurels before they look at another loop crown.



# Gresham RESTAURANT



## *Gresham Restaurant and Motor Court* *On the Lake*

SIX MILES NORTH OF RALEIGH ON HIGHWAY NO. 1

*Our First Concern is Your Comfort*  
*We Serve the Finest Food Obtainable*

25 ROOMS

25 BATHS

I LIKE CHESTERFIELD'S  
MILDER, BETTER TASTE,  
IT'S MY CIGARETTE

*Joan Crawford*

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"I'm a 100% Chesterfield smoker. I've tried other brands but always come back to Chesterfield. They buy fine light tobacco, ripe, sweet and mellow."

*L.E. Thomason* TOBACCO FARMER AND WAREHOUSEMAN, PARIS, KY.  
(FROM A SERIES OF STATEMENTS BY PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMERS)

**A** *Always* **B** *Buy* **C** **CHESTERFIELD**

MAKE YOURS THE MILDER CIGARETTE... *They Satisfy*

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Flowers, Elijah D.  
307 N. Coloco St.

Flowers, Elijah D.  
309 N. College St.

