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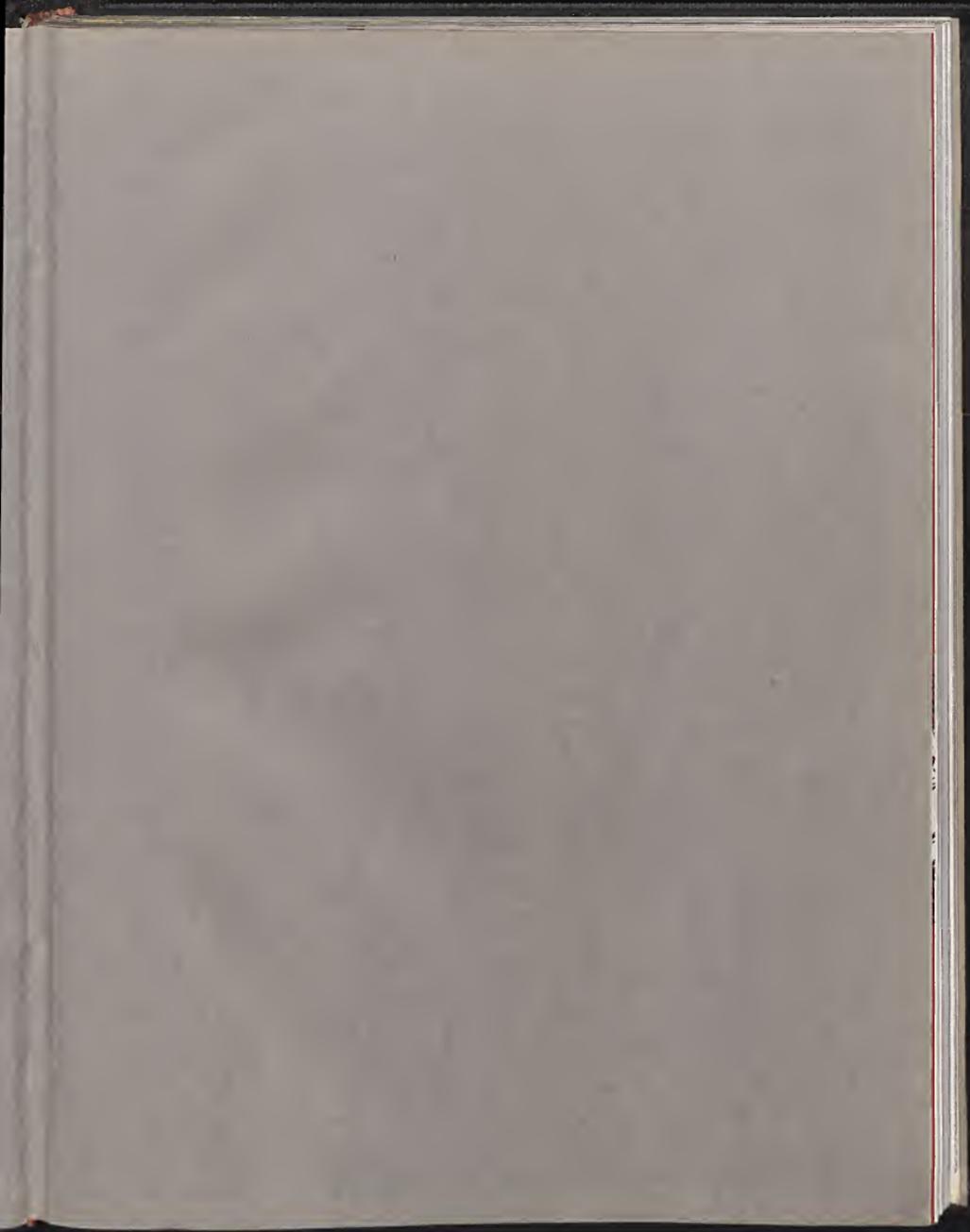
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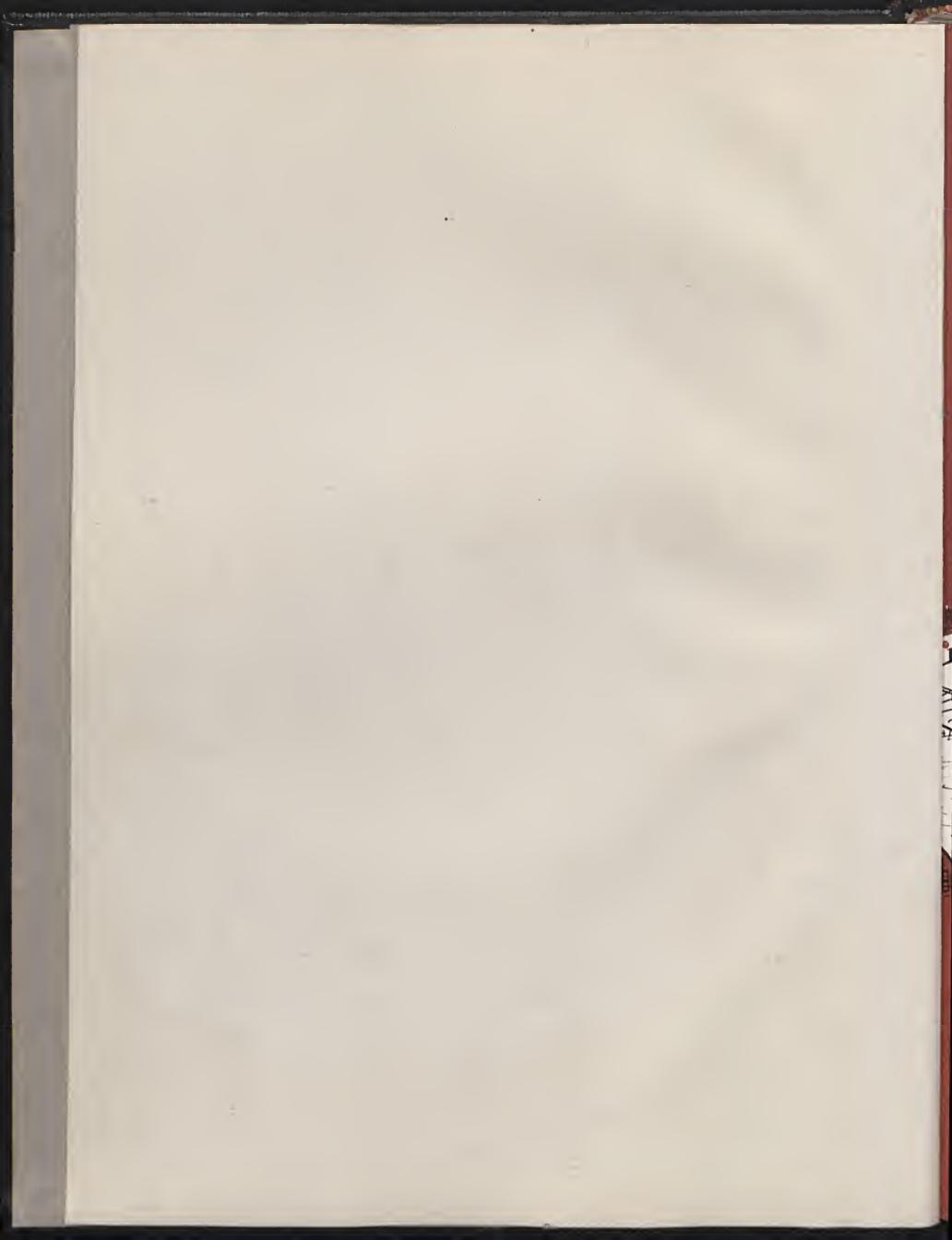


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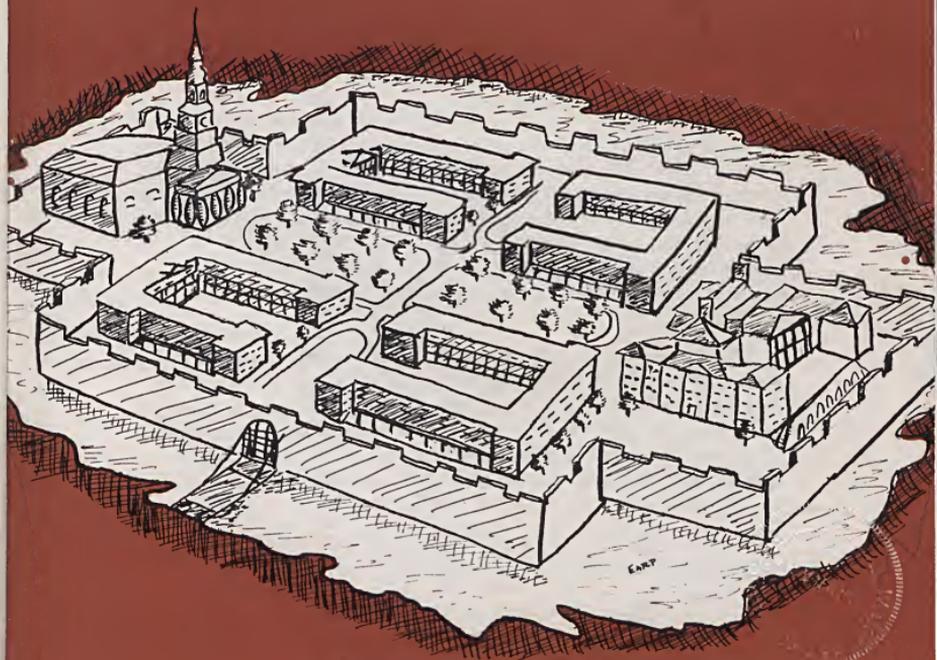




the student

VOLUME 75 NUMBER 1

OCTOBER, 1959



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Are We Too Provincial?

As we came up the hill to the modified-Georgian campus of Wake Forest, we were entering one of the most provincial communities in America. We can eat, sleep, work, worship, play, even buy our clothes and have our hair cut—all without leaving the boundaries of the campus. And although we meet a variety of people, nearly all of them are involved in the same occupation: an intensive process of higher education.

This provincialism is conducive to part of the educational process. It cuts us off from the diversions of the mainland and draws our attention to the store of knowledge which may be found on the college island. It exempts us from many responsibilities of the so-called "ordinary" life and allows us to explore our own potentialities.

But the cloistered security of campus life is not altogether desirable. For college should be an experience of broadening one's horizons. And too often it has the opposite effect. We study history and political science, yet the only newspaper we ever read is the *Old Gold and Black*. We have campus lectures by American and foreign personages, but only a few students attend. We act as if all there is to know had already been mastered by the time our text books went to press or our professors received their PhD's; so we draw a line there and set about to become educated. And we dare to ask if we are too provincial?

Perhaps there are some things, though, which can shake us into an awareness of other worlds existing beyond our world. Take the foreign exchange program, for instance. We have sent one of our own students to a country where they don't speak English, much less with a Southern accent. And we have a boy sitting in our classrooms here who can testify that Germany is not just a blob on a map, that the Berlin crisis really does matter to some people, and that not everyone has heard of Wake Forest.

We bask in the pleasantness of provincialism. But we can't find everything on our island. We need to build some bridges, to widen our horizons.

J. M. B.

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on the Campus



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the student

OCTOBER, 1959

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the student founded January, 1882, is published monthly, except summer sessions, by the students of Wake Forest College.

Office located in Room 224, Reynolda Hall; address correspondence to Box 7257, Reynolda Branch, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Printed by Keiger Printing Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

National Advertising representative W. B. Bradbury Co., 219 E. 44th St., New York, N. Y. Subscription rate: \$2.00 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Winston-Salem, N. C.

Between The Lines

Not all the contributors to THE STUDENT are staff members, and there are many people who suffer headaches over the magazine without ever getting due credit for their misery. So this column will be focused on the who's—and sometimes the how's and why's—of each issue.

The interviews which were held during orientation brought several new writers to room 224 on Pub Row, and two of them have stories in this issue. Sylvia Burroughs, who wrote "The Cracked Record," is a freshman member of the advertising staff and hopes to work with various aspects of the magazine. The author of "Dawn" is a transfer student, Linda Cohen, who also has some poetry in this issue.

The illustration for Dwight Pickard's short story was done by Anne Mercer Kesler, whose work appeared in the anniversary issue last May. Miss Kesler conferred with Dwight about his story and made several drawings before submitting three of them to THE STUDENT. Then Dwight chose this one from the three.

The other illustrations were done by Chic

Forbes, whose cartoons have been in THE OLD GOLD AND BLACK from time to time, and by a freshman, Bonnie Sullivan.

The editorial board has been busy writing and scouting for writers. Saralyn Blanton and Jeff Harrell, who wrote the articles about the foreign exchange, are both new members of the editorial board. And Don Schoonmaker, the author of this month's book review, was on the board last year.

The cover for October was designed by Betty Earp. Her sketch of the campus surrounded by a moat portrays the "provincialism" idea which the editor is harping on.

Speaking of provincialism, Ray Rollins has seen the disease in a new perspective. It seems that the male students are so cut off from the life of the coeds, that they don't know what the girls' dorms are really like. The remedy: a sight-seeing tour. In a later issue, Ray may continue his fight against campus provincialism by taking a girl through the boys' dorms. (Applications for this tour should be addressed to Box 7287.) ●

the student

NUMBER 1

Janet Binkley, *Editor*

Dick Moore, *Business Manager*

VOLUME 75

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International Avalanche

(No. 1 in a series of *Wider Horizons*)

I NTEREST IN INTERNATIONAL affairs has been growing at Wake Forest for several years, as it has on other American college campuses. The early interest took form during the Hungarian revolution, when our student body—led by a student committee—arranged for a Hungarian refugee to come to Wake Forest to study.

As Stephen Nemeth, the Hungarian student, steadily became more established here, the Refugee Committee saw that its duties to him were soon coming to an end. It was then that the committee, composed of Charles Deane, Janet Binkley, and Arnorn Harris, met with Dr. Kenneth Keeton, professor of German at Wake Forest and adviser for the committee, and Dr. Edwin Wilson, Dean of the College, to discuss the possibility of establishing a Foreign Student Exchange Program. During a supper meeting in the cafeteria, the suggestion was made for an exchange between Wake Forest and a German university. Seizing the proposal, the students began work.

The committee, now having become the Foreign Student Exchange Committee, expanded with three new members, Chuck Jones, Mary Mel Farris, and Saralyn Blanton. Talks with the Scholarship Committee of the College were necessary to determine possible scholarship aid for the foreign student. As soon as plans on this side of the fence began to take shape, many letters were written to German universities with the proposal of an exchange program. Several of the schools wrote back, showing an interest in such a program, but not committing themselves to any definite agreement.

Now the time had come to receive applicants for the Wake Forest exchange. After conference with a man from the University of North Carolina, where there is an effective exchange program, an application form was drawn up and distributed to students interested in representing Wake Forest in Germany. A number of students applied for the program and after the applications were studied, several students were notified to come for an interview. The

student committee presented its decisions to the Scholarship Committee, who made the final selection of the student to participate in the exchange.

AT the close of the semester last spring, things were looking doubtful and the committee began to wonder if perhaps all

the effort had been in vain. Charles Deane made a trip to Washington, D. C., to talk with the German ambassador and other officials in an effort to push the program through. It was not until the early part of the summer that word came from the Free

Continued on Page 19

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE
FOREIGN STUDENT SCHOLARSHIP
IN EXCHANGE WITH
A GERMAN UNIVERSITY



Fill in application fully and return to Charles Deane, 403A Taylor; Janet Binkley, 124B Bostwick; or Dr. Kenneth Keeton, 312 Library. Deadline for application is noon, Monday, March 21, 1959. Interviews and selection will proceed soon afterward. Enclose copy of transcript (including last semester's grades).

Use additional sheets when necessary in answering.

Date: _____

1. Name _____
2. College mailing address _____
3. Home address _____
4. Age _____ 5. Sex _____ 6. Class _____ 7. Major _____
8. Total quality point average (ex. 3.0) _____
9. State briefly why you want to participate in our foreign exchange program. _____

Dan had to fill out an application like this one.

Meet Ulrich

WE SAT DOWN AT A TABLE in the Magnolia Room in Reynolds Hall. "So you want to ask me some questions?" Ulrich said. "Go ahead, we can talk while we eat and then until seven o'clock. I have a tutoring class then, but I can be a few minutes late. I am pretending to be a professor; they will wait for me a few minutes, yes?"

This is characteristic of his humor. He is usually smiling, and even when he's discussing some serious matter his blue eyes dance as though they are withholding a joke. Throughout our conversation he made comments or cracked jokes in German with his roommate Dale Bridgewater, who was eating with us.

"Ulrich," I asked, "what do you think of Wake Forest in comparison to the University of Berlin?"

"I like Wake Forest very well," he said. "Everyone is very friendly; you can speak to the professors and even joke with them. I like this. But Wake Forest is not as large as the Free University of Berlin."

His eyes lit up as he spoke with pride of the University. He said that there are 11,500 students there and almost 600 professors. The University now has 85 buildings as compared to 4 in 1948 when it was founded.

I asked him about his curriculum and he replied that he studies only Business Administration at the University of Berlin, since the grade system differs from that in America. Ulrich went to grammar school for four years and then to high school for nine years before entering the University. In high school he studied subjects similar to those studied in American high schools: math, the sciences, language. But at the University of Berlin he takes only those courses which directly prepare him for his profession.

Here at Wake Forest he is auditing five courses: three in Business Administration, one in Sociology, and one in Speech. He says that he believes these courses will be beneficial to him, but that he is equally

interested in becoming familiar with the American people, in learning their way of life, and improving his English, which he speaks very well. I asked him how much language he took in high school and he told me he had taken seven years of English, five years of Latin, and a year of Greek.

At this point in our discussion the waitress finally served us, and between bites of roast beef we continued our conversation.

I learned more about Ulrich, about his father who is a professor in a technical school in West Berlin, and about his past. He modestly told me about the honors he has received and the school offices he has held. He was speaker of his class in high school for five years, an office which he explains is similar to our class president. He was president of the student body for two years and was representative for two years to a student association of all West Berlin high schools.

At the University of Berlin he was chairman of the Brother-Sister program for six months preceding his arrival at Wake Forest. This is an organization which assists foreign students at the University in adapting themselves to their environment and in coping with any problems that might arise. During his administration, Ulrich received wide recognition for greatly increasing the size and efficiency of this program.

FINALLY my curiosity got the best of me and I asked Ulrich what impression he had had of America before arriving here. He smiled as though he had been waiting for me to ask this question and told me that America is very much as he had pictured it.

"It is friendlier, though," he said. "Here nearly everyone speaks to me, especially the freshmen and sophomores."

He told me that what has impressed him most is the number of big cars in America. "We have many cars in Germany, but I have never seen so many big cars. They are very comfortable. Most of the German cars are much smaller."

I asked Ulrich about the student program and he told me that he is here in exchange with Dan Jones, a junior from Raleigh. Ulrich said that his application was one of fifty submitted from the student body of 11,500. First the applicants were interviewed by American exchange students, by German students who had studied in America, and by other members of the student body of the University. Then they were interviewed by their professors and by members of the German Foreign Office. Next, they were interviewed by German and American officials of the Fulbright Committee. After the interviews the Committee studied recommendations submitted by high school teachers, and Ulrich was among the five students who were finally chosen.

I listened as Ulrich told me how overjoyed he was to be chosen. He said that he had always wanted to come to America, especially since 1955 when he had an American exchange student in his home for Christmas. "To us," he said, "America is the one country of absolute freedom. I have always wished that I could come here, and now that wish has come true."

He continued speaking and I learned that at first he had not intended to come to Wake Forest. At the time he was chosen, there were only four Universities in the United States that had an exchange program with the Free University of Berlin. Three of these exchanged one student each year, while the other, Stanford, exchanged two. "I was one of the two who were to go to Stanford," he said. "I had applied to the Fulbright Commission for a travel grant and had received it when Stanford wrote that they could exchange only one student this year. So I could not go. Then Wake Forest wrote and asked for an exchange of students. This made me very happy because I would rather come to a smaller school than to one of the larger universities."

WE ordered strawberry ice cream for dessert, and Ulrich began to tell me about his trip to America:

Because it is sometimes unsafe to cross

the Iron Curtain, he took a plane from Berlin to Cologne. From Cologne he traveled by train to Bonn where he remained for two days with 101 other German foreign students. Then they took a train to Cuxhaven and from there came to America by boat.

When I asked him about his arrival in New York, he said: "The first thing I saw was a helicopter that came out to greet our ship. Then I saw the skyline of New York and the Statue of Liberty, which is the symbol of freedom to us. I was a little disappointed in the Statue though; it is not as large as I thought it would be and it is old and green."

He was uneasy as to where to go when he got off the ship. He wondered if there were a hotel which he was to stay in, and how he was to get to Wake Forest. Then he received a note written in German which said, "I wish to speak with you immediately, Dr. O'Flaherty, Wake Forest College."

"I knew then," Ulrich told me, "that everything would be all right."

Dr. O'Flaherty walked up the gangway to meet him and they left the ship. "I was going to jump off the gangway onto America with both feet," Ulrich said with a laugh, "but we were talking and I forgot."

Ulrich spoke in a slight tone of awe as he told me of their ride through the congested New York traffic on their way to the hotel. "Everywhere there were cars, cars, cars," he said.

Later that night he walked around New York with three or four other Fulbright students from the boat and they went to the top of the Empire State Building, where they saw the lights of the city, the flickering, colored spots of the advertising signs, and the lights along the Hudson River and the East River. "It was wonderful to be on top of New York," he said.

THE next morning Ulrich and Dr. O'Flaherty drove to Winston-Salem, arriving after dark. "It was very beautiful to see the campus at night," he said, "but

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He plays cards with the boys . . .



. . . And he measures up to the Deacon.

Requiem With Dandelion

SO THIS WAS THE WAY it would end. With the lights bleeding thin and white over the hall and with the smell of garlic stuck in his nose. The garlic being the smell of one of the guards, and the lights feeling for the sleep in his eyes. But he had known it from the beginning—even before the day on the hill when he had sat under the one tree on the singular and clean naked spot. That was the day they found him.

—had known that this was the way it would all end, with not much time to bring it to a sum and evaluate it, to find the exact proportions, placing a finger on it, saying this is, or was it.

With one guard on either side, he was taken down the hall, passing between the close white walls. The lights came up real slow, stood in his face, and passed over yellowish. He didn't resist.

For he had willfully and knowingly, being of sound mind, perpetrated a crime against the state and the people of the state. And having enacted it with subversion of the most dastardly degree, was subject to the law of the state, which was derived from the people.

So the indictment read and so it had been read to him. They had tacked the goddamn thing over his door. He threw it away—out the window and ten seconds down to the yard. He had timed it because there was nothing else to do then—watching it glide from arc to arc to the orange dirt ground. The next morning when he looked out the window it was gone. He didn't look for it after that. A few days later they brought another. When he threw that one away, they didn't bring anymore. He didn't care about it then because he knew.

by
Dwight
Pickard

—had known even before wombness that this was the way of endings, but not with garlic scuttling in his nose, breathed convulsively down his throat, and making him want to retch—and maybe time enough to put the pieces of days together into their epilogue.

Remembering the time he stood nocturnally innocent in the schoolyard when he was a boy and waited for the world's end, which he had dreamed about the night before. It was summer then and the schoolyard weeds stood up all around him like starched tentacles and rattled dryly against the sky. And when he sat down to consummate the final period, the sun grew weary in his lap and the sky bled real thin and the laughter was lost between the ball bounces of a day of summer of days of summers closing its backdoor.

"Don't push," he said now, "there's time enough."

The guard on his right had an oval face, which rounded into a quick smile. The other guard smiled tightly. They had done

it before, he thought, it was an easy job. Anyway they didn't have to do it now.

"What's he done?" the oval faced guard asked.

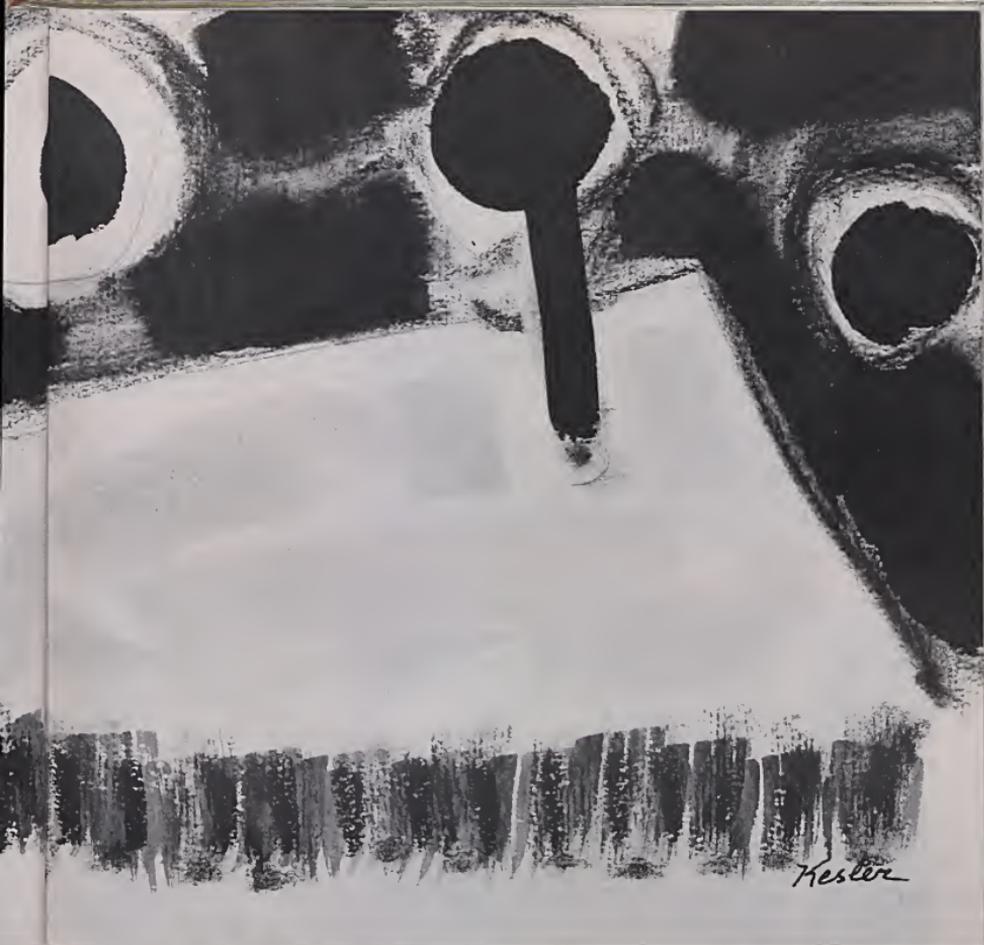
"Not much," said the other, his lips static.

"Is it enough?"

"Yes."

"Too bad."

"No, it's not too bad, he is bad, it's good we caught him."



"We didn't catch him, he surrendered on the small hill."

"A foolish thing."

"Yes."

So it was as simple as putting his left foot before his right, and alternating this till they came to the room. Good and bad.

Looking at the ceiling where the lights had small hands smothering the white ceiling intermittently and the floor was uneven on his feet, creaking at the high places,

and he counted the distance with his eyes extended on the lights until he and the guards stopped at the end of the hall at the door with him still between them and the hall and lights behind him, but the lights projecting their smear on the closed door before him and him with his stomach on ribs and juxtaposed bodily against the floor with garlic splashing hot on his face because one of them said it was funny about something and the other laughing dutiously

and him knowing they were laughing having not even listened, for it was all interim like when you know the moment between winds on a hill or when you find timelessness in summer closets of the mind.

—until when his neck yielded suddenly frigid to a cold glint soft blade touch such as when he was under the tree on the naked spot with Marie and a leaf poured one drop on his neck—which was before he went with them.

Continued on Page 22

man on the hall

photography and story by Ray Rollins

Year after year coeds and male students have looked across the campus at the "vast domain," the habitat of their respective counterparts, with "mixed emotions."

The coeds have pondered the male dormitories and concluded that "they really have it nice over there, with their suites and maid service and fraternity houses."

The men have looked in the other direction and imagined spacious rooms with private baths, fancy furnishings, plush lounges, game rooms and kitchens, and other things which would facilitate "ladies of leisure."

These wisps of perverse thought have cropped up in casual conversation, ever increasing the speculation as to what it's like "on the other side."

Thanks to such speculation and a naturally growing curiosity, a suggestion was made that a tour be made of the dormitories by members of the opposition.

Bob Yarbrough, a senior who had been sensible enough not to have entertained the thought of ever seeing the inside of those walls, was invited to take the tour of the girls' dormitories.

The photographer said, "OK"; Yarbrough said "Oh boy," and away they went, preceded by editor Binkley yelling "Man on the halls."

Once at the entrance to Bostwick A, however, Yarbrough was a little hesitant.



"HUH-UH! AIN'T GOIN'," he said, but finally relented, at the coaxing of Mary Gail Koontz, who, though surprised, bade him enter.

“Here Bob, have some coffee,” Mrs. Overby offers. “Relax. It’s nice that you can see for yourself what our dormitories are like.” Bob agreed. After the coffee, Bob warily took the next step.



“Ya gotta sign in,” instructs Elga Loftin, as Bob takes the unfamiliar card. He had, of course, only a temporary visa into this “no-man’s land.”

Then there was another pause while the girl at the central intercom system alerted all girls that “Men will be touring the dormitories,” giving them a choice of either opening or locking their doors. Certain squeals of either glee or dismay responded to the announcement.

And Binkley led the way, calling “Man on the hall.”

As he wended his way through the forbidden realms, Bob encountered a bridge game, in a lounge for such purposes found on each floor, and was invited to participate.



"O-ohh, Janice, let's be 'liberal' about this. Let whoever it is come ahead and watch the game."

Binkley stood guard.

Bob was then led down a hallway and into one of the more "interesting" rooms, where he stumbled into various necessities, including a . . .

"A TREE!!!" Bob admitted he couldn't think of a single room over in Taylor dormitory that was thus equipped. "Hey Binkley, look at me."

And Binkley said, "There's more."



"I like the general effect," ventured Bob, but isn't it a little cozy in these rooms." And he told tales of comparison about the "enormous" rooms aggregated around the plaza. "And too, these seem smaller because you have some belongings in yours that we don't."

Furnishings in the rooms varied from one room to the next; but the closets were disgustingly alike, each containing a chest of drawers arranged so as to virtually prevent ready access to clothes racks.

"My gosh, I thought ours were bad," exclaimed Bob. "Man, you should see ours."

"We'd like to," came the response.

And Binkley yelled, "Man on the hall."

Types of desks seemed to be the chief room-to-room variation, but most prevalent were the light metal desks with a single drawer and no place for books.

Ugh-h-hh," grunted Bob, who felt sure the girls must be hiding the real desks. "Why, over in our dorms we've got . . ."

"Yes, we've heard," retorted the coeds. "But prove it." Which sounded much like a self-invitation.

"Well, you should just see what rooms we've got," Bob insisted.

"We will," said Binkley and led the way through the underground passage—the "tunnel"—to "Vegas."



"So this is Las Vegas!" Bob was surrounded by machines which in turn were surrounded by irate coeds pounding them in what seemed a very non-feminine manner.

Behind a door was a pajama-clad coed who had failed to hear Binkley's lepotic call. Bob insisted he wouldn't be embarrassed, but the unseen coed stubbornly clung to her place of refuge.

Out of Vegas and down the hall, Bob was channeled into a "typical???" room.



All the comforts of home, and MORE," commented Bob, taking a moment to relax "Some of it looks like stuff confiscated from OUR rooms."

And while in this room, Bob and the photographer found themselves "victims" of a plot. A congregation of females blocked the exit. Whispered debate was going on in the background.

Above all the talk, Binkley was heard to plead, "But you can't do it. They've got to see the rest of the dorm."

"That's right, we've got a report to make," chimed in Bob, voicing uncertain objection.

"If they don't see the rest of the dorm," pleaded Binkley, "how're they going to know what it's really like over here?"

"But Mrs. Madry said we could do what we wanted to do," chirped an innocent female voice.

"Oh boy," said Bob. Binkley won.

At the end of the hour and a half tour, it was back to the coffee (black) for Bob.

"Boy! I never realized it would be like this." ●



T H R E E

P O E M S

A SEED OF MISCONCEPTION

I am not yet an elder, by capitals
 could possibly lean in mind and bone
 but my landlady thinks
 THAT I should pledge allegiance
 to country, to state, to town, to area,
 to school, to club (of attendance)
 what does a "Bud" do now?
 get a-head or become a chubby flower
 and allow gardeners to spread me.
 Pin a sweeter thorn on my brow
 because those who scream will never
 hurt thorn workers
 but the screams will leak fast of fluid (an old sailor dies)
 when and especially when parades move
 those who use ugly little phrases
 for eternal reasons (not the usual compounds)
 left of the setting sun
 away from a graveyard of chief sweat undergraduates
 buckles left over from 'O!
 when everybody paid without no mothers
 without no felt ideas, without no next of kin
 except many brothers, who empty cans
 Let me work;
 Let me carry your food and smokes
 to your white house.
 Why thick forehead do you wrinkle?
 And move with jumpy grafts?
 you do know dirty tunes
 move aside and hand me the rest,
 On uncooraniter.

SHE LOST

Step right up
 Step right up
 just one thin dime
 and oh will you be surprised
 ladies and gentlemen, you know
 that I know the truth
 well just believe me
 and go in that ugly tent of despair
 if you aren't completely satisfied
 I will return your money
 many went and many stayed
 one lost
 the rest won
 who?
 the little old woman
 who probably had several hundred children
 or more, she smiled and clutched her share . . .

A WHISPERING FACE OF LOVE

Faces of love
 Faces of hate
 even to try, we really can't place
 if only there were a sign
 there are many different times
 but when we find our happy mood
 it can laugh, please don't cry
 don't even scream for a moment
 of time now would mean
 only more faces
 and these would look black
 or pink, isn't that nice,
 please . . . please . . .
 let's not even search
 for if we do at this one second
 all is lost
 or maybe only looks lost
 I feel a wholesome feeling
 like a whisper
 now it's set
 now let us rest.

by
 Graham
 Tomlinson



The Cracked Record

By Sylvia Burroughs

I DON'T LIKE TO think about it it depresses me so I mean if she had died I would have felt awful bad and cried and later think and remember and wish she was here to laugh with me and all but the way things happened was a lot worse in a way

Sherry was my cousin beautiful all black hair dark skin but mostly the thing about her was she treated me like a real person I mean you know how it is you go to school all day and they push you and pull you and tell you somebody was always telling me so I would come home and Sherry would be there home from her job and she would ask me things (not like mothers say how was school dear and keep right on doing something else and not listen Sherry really wanted to know) And something else one day she bought me a record one of Ricky Nelson we

had heard it on the radio and she had shown me a new dance step and she went out and bought that record she bought it for me (Daddy got me some records once but they were 78 and my record player is 45 and somehow it was different anyway) I almost cried when Sherry handed it to me I still have it around somewhere even if it is cracked I guess its pretty stupid to keep a cracked record though

Sherry had a lot of men friends (I used to go over and watch her get dressed for a date) then she met Guy I liked him fine but he really was different from the others quiet-like

Well she married him one minute it seemed we were sitting in my bedroom giggling and the next she was standing up in that white dress and we were throw-

ing rice and they were gone to Bermuda for a honeymoon

Guy lived in Tennessee so they stayed there and I didn't see her for a year but sometimes she wrote me a note or something they had a small reunion planned when she and Guy came home (about thirty of them) talk about being excited I thought I would die of excitement I cleaned the house I wore my black sheath I thought of a million things to ask her and two million to tell her and I very very carefully laid out the record she bought me the Ricky Nelson record

I DON'T even want to tell you about the reunion it was a nightmare (I felt like I was floating and could look down and see myself as well as everybody else) all the men talking cars Ford against Chevrolet I think and all the women talking recipes recipes recipes and Sherry in the middle telling about something she made with beef and there I was stranded on the fringes I didn't have anyone and all of a sudden Sherry said listen everybody I am going to have a baby I was awful glad for her because you could tell she was happy about it but everybody was telling her how wonderful how wonderful that I didn't get a chance so I figured I would wait and tell her later well naturally all the women started telling something about her child and after a while my mother said she was having a terrible time with me I was acting so teenagey she told all those women that even with me listening but it was worse what Sherry said yes she said I remember how she used to swoon over that silly little Ricky Somebody or other another woman started telling about her teenager and I stood up very slowly I don't know how it happened but I hit the record stand and the Ricky Nelson record fell off it kept spinning around and around I just stood there staring at it the tears making the room look blurry I stooped down and picked it up and there was a crack right down the middle

I guess thats about all Sherry had a nice baby girl her and Guy and the baby are very happy (Guy is starting to get a big stomach and Sherry's hair is short now with one or two gray twigs in it) and every Christmas she sends me a card with the baby's picture and I am very happy for them I really did not care too much what she said but sometimes I dream the baby is me and I am Sherry and that that record is going around and around with the crack in the middle and it depresses me pretty bad ●

October Review . . .

Lady Chatterley's Lover

By D. H. LAWRENCE

THERE IS ONE FACT WHICH stands out in reference to any controversial novel. Whether it is worthwhile or not, it will be read, reviewed, and discussed. *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, by D. H. Lawrence, achieved a controversial character because of the litigation the publishers of Grove Press had to undergo before the American public was considered adult enough to read Mr. Lawrence's novel.

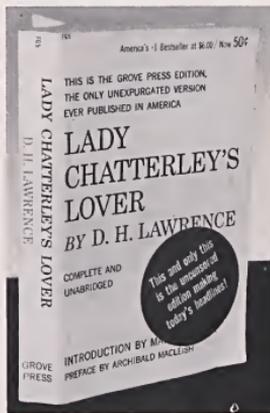
Now that almost everyone understands, or thinks he understands, the true significance of the word "unexpurgated" (for you really *have* to read the unexpurgated edition), what valid criticisms of the book have been offered? Alfred Kazin, noted literary critic, has said, "the whole purpose of Lawrence's tract novel is to establish sexual love as a revolutionary weapon against our industrial society." I think it is important to note in Mr. Kazin's criticism the phrase "tract-novel," for another noted critic has emphasized this same defect, that is, as Archibald Macleish has remarked, "that the propaganda purpose of the book shows through."

The story told by D. H. Lawrence is quite simple. Lady Chatterley has married Sir Clifford Chatterley, who has become paralyzed from the waist down. Clifford's infirmity seems to sharpen his mental agility while a propensity for cynicism and a sense of inbred superiority mark his character. Lady Chatterley, who feels that her "self" is drying up by being married to just a mind, eventually meets Oliver Mellors, a gamekeeper on Clifford's estate who is described throughout the book with a "flickering smile on his face," and "a flame kindling in his loins." Soon the two become, as the succinct yet ambiguous term has it, involved. "Involved" in this novel means love, mutual understanding, and hope. These forces help the lovers to cope adequately

with the mutual loneliness and fear which stems partly from their isolated existences and partly from their lack of comprehension towards the industrialization of England, a social force which seems to choke them with the "utter negation of natural beauty, the utter negation of the gladness of life."

It is interesting that the passages which I found most descriptive and creative were those which praised the "natural beauty" of the wood and which found delight and the "gladness of life" in the relationship between Lady Chatterley and Mellors. Besides the persistent theme of the degradation of England due to industrialization, Lawrence also drives home other points which warrant the label "tract-novel" to his book. One of these themes is the overt preoccupation with success. "The bitch-goddess, Success, was trailed by thousands of gasping dogs with lolling tongues." Lawrence abhorred this idolization of materialism which stripped man of his masculinity and produced individuals who "prostituted" the bitch-goddess, Success. Lawrence also inveighs against the class society of England. In the introduction to *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, Mark Schorer quotes from Lawrence's *Autobiographical Sketch*: "class makes a gulf across which all the best human flow is lost." Mellors, the lover, is particularly aware of this gulf as he had been born in the lower strata of English society, but due to his persistence in study and tenure in the British military, he was a gentleman in all respects except by birth. The verbal exchanges between Sir Clifford, a man who haughtily exults his class position, and Mellors, a man who despises the show and ridiculousness of a superiority by birth, are venomous and charged with an intangible tension.

As a reviewer, I feel I should offer some criticism or explication of Lawrence's interesting language, since this has been one of the controversial points concerning his book. Lawrence used a realistic language because, as the critic Alfred Kazin says, "(it) represented to D. H. Lawrence his wistful and hoped-for symbols of a new loving frankness between men and women." The district court in its decision granting the Grove Press publishers the right to pub-



lish the book pointed out, "It (the book) contains a number of passages describing sexual intercourse in great detail with complete candor and realism. Four-letter Anglo-Saxon words are used with some frequency." The court went on to say, "These passages and this language understandably will shock the sensitive minded. Be that as it may, these passages are relevant to the plot and to the development of the characters and of their lives as Lawrence unfolds them."

When reading criticisms of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, one noticeable factor continually stressed is that whenever opinions or criticisms of the book are offered, they are always tempered by a reminder of the author's integrity and serious purpose. If *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is to be considered a worthwhile book of fiction, then I feel it should be criticized without the author's purpose coloring each statement. Bearing this in mind, I do not consider Lawrence's novel to merit any extensive praise except for its "tract aspects" which delineate a provocative indictment of man in the technological confusion of the twentieth century. ●

—DON SCHOONMAKER

Dawn

by
linda cohen

IN A TINY ROOM where the ceiling slopes down to meet the floor a child sleeps. The window is open beside his bed. Across the room his sister, eight years old, clutches the pillow tightly between her thin and pallid arms. She turns and her face is caught in the striped sunlight that has been woven into the room through the fire escape. A child's face. Soft and pleasant. Fine hair and light, it is shining now in the glow of the sun. The eyes open quickly and take in the room, the window and the sky beyond. Still unseeing the child sleeps heavily again.

The little boy whimpers in his sleep and then he awakens. He has been dreaming of a yellow rug. His dream was that he was awake and in his own room. Only something was very different. He knew what it was when he got up. There on the floor was a soft smiling yellow rug, bright as the eyes of the child. He walks on it. His eager feet squirm about on the softness. He starts to run to tell his sister; but he cannot move. The softness of the rug has caught him. His feet are trapped in the web that was the yellow rug. Slowly he tries to move one foot, then the other. With each movement his feet are buried deeper and deeper until the yellow fibers have woven themselves over and over about his toes. He is still. He cannot feel his feet at all now. He hurls his body to the left, to the right. His feet remain stationary, unyielding. He crumples to the rug. Stunned he feels that softness reaching up the sides of his flesh. He throws his body desperately, with all the force of his young flesh; and then he wakes up. The sunlight blinds him for an instant. He is moist and the muscles in his legs are cramped. He tries to move his toes and when they respond he reaches with his hand for the floor. Smooth and cold. He looks about now and sees the wooden floor dull and hard. He

sees the bed and hears his sister's even breathing. And he falls asleep.

He is five years old.

IN the next room his mother is awakening. Her husband has been gone for two hours. He is in another part of the city now, his high high truck rambling about the deserted streets. The woman sits on the edge of the bed. Silent for a moment. Her hair is straggled and her eyes are staring through the grey wall immediately in front of her. Suddenly her fingers scramble through her hair, and grasping the long thick brownness, she yanks and her senses are stung into wakefulness. Her feet slip into bed-shoes, the softness lumpy now and matted by the shuffling of months.

She enters the kitchen. The chair grumbles in a grating voice as it scratches across the floor. The woman slumps into it and the stale cigarette smoke weaves its way through the light morning air. The cigarette poised on the edge of the table, she scratches her head and the fingernails come away thick and coated with moisture and film.

The children can sleep. The streets will be waiting for them whenever they awaken. But the stillness is haunting. And the woman does not want to wait.

She leaves the cigarette, its body largely

ashen now, balancing on the table's edge. At the entrance to the bedroom, still heavy in sleep and light in sunlight, she stops. The tiny face of her baby is puffed and peaceful. The little hands curl around nothing, the closed eyes stare at the ceiling. She turns to the girl and sees her twisting, grasping the pillow, her arms tense and unyielding as she fights for the soft pliant warmth.

"Get up already you lazy kids. So young and ya wanna sleep all day? What's a mattuh with you anyway?"

She wheels around and returns to the kitchen. The cigarette had fallen and has burned a stain into the numb linoleum. She sits down again, vigorous now, and while another cigarette rests on the edge of the table she butters a piece of bread. She bites largely into the breakfast.

THE little boy woke immediately, startled out of sleep by this voice in the stillness. He climbs out of bed and one tiny hand reaches up to rub the sleep out of his eyes. He shuffles across the room.

Softly, "Barbara, B-b-barbara, mommy's walking aroun' and sh-she sounds m-m-mad again. C-c'mon 'fore sh-she comes and whacks ya."

And the little girl also rises. ●



THE SIGNIFICANT INSIGNIFICANT

Rain ladies dance to this,
This kind of night by day,
This daylight womb-like darkness;
And being home in the valley of virtue
Below the softly rolling hills
And double-moon soulful mirrors,
The loom of love is automatic
And tragic in simplicity.

Because of the upturned nose she has
And at its end the smallest finger
Of one of the smallest hands, you stand
To the end of the merry-go-round;
But the ring shall never lend itself,
Nor make do even when snared.

The mighty math man's jellybeans
Mean more to us than we
Would seem to have cared.

—MAUZY and PICKARD

It is interesting to note that "The Significant Insignificant" was written by two people. Thus the question arises: How do two people collaborate in the creation of a poem? Perhaps it will be easier to explain the process with the following diagram of the first draft.

**RAIN LADIES TURN ON THIS
SIDE OF NIGHT ON BLACK**

TRIANGLES OF WOMBNESS.
At home in the valley of virtue
Below the rolling hills
And double-moon mirrors,
The loom of love is automatic,

And tragic in simplicity.
**BECAUSE OF WOMAN NOSE TURNED UP AT ITS
END WITH THE SMALLEST FINGER OF THE
SMALLEST HAND, WHICH SHALL BE UNTO YOU**

EVEN AS THE END OF FERRIS WHEEL KNEES.
The line will not mend itself
Nor make do; the mad math man's
Jellybeans mean more to me.

The lines which are all in capitals were written by one writer, and the lines in the lower case were written by the other. The heavy line indicates where the paper was folded. One person would write several lines; then he would fold that over so only the last line was showing. On the basis of that last line, the next person would write a few more lines, and so they went until they felt they had enough material. Then using the thought fragments of the first draft, they compiled their poem.

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- d) Entries to be left at the publication offices, 224 Reynolda Hall, or mailed to THE STUDENT, Box 7287, Reynolda Station.
- e) Judges to be THE STUDENT Editorial Board and a member of the English Department.
- f) Editors reserve right to publish winning stories. All entries become property of THE STUDENT magazine. Contest closes midnight, December 15, 1959.

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International Avalanche

Continued from Page 3

University of Berlin that our proposal had been accepted, that they were sending a student and were awaiting one from our college.

During the summer an American and a German traded educational homes for this school year. Dan Jones, a 19-year-old junior from Raleigh, is the Wake Forest representative, and Hans Ulrich Zieten, a 23-year-old second year student in the European plan, was selected by the Free University. Dan is planning to major in German literature, and Ulrich is interested in business administration.

Under the plan each student's expenses are being cared for with the exception of travel costs. When the Winston-Salem Rotary Club gave \$750 for the project, the financial ball began rolling. Ulrich has a scholarship and is being paid for his work in the German department. Dan is receiving a monthly stipend, exemption from tuition fees, and transportation while there in Germany. Dan will be at the University in Berlin from October 12 to August, 1960, and Ulrich will be here on the Wake Forest College campus for this academic year.

At the present time Dan Jones is in language school in Germany. His roommate is an Italian boy who speaks Italian, French and German, but no English. Ulrich is rooming with Dale Bridgewater, a German major and a senior from Salisbury, Maryland. Ulrich is conducting labs for the students of German at Wake Forest.

The story of the exchange program may seem to be simple. But strong are the hopes that the participating students, their institutions, and even the cause of international understanding will benefit from our program. Reports of the progress of the program here are being sent periodically to the Voice of America, and news of the Foreign Student Exchange Program between Wake Forest College and the Free University of Berlin will be broadcast all over Western Europe. Many people who have heard of our exchange are already hoping to set up a similar program. As Ulrich says, "I must have started an avalanche." ●

—SARALYN BLANTON

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Ulrich and Dale compare literature.

Meet Ulrich

Continued from Page 5

I did not believe it could be Wake Forest, because the architecture is old and I knew that Wake Forest is a new school." He says the rooms here are different from those in Germany, which have colored paper on the walls, but that he has become used to the bare walls now. He grinned and told me that he has bought a large six-foot map of the United States with which he intends to decorate one of the walls.

I asked him if he had confronted many difficulties since he has been here and he shook his head negatively. "Only registration," he said. "It took Dale and me four hours to get me registered." They both laughed and passed some joke between them in German. "I am very fortunate to have Dale as a roommate," said Ulrich, "he

speaks German very well and helps me with my English and all the other little things that I need to know."

He looked at his watch and said that it was seven o'clock and that he must go. "Is there another question you would like to ask me?" he wondered. I thought a moment and then asked him if he thinks he will be happy here. "Oh yes," he said, "It is a good school and everyone is very friendly. Everyone says 'hi, hi, hello, nice to meet you, glad to have you with us.' I am sure I will continue to like it here very much."

We paid for our meal and walked out the door. A co-ed passed and Ulrich cast her an appreciative glance. "Everyone asks me what I think of American girls and American beer," he grinned. "I think the American girls are very good looking. But American beer, it is much like Bavarian beer, it is like strong water." ●

—JEFF HARRELL

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The world is a mass of breaths and footsteps
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And I wonder at the murmuring solitude of this
new moon

Cloaked in lightness

Beside the reaches of eternity.

The shadow of this aged world is deepened
As faces whisper secrets in the dark.

And the stars tremble.

The shrill disorder would burst upon that sky—

But though the beams of stars waver

And the moon wane before the peak of the universe
is neared;

Though this madness touch the clouds

And the rains come down again;

There is yet a hush over the surface of the earth.

—Linda Cohen

Requiem . . .

Continued from Page 7

And standing transfixed, not afraid to turn around, only apprehension and hands holding him, affixed to the axis of his spine, rigid straight, hearing his breath drum, thinking of his pale-caved eyes assuming an impotence of expression, and then the dandelion falling in his face in a slow yellow and being held there by long girlish but boy fingers.

And knowing it was the dandelion that had been on his neck and now it was in his face, obtrusive but tranquil. A flower lulling into pleasant insensibility him who knew the hill of tree of naked spot of Marie with dandelions strung along the ridge-horizon where the sky began and ended, not only with space, but with Marie and himself on the night before those came who were beside him now.

And the fingers belonging to the one who held the dandelion and who was called Idiot by the guard on his right because he was an idiot and because he was a fossil screamaugh who came with one dandelion and placed it with decorum and imminence of curled back lip on the head of somebody between any guard before the door before the sentence.

And the door where the Idiot's screamaugh began to gather and curdle in his face.

“HURRY, crazy one,” the oval faced guard said with amusement, “we must take him in.”

“And you are early with your flower,” the other said, “do you anticipate the sentence?”

The one called Idiot was silent with laughing, laughing and at the same time straining to hold the dandelion steady in place.

“I’m glad you’re early,” said the oval face, “such a nice flower, isn’t it nice?”

“Very nice.”

The Idiot laughing as if he were infected with the immediacy of biting his tongue in two and spitting the parts on him who when he was allowed to turn around saw that the back of the Idiot was splinting from shoulder jerk to jerk down the hall into the ribbon of lights—loplollying inanely methodical from side to side, squeezing the flower.

“Open the door,” he said now.

Saying this because of being nailed by

the origin of an idiot's face, which he had never seen, to the unknown mute impulse of a girl face full of cry, whose face had gone to sleep on his face in a night full of dandelion.

Maybe because the Idiot was the same as the first days when there was the sweet sadness of contortions of hobby-horse cymbals among the tatoes and syrupy perfumes of whore faces, who were angelic even upon the transgressions of their knees.

And he and Marie had gone and taken their seats in bird-child fashion on some ferris wheel among the galaxy of lights, and had risen to the roof of night.

"Please open the door," he said again, realizing a total father and total mother on night sheets where the wind was compassionate with soft little rain fingers heavy with conception.

"Open the door, please."

The door left the push of the guard's hand and revolved open to the three faces of three men of three Judges, who sat stoically behind a table before a sheet of white wall. The room was like a box, almost square, he thought, with one light bulb suspended indifferently between him and the three.

"Your name please," the one in the middle asked. His face was yellow and he drummed his fingers on the table top in irregular staccatos.

"It doesn't make any difference," he said.

"No, maybe it doesn't" a smooth modulated tone answered—"where were you on the night of—"

And he didn't hear the date because he said he was on "woman's breast" and one of the three looked up like one of the father, son, and holy ghost, but said instead, "how amusing."

SO this is the way it always was, he thought, with the lines diverging and gone again and with your ribs sorted on indifferent table tops and the room like a box of accident, a box of life, a box of isness, a box of wasness.

"Tomorrow morning?" he asked, more with his eyes than with his voice, looking at nothing and at the three.

"Yes."

"Thank you," he said because maybe this is the way it always was.

Then the three and the room were lost behind him, who had assimilated the face of only one; it was a yellow face. All over and quick. Over with until morning and then over with again.

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In the hall, the two guards didn't talk, assuming a static fixture likeness. It was late, nearly morning, and they were tired. Only the Idiot had amused them, relieving their monotony.

In the hall, the lights were close on the ceiling, closer than before. He didn't look at the lights now.

When he was again to the room, which was smaller than the other, they closed the door and he went to the window for the morning not even attempting to remember whether or not the man now sitting on a stool in the corner was there when he left because the room was only room and now had someone else who was saying how accidentally wonderful it was of them, the bastards, to let him out free in the morning and how it had changed his entire life and he would start again somewhere.

The man talked and he was waiting for the morning and that's how it was when he went for Marie until the man said "What will you do?" and he said he didn't know because they would shoot him soon and please leave him alone. But the man presently persisting somewhat awkwardly with a folio of gushed condolences, saying he didn't know what to say and talking profusely about life and death and the atrocity of the state imposing itself on the young and not even a priest around.

And him finally telling the man "to go to hell", which recessed the room to silence until the man said "aloneness" and him turning around for the first time to measure the man and the man's face which had swirls of old under eyes. A face proportional to the squat body of the man.

"The pathos of life," the man said with stone intonation, "aloneness, a little inconvenient, isn't it?"

"Leave me alone."

"Can I help you?" the man said.

"Leave me alone."

Then he saw the man recede with his smug squat body into the obliqueness of the corner, sitting geometrically erect and saying that it was almost morning, which he didn't hear because he knew it was already morning.

So he turned to the window, feeling the slope of his shoulders turning with him, and looked at the sun which was a half-face on the horizon.

"Let's go!"

When he turned around, they were looking at the man in the corner whose eyes were circles.

"No!"

They smiled.

"No," the man said louder, "oh please God no, it's not me you want."

They laughed.

"It's both, you first, old man."

"But you want him."

And him seeing between the guards the accusation of no as they dragged the man out and knowing now how easy it would be.

Because when they came back he had already asked Marie to go to the hill with him and wait for the morning, which he knew was very near. Already you could see the sun and the moon each in its own side of the sky. And Marie said the morning was good, and he knew what she meant by good.

"Let's go."

And seeing for the first time her eyes of sleep, he told her of the pigeon Sundays of parks with old men peaceful and asleep on the newspapers. She said they must have been good days and he said yes, they were. Along the way, they watched the leaves fall in quarter-moon arcs from trees where the branches combed out real thin in the top. And they talked of many things.

"Hurry up."

She stopped him, to catch the leaves, saying they dipped to her hand on a whisper's back, and when it started raining, he made her stand under a tree away from the rain and the rain's birthmark, for she was very thin. They stood for a long time watching the rain walk up and down the road in little dust splashes, and after the rain they walked up the hill, feeling for each other's end of hands.

"Hurry up."

When they reached the hill-top, they stood in the naked spot under the one tree and watched the soliloquy of a sun begin in the sun's side of the sky and spread over them as comfortably as warm sheets on cold nights.

"Hurry up, watch the steps."

In the afternoon they picked dandelions and when the night came, they made a bed of dandelions on the naked spot and felt each other go to sleep.

"Stop here."

And now he was somewhere, watching in a vague distance an Idiot running about and popping off the heads of dandelions when he felt the teethmarks of Marie's breath on his neck.

Then he knew he was dead among the flowers, and no way to tell Marie. ●

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VOLUME 75 NUMBER 2

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The Crime Against Creation

They are killing us . . . or at least our creativity.

It all began with the freshman theme. Every week we were assigned a topic; then off we went with paper and pencil to find a dictionary and grammar book. Once in a while the topic struck fire; we had some ideas about it. But each time we put pencil to paper, something paralyzed us. (What if we commit a comma fault? Did the professor say we couldn't use contractions? Do you have to use a semi-colon before "however"? Just what are conjunctive adverbs?) We had been made so conscious of the mechanics of writing that our originality was stifled. We clung to stuffy platitudes because they were easier to punctuate.

It wasn't long before we found new participants in the murder of our creativity. For as soon as we had undergone our first round of quizzes, we knew that certain professors spend all semester spoon-feeding a set of notes and then expect us to spout back on quiz books the same notes, point by point. Whenever we tried to express our own understanding of the subject, we got a poor grade; so we devoted the rest of our college career to devising quick methods of memorization.

Perhaps the crime has been suicide rather than murder. Perhaps we are killing our own creativity. We have grown to enjoy the security of spoon-fed notes. After all, the grade is the important thing (or so we have decided); so why bother with thinking about a course any more than we have to? And now if a professor should ask a thought-provoking question, we balk. "How does he expect us to know that? He never told us in class."

As for those freshman themes—once the professors equipped us with grammatical proficiency we stopped writing altogether. The campus publications have to beg us to write. And yet we were the ones who complained because English I themes didn't give us an opportunity to express our ideas.

What has led us to this suicide? Are we afraid to say what we think, afraid someone will criticize or disagree? Or are we too lazy to take the necessary pains of expression? Maybe we are satisfied with our own thoughts and just don't bother to share them. . . . Or can it be that we have no thoughts at all?

—J.M.B.

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the student

NOVEMBER, 1959

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the student founded January, 1882, is published monthly, except summer sessions, by the students of Wake Forest College.

Office located in Room 224, Reynolda Hall; address correspondence to Box 7287, Reynolda Branch, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Printed by Keiger Printing Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

National Advertising representative W. B. Bradbury Co., 219 E. 44th St., New York, N. Y. Subscription rate: \$2.00 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Winston-Salem, N. C.

Between The Lines

Since poor acoustics in the chapel made it difficult to hear Gerald Johnson's speech of November 3rd, many students have expressed a desire to see the speech in print. So now, after coaxing from the editor, Johnson has given his permission for THE STUDENT to publish that speech.

There is a new column in the magazine this time—a music review by David Hadley. When a tour of the dorms revealed that the boys' rooms are generously furnished with hi-fi sets, it became obvious that a column for music-lovers is in as much demand at Wake Forest as the regular reviews for book-lovers.

The author of "The Madhouse" did the illustration for his own story. Ken Caritano, a newcomer to pub row, spends much of his time with the arts. He has a novel in progress; and when he is not writing, he may be found working on a mural in his room.

The artist for this month's cover is Mary Martin Pickard. A freshman from

Lexington, Mary is another versatile addition to the magazine's list of contributors. Readers may look forward to seeing some of her poetry in future issues.

Some of THE STUDENT's regular staffers have taken up writing in addition to their other work. The circulation manager, Florence Weaver, a junior French major from Greensboro, wrote the article on Dr. Folk. And Sylvia Cheek, an editorial board member who has spent late hours proof-reading galleys, can now see her own work in print for the first time.

A few people have wondered about the stack of October magazines which had white rather than brown covers. Well, it happened that the national advertisers failed to send enough cover paper; so the printers had to dig up some left-over paper from last year's magazine. The shortage was discovered after the brown plate had already been set aside; thus about 50 copies came out as albinos. Perhaps those black-and-white copies will become famous—like misprinted postage stamps!

the student

VOLUME 75

NUMBER 2

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WAKE FOREST REPRESENTS a small section of the life of the world. In this segment, one will find life lived to the same extent as it is lived anywhere else. Here are people with varied interests—ranging from the activities of a closely-knit fraternity group to the campus-wide affairs of the entire student body. And it is natural that people within the Wake Forest community would reflect on their life here and desire a record of it. In this desire for recording the activities and thoughts of college life, there inevitably arise certain people who are willing to do the work.

These so-called "writers" ply their talents in various ways: short stories, journalistic reporting, poetry, etc. Student writers can express themselves, in the main, through two campus publications—*THE STUDENT* magazine and the *Old Gold and Black*. However, there are some other college publications, such as *The Howler* and *Choice*, a Wesley Foundation magazine.

As is usually the case in any field of artistic achievement, a few people stand out above the rest. Not that they are necessarily more talented than anyone else, but mainly because they are willing to crowd a good number of work hours into an already busy schedule. The following word and picture sketches will provide a brief glimpse at some of Wake Forest's current writers.

RAY ROLLINS, a Shelby senior, has written for the *Old Gold and Black* during his one-and-a-half years at Wake Forest College. Last year, his junior year, he was assistant editor of the newspaper; and although this office has been discontinued, he serves in the same capacity this year. He has written feature articles for *THE STUDENT*, among them being descriptive articles on last year's newspaper editor Hannah Miller and on Wake Forest's Demon Deacon Bill Shepherd. Also, he photographed and wrote about the recent trip which several ambassadors from *THE STUDENT* made to the girls' dormitories.

Rollins entered the army immediately after he finished high school. And after the army he attended Gardner-Webb College where he began writing for the student newspaper there. By the first semester Rollins had become assistant editor and at times he took over the running of the entire newspaper.

He, from the beginning of his college career, felt that he wanted to be a writer,

People Of The Pubs

and to this end he worked. After he began writing for the student newspaper, he prepared an article about a particular spot with which he was acquainted and sent it to newspapers in North Carolina and South Carolina. His article was accepted by most of the newspapers, about eight or nine, thus giving him one of the most "thrilling" minutes in his life. He continued to write articles, and newspapers continued to accept them, until finally they were asking him to work for them full time.

With several invitations, he took a full time job as feature writer for the *Cleve-*

land Times of Shelby, North Carolina, during an interlude between his sophomore and junior years. At the *Times* he picked up his photographic ability from "necessity," as he calls it (the *Times* had no other photographer).

Rollins came to Wake Forest at the beginning of the second semester of 1958, at which time he began writing for the *Old Gold and Black*. During his stay at Wake Forest, Rollins has worked part time for the *Winston-Salem Journal*, and in his spare time he sells the photographs which he takes.



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Perhaps Rollins' most enjoyable and even best-written material never reaches the public eye. The *Old Gold and Black* staff often indulges in writing stories about various "important" people who are in some way connected with the college. These satires cannot, of course, be printed and must be either discarded or tacked on the rather obscure bulletin board which hangs on the right wall of the *Old Gold* office. Many times people have been drawn to the office just to read these little bits of wisdom, and each reader will usually chuckle loudest at the stuff Rollins writes. In fact, if anyone else ever succumbs to the temptation of writing one of these articles and placing it on the board, he usually receives the tag of a "Rollins protege."

JOHAN ALFORD, editor of the *Old Gold and Black*, began his college writing by submitting a story to THE STUDENT'S short story contest. That was in his sophomore year, and he won the contest.

Alford started working for *Old Gold* in the second semester of his sophomore year. He became managing editor last year, in preparation for his present job as boss of the newspaper.

A list of assignments on the bulletin board, a warning about the last week's mistakes, and the *Old Gold* staffers know that Alford means business. His chief statement to anybody is "humpff."

Friday nights when the lights burn long on pub row, one can be sure that Alford is up there in his office—trying to finish his editorial or rewriting the valiant attempts of a novice reporter—for the paper *has* to be on the bus for Nashville in the early hours of Saturday morning if it is to be back in the students' hands by Sunday night.

But Alford doesn't limit his interests to the newspaper, nor does he plan to go into journalism. A senior English major, he intends to do graduate work in art and American literature.

DWIGHT ("THE HOOKER") PICKARD, a junior English major from Lexington, began writing short stories for

THE STUDENT magazine his freshman year. His writing has been mainly in the field of fiction; however, he is doing critiques of the college theater productions for this year's *Old Gold and Black*. His first critical essay appeared in the November 2nd issue of the paper, in which he covered the Thornton Wilder play entitled "The Skin of Our Teeth."

Pickard has contributed many short stories to the magazine. Some of these were "Requiem With Dandelion," "The Carnival," and "Beautiful Zion." He has also written some poetry, and he works on the editorial board.

DON SCHOONMAKER, president of the student body and a senior political science major, has been associated with pub row since his sophomore year. He began writing for the *Old Gold and Black* when he transferred from State to Wake Forest. Last year he covered most of the Student Union lectures and the spring election news. And this year his special assignment is to write bi-weekly the column called "Back and Forth", as well as to cover lectures and student government happenings.

Besides writing for the newspaper, "Schoonie" also works on the magazine. A member of the editorial board last year, he wrote three of the articles under "The Student Reports." This year he is writing book reviews. His October review was on *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and for the current issue he reviewed *The Academic Marketplace*.

Schoonmaker has done much work on pub row (more than most people realize, since he often finesses the by-line), but he is not preparing for a career in writing. A native of Huntington, New York, he plans to do graduate work in political science and law.

JANET BINKLEY, editor of THE STUDENT, made her first contribution to the magazine during her sophomore year, when an essay she wrote for one of Dr. Folk's courses was published. Last year she worked on the editorial board, con-

tributing several stories, and was made associate editor in the spring semester. She edited the May issue and then took over the magazine's leadership for this year.

"Beatnik" Binkley (for everyone on pub row *must* have a nickname) is a senior English major from the town of Wake Forest and plans to do graduate work in literature.

KELLY GRIFFITH, who is on the staff of the *Old Gold and Black* and THE DENT, began writing for the paper last year when he was a freshman. This year he does reporting and editorial work (reporting, etc.).

Griffith is a regular inhabitant of pub row. In addition to his more serious writing, he has been an occasional contributor to the *Old Gold* bulletin board, and he

sometimes participates in the pub row sport of throwing flash bulbs into waste cans.

THERE are many other Wake Forest writers, some of whom might be mentioned here: Saralyn Blanton (better known as the Vesper Vixen), Sylvia Burroughs, Joel Stegall, Linda Cohen, Glen Hamm, Eddie Allen, Doc Maddrey, Jeff Harrell, and Zeno Martin.

Most people who write find in this art form a means of expressing themselves aesthetically. Certainly they enjoy their work or else they would not participate. There is much work and little recognition; but there is always the realization that not only is the writer adding his part to the college, but he is also adding to his own knowledge and to his ability for expressing himself. ●

—KELLEY GRIFFITH



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DR. EDGAR E. FOLK, Tennessean by circumstances but North Carolinian by heritage and choice, is now in his twenty-fourth year as teacher of English Literature and Journalism at Wake Forest College. Though his family was from eastern Carolina originally, Dr. Folk was born in Nashville, Tennessee, where his father, Edgar E. Folk, Sr. (and his grandfather before him) was editor of the Tennessee BAPTIST AND REFLECTOR. His father as well as two of his uncles attended Wake Forest College and were journalists—Henry Bates Folk on the New Orleans TIMES-DEMOCRAT, and Rean Estes Folk on the staff of the Nashville DAILY-AMERICAN. It was only natural that Edgar Estes Folk, Jr., after attending preparatory school in Nashville, crossed the mountains of western North Carolina and Tennessee and entered Wake Forest College in 1916.

Edgar E. Folk was an outstanding and versatile student while at Wake Forest. He was a Philomathesian, winner of the Student Essay Medal in 1918, and a member of the tennis team. In 1919-1920 he was editor of THE OLD GOLD AND BLACK. He graduated in 1921 and began his career in journalism. From 1921 until 1924 he had wide and varied experience as a journalist, working in turn on the editorial staff of the TENNESSEAN, the MOBILE REGISTER, and the Norfolk VIRGINIA-POST, and the NEW YORK HERALD. In 1924

he gave up newspaper work for an active career in the teaching of Journalism and English Literature, though at the time he thought that this would be a temporary arrangement. From 1924-1928 he was Professor of Journalism at Mercer University and from 1930-1936 he was Professor of English at Oklahoma Baptist University. During this time he did graduate work and received his M.S. from Columbia University in 1931 and his Ph. D. from George Peabody College in 1934. In 1936 he left Oklahoma Baptist University to return to Wake Forest College where he has remained as a Professor of Journalism and English.

Although many "journalism schools" have sprung up throughout the country in recent years, Wake Forest under Dr. Folk's influence has kept its courses to a minimum. This is in keeping with his belief that a broad background in literature or social sciences is of more importance to budding journalists than technical courses. The description of the journalism courses in the College Catalogue, for instance, is prefaced by the statement: "For a career in the newspaper profession, breadth of background is essential." Dr. Folk proceeds with this statement as a base. He contends that writers cannot be turned out wholesale. Neither is he interested in premature specialization; instead, he prefers a well-rounded individual steeped in literature and social sciences. He believes that an understanding of people is the primary factor in good writing or

Chaucer's Twentieth

reporting and that mechanics or techniques are important but secondary. It is his conviction that prospective writers should have a rich background in religion, science, government, sociology, politics and literature. In accordance with this view, there are only five journalism courses offered at Wake Forest College. The student-writer gains practical experience working on the student publications.

An indication of the wisdom of this program is seen in the positions which former Wake Forest students hold on newspapers throughout the state and elsewhere. A small but constant stream of newspapermen and women have gone out from Dr. Folk's tutelage. The demand is always greater than the supply, but Dr. Folk will not compromise quality for quantity. Some of his students who have achieved distinction in the field of journalism are William S. Humphries, Ida Kay Jordan, and Jack Crosswell, who are on the staff of the NEWS AND OBSERVER. Jay Jenkins writes for the CHARLOTTE OBSERVER, and James E. Hester for the DURHAM SUN. In Winston-Salem, E. J. Friedenbergh, Lloyd Preslar, and R. T. Weatherman write for local papers. Russell H. Brantley, former managing editor of the DURHAM HERALD is now Director of Publicity for Wake Forest College, and Bill Hensley a former ASHEVILLE CITIZEN reporter is now Sports Publicity Director of N. C. State College.

Wake Forest writers are affiliated with out-of-state papers, too. On the Norfolk VIRGINIAN-PILOT are George M. Kelley, Jr., Clarence Lane and William Pate. Dan

Century Friend

H. B. Parrott writes for the RICHMOND TIMES DISPATCH. This is only a sampling of Deacon writers; yet it serves to show Wake Forest College's and Dr. Folk's contribution to the field of journalistic writers. Another indication of Dr. Folk's influence and the wisdom of his program is the number of Nieman Fellows Wake Forest has had in the past few years.

ANY students who continued in the writing profession remember Dr. Folk for his broad and liberal instruction in journalism. But a host of students recall the delightful "trips to Canterbury" which they took in his company, and regard him as the Wake Forest Apostle of Geoffrey Chaucer, that inimitable English writer of the fourteenth century. So enthusiastic is Dr. Folk about the fourteenth century that those who know him understand readily his statement that given the choice of living either in the fourteenth century or the twentieth, he would not know which to choose. Chaucer, a representative writer of the fourteenth century, focused his talent on the individual, not the mass; and Dr. Folk, likewise, is interested in the individual. Perhaps spiritually he is more at home in the fourteenth century—the century of the glorification of the individual—than in the twentieth century when "personal social adjustment" and conformity are the measure of man. This does not mean that Dr. Folk is withdrawn from the present age; he merely wants to infuse the present with the best from the past. He has a vital interest in his students and

Continued on Page 22



Three Alumni Writers

LAURENCE STALLINGS

BUT NEVER, ANYWHERE, DID I feel there had been anything lacking in the lore I had gained at Wake Forest. Whether I read Spengler, or Muller, or Toynebee, or Rodzianko, those classrooms in the Forest of Wake are still the rock of my erudition." Thus spake Laurence Stallings in his Whittier, California home as he recollected, after a near half-century career as playwright, scenarist, author, reporter, drama critic, and film editor, the years 1913-1916 spent at Wake Forest College.

Laurence Stallings will be remembered for his achievements in three mediums of American art—the play, the novel, and the motion picture. His creation *WHAT PRICE GLORY*, produced on Broadway in 1924, has been termed the "best modern war play in the English language" and is indeed a landmark of literal realism in the history of the American theatre. The year 1924 also marked the publication of his autobiographical novel *PLUMES*, a bitter indictment of war well-received by a public which yet bore memories of World War I. From war experiences he also published a famed collection of photographs entitled *THE FIRST WORLD WAR*. As a scenarist of two important Hollywood films, *THE BIG PARADE* and *OLD IRONSIDES*, Stallings added to the prominence which *WHAT PRICE GLORY?* had earned for him.

Born in Macon, Georgia in 1894, Laurence Stallings came to Wake Forest for a degree in classical letters. Of his student years Stallings reflects that "the college was a small, classical institution, and I don't recall a student who was not playing the game for keeps." Wake Forest personalities were impressed permanently in his

store of memories. Of Dr. William Louis Poteat, biology professor, Stallings recalls, "He was a marvelous dramatist and a great evangelist. He could imitate the manners and movements of infusoria. True enough, when he stirred up a mess of snakes in the matter of the senselessness of evolution, he had to call on God for help; but biologists still have a way of doing that. If ever a college was held in one man's hand, it was Dr. Poteat's at Wake Forest." Stallings himself taught his daughters Sylvia and Diana zoology and biology because he considers these sciences the most important branches of knowledge.

Dr. Hubert Poteat, Latin professor, also made a rather vivid impression on Mr. Stallings. "He was, to his freshman classes, a superb drillmaster with a mock ferocity in his manner. He struck terror in me early in the game. I had acquired a pony to assist in my translation. He seemed to accept my natural brilliance until one morning he suddenly asked me after my recitation please to parse the word for chariot. Accordingly, I did so. Actually, the word was a verb meaning 'to run', and I should have conjugated it. I was caught red-handed. He glared at me, excusing me from the class and asking me to go to the library and read a certain scriptural quotation. I believe this was from the 2nd Book of Kings; but, at any rate, I still recall the quotation: 'The horse is a vain thing for safety; nor shall he deliver any one by his strength.' I never used a pony again. And I believe, thanks to Hubert Poteat's superb mastery of his profession, that I averaged out a 95 for the four Latin years."

Roger McCutcheon, now Dean of Letters at Tulane, returned to Wake Forest

with a Harvard Ph. D. as Laurence Stallings entered the junior class. McCutcheon organized a small, select class to help him get his notes into shape. "Our classes met just anywhere: on the campus, at his house, and in one instance when I broke my leg against VMI, at the infirmary. He really opened up the great world of the present to me, just as Poteat the Younger had brought the classic past into more vivid focus. We lads had tailored made for us by McCutcheon the world of Royce, of William James, of Munsterberg, of Santayana, of Kittredge. Great names these are in Harvard's great history; they were all ours for the asking on some drowsy afternoon beneath a magnolia tree down by the water tank."

MR. Stallings also relishes collegiate episodes other than those of the classroom. He recollects a slight difficulty with the Dean in his freshman year. "Seven of us, in the month of May, acquired a five gallon keg of beer, and secretly placed it in the creek beneath Pascall's bridge, some distance from the campus. After suitable lapse of time for cooling, we went to the bridge on a Saturday night, fortified with pickles and crackers, and staged a beer bust. We were quiet at first; but as the chill evening wore on, we decided to test the effect of a marching cadence on the bridge; for we had heard that even a puppy dog, trotting in the right rhythm, could shake down a lordly suspension bridge. We marched and counter-marched for a long time, quite boisterously. Meanwhile, unknown to us, a gentleman who heartily disliked beer was taking notes on our conduct from some nearby bushes. As a result, we were hailed before the Dean. And in those days, it was a grand jury proceeding. The culprits marched up the stairs of the old Chemistry building, were seated in an anteroom and then in-

terview separately. There was a back stair where an exhausted witness was ushered out; the next man never knew the nature of his predecessor's testimony. As my name began with an 'S' I was the last man to be interrogated. I admitted drinking some beer. As the questioning grew hotter, I admitted drinking even more beer. And, finally, I admitted drinking a large quantity of beer.

"Then," said the Dean, "as near as I can make out, six other freshmen went to Pascal's bridge to see you drink five gallons of beer. For the others have told me they scarcely touched their lips to the brew. As it is a physically impossible feat for a man to drink five gallons of beer, the case against you is dismissed."

Stallings claims as his only distinction the successful looting of Uncle Foster Fort's pear tree his senior year with the help of two medical students. "The pear tree was enormous. Its branches touched the upper story bedroom where Uncle Foster, with lynx ears, slept beside a shotgun loaded with rock salt. Many a man over the years had received a charge of this salt. But the pears were delicious, and we decided to stage a raid under proper conditions and completely gut the tree. Uncle Foster's house stood on the bluff above the Seaboard railway, and every midnight the accommodation freight, as it reached the signal below his house, emitted a mighty series of whistle blasts that shook the earth. We made a test run, sitting on the steps of Uncle Foster Fort's framehouse, and were satisfied that it shook the house, this series of blasts, with a seismographic effect that made shaking a pear tree only a slight convulsion by comparison. Accordingly while Uncle Foster was attending prayer meeting one Wednesday night, we ascended the tree. We had some time to wait, but the freight train finally arrived, blew its whistle hoarsely, and we shook. It was then simple work to gather the fruit into gunny sacks. Arriving at our quarters, we then parceled the pears into five pound paper sacks, and left an offering at the doors of twenty of the most pious ministerial students we had previously selected. It was a pleasure the next morning in chapel to study their faces (some still had pear stains around their lips) when President Posteat made the usual announcement about the 'continued act of vandalism, the looting of Mr. Fort's pear tree.'"

AFTER Wake Forest Laurence Stallings became a reporter for the Atlanta Journal. One of his assignments, an

interview intended to promote enlistments for the Marine Corps in 1917, proved decisive for his career. After writing the article, he decided to join the Fifth Marines. He saw heavy action in France, earned a captaincy, and lost his right leg in the battle of Chateau-Thierry. After many months in Walter Reed hospital, during which his amputated leg was slow to heal, he returned to civilian life. He contemplated entering the teaching profession; but instead he found a job with the New York World, first as copyreader, then as drama critic and book reviewer. Maxwell Anderson was an editorial writer on the World and the two men decided to collaborate on plays. When the question of a subject was discussed, Stallings remembered his war experiences, and the result was WHAT PRICE GLORY?

In 1935 Stallings headed a six-man news-picture expedition to Ethiopia to report the Italo-Ethiopian War for Fox Movie-tone News and the North American Newspaper Alliance. Stallings was editor-in-chief of the Movie-tone system for a number of years and has won prominence as a scenarist for motion pictures. He has published a wide variety of magazine articles and short stories.

A critic once said that Stallings "has with art created beauty from the husky material of American life. He has shown that he could report life in a way that was emotionally satisfying and yet intellectually believable. He has a great creative mind, sharpened by the war, driven by nerves, and aided by profound basic honesty." ●

—SYLVIA CHEEK

"SLEEPY" CASH

WHEN HE WAS A SMALL BOY, his mother would come out on the porch to call him. The signaling evening street lights were the dinner bell; and if there was no answer, and there usually was none, she, like all mothers, knew where to look. Invariably she found him sprawled on his stomach under the porch, where he was hunched on his knees reading by a very dismal light—a scene William Wordsworth had envisioned one hundred and some odd years prior when he said, "The child is father of the man." And like the English bard, the boy was modestly quiet and retiring, shyly communicative with knowledge in still, unmolested places.

Not many people understood him, for he was different; and being different was no virtue in the small town of Shelby—certainly it was no calling card. Outside of the family there was one sympathetic person. She was a teacher and her name was Miss Sally, Miss Sally Hamrick. Many were the times she soothed the hurts and answered the questions—and there were many questions.

The boy grew, and some years later he said he wouldn't go to "the preacher school"; but he went and passed long afternoons day-dreaming and meditating away the day under the magnolias. Because of this, his classmates called him "Sleepy". Those who called him "Sleepy" would awake one day

and recognize him as Thomas Wolfe's contemporary and dedicated friend; they would also go to the bookstores and purchase his book, his life's sweat—the book that was and is the scroll of the South.

THE dreamer's name was W. J. Cash and his contribution to American letters was *The Mind of the South*.

But Mr. Cash's Wake Forest days were not entirely allotted to sleep, for he became a very industrious and excellent student. He was fond of the classical curriculum and on occasions was easily susceptible to brilliant expositions—at times even rebellious. While at Wake Forest, he became the leading spokesman for legalizing "sub rosa" fraternities, which had been condemned to utter perdition by the always watchful goat-bearded patriarchs, whose countenances even today hang brooding down from the walls. Needless to say, the Baptist version of the Spanish Inquisition found Mr. Cash guilty and temporarily suspended him. His sentence lasted only long enough for him to return and assume the editorship of the *Old Gold and Black*.

After college, he did post graduate work in journalism and taught English and French at Georgetown University. But his tenure was brief as he detested teaching. The symptoms of a nervous breakdown

urged his return to Shelby, where, in a period of recuperation, he wrote articles for *Harpers* and other magazines.

The South was his obsession, his friend and tormentor; her ways were the ways of crosscreants woven in strange tapestries. She was the belle and bitch, the noble and deplorable. With poignant sensitivity and panoramic intelligence, Mr. Cash spent ten years, daytime and night-time, laboring at an Underwood typewriter. For every useable sheet he filed away there were twenty crumpled in the wastebasket. One day he would be elated with thoughts of eventual success. The next day, depressed and terribly unsure. Indeed at times, he lost complete faith in himself. But he was a persisting perfectionist, and the volume expanded.

His job of creating was doubly difficult as he maintained an editorial job with the *Charlotte News*. But he gathered together the vitality and fortitude requisite for his grand endeavor and in 1941 his comprehensive socio-political manifesto, *The Mind of the South* was published. Immediately it was proclaimed by the *Atlantic Monthly* as a "literary and moral miracle." Other critical laurels were quick in following.

MR Cash had plumbed the depths of his mind for over a ten year period. From his total experience as Man and Southerner he had hollowed himself out, dredging the most obscure memory for applicable validity. But he was expendable and died shortly after publication—enjoying success only briefly.

To the present his death remains a mystery. After the appearance of his work, he was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for a year's study in Mexico. Before leaving for Mexico he visited his mother, who was tremendously upset at the prospect of his leaving. She insisted that she would never see him again if he left.

Her fears were not unfounded, for at this time Mexico was pro Nazi, and Mr. Cash in his editorials had bitterly denounced the Nazi regime. There was some fear of retaliation; nevertheless he and his wife left.

They had only been in Mexico several days when, two nights before his death, he returned emotionally shattered to his hotel room and confided to his wife that someone had been following him.

Two nights later he was found hanging in his room. They ruled the death suicide.

Possibly they overlooked his feet; they were touching the floor. ●

—DWIGHT PICKARD

GERALD JOHNSON

IN A TUESDAY MORNING CHAPEL program this fall, a white-haired, humble man told the Wake Forest students that a college education should prepare them for abundant living. And as he spoke, one was reminded of this same man's address to the Phi Beta Kappa initiates in 1958, when he focused his speech on Emerson's concept of the American Scholar. The scholar, he told them, is one who "balances his mentality with his humanity." And that is exactly what Gerald Johnson has done. The numerous articles plus the twenty some books which he has written give evidence of his superior mentality. And as for humanity, his primary concern is how to live life.

Back in his college days, Gerald Johnson was already recognized as a budding scholar. He was co-editor of the *STUDENT* during his senior year (1910-'11) at Wake Forest. Those were the days when the literary societies still dominated campus affairs; so

the magazine was edited by a Philomathean (Johnson) and a Euzelean (Julius C. Smith). In addition to their usual duties, these co-editors contributed to the college's recorded history by securing a complete file of the *STUDENT* magazine.

While he was still in college, Johnson established the *Thomasville Davidsonian*. And in the senior class prophecy of 1911 it was predicted that some day he would buy out all the rival papers in the city of Thomasville and combine them into one called *The Hornet's Nest*. Of course Johnson didn't carry out the details of that prophecy, but he has distinguished himself as a newspaper man.

After his graduation from Wake Forest, he worked for two years with the *Lexington Dispatch*. From there he went to Greensboro as a member of the *Daily News* staff, and his editorials made that paper noteworthy in its region. Then in 1924 he

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Johnson with his sister at Wake Forest.

The Gold of a Vision

By Gerald Johnson

Chapel Speech, Wake Forest College, November 3, 1959

WHEN I ACCEPTED YOUR invitation I asked for suggestions of a suitable topic for an address of this kind, and was told that a discussion of almost any aspect of public affairs would probably be acceptable.

It was not a very helpful suggestion, for at this moment it is hard to think of any aspect of public affairs that is fit for discussion before an intelligent audience. What is there to say about a situation that is hung on dead center? How can you discuss the battle of ideas when there is no battle, and hasn't been a new idea in seven years except, perhaps, the invitation to the head of the Soviet government?

But in Philadelphia last Sunday we put on a television show in which Senator Fulbright, of Arkansas, appeared and talked about this very thing. He laid it mainly to the bad education of the American people, and that struck me forcibly because when Senator Fulbright talks about education you can't discount what he says. He holds four college degrees, not counting honorary doctorates. He was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford. He rose to be a university president before he went into politics. So when he speaks of schools it is nonsense to say that he doesn't know what he is talking about.

All the same, I think Senator Fulbright was guilty of careless use of words. I think he said "education" when what he meant was "training."

In my opinion there is a wide difference. I define education as the process of preparing a man or woman to seize the largest possible number of opportunities to do something that is worth doing. Training is the process of preparing an individual to do a specific job in the most efficient way. Under this definition there can be no such thing as bad education. If it is bad, it isn't education. At best it is mere training, and at worst it isn't anything but a waste of time.

A certain amount of training is necessary in order to make a living. But a certain amount of education is necessary in order to live at all. Even the Australian black-fellows, among the most primitive of races, must learn how to make different kinds of traps to catch different kinds of animals; and as one rises in the scale of civilization more and more opportunities present themselves and more and more education is necessary.

This is not universally admitted. The great heresy of the modern world, a heresy to which Soviet Russia is formally committed and which is widespread in the United States, is the delusion that in this twentieth century training is enough. It is based on the false assumption that a man's life is adequately measured by the number of years that he lived. Yet the greatest life in the history of the world, that of Jesus of Nazareth, lasted only thirty-three years. It isn't how long you live, it is how much you live; and that depends on how many times you seize an opportunity to do something that is worth doing.

Senator Fulbright's tale of woe was based on his belief that for seven years this country has not seized a single opportunity to do something really worth doing to advance civilization. It may be argued—indeed, it is argued—that there have been no opportunities for the past seven years. Maybe not; but the Senator thinks, and I agree with him, that we have shown little disposition to look for any. The motto of one of the literary societies here at Wake Forest is, or used to be, *Inteniam clam aut factum*, which is to say, "I will find a way or make one." It certainly hasn't been the motto of the United States in recent years.

Partisans, of course, lay this at the door of the Republican party, which has held the Presidency through this do-nothing period. But I remind you that the Democratic party has held Congress throughout the

whole time except the first two years. It is not a partisan matter. It is worse. It affects the whole country. If the White House has been content to do nothing, the Capitol has been content to let it do nothing, and the people have been content to let them both snooze comfortably.

Would a really well-educated country do that? I think not. Yet I am not willing to denounce the masses of the American people for this state of apathy. After all, nearly any man not a downright idiot is capable of taking a pretty high degree of training; but the number capable of taking high education is much smaller. The masses know this, very well indeed; they expect leadership, and they have a right to expect it, from the highly educated.

The masses were no better educated 15 years ago than they are today; yet within four years they accepted four ideas that were not only new but, as far as the American system is concerned, revolutionary. These were the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, Point Four and NATO.

Perhaps I should say two ideas, for the Truman Doctrine and NATO were both parts of the program of containing Communism, while the Marshall Plan and Point Four were both based on the idea that morality and expediency alike require us to assist actively in rebuilding a shattered world.

I call these ideas revolutionary because never before had the United States recognized a duty to lead the free nations in opposing tyranny wherever it may appear; nor had we recognized a duty to help repair the ravages of war in other than our own territory. We had not recognized either because prior to the twentieth century neither duty existed; they are part of the responsibility that is linked with power, and we did not acquire supreme power until this century.

But we have it now, and with it we have the responsibility of leadership. It is not enough for the United States to maintain its position. It must go forward, for in the battle of ideas as in military operations, the only real defense is to attack.

WHERE, in recent years, have we made a real attack on any of the great problems that beset us? In foreign affairs? In domestic affairs?

Well, Truman adopted the policy of containment nearly fifteen years ago and, unless the proposed summit conference produces something, we have not yet pro-

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"READY OR NOT, here we come," cautioned the three coeds selected for the "return tour" of the male dormitories. Bold, adventuresome, and curious seniors Jane Hedrick (left), and Janice Priode (right) were selected by editor Binkley (center) after careful processing of applications.

It seems that, generally, the men were NOT prepared (mentally) for the visit of the skirted threesome.

Eyes blinked. Tongues stammered. Heads shook.

. . . and women too



AND CROWDS GATHERED.
But nobody said "oink."

The threesome and company (including bodyguards and disbelievers) started into a suite (which usually consists of four "HU-U-UGE" rooms and a bath).

Two colored maids stepped up. One poked her head in the door and sang, "Maids in the hall."

The other, proudly ushering the innocent coeds ahead of her, added with awe and a feeling of triumph, "AND WOMEN TOO."

Priode first wants to see those closets supposedly so much more spacious than her own.

"Enough room to set up house-keeping," says chagrined Priode. Now why can't ours be like that, with room to even—to even . . . hide somebody!"



Hedrick meanwhile took a look at one of the male dorms' less convenient features, the "double bunk." She had wondered how to get up there. But somehow she did. Then she wondered how to get down again.

Just being obliging. Kelley Griffith lends assistance.

Each room inspected by the girls was hastily pre-inspected by a male member of the touring group.

"Stay in the shower," was one hasty admonition.

"Whas wrong???"

"Girls are coming in. . ."

"In what . . . in where . . . who, well CLOSE THE DOOR!!!!"



Finally they found it.

"Jane, who's that hiding under the bed . . . there behind that month's supply of laundry?"



"Can I open 'em now? I just want to see your BOOKCASE."

And the "maiden" tour of the men's dormitories continued.

The girls disliked having to go "out into the cold" to get from suite to suite.

They disliked the dungeonlike-ness of improperly lighted rooms and the short, narrow hallways.

"I think I'd get claustrophobia in

here," said Priode.

"They're so segregated . . . I mean, ISOLATED," said Binkley.

Hedrick said, "I'm proud to be here."

The girls were surprised at the conspicuous cleanliness of each room. They set about to find "a really messed-up room." Little were they aware that the industrious maids were a step ahead of them all the way.



"Each room has so MANY pictures," the girls commented.

"So unlike the girls dorms," one added.

"Unlike in number or quality?" a male asked.

Many pictures were hastily veiled or removed from their honored spot by discerning males who wouldn't begin to think of themselves as prudish.



"Hi-Fi's in every room," the girls concluded, and decided to take advantage of the ready music and spacious rooms.

Bodyguard Forbes coerces "flame" Hedrick into a bit of jitter-bugging, after editor Binkley assures him the picture will not appear until AFTER the Convention has met.



In spite of the momentary delights of male dorm advantages, the girls petulantly acknowledged that the men on the campus are better provided for, especially space-wise than they.

We don't think it's quite fair," they pouted.

"ALL THIS JUST LEAVES ME COLD."



But Priode was revived.

"Ah, now relax Janice," says photog Rollins, who stepped out of his role to aid in Priode's comfort. The substitute photographer, so shaken in being a party to the proceedings, managed to capture more of the ceiling than the nervous attempts of Rollins to be helpful.

In the course of their tour, the girls did manage to see fraternity chapter rooms and even went to the monogram club. At the Club, Priode wanted to see the room of Bobby Brown. Bobby refused. Priode threatened to visit the room unattended.

"But you don't know where it is," Bobby responded.

"Well, I'll just keep going till I see one that's familiar."

Wherewith the troupe was hastily ushered back out onto the plaza.

They concluded the tour with a visit to one of the independent mens' lounges.

"I THOUGHT . . . ALL VERY NICE . . . SUITES WERE . . . THE BOYS . . . PICTURES . . . DARK HALLS . . . BIG ROOMSShower-HI-FIDUNGEO CLOSETSIAGREE-SOLATEDBUNKSSTAIRSADVANTA-JOYDIT ● ● ●



Notes and Measures . . .

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN occupies a position of tremendous importance in the history of Western music because of his contributions to the development of musical forms, his advancement of musical expression, and his enormous output of fine works manifesting his own particularly delightful idiom. Haydn died one hundred fifty years ago, and due respect on the part of this generation of music-lovers makes appropriate a recounting of some of the aspects of his life and greatest contributions to this art.

The genius from which this music flowed originated in the small village of Rohrau on the Austrian-Hungarian border and received little in the way of formal care. The composer, born in 1732, actually received little formal training in music. He did study the violin and the harpsichord for a short period, and for a while he participated in a choir, thus receiving some voice training. He was largely self-taught, however; he made an intensive study of the music that was available to him. It is thought that among the greatest influences on the development of his art was his study of the "Friedrich" and "Württemberg" sonatas of Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach; here he found the embryonic sonata form which he largely perfected over a period of a half-century.

The budding young composer now sought to find a medium in which his artistic potential could be nourished and could achieve full flowering. It was in the private musical establishments of princes that Haydn sent down roots and developed his art. In Haydn's period the princely *Kapelle*, almost universally an institution of the great estates, usually consisted of a modest number of trained musicians whose duties included providing music for princely functions as well as for the religious services of the estate's chapel. A twenty-three year old Haydn received his first position with Prince von Fürberg, but was unemployed again by 1756. In 1759 he began a two year period of service with Count Morzin, who maintained a *Kapelle* of twelve musicians.

With the dissolution of Morzin's *Kapelle* in 1761 Haydn began his longest and perhaps most fortunate association—that with the noble family of Esterhazy. The *Kapelle* of Prince Paul Anton Esterhazy on his

great estate at Eisenstadt was indubitably the finest in Austria. It was here in 1761 that Haydn began as under-director an active association which was to last for thirty years. The successor to Prince Paul, Prince Nicholas, began upon his accession in 1762 to lay plans for a grandiose estate modelled on Versailles. This was to be even further from Vienna than was Eisenstadt, itself thirty miles from the capital. In 1766, the year of the move to the new estate "Esterhaza," Haydn acceded to the post of *Oberkapellmeister*. Now he could begin in earnest to utilize the score of well-trained musicians in developing his musical gift.

The weighty benefits were to be derived from his long association with the Esterhazy establishment is obvious, but disadvantages did appear in the balance. In an age when the position in society of the musician was hardly above that of the medieval court jester, the position in the *Kapelle* offered a type of security uncommonly attractive to one whose colleagues were often laid to rest in potter's fields. Haydn at Esterhaza, moreover, had a group of truly competent musicians over whom he was master and with whom he could study at closest range orchestral techniques and instrumental color. On the other hand, the isolation of Esterhaza has been seen as a distinct disadvantage. For twenty-four years Haydn was cut off, in effect, from any active intercourse with the live world of music creation; only in the winter were short visits paid to Vienna. And, it must be remembered, these were the most important formative years of his art.

It was only upon the death of Prince Nicholas in 1790 that Haydn was retired on a very generous pension and was for the first time free to make active contact with other music. Then it was that he accepted the offer of the London concertmaster Johann Salomon to visit England and to compose for the occasion six symphonies, in addition to other works.

In England the fifty-nine year old Haydn encountered a challenge and an opportunity which should delight any follower of the Toynbee school—and the response to the challenge was no less outstanding. London in 1791 was perhaps Vienna's only rival as the musical center of Europe, and its music-

lovers were carefully attuned to, and discriminating of, worthwhile music. The master who had never before travelled over several score kilometers from Vienna now had at his disposal the finest orchestra which he had encountered, for the London impresario had in his enthusiasm assembled a group of forty excellent performers. It was with this resource that Haydn composed for his two tours of England perhaps the crowning works of his career—the twelve "London" Symphonies.

From his two triumphal tours of England Haydn returned in 1795 to Austria, where he spent his last years in producing, though at a much reduced rate, his last great quartets and songs, and his two great oratorios, *The Creation* (1798) and *The Seasons* (1801).

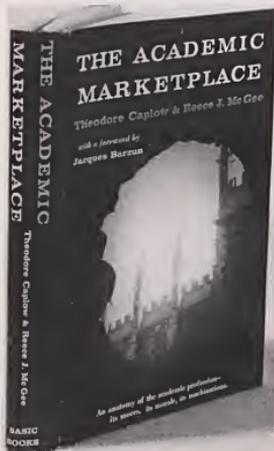
Throughout this long period of creative activity his music exhibited several distinctive characteristics which give it its individuality. Haydn's music is pervaded with folk-melody—or at least folk-melody tendencies—to a remarkable degree. His music is almost universally characterized by liveliness, good humor, and robustness.

In pouring forth such music he made contributions to symphonic instrumentation and form which cannot be overemphasized. In his experimentation with the ensemble at Esterhaza for a period of three decades, Haydn developed—with some influence exerted by Mozart—an advanced symphonic texture, the orchestral color and freedom of expression of which had no mean effect upon a Beethoven. It is also most noteworthy that Haydn was a pioneer in paying strict attention to instrumental color and peculiarities. The classical sonata-allegro form is probably a result more of his ingenuity than of that of any other composer.

It is in his chamber music that Haydn made the only contribution which may well rival his achievements in symphonic orchestration. It was in this realm, too, that he exerted his influence upon Mozart. As in Beethoven's art, it is perhaps only in the study of his string quartets that one arrives at an accurate understanding of his "total style, development, and importance in music history." These works are important, moreover, in their own right—at

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November Review . . .



The Academic Marketplace

By Caplow and McGe

A UNIVERSITY IS an institution which applies systematic research to almost everything under the sun—except itself. A university's purposes are important enough and complex enough to warrant the most intense study." This quote, taken from a prominent educational journal, is the basis of the authors' purpose in writing *The Academic Marketplace*. They have directed their research in order to develop a "body of systematic knowledge about the academic labor market."

Before any discussion of the book, it is best to explain the structure of the book and to show the sources of the authors' information. The book is written about professors. The comments of the authors are supplemented by remarks from those involved in the academic marketplace. These remarks were compiled after an intensive exploration of ten major universities. This exploration was greatly enhanced by interviews in which the authors collected the

cumulative wisdom of learned men in reference to the academic marketplace. Most of the lively reading in this otherwise dry book comes from the comments of the professors. Another characteristic of this book is the exploitation of statistics to aid the authors in making their ideas clear. There are as many tables in this work as could be desired by a student majoring in psychology. Furthermore, a better knowledge of the true significance of the "negative correlation" would also help the reader to wade through the statistics.

In analyzing the academic marketplace, the authors devote several chapters to the reason, latent and open, for the hiring and firing of professors. Of course, when talking about the academic profession one must be pedantic, and therefore "firing" in the book is euphemistically labeled "involuntary termination." These chapters are very informative. Discrimination in hiring and inbreeding were two concepts I read about with great interest. Inbreeding occurs when a college tends to hire, to a great extent, those professors who had done their undergraduate work at this same institution. Perhaps I expected too much, but I thought that a comment on whether inbreeding was or was not beneficial to the institution was lacking.

The reasons for vacancies in institutions of higher learning are quite illuminating. "The majority of vacancies cannot be attributed to the lure of opportunities elsewhere but to dissatisfaction—either the failure of the incumbent to please his associates, or their failure to please him, or both." As one can imagine, this book deals with the many pressures which bear upon a professor who is either seeking a job or trying to secure himself in his present job. Keeping in mind that the information in this book was compiled from ten major universities makes the concept of "publish or perish" easier to understand. This concept is self-explanatory. If you wish to achieve tenure at some universities (tenure is equivalent to a lifetime contract in the professional vocation), you must show your research productivity by having articles published in learned journals. This brings up an interesting problem. The professor is hired for one purpose—to teach—and success in his vocation is measured by another purpose—his dedication to research.

Prestige plays an important role in the

academic market place. For the authors suggest quite vehemently that a professor is hired not on the basis of his credentials, but "what others think of them is the most important criterion." Prestige, as defined by the authors, is "not a direct measure of productivity but a composite of subjective opinion." The role of prestige is also evident in what the authors label the "aggrandizement effect." This results from asking department heads how they would rate their department with others in the country. Need I give the results? A knowledge of human nature would recognize that "waving your own flag" is not just a silly psychological idea.

One frightening point which the book drives home is the type of qualifications which institutions look for in prospective teachers. "Our requirements are purely mathematical. No one gives a damn if you can teach." What is frightening is that this quote is well fortified by research.

The authors spend the greater part of their book discussing the problems of the academic marketplace. The final thirty pages offer remedies for these problems. The remedies are farsighted and pertinent. To solve the problem of teaching and trying to achieve success by publishing, the authors call for recognition of a separation of research scholars and teachers. Then too, they recommend openness in their job negotiations with prospective teachers. This openness would eliminate much of the misunderstanding which comes from a pretentious secrecy.

The Academic Marketplace is informative, but it is not entertaining. The book, I feel, is written more for a special group than for the general reading public. That is to say, those professors in the ten major universities where the research information was compiled will read this book with greater eagerness than the instructor at Podunk College, who will find the comments irrelevant and meaningless. As to those who are interested in the teaching profession and feel that they would profit from an analysis of the "rules of the game" for the academic marketplace, then I recommend this book. But I strongly advise you to brush up on your elementary statistics, and be prepared for a full exploitation of current sociological and psychological aids in writing. ●

—DON SCHOONMAKER

LET'S CUT OUT

By Dan M. Church

(A Beatnik translation of "Stances a Tircis" by the seventeenth century French poet, Honorat de Racon.)

Man, it's time to think of cutting out.
We've played more than half our set;
age leads us to the slaughter.

We've wandered enough
on the road
at the whim of idiot drivers;
it's time to enjoy our pads.
Luck won't last.

The cat that counts on it
deludes himself.
The higher you go the farther
you have to fall.

Tall pines bear the brunt of the storm—
winds break skyscrapers,
not a piper's pad.

Man, it's a bouncing cat that can quit
expecting cash and rave notices
when sweating them bugs him,

or that can cut out
to his pad
away from the crowd
and not ask too much.
He digs the jazz his old man dug,
and won't let summit conferences bug him.

He ignores flooded rivers
and notices rain only when it keeps
him from playing his set.

Dispassionate, he has what he wants—
his pad is his empire,
his White House,
his Pentagon,
his state.

He doesn't want to be a congressman;
he sees them at the flick.

No mansions,
no Danish Modern,
no ranch-style for him—
he digs the grass
and the seasons
and the mountains

that the squares gaze at in National Geographic.
In the wild desert,
the seat of innocence,
far from vanity,
from magnificence,
my rest begins
and my torment ends.

Valleys,
rivers,
rocks.

if you dug my sweat before,
dig my swinging quiet from now on.

MY FIRST MONTH AT THE HOSPITAL had been unbearable. Ward 67 consisted of a dormitory-type bedroom where three hundred of us slept, a dining hall, and a massive room called the sun porch, where we spent the day except at meal time. Here we milled around or sat on benches much like steers jammed into a railroad cattle car.

I was extremely conscious of the windows and the dull walls. For me there existed only the odds and ends of humanity in the ward. My moods varied from a kind of fantasy, marked by extreme elation, to depths of profound sorrow. During these days only Doc kept me going. Time and again he'd listen to my complaints. He put up with my moods, and one day he told me that they had scheduled a review of my case at a staff meeting.

Could it be that I still might get out—be able to walk where I chose, day or night, under the sun, through the rain, down a crowded street, through a field . . . free? The thought stirred the last remnant of hope within me, and from that day on things began to look up.

Doc knew I'd been an artist before I came to the hospital and had a friend send my brushes and oils to me. I soon got my feeling back and was doing some of my best work ever. Still I was a man possessed. I thought of nothing but getting out.

Then, one spring morning, Riley, an attendant on the ward, took me down to the Doc's office. When I went in, Doc was sitting behind his big desk, his glasses pushed up on his forehead, apparently lost in deep thought. His head was nearer round than oval, and it was like a small ball balanced on a larger one, his body. He was a fat man, a decent sort, in his forties. Some thought him slow witted because of his apparent confusion when following a conversation. But others said this seeming confusion was his means of breaking down the patient's guard and reaching the subconscious. Doc wasn't too high on the medical totem pole, but this lack of elevation could be traced he said "to a hesitancy to patronize the right people."

Doc looked up, "Hello Teddy, how are you?"

"You wanted to see me, Doc?"

"Yes, Teddy, would you like to take a job on the hospital grounds?" He sat back in his swivel chair, puffing on his cigar and exhaling a cloud of smoke that drifted up to the ceiling. "This job will have a lot to do with the review committee's decision on your parole."

the madhouse

by
Ken Garitano



Seeing him sit there like that kind of galled me, and I said quite heatedly. "Let's level, Doc. You know I shouldn't have to come to anybody for my freedom. I'm no more crazy than some of these crummy attendants. They. . ."

"Now, Teddy, you're not the kind of man to be locked up on a ward, but you don't, as you say, level with me, so how do you expect me to help you? You become so excited. . ."

"Can you blame me?" I asked bitterly. "They all loved me when I drew those advertisements for Steins and did those illustrations for *Post*. So what happens? One day they find out I'm doing these pictures that a two-bit critic like Alfred B. Bissel calls obscene. So I lose my job with Steins, and *Post* won't take any more of my work because their readers have such dainty minds they might stub them looking at my pictures. So there I am—broke

without a job, and then, as if that isn't bad enough, they call me a sex maniac and throw me in this place."

"Teddy, you shouldn't get so worked up."

"Do you want to know why I'm so excited?" I almost screamed out.

"Well, if you calm down, I do. . . . Why are you telling me now?"

"Because I don't give a damn now, that's why." I was getting red in the face.

He puffed on his cigar. "Well, Teddy. . . ."

"You know the woman that comes to see me on visiting day?"

"Miss Hunter?"

I grinned evilly. "Well, she isn't a Miss, and she isn't a Hunter either." I let that sink in and continued, "She's Mrs. Alfred E. Bissel!"

"Whacusay?" he blurted out almost choking on his cigar. "What did you say?" he repeated again, amazement written all over his face.

"You heard me," I said with an expression that indicated that this wasn't the half of it.

"Teddy, this is serious. Are you trying to be funny?"

"Well, I'm a patient," I grinned. "I'm supposed to be sick; you can't believe a crazy man," I taunted. "I may be feeding you a bunch of bull."

He hesitated. . . . "No, I . . . I know you're not, I can . . . tell when you're telling me a falsehood. Why does she come to see you?"

"Do you really want to know?" I asked.

"Yes."

WELL, after I'd lost my job with Steins, I did some real pictures. Something I wanted to do. These were what I felt . . . I really got a lot of satisfaction—not much money though. . . .

"I understand . . . go on."

"Well, I had a one man exhibition on 14th street. Things were pretty slow when it comes this classy broad. . . ."

"Mrs. Bissel?"

"Yes, and more interested in me than my pictures."

"Did you know who she was?"

"No, not then. She did like my pictures though. She didn't make a play for me, but I liked her right off. We went to a couple of shows together and had dinner. Well, I fell for her in a bad way."

"Did you have an affair?"

"Yes, and it seems of. Al got wind of it. He followed us up the stairs to my flat one

TRAUMWELT

Von dem ersten Moment—
Die Mitternacht—
Sicker' der suss' sanff' Sinn
Loswickeln
Triftig
Eintretend
Traumwelt

REALM OF DREAMS

From the first moment—
Midnight—
Seeps the sweet mellow mind
Unwinding
Drifting
Entering
Dreams

—German poem by Elizabeth Wright
with English translation

night. Well, he popped in and we had a brawl that ended up on the street. Some blue hodge came running up, and Bissel started shouting some dirty words like sex maniac and crazy. Of course I protested, but being half loaded and in my shorts didn't help matters. Seems I went wild when they wouldn't believe me. . . . Of course the law doesn't usually take the word of a down-and-out artist who can't pay his rent. They put me under observation, called me a whole bunch of terms you'd know more about than I would, and sent me here. You know the rest."

"Why didn't Bissel's wife say something?" asked Doc.

"She was so scared she couldn't put two words together coherently. I don't blame her, poor kid. They didn't believe me because I'm a little guy and Bissel is a Mr. Big."

Doc cleared his throat. I looked at him and wondered what he was thinking. Did he believe me. . . . He had told I knew he wanted to believe me . . . but there was a war going on in his mind—you can't trust these patients; they tell you these stories, but half of them lie. The tests show he's unbalanced; the form say he's a . . .

"Doc, you must believe me," I whispered hoarsely. He looked nervous, as if he didn't know what to say.

"Teddy. . . ." he hesitated.

"You believe me, don't you, Doc?" I said a little louder.

"You realize I must have time to analyze your records. . . ."

"Why don't you believe me?" I screamed at him. My face was contorted with rage and I could feel my facial muscles twist. My fist clenched, and the veins on my neck and arms seemed about to burst. I was filled with the realization that he was like all the others and I felt the burning hate deep down in me soar up to my lips; they

moved, but no sound came forth, and then . . . quicker than it had come, the spasm subsided, and when it did my whole body became limp; and my knees shook, as an overpowering nausea overcame me. The blurred form of the doctor came weaving slowly towards me, but I fell to the floor before he could reach me. I couldn't control my muscles, but my senses stayed with me.

"Miss Jones!" he yelled. "Call up ward eighty and have them send a stretcher right up . . . hurry."

Later as they carried me out on a stretcher, I heard one of the bearers say, "Will you come, doctor?"

"No," replied a voice beside me. He must have hesitated then, far far away I heard, "I almost believed him." . . . I could hear his tired footsteps receding down the hall, then softly, "It was my fault . . . we couldn't communicate." ●

WHERE

I am accountable
By my fellow man.
Yet, barren as that tree,
No seeming seed of life.
Some chemicals, a nail they say,
Any more is doubt.
Talents, I've been told
But why so suppressed.
Tis good to see them active,
But oh for that to make them so.
Is she here always seen,
Or only known as near,
Or maybe yet to come.
But then, oh what waste in time.

—Julian Heath

THE RIVER TO THE SEA FLOWED ON

I too passed through the meadow of earth,
Glowing and black
Thick with all-life
and wanting,
... but the Ocean was forever in my ears . . .
Striding I counted the strands of broken grass,
Thirsty and pale
Dry in the soul
and Hollow.
I saw
A child jump barefoot
In the loamy earth
And a girl lean smoking
On the shore.
Where the river turned the woman
Smiled to watch
And the aged were seated to wait.
The Meadow
Thick beneath my feet
And rich within my hand
Grasses softly in the soft earth strong—
So I ran to where they were,
And when I SHOUTED
They continued . . .
and I cried
... while the river to the Sea flowed on . . .

—Linda Cohen

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Chaucer's . . .

Continued from Page 7

strives to help them discover their individuality and individual soul.

There is a relationship between Dr. Folk's journalism courses and his Chaucer course, for he considers Chaucer an outstanding reporter of all times; and, in his opinion, he thinks that a reporter can get no more valuable background for his profession than an understanding of Chaucer. It was in connection with his love of Chaucer that in 1948 he received a Carnegie grant to study in England. He traveled in as much as possible the route from London to Canterbury. Also, he studied in the British Museum gathering information about Chaucer, and this experience has enriched his course and made it a must not only for English majors but for many other students as well.

BUT one must not neglect the man in a study of his achievements and influence, for Dr. Folk is a unique individual apart from his profession. His interests range from golf, the Charles E. Smith Rare Book Room in the Library (he has devoted much time and effort to com-

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piling a catalog of this private collection), to his first grandchild, Edgar Estes Folk IV. His hobby is collecting antiques—an interest he shares with his wife, the former Minta Holding of Wake Forest. Incidentally, Dr. and Mrs. Folk have remodelled a lovely old home in Wake Forest where Dr. Folk loves to return every week-end. During the week he and Dr. Reid, friends of long standing, share an apartment in Winston-Salem where they do their own cooking and housekeeping. Perhaps Dr. Reid pays him the highest compliment when he sighs and states that Dr. Folk can even make living in an apartment bearable.

This is understandable. Dr. Folk is a quiet, refined, modest and gentle man. He is not prone to make hasty decisions but weighs all considerations as he smokes his pipe which is his hallmark. Neither is he quick to condemn but looks for the best in each individual, and he does this without superficial praise or the proverbial "pat on the back." His students say that he seeks to help individuals realize their mistakes and also discover the good in their work. There is little wonder that Dr. Folk has gained the respect and affection of every student and colleague who has known him. He is an "honnête homme par excellence". ●

—FLORENCE WEAVER

Gerald Johnson

Continued from Page 10

became a professor of journalism at the University of North Carolina, where he taught until the *Baltimore Evening Sun* persuaded him in 1926 to pull up his North Carolina roots and to plant them in Maryland. He left "the Sunpapers" after seventeen years, and since 1943 Gerald Johnson has been a free lance writer.

Free lancing has enabled him to stay at home more than before, and his wife is almost always at his side. But while her husband is busy with his writing, the energetic Mrs. Johnson is usually working with her kennel-full of miniature French poodles or serving as a dog barber. Several years ago Gerald presented his wife with a poodle, and ever since then the canines have demanded a prominent place in family affairs.

The two Johnson girls are both married now. Katherine lives in Baltimore and her younger sister Dorothy lives in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Another member of the family, especially dear to Wake Foresters, is

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Gerald's sister, Miss Lois Johnson, who has been the Dean of Women at Wake Forest for the 17 years now that the college has had coeds.

As would be expected, Johnson has written books about journalism, including *What Is News?* and *The Sunpapers of Baltimore*. But his pen has also revealed some of his other loyalties. He is loyal, for example, to the American way of life, as one can see in such books as *America's Silver Age* or *This American People*, and in his biographies of Andrew Jackson, Roosevelt, and Woodrow Wilson. He is now writing a history of the United States, which is subtitled *A History for Peter*. Johnson remembers the dull history books he had to read as a boy; so he is writing this book for his oldest grandson, 9-year-old Peter, in hopes that Peter will find history more interesting. He originally intended the book just for the boy and not for publication, but the first volume, *America Is Born*, has already come off the press. The second volume covers the period of history from Washington to Wilson, and the last volume deals with America since 1917.

Gerald Johnson, however, is not only an American; he is a Southerner. Although he now lives in Baltimore, just on the brink of Yankee Land, he is still a North Carolinian—in fact, he has been called "the North Carolinian." When he joined the *Baltimore Evening Sun*, the staff knew that he would give them a ground of authority for speaking on matters which concerned the South. And during those years with the *Baltimore paper*, he wrote a book entitled *The Secession of the Southern States*.

BUT Johnson is not just a Southerner, either; he is a son of Wake Forest College. And he has the fighting spirit of a true Wake Forester. He still believes—despite the Convention or the campus controversies (and perhaps because of them)—that Wake Forest's destiny is "to become the first really great liberal arts college south of the Potomac, and one of the greatest in all America." He applauds the "de-education" which Wake Forest supplies, for when a man realizes how much he doesn't know, he has taken the first step toward scholarship. And Johnson doesn't worry about the controversies at Wake Forest, because "it is from the clash of contending ideas that truth at last emerges."

Just as he has remained loyal to his alma mater—or, as he would rather call her, his "Fistol-Packin' Mama"—so the college has watched him with pride. In

1928, Wake Forest conferred the Doctor of Letters degree on him for his creative writing. And at the organization of the Wake Forest chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, he was selected as one of the nineteen foundation members.

So it is no wonder that Gerald Johnson was asked to address the new members of Phi Beta Kappa in 1958. Nor was it merely incidental that he was invited back last year for the celebration of Wake Forest College's 125th anniversary and again this year to speak to the students. For he is many things—an American, a Southerner, a Wake Forester, an educator, a journalist—and most of all a Man Thinking, with emphasis on the "man." ●

—JANET BINKLEY

The Gold . . .

Continued from Page 11

duced a single improvement on it. All we can think of is to keep on piling up armament at an expense so tremendous that we are spending annually four-fifths as much as the United States spent in the first World War. That conflict is supposed to have cost us about 50 billions, and the military budget today is nearly 40 billions every year.

In domestic affairs, slow paralysis is creeping through the economy today on account of a great strike in the steel industry; and we are now threatened with a worse strike in transportation if the railroad brotherhoods go out. Yet it is 24 years since the Wagner Act introduced a new idea in labor relations, and 12 years since that act was modified by the Taft-Hartley law. Since then, nothing. And now, once more, we are afflicted with what amounts to industrial warfare.

Why has not some leader, somewhere, come up with some idea that would be an improvement on those antiquated laws and would give us a better method of settling disputes than the method of economic warfare?

The prompt and simple answer is, because our modern leaders are no good. But it is too prompt and too simple. We have just as good leaders available now as we had 12 or 24 years ago; but our leaders of today have not the vigorous and intelligent support they had in days gone by.

Some sage has remarked that no nation has the best government it might have.

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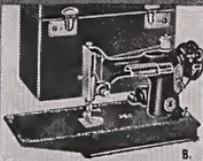
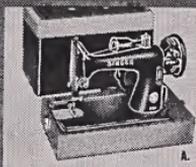
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but every nation has the worst government it will tolerate. If the conduct of public affairs is in a period of intellectual sterility, it is because the American people are willing to put up with sterility. Which brings the whole thing right back to you and me.

If you want to know what is wrong with America, don't fix your eyes on Eisenhower and Lyndon Johnson. Look around you. Note how many people of your own acquaintance—and I mean intelligent people, not the boobs and the bums—are doing any really hard thinking about public affairs. If they are thinking at all, they certainly aren't saying much. A great many, in fact, seem to be obsessed with the notion that any new idea must have come straight out of Russia and therefore is terrible.

Some offer the reason, and call it an excuse, that in a period of great prosperity men are so busy with their private affairs that they have little time or energy to give to the larger aspects of public life. That means that they are so busy making a living, or perhaps a fortune, that they haven't time to live outside their own narrow rut. Well, they may be living long, but they aren't living much. They may have life of a sort, but they are missing the more abundant life.

BUT this is all generality, so let's narrow it down a bit. From the outside world, let's come right into this hall. What are you doing here? You are spending a great deal of your time and a great deal of money, whether your father's, or your own if you are working your way, on this campus. What for? What are you after?

If your purpose is to learn how to live, all well and good. But if your aim is merely to learn how to make a living, you are in the wrong place. Go home. Go to a technical school. Go into a business office, or an industrial plant. But don't spend four years hanging around a liberal arts college, for this isn't a training school, this is an educational institution, and the greater part of what you learn here will never bring in a cent.

Is a liberal education then worth the time and money it costs? No, not to everybody. There are people, and I don't mean idiots—either, for some of them have shrewd and vigorous minds, who are simply not capable of abundant life. No doubt the greater number are too dull even to take high training, not to mention high education; but not all. If learning to operate a turret lathe is about the limit of most, yet there are some who are capable of quite wonder-

ful things; they may be trained to translate the Dead Sea Scrolls, they may be trained to bounce a rocket off the moon, they may be trained to build an electronic computer that can calculate ten thousand times as fast as Archimedes ever could. Yet they are essentially incapable of education.

For in this vast and varied world they can see only one thing that is worth doing. It may be as empty a thing as getting money, or it may be as sordid a thing as making people think they are important. On the other hand, it may be as valuable a thing as extending man's control over the forces of the physical universe. But in either case, it is only one thing. They are not prepared to seize an opportunity to do something worth doing outside their own narrow fields. They are not prepared to participate in the common life of the nation. They are not leaders of men.

To live abundantly requires a special knowledge of life, which is most readily obtained by learning how the great and the good have lived in times past. To know the best that has been thought and said by the wisest men the race has produced is to be prepared to seize any opportunity of doing something worth doing. And it pays off without fail—not necessarily in money, or in reputation, but infallibly in the satisfaction of solid accomplishment, which is the richest reward attainable by man in this world.

I FIND special pleasure in speaking this way to young men and women in North Carolina because of the State's association with a man whose life was a brilliant illustration of what I have been saying. Walter Raleigh never reached the Psalmist's span of life; he had his head chopped off at 66. But I am persuaded that while many other men have lived longer, very few have lived more. I do not commend his example to you without reservation, for in some respects he was a very tough baby indeed, and his crimes were pretty lurid.

But for his time and place he was certainly an educated man. He could fight a battle and write a sonnet with the same high skill. Sent to Ireland during the feud between the Butlers and the Fitzgeralds, he butchered the Fitzgeralds with a ruthlessness that shocked even the Butlers; yet in that bloody campaign he discovered and brought back to England the poet who wrote the "Faery Queen." He gave Ireland the potato, and England tobacco. He could ruin an Essex, and turn a compliment, and navigate a ship, and seduce a maid, with the same swift and sure cunning. Then at last, condemned to death for what he did

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not do, he spent years in the death cell writing a history of the world. One is tempted to apply to him his own stately apostrophe to death: "O eloquent, just and mightie . . . Thou hast drawne together all the farre stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man."

But he was prepared for any opportunity to do what was worth doing, and as much as any one man he lifted his nation not merely to power, but to greatness. If he is the hero of North Carolina he is one well chosen; and there is one picture of him, drawn by a later poet, that every young North Carolinian can accept with joy and pride—a picture, not of the pirate, the politician, the man of blood, but of Raleigh, the visionary, now in the shadow of the scaffold, but still flaming with desire to do something worth doing, and pleading for a chance:

Say to the King, quoth Raleigh,
I have a tale to tell him—
Wealth beyond derision,
Veils to lift from the sky,
Seas to sail for England—
And a little dream to sell him—
Gold! The gold of a vision,
That angels cannot buy.

The gold of a vision—there is the worth of true education, and it is beyond any price. ●

Notes . . .

Continued from Page 17

least twenty are among the standard works in the string quartet repertoire. There is manifest in these works, from Opus 1 of 1755 to Opus 103 of 1803, a multitude of developments—from over-riding importance of the violin part in a strictly homophonic setting to the achievement of a truly four-voice texture and contrapuntal construction which was the logical outcome of that texture, from a five-movement, unsettled structure to four-movement, sonata-allegro form, from simple statement of folk-melody to a remarkable synthesis of polyphonic texture with homophonic melody. In short, Haydn's climb toward perfection led past the proud peaks of opera 33, 64, and 76 to the lonely grandeur of the twin pinnacles of Opus 77.

Even in the absence of his achievements in melody, style, and orchestration, Haydn would occupy an outstanding position in the story of music because of his enormous output of highly perfected compositions.

These include about thirty works for the stage, dozens of compositions for wind or string ensembles, at least fifty concerti for various instruments, over fifty keyboard sonatas, between one hundred four and one hundred forty symphonies, and eighty-three string quartets. It cannot be denied that the quality of these works is somewhat uneven, for many were composed against a deadline, others, for only one special occasion. There was, however, steady maturation—the "London" Symphonies, the last quartets, and the two great oratorios, composed in his sixties, testify to Haydn's progressive development and retention of his powers. One must not, moreover, press upon musical form and Darwinian ideas of "survival of the fittest"; many great works, indeed, may have perished or, like most of the organ works of Mozart, may never have been committed to paper.

HAYDN has been well served by the "LP era," and there is a growing variety of his works, available on records. In Haydn's concerto literature Sylvia Marlowe turns in a good performance of the D major Harpsichord Concerto, as does Isaac Stern in the C major Violin Concerto. Few of the pianoforte sonatas have been recorded as much as twice; the several artists are Wilhelm Backhaus, Nadia Reisenberg, Arthur Balsam, and Ernest Levy. To please the palate of the listener RCA has promised a set of Haydn sonatas performed by the late Landowska. *The Creation* has been ably recorded by Markevitch, and *The Seasons* has just appeared in a superior recording by Beecham. The quartets have not been as fully recorded as this reviewer would wish, but there has been considerable progress recently in making more of them available, especially in complete sets. Thus the Beaux-Arts Quartet has recorded Opus 9; the Schneider Quartet, Opus 33; the Vienna Konzerthaus, Opus 64; the Budapest, Opus 76. Other groups have turned in praiseworthy performances of individual quartets. Finally there are active an abundance of artists in the readings of the Haydn symphonies. Wöldlike, Münchinger, Szell, Walter, and Solti are among the better conductors of several individual works. To be especially mentioned are Hermann Scherchen, who has recorded over a span of time the twelve "London" Symphonies, and Sir Thomas Beecham, who is in the process of completing the set. The latter's recent release of the first six of the "London" was a typically bright gem from this most youthful of the elder lapidaries. ●

—DAVID W. HADLEY

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VOLUME 75 NUMBER 3

DECEMBER 1959



On the Brink Of the Mystery

What is there new to say about Christmas?

So much has already been said — by theologians and philosophers, by advertisers and children.

But inevitably something new will be *lived* about Christmas, even if nothing new is *said*.

Someone will come to the brink of the mystery.

Someone will catch himself listening to Handel's *Messiah*, for the first time really listening.

Someone will dodge a crowd of shoppers on the sidewalk and for a moment see the hubbub as a whole — (the mechanical Santas in store windows, the crowds going through revolving doors, the cars throwing dirty snow on the sidewalk, the Salvation Army bell at the corner, the carols floating over stale peanut smells in dime stores) — so that it ceases to be a cheap commercialization and is seen as the desperate response to a revealed mystery.

Someone (not knowing the historical Christ) will pull his coat collar up to his chin and walk out in the cold night air and shun the merry-making of the children who trim their trees and yet feel the mystery of stars on top of lighted trees against the stars of frosty blackness.

These experiences are wrapped up in symbols — a bit gaudy at times, a bit worn, and yet ever wished for and sometimes beautiful, even meaningful — the symbols for the mystery we feel and do not fully understand, the mystery which accompanied one event and which ever since has given us an excuse for optimism.

— J.M.B. —



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the student

DECEMBER, 1959

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the student founded January, 1882, is published monthly, except summer sessions, by the students of Wake Forest College. Office located in Room 224, Reynolda Hall; address correspondence to Box 7257, Reynolda Branch, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Printed by Kelger Printing Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

National Advertising representative W. B. Bradbury Co., 219 E. 44th St., New York, N. Y. Subscription rate: \$2.00 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Winston-Salem, N. C.

Between The Lines

With only two-and-a-half weeks between the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays, members of THE STUDENT staff worked frantically to get out a December issue. The usual question arose as to what would go in the magazine. Everyone on the editorial board was swamped with before-Christmas quizzes, yet there had to be at least one more article.

Then the editor received the following letter:
"The campus publications have to beg us to write."

THE STUDENT
November, 1959

The attached manuscript is submitted to relieve my conscience . . . and no one had to beg me either.

Respectfully,
Gene Funderburke

The manuscript which he sent appears in this issue under the title "An Intensified Revolution." So perhaps there are a few students after all who don't mind subjecting their ideas to the magazine's readers (and, who knows, the readers may not constitute too large a group anyway).

Another newcomer to THE STUDENT's list of contributors is John Hopkins, author of "The Kiwi." John is a sophomore from Winston-Salem. The illustration for his story was done by Carol Steele, a freshman member of the staff who not only draws but also writes poetry.

Editor John Alford of *Old Gold and Black*, THE STUDENT's next door neighbor on Pub Row, has a short story in the magazine this time. He made his debut with THE STUDENT two years ago by submitting a prize-winning story, and he has contributed several things since then. His latest story was illustrated by Joe Kerr, last year's art editor.

And speaking of art, this month's cover was designed by Chic Forbes. Art editor Betty Earp worked out the color scheme so the December issue would not have to be the usual red—as it has for several years past.

The deadline for THE STUDENT's short story contest has been postponed until January 15 so that ambitious writers can polish their stories during the holidays. Several entries are in the magazine files now, waiting for the judging. Winners will be announced in the March issue.

The March STUDENT will be the next one, since there are only three more issues to come out this year. Perhaps the magazine staff will have a chance to study for exams. But room 224 will stay open to receive any short stories, poems, essays, features, etc. which can be used in the spring issues. So until the next issue, THE STUDENT staff says goodbye and Merry Christmas. We hope you get this magazine in time for the holidays.

the student

VOLUME 75

NUMBER 3

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Fröhliche Weihnachten !



December 1, 1959

Dear Wake Forest,

Frohliche Weihnachten!

The Christmas season has begun here in Germany, and therefore, I find no trouble feeling "Christmasy" now at the end of November. Our celebration began with the lighting of the first candle on November 29, the first Advent Sunday. I had the privilege of being in the Protestant Student Circle and helping make the Advent wreath. Each wreath contains four candles which are lit on the four Sundays before Christmas. The last Sunday will have four burning candles and brightness to signify the light of God coming into the world.

Last week in the kitchen one of my friends asked me to sing some Christmas carols. He especially liked the beauty of the story in "We Three Kings". Think about the words the next time you sing it. I was very proud that I know several German songs, and he was thrilled when I sang with him. Many thanks to the German Club.

Good luck with the German Christmas caroling party. We are planning to do the same thing; so we have begun practice already.

My Christmas day will be spent here in Berlin with my friends from East Germany who cannot go home or have no home to go to. With the help of the American Army Post Exchange, I am planning to bake my own special Christmas cake for them. I'm sure it will be the happiest Christmas I have ever had if I can bring some joy into their lives.

I try to explain that Christmas really means more to Americans than "getting presents", but the German students believe otherwise and can support their belief with consumer reports, magazine articles, and newspapers. Still they ask why we have taken Christ out of Christmas. I argue that they have commercialized also, but I see my argument end as I realize that they have a sincerity about the celebration of Christ's birth which is almost unknown at home.

I shall be thinking about you as I listen to the famous Berlin choirs sing Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* and Handel's *Messiah*. I challenge you to be thankful for your freedoms as well as material wealth.

December 16 I'm planning to hit the road with a student group going to Gornisch in southern Germany. Everyone tells me that the best way to get some studying done is to break a leg. Seriously, I'm planning to try my luck at skiing, bob-sledding and ice skating for the last two weeks of our Christmas holidays. I hope also to spend some time in Munich and Switzerland. Will I have a "White Christmas"? You bet!

Have a happy new year!

Sincerely yours,

Dan Jones

أودى التهانى بمناسبة عيد
 الميلاد الحبيب الى اصدقائى
 فى كل انحاء العالم
 بدمعته
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快樂聖誕

Herzliche Weihnachtsgrüße

No Place Like Home

By Sylvia Cheek

EVERYONE KNOWS that there's no place like home for the holidays. Wake Forest students, offering no protest, vacate the campus at the holiday season and head for home by the quickest, most efficient means they can afford. But there are students at Wake Forest who can only dream about holidays at home this Christmas and who will either stay on campus or visit with friends. Talking with some of our students from other countries about their Christmas festivities at home reveals striking similarities as well as significant differences in the celebration of the holiday season throughout the world.

OUT of the East came the star and the baby who started it all some two thousand years ago. Christmas is a much-looked-forward-to celebration at Leila Kassir's home in Baghdad, Iraq. Leila's family, being Christian, celebrate the birth of Christ in a big way. Leila says that there are few Christians in Baghdad, but a lot of spirit, and that even the Moslems enjoy the season.

An enthusiastic "I love Christmas" is Leila's reaction to the whole celebration. At her Baghdad school before the holidays there was always a Christian pageant with Mary and Joseph and the shepherds clothed in authentic costumes, the modern shepherd's mode of dress being the same as it was 2,000 years ago. Leila looks back with pleasure to being an angel dressed in a white robe with wings in one of these Nativity plays.

The Baghdad Christmas season is short, with only a two-day vacation from school, but packed full of worship and merry-making. The afternoon of Christmas Eve is reserved for decorating the three Christmas trees in the three kinds of living rooms at Leila's house. These cedar trees are planted in portable containers; they spend Christmas in the parlor dressed up in traditional colorful holiday trimmings and then are placed in the yard to grow until they

are to be decorated again. Baghdad itself reveals no Christmas spirit, but the Christian homes are festooned with the same sort of decorations as we see in America. Christian children wake up on Christmas day to find that Santa Claus has left presents for them.

Christmas Eve the Christian young people gather to sing Christmas songs in the streets to both Christians and Moslems. Moslems and Jews enjoy the caroling and give the singers money which they collect to be used to build a church. Caroling groups have collected as much as 700 and 800 dollars on Christmas Eve. The carolers are given supper and attend prayer services in the church at midnight. They continue their singing until about four o'clock in the morning.

Christmas day is an occasion for a huge family dinner featuring roast turkey. Before dinner people may make a morning call to the hospitals distributing candy and gaiety among the patients. After dinner Christian homes hold open house. Part of the family stays at home to receive visitors; the remainder go about calling on their friends and acquaintances late into the night. Moslem friends join in this Christmas fellowship. Callers are treated to a special Christmas wine, Christmas cookies and hot tea.

Leila has never been in an American home during the Christmas holidays. She is looking forward to a real American Christmas, she says, next Christmas perhaps. This Christmas she is spending in Washington, D. C., with her parents, who, now visiting in the United States, will return to Baghdad after Christmas. The family reunion will include a brother who attends a northern school, a brother who works with the Iraq embassy, and a cousin.

TURKEY is a country in Biblical history, but Christmas as the celebration of the birth of Christ is observed in Turkey by a minority group of Christians and by some two thousand American families living chiefly in Ankara and Istanbul. Erkil

Günur, a native of Turkey, worked in Ankara with the American Military Mission for aid to Turkey as a translator before he came to Wake Forest College to study business administration. Erkil is Moslem, but he has associated with American families in Turkey enough to be familiar with western Christmas customs. He reports that Christmas in Turkey is not observed with any significant differences by those who do celebrate it. In the larger cities it is impossible not to share in the Christmas traditions of decorations, parties, and Santa Claus, whether or not one attaches any religious significance to it.

The Western New Year is much more widely celebrated in Turkey than is Christmas. On New Year's Eve it is hard to find a house where there is no party. There are thousands of parties and balls which last all night. Everyone stays awake eating and dancing until dawn. Shortly before midnight the lights are turned off, and everyone tries to be dancing when the New Year comes in. Until 1923 Turkey used a calendar different from the western nations. Since then the December 31 festival has increased in favor until it has become the most popular event of the year.

The word "Christmas" to Günur means the religious significance of the birth of the Christ, and as such he does not observe it. Günur's faith is Islam, which in translation means "self-surrender to God." In speaking of Christmas he expressed a reverence for Christ by pointing out that Jesus belongs to the Moslem system of faith as well as the Christian. According to Moslem interpretation, Moses, Abraham, Jesus, and Mohammed preached the same message and are the four founders of God's true religion; however, Moslems place no particular emphasis on either of God's messengers. In Günur's opinion "whatever the name may be, all sincere people are supposed to have the same religion—that is to worship the one true God and to believe all of God's prophets."

Moslems have a celebration with a spirit in nature similar to our Christmas. It is the Moslem custom to fast for a month out of the year. During this fasting month, from sunup to sundown nothing passes through their throats. On the twenty-seventh day of the fasting there is a religious ceremony in the mosque. After the thirtieth day is completed, there are three days of celebration during which people give gifts to each other and make friends with their enemies. The making of different types of candies is a Turkish art. During these three days people call on each other and take with them boxes of candy. This holiday is called Sheker Bairam, meaning Candy Holiday.

The Turkish people claim the original Santa Claus. In Antalya where Saint Nicholas was born and lived, the Church of Saint Nicholas serves as a museum. There is a large portrait of Saint Nicholas on the church wall with the following legend inscribed in Greek characters. During the fourth century when Antalya was a part of the Roman Empire, there lived Bishop Nicholas, a very good man who loved children and who was also rich. At Christmas he gave gifts secretly during the night. Once he saved a young girl from marrying someone whom she did not love by throwing a bag of gold coins through her open window so that she could purchase her freedom. Later the people found out that the gold was a gift from Bishop Nicholas. In time he became Saint Nicholas.

Erkil Günür plans to spend the Christmas holidays here in Winston-Salem.

THIS is Hideki Imamura's second Christmas in the United States. Last Christmas he was attending William Jewell in Kansas City, Missouri. Two years ago Hideki and his wife were spending their first Christmas together in Kyoto, Japan. He recalls that they celebrated with a small turkey dinner. Hideki worked with the Japan Baptist hospital in Kyoto before coming here to study medicine. His wife, still in Japan working at the hospital, hopes to be able to join him here as soon as possible.

Christians are a minority in Japan, but the Christmas season is very much present. In Japan this Christmas one would find the stores decorated as in any American city—Santa Claus and all his reindeer, people exchanging gifts, singing songs, and having holiday parties without realizing the significance of the celebration.

Hideki first heard of Christmas about ten

years ago when as a freshman in high school he was invited to the home of a missionary for a Christmas party. He remembers that party fondly—the Christmas tree, the hot chocolate and cookies, the carols, and the meaning of the celebration which was explained as the "occasion when people rejoice the coming of Christ."

At the Kyoto hospital this Christmas Eve carolers will gather to visit with the patients. They will walk until midnight holding candles and singing carols as they go. On Christmas day dinner will be served to the "one big family" at the hospital. Hideki says of the Christmas spirit at the hospital that you "can't get away from it."

Hideki will stay on campus this holiday season. He explains, "I have to study."

BILL Watson, whose parents are Southern Baptist missionaries in Buenos Aires, Argentina, finds that the biggest difference between Christmas as he has experienced it in Argentina and in the United States is that in Argentina December 25 comes in the middle of summer. "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" is a real dream when all you want to do is go swimming.

Argentine Catholics exchange gifts on January 6, the Day of Epiphany which signifies the visit of the three kings to the Christ child. The Reyes, meaning "kings", instead of Santa Claus bring little children their presents.

What Bill would miss most about an Argentine Christmas is "my mother's cooking." Bill, however, will spend this Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James O. Watson, in the States on emergency leave, at his uncle's home in Marianna, Florida. Bill has yet to see a real white Christmas.

INDONESIA is a tropical country made up of 3,000 islands located on both sides of the equator. Were Philip Ho this Christmas on his native island of Java, the most densely populated area in the world with 1,000 people per square mile, he would be helping the members of his father's church to enjoy Christmas. Philip's job would be to translate songs into Indonesian from Chinese and English and to direct the Christmas drama. Costuming for the characters of the Nativity is very easy because of the type of Arabic-influenced clothing worn by many Indonesians.

Oriental Christians are conservative in their Christmas celebration. Signs of Christ-

mas are not to be seen in Indonesia outside of the church and Christian home. Offices close on December 25 because it is an international holiday, but there is no general celebration. Stores are not decked out in holiday frippery; one can tell a Christian home during the Christmas season by the traditional adornments. Indonesian Christmas customs are a combination of Dutch-German traditions and American influence adopted through the missionaries.

Christmas comes at the hottest time of the year; yet the traditional holly and snow scenes—all artificial—persist in decorations. Santa Claus comes to Indonesia in his summer suit. The old gentleman looks the same except he has taken off the white fur which protected him from the cold, and he left his reindeer at the North Pole. Santa's red suit is preserved because red is a sign of happiness in the Oriental culture. Protestant children, who are visited by Santa while they are asleep, fill their shoes with grass and place them outside the door of their house hoping Santa will exchange the grass for presents. The grass is somehow related to the hay in Baby Jesus' manger.

Indonesian children are also familiar with a Dutch Catholic custom. January 1-3 St. Nicholas and Black Peter appear to go about town distributing presents. Each town has a St. Nicholas who is a real person. St. Nicholas in the larger cities is imported from Italy for this occasion. Costumed in medieval traditional Catholic robes with a real beard, St. Nicholas, together with Black Peter, acts as messenger among the people in exchanging gifts. Black Peter, the servant, carries the bag and also carries switches with which he whips bad children.

The religious significance of the Christmas celebration is on December 25 when many churches have a very formal service emphasizing not only the birth of Christ but his whole life and death as well. These churches do not recognize Easter as a holiday. Late in December after Christmas there is the joy celebration when people have parties and exchange gifts. Philip explains that for the people to separate the spiritual and social aspects of their celebrations is an Oriental characteristic.

New Years is a larger festival than Christmas; however, nobody celebrates January 1 as the New Year. Moslems celebrate their liberation from the fasting month by feasting all night. These festivals sometimes include exotically costumed dramatic performances, and the drums beating can be heard throughout the city all night. For

On this occasion everyone gets new clothes; clothes are given to those who can't afford to buy them.

The Chinese New Year comes at various times around February according to the lunar calendar. On New Year's Eve the Chinese cook food and feast throughout the night. The feasting begins fourteen days of giving gifts, getting new clothes, and visiting. First one visits one's relatives, then one's parents' friends, and then one's own friends. Children perform a ceremony in respect to their elders according to the fifth virtue of Confucianism, Propriety, for which the elders always give them money. The fifteenth day is the traditional Lantern's Day, when everyone makes lanterns in the shapes of fish, fruit, and animals. These lanterns are hung all over the house. The dragon lantern is paraded around the city to drive evil spirits away. The dancing tigers go from door to door chasing away evil spirits. People whose home the tiger visits give him money. On the same day the Chinese honor their ancestors in ceremonies. A golden figure representing the ancestors is carried through the streets. As it passes by the houses, people burn incense in respect. Everyone enjoys the pageantry of the Chinese New Year festival.

Philip thinks that being too far away to go home for Christmas at least gives him the opportunity to go where he can. He will journey to Miami, Florida to spend Christmas with a Chinese family. Philip is looking forward to eating Chinese food and tropical fruit which he hasn't had in several years.

WAKE FOREST has enrolled three students from Hong Kong—Tierney Soo, Gee-Yin Kwok, and Timothy Lam.

Tierney Soo's family is Buddhist, but they celebrate the Christmas season because their children attend British schools and have holidays at that time. The house is decorated in the traditional manner, and they have a dinner party and dance for their friends. Tierney Soo's family also celebrates the Chinese New Year.

Gee-Yin Kwok's family as Buddhist find no need to celebrate Christmas. Gee-Yin, a member of the Congregationalist church who attended a large Baptist high school, is very enthusiastic about Christmas customs. He and his sister tried to decorate their house for several Christmases but found it no fun without parental cooperation; therefore, they go away from their home for their Christmas celebration. If Gee-Yin were back

in high school this Christmas, he would be helping his classmates compete for the prize for the best Christmas decorations among the classes. There would be a lot of holiday parties where everyone's favorite dance is the cha-cha. On Christmas Eve Gee-Yin would join those gathering to go Christmas caroling about the city on a chartered truck. The carolers bring their own musical accompaniment of harmonicas, trumpets, and accordions. On Christmas day Gee-Yin would go to church in the morning and again at night. At the church fellowship there would be a Christmas play and friendly exchange of small gifts by the draw-a-number method. Sometimes by the draw-a-number method a boy will receive a girl's gift, and sometimes very small gifts are wrapped in large boxes with newspaper stuffing.

Gee-Yin is going to Florida with Philip Ho.

Timothy Lam, spending his fourth year as a student in the U. S., has just about forgotten what Christmas is like in Hong Kong. He remembers the many parties and the commercial decorations of the city which make the holiday atmosphere in Hong Kong very much American. Hong Kong is ninety per cent Buddhist, but many Buddhists enjoy the Christmas festivities as well as do the Christians.

Tim will go this Christmas to Shawnee, Oklahoma, to visit with his sister and brother-in-law, who teaches at Oklahoma Baptist University. Tim's brother who is studying dentistry at Baylor and another brother who is serving his residency in medicine will join them to make it a real family reunion. Tim's parents, five other brothers, and another sister are in Hong Kong.

AN American student would feel very much at home in the Christmas setting described by Ulrich Zieten, our German exchange student. The holiday season begins in Germany with the first Advent, which is the fourth Sunday before Christmas. Each family has an Adventskranz, which is a ring of evergreen with four candles. Each Sunday of Advent another candle is lighted until by Christmas all four candles are burning.

December 6 the children place their biggest pair of shoes polished like mirrors out-of-doors in hopes that they will return the next morning to find their shoes filled with sweets and candles left there by St. Nikolaus.

The streets are decorated with evergreens,

and stars, and many organizations sponsor manger scenes.

The holiday festivities climax on December 24. We call it Christmas Eve; Germans call it Heilig Abend, meaning Holy Evening. The shops close around two o'clock in the afternoon, and everyone goes to his own home. While the mother prepares Christmas goodies, the father begins to decorate the tree for the family. In Ulrich's home the tree is always a tall one that must be cut off to make room for the top-most star. Large silver and sometimes colored bells and balls, silver "stripes" like icicles, and real candles are the traditional German dress for the tree which it has been Ulrich's own privilege to decorate for the last ten years. He says that of the things he would like most to see this holiday season is that Christmas tree in his home.

After the Holy Evening service at church which the family attends together, the family returns home for the lighting of the candles on the tree, the telling of the Christmas story, the singing of carols, and the giving of gifts. Little children anxiously await the visit of the Weihnachtsmann, counterpart of our Santa Claus. The children have written letters to the Weihnachtsmann weeks before Christmas asking for presents. Children fling open the door in answer to a loud knock and are greeted by the Weihnachtsmann, who is a neighbor dressed in Santa's red suit, carrying a sack of presents for good children and a bunch of switches for bad children. The child must recite a Christmas poem which he has memorized and tell whether or not he has been good in order to get his present.

The Holy Evening dinner is usually around nine o'clock.

The greeting for Christmas day in German is Frohe Weihnachten. The highlight of Christmas day, which is a holiday like Sunday, is a huge dinner centered around the Weihnachtsganz, or Christmas goose. Ulrich says that the goose, which is stuffed with apples and cooked until it is crispy golden brown, is most delicious.

The German New Year is welcomed in the typical toast-with-champagne manner, but Christmas is the more important holiday. Christmas is the German time for being together at home; everyone who possibly can goes home for Christmas. The spirit of Christmas made itself felt even during

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An Intensified Revolution

By Gene Funderburke

AN INTENSIFIED REVOLUTION is under way in American higher education, and it must begin—can only begin—in you and me, and in this case “you and me” is to describe the citizenry of the 1959-60 Wake Forest College politicians. Insignificant Winston-Salem need not remain the heretofore known-only-for-Reynolds-and-library-fuels spot-on-the-map. Can not this community be somehow affected by the potentiality of dynamic power which must surely be somewhere submerged in the souls of over two thousand grasping minds? Recent visitors on the campus were reported in *Old Gold and Black* to have been most impressed by the beauty of our campus. If the standard for judging an educational institution is an appraisal of the landscaping, “Mother so dear” might well benefit from transplanting her roots among the floral delicacies of Reynolda Gardens. Again, if architecture is to be the standard, perhaps she might be well-advised to place more attention on gaudiness by increasing the abundance of iron grill-work.

Dr. Gerald Johnson was credited in *THE STUDENT* to have said that “it is from the clash of contending ideas that truth at last emerges.” No one could deny this fact. Indeed it is high time it was accepted at face value on the campuses of American universities. What Dr. Johnson did not take into consideration was the level we have attained in our clashing! Though not desirous of insulting or attacking any particular persons, I cannot resist the present urge to illustrate our childish prattle by reviewing the more impressionable ideas over which we have recently clashed. To name them seems sufficient, for the absurdity must be evident to the college mind. Our campus is quite content to argue about the service in the soda shop, the quality of food in the cafeteria, the poor caliber of chapel speakers (and don't we treat them with respect?), the smallness of grade-conscious professors (and students perhaps?), and the nerve of the meddlesome Baptist State Convention. We rant and we rave. We draw our battlelines without hesitation, never fearing the resulting consequences to individual feelings or campus unity. True Wake Foresters we shall never be as long as we are parading under the banners of

immature dreams and petty ideals. Local politicians do not emerge as national or international statesmen. Lives are sacrificed on the battlefield for local prejudices when they could well be lived for world good. Local jealousies do not lead to world understanding. But enough of criticism. If we tear down too much, there will be no foundation left on which to build our new superstructure.

What then is the answer to the somewhat baffling problems disrupting the processes of higher education? Massive reforms in study techniques? No. Reversals in administrative policies? No. Reevaluation of the courses of study with elimination of weak “fact courses”? Again no. Then what? Is the change to be made in social institutions and practices? Should we abolish campus politics and incorporate ourselves into one fraternity of Wake Foresters? The idea has merit, but the fault lies *not* in the institutions, but in the small individuals who dominate and control them. Well, then, do we eliminate the individuals? Definitely not, for it is the individual we seek to discover in the college world. Then it would seem that nothing can be done!

This article can claim nothing new. It presents no original idea, being in its entirety the accumulated ideas of others, both in its arguments and in the presentation of a possible solution to follow. Ideas gleaned from professors, ministers, lecturers, reading, yes, even from those dastardly chapel speakers, will certainly be recognized at the offset by the wakeful student. The bomb has been planted innumerable times, the student has been given the match and shown how to strike it, but we have yet to witness an explosion. The centrifuge of education has precipitated only boredom on our part. Our problems are not so far removed from our abilities that they cannot be answered and solved.

THE solution to the all-too-prevalent stagnation on our campus? Did you catch the first three words of this article? They are not my own—I can therefore feel justified in emphasizing their importance: “an intensified revolution!” A certain philosophy class on the campus seems prone to clash quite often with the ideas promul-

gated by the professor. Of course, as seems always to be the case, the argument is that of grades, but the discussions seem not so petty as the questions. “An intensified revolution,” the professor exclaimed one day!

A student revolt seems always to hold a great deal of fascination for the larger college. Indeed Wake has not fumbled her opportunities as much as some might think. Though the press might have exaggerated the intensity, it cannot be denied that we did dance during the chapel hour and we did raid the pens for panties. And now someone has ingeniously suggested that we boycott the soda shop—or was it the book store? Don't deny there is an abundance of revolutionary spirit on this campus. We're simply bursting to revolt.

It is rather startling to read of how the traditional student spirit of revolution has expressed itself in Cuba. And wasn't it thrilling to read of the student uprisings in Hungary? What about the Russian Revolution? And it has even been suggested that the greatest revolutionary force in the world today is the youth movement within the Communist party. Oh, it is to be supposed that the University of Moscow has sometime in its history griped about compulsory Siberian vacations, and certainly the University of Havana must have considered and probably executed a delightful party-raid. The student mind can hardly be expected to repress normal desires. The heart of the problem is not in what we have done; it is in what we have not done. Is our country so lacking in intellectual stimulation that we see no ideals for which to stand? Is there absolutely no international force which seems important enough for us to be challenged by and stirred to either support or denounce? But, yes, the soda shop is nearer, more directly concerned with our provincial atmosphere. I wonder if anyone considered that perhaps we students helped to build that wall?

Revolt? Against what? The narrowness of our world, the immaturity of our concepts, and the weakness of our minds in that they seem satisfied with mediocrity.

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THE ROOM WAS SILENT and still with no special characteristic of its own. The bright light which

I blankly stared at was neither devil nor confessor. But, still, I hated the room and the light and the whole goddam world, and I didn't do a thing about it. I never had. They told me I was smart. They told me I was good-looking (which I doubted). And, worst of all, they told me I would be a fine upstanding businessman one day. Nobody ever said what do you think, or what do you want to be, or what do you feel like, and I didn't tell them. They wouldn't have cared, or worse still they would have tried to drive those CRAZY NOTIONS out of my head.

In a little while I knew that a car would pull up outside the house and raucously sound its horn. I would go out and go to get MY GIRL and the rest of the night would be a little game of the 64,000 dollar question. Do you love me? Yes, I love you. Do you love me? What did you mean by that? Are you sure you aren't afraid of us, or tired of us, or attracted to that other guy at the beach? A catalogue of a thousand meaningless little fears that took the evening by the edges and stretched it taut, only to be loosened by saturation in beer or artificial gaiety which provided another onslaught of the same tensions the next day.

The kiwi is a strange bird that neither swims nor flies. But, oh, how badly it wants to fly. So it stands by the hour and flaps its ridiculous little wings and squawks at the sky.

The day had been as a hundred other days. The week and the month had been as a hundred other such periods, meaningless units of time, filled with futile movement in a futile pattern until like feathers piled on my face they had begun to subtly smother me. Some of the hours had not been bad. A man with an idea would speak and a certain flash of interest had stirred me into almost-action, almost-fervor, only to drown in cokes at the drugstore or beers at the Rathskeller, while the woes and the dreams flowed in streams as constant and passing as the beer from the taps, and the juke-box played on.

It had been an existence. Meager, perhaps, but an existence. I did not like it or dislike it consciously. I tolerated it, ignored it, or hid it in great swirls of laughter and drunkenness. The days grew longer, soon, and the beer overflowed into the afternoon and I floated in it. I lay back



the kiwi

By John Hopkins

and abandoned my mind to lazy buoyancy on waves of simulated tranquility. The days were like the drip of a broken faucet, neither slow nor fast and, if you closed your mind to it, almost unnoticeable. But they still dripped past and the water rose, for the drain was stopped up. Falling darkness often brought obscurity with it and the rising waters became a shiny pool or black unfathomable abyss, inviting or invisible with the whim of the alcoholic moonlight.

S UDDENLY the oft-ignored waters overflowed. A torrent burst forth, and the unsuspecting bystander was choked by the stagnant wetness of it and almost drowned. Suddenly, the beer was bitter, the companions not jolly, and the day broke its vault and came forth into the night, blinding me with a grim revelation. I hated it all. The beer, the laughter, the dreams, and the woes were a great mass of rotting decayed hopelessness and loneliness in a tomb of stone conformity. I wanted to fly out of the tomb up to the sky of emptiness and cleanliness, and I thought of the means

of escape. I spoke of the sky to the others and they spoke back of beer and breads. I wrote a poem, half high, and read aloud the words. The sky formed for me and I spoke to it and told it I was coming. It was not impressed.

The sky remains, but the poems and the novels and the hacksaws for my chains are gone. Dreams are built on dreaming, but one needs wings to fly.

At night when the sun is gone and the sky is as black as the earth, the kiwi lies down to sleep and forgets the sky, for at night the kiwi does not dream. But the sky remains, and the kiwi has no wings.

The night was as black as ever outside and the car was waiting. He called to me, "Hey, man, let's go have a party."

I took the drink he offered and said, "Yeah, a great big party for all the kiwis who are sleepy."

He gaped. "You nuts tonight, man?"

"No," I said, "my wings are just tired." ●

December Review . . .

Changing Values in College

By Philip E. Jacob

IF A READER does not fear the mental discomfort of having cherished beliefs and general impressions shattered by material presented in a lively fashion, then I strongly recommend this book. It can be said with some certainty that the reader's views on the values of college education will not be the same after a reading of this book by Philip Jacob.

Changing Values In College is the result of an extensive exploratory research project which set out to find what changes occur in student's values during college. The research project embraced many representative universities, such as Dartmouth, Michigan State, University of North Carolina, and Texas, to cite a sampling. The structure of

the book includes an unusually arresting foreword, the "meat" of the book with its presentation of statistical evidence and analyses, and an excellent bibliography.

The author works his way into the topic by defining a value and destroying many myths. A value, he says, is a standard for decision-making as expressed by verbal statement or overt conduct. As for one of the broken myths, let us look at the traditional viewpoint on the purpose of a college and contrast it with the view put forward in this work. It is assumed by many that a college education is supposed to act as a liberalizing influence on the student. However, Jacob notes, "college has a socializing rather than a liberalizing impact on values. It strengthens respect for the prevailing social order." For those who envision a student who completely readjusts his values, the following quotation should be enlightening: "If anything the typical college graduate is a cultural rubber-stamp for the social heritage as it stands rather than the instigator of new patterns of thought and new standards of conduct." In short, college produces not the *avant garde* but the *derrière garde*. Another myth which deserves breaking concerns the breakdown of religious belief due to the college influence. Jacob advances the idea that a person's religious convictions are fundamentally the same before and after college. Moreover, he explains this by pointing out that the college experience may be too "ephemeral" to cause a change in a person's convictions of supreme reality."

Egotistical students would read this book with mixed emotions. They would enjoy being written about, but they might not enjoy what is written about them. The author has devoted much time to rendering a composite picture of today's college student. I will cite some in random fashion. Today's college student is "gloriously contented, unabashedly self-centered," and not only "politically irresponsible but politically illiterate." Moral virtues are valued by the college student, but there is no censure for those who depart from moral canons. A need for religion is expressed, and the beliefs of college students often have a "ghostly

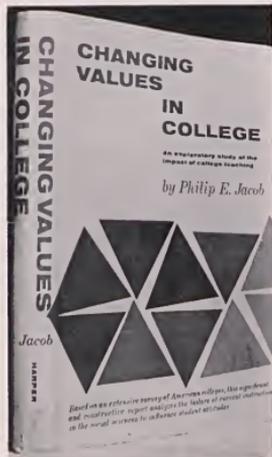
quality." The author paints the finishing touches in his portrait by his colorful statement, "They [college students] are the unconscious ushers of an essentially secular (though nominally religious), self-oriented (though group conforming) society."

Another relevant question posed by the author is: What is the role of the teacher in molding the values of the students? Jacob remarks that the teacher has "relatively little effect on the values of students." In relation to teaching, the methods of teaching are discussed. Two theories stand out: directive teaching and permissive teaching. Directive teaching is that in which the student is sure of his obligation and there is little room for imagination. Permissive teaching stresses the discussion approach and places a premium on creativity. Today's students, for the most part, desire the directive approach; or, as a quote from a professor's classroom diary, puts it, "One gets an attitude of 'You tell us' and 'we'll write it on the exam.'" For teachers who are dismayed by students who seem to have no interest in a particular course, the author points out that the student's orientation before he ever comes to class vastly influences his attitude toward the course. Thus, a student's predetermined attitude often makes it impossible for a professor to make a course meaningful.

If I may offer some advice to possible readers of this book, I would hope that it not be read as a fundamentalist would read a Bible. True, there are many controversial ideas presented, ideas which are based on research. But I think a grain of salt is surely needed, for the author himself states "we need more complete, more representative and more comparable data than this study has uncovered."

This book could well merit the label of a gad-fly. It offers the reader a viewpoint which is definitely not currently being upheld. It challenges the reader to hunt out what the significance of these findings could be; and, for the college student and professor, it presents an opportunity for each to get to know himself better. ●

DON SCHOONMAKER



Haunted Halls

APPARENTLY THE competition between the literary societies is dead. This development was foreseen by a reporter for *THE STUDENT* at the beginning of last year. At that time the Euzelian and Philomathesian Societies had each dwindled to a membership of about ten, and recent Society Day contests had been held largely between once-a-year members—people recruited into the societies for the express purpose of participating in the competition.

The fall competition was abandoned last year—in order to concentrate on the spring Society Day. But there was no competition in the spring, either. The day for contests came and went without the traditional debates, readings, orations, etc. So the Euzelians claimed the cup—since their speakers had been prepared and since the Phis had failed to put up any opposition. But the Philomathesians, who at that time possessed the cup, claimed in turn that the Eus had not conducted contest plans in accordance with inter-society rules.

For the first time in several years, the future of the societies looked promising. An intense debate was going on between them—not a typical debate on political affairs or major current problems, but a live debate all the same. The subject: "Who is rightful owner of the cup?" The presidents of the societies (Don Schoonmaker for the Eus and Bill Horne for the Phis) aired the opinions of their respective groups in the *Old Gold and Black*. And then they took the case before a student-faculty committee on Student Affairs. The question was settled by placing the cup in the hands of a neutral party (the Dean) until one of the societies actively and lawfully won a Society Day competition.

Thus the enthusiasm which had been aroused over the Eu-Phi debate was transferred to a determination on the part of each society to become owner of the cup this year. There was talk of revising the Inter-Society Covenant so that it would be practical for present-day contests. And the society members went home for the summer vacation muttering, "Wait till next year. We'll get the cup."

But what has happened this year? From the looks of things, the Dean may be the permanent holder of the cup. For the Phis

have not met a single time all year, at least they hadn't when this was written. And although the Euzelians still meet every other Monday night, there can be no Society Day competition unless there are two societies.

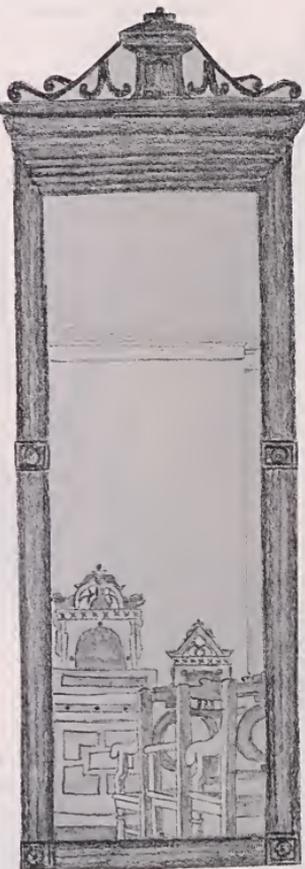
DOES the disintegration of societies indicate a declining interest in literary pursuits? I don't think so. It must be that people are just tired of the 125-year-old organizations, because other groups have taken over the activities which the societies once channeled. The debate squad has brought recognition to Wake Forest this year. WFDD provides an opportunity for radio speaking. And the BSU has set up contemporary literature discussion groups which meet each month in professors' homes.

Yet there are still two rooms set aside for the literary societies in the east wing of Reynolda Hall. The Honor Council moved to the Student Government room for its trials so that the societies would have full use of their halls. And whenever another organization—like the Student Union or the International Relations Club—wants to use a society hall for a lecture, they must borrow the key from one of the society presidents.

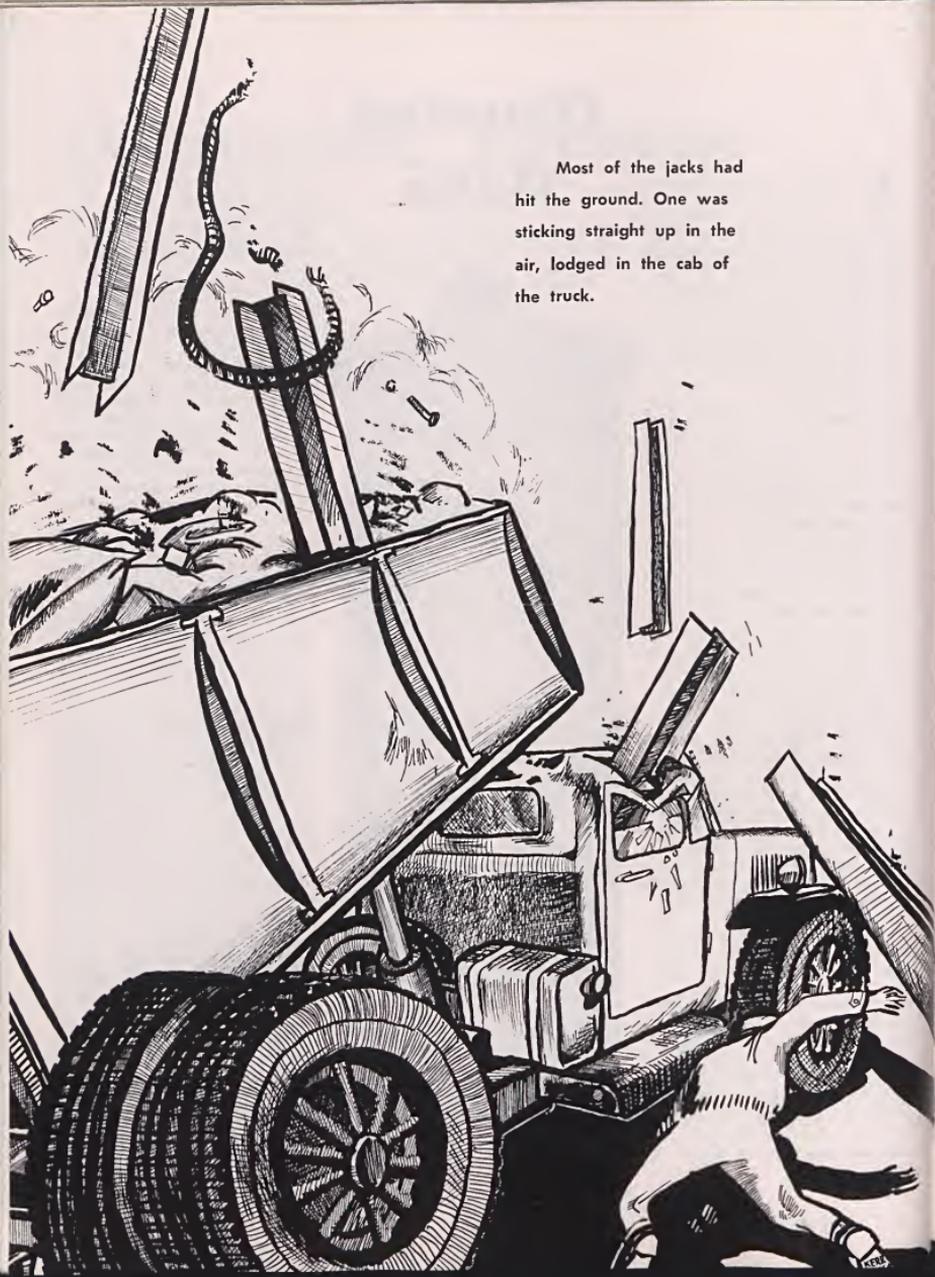
What should be done with those halls now that the society competition no longer exists? Should one of the societies perhaps move its furniture into the other hall? That way one room would be left vacant for other organizations to use, and the handful of faithful Eus (and Phis, too, if there are any left) could meet in the remaining society hall. The Eu furniture and clock could be lined up on one side, the Phi mirror and chairs on the other.

And what about the future of the halls? Will students some day come into a Reynolda Hall classroom, scratch their heads about the funny furniture, shrug their shoulders, and then sit down in the antiques to wait for the professor? Or will there be two haunted rooms on the second floor of Reynolda—rooms which have been locked since 1960, but which oldtimers claim were once used by literary groups who called themselves the Euzelians and Philomathesians (or something like that)? ●

JANET BINKLEY



Most of the jacks had hit the ground. One was sticking straight up in the air, lodged in the cab of the truck.



Rube Rascal

By John Alford

IF YOU HAD BEEN RUBE Randle's next door neighbor, you wouldn't have suspected that he was a villain. Neither did I or I certainly would not have gone to work for him.

"I've put you on a crew full of Negroes," Mr. Randle told me. "Let me know if they're earning their money. Here's your badge, your helmet, salt tablets . . . don't mind taking plenty of them. Here comes Cecil, the man you'll be working for."

"Cecil, another college boy for you. Name's John. Let him start moving those jacks from the main entrance. Inspectors are coming today. Want everything clean."

"Yes sir, Mr. Rube."

I followed Cecil to the entrance. A few times he started to say something but didn't.

"These are the jacks," he said, pointing at several long pieces of lumber on the ground. Take them around to the side of the building where they're getting ready to pour cement. Think you can manage them all right? College boy just quit day before yesterday. Couldn't take it."

"I'll manage," I said as he left.

I examined the jacks. About seventeen four by fours, from eight to twelve feet in length. Each piece of lumber was extended by a long threaded rod, at the end of which was a flat metal base. I could not have known their purpose in the construction of the eleven story hospital; it was the first time I had worked with a construction crew.

Only two days earlier I had given up a comfortable job as a sign painter for the summer—I had felt that I was given the job more for charitable reasons than for my usefulness. I have never liked favors; they have a way of obligating you, and there is nothing I cherish more than my independence. For this philosophy my body suffered almost the whole summer. I was

determined that what my 135 pounds could not accomplish, my pride could, and I was not to go the way of my miserable predecessor.

An hour later I had finished carrying the jacks to the other side of the building where several Negroes were standing them in place on the metal bases and turning the rods at the bottom with wrenches. Slowly the jacks raised themselves against the ceiling. A few short, quick twists and they were secure. I learned later that in this position the jacks helped support the ceiling while cement was being poured on the floor above.

I stood to one side and watched the process.

"Don't you have anything to do?" It was Cecil.

"No. I finished bringing the jacks."

"Well, you better start stacking tile then. The pallets are at the back door. You ever stacked tile before?"

"No, I haven't worked in any kind of construction before."

"Never have, huh? How did you get this job?"

"I'm a next door neighbor of Mr. Randle. I said something about a job, and he suggested that I work for him."

"Oh? . . . I'll put Washington and Ray to helping you with the tile. Never mind about the pallets. They can get them. Don't want to work you too hard, this being your first day."

He called Ray and Washington over.

"I want ya'll to get some pallets and help Mr. John here to stack tile. He's a college boy. Ya'll show him what to do."

Ray spoke first as Cecil walked away. "Like a cee-gar?"

"No, thank you."

Ray was a tall, well-proportioned Negro with red hair like rusted steel wool, eyes

big, round like billiard balls.

"You know Cecil?" he asked me.

"No, I just started work today."

"You got to watch out for him. He's stupid. Rube Rascal is mean, but you got to watch out for stupid people closer than mean people. Cecil's about as stupid as Washington here. And thass the most to say the most, if you know what I mean." He pulled a cigar from his mouth and blew some smoke at a cloud in the distance. "Looks lak rain," he muttered.

I noticed that Washington had already begun stacking tile. He was an old Negro of inconspicuous build, conscientious about his work with little to say to the younger men on the crew. A hammer dangled from the side of his overalls, multicolored from a variety of splotted paints.

"Cecil's watching us," I told Ray.

"He don't matter. Just act lak you is working hard when Rube Rascal comes along. He's the only one who matters. Only one who can fire you. Cecil's afraid of him. Runs lak a chicken to get out of his way. If you know what I mean. Well, le's get to stacking this tile 'fore Washington does it all. Ain't that rat, Washington?"

A grunt was the response he got from the kneeling figure on the ground.

RAY knelt down also and began transferring tile from a stack on his left to a rectangular-shaped platform of wood. It was simple. Lay enough rows of tile blocks down to cover the surface of the pallet, then stack on top of the first layer several rows in a crisscross fashion, until there are nine layers in all.

"Be sure to put paper between the layers to keep the tile from getting scratched," Washington warned.

I knelt down and began to lay blocks of tile on the pallet, imitating Ray and Washington. Although they seemed to be

working slowly, I couldn't keep up with them, and when they had finished their pallet I was only half through.

"I guess I'm a little slow," I said.

"You'll get used to it," Washington said without looking up.

"Why stack tile anyway?" I asked. "To keep it off the ground?"

"No," said Ray. "The ground don't hurt it none. You stack it so's the fork lift can carry it from one place to another. See them openings under the pallet. Thass so the forklift can push a couple of prongs under and lift the whole works. Well, I believe I'm gon rest some now. How about you? Don't you believe it'd be good to get some rest?"

"I haven't even finished one pallet yet," I answered.

"Well, you go right ahead, but don't work too hard. I ain't gone hurt myself for seventy-five cents a hour. 'Spose to be gettin ninety-cents. How much you gettin'?"

"I don't know yet."

"Jones' men is gettin a dollar and twenty-five cents a hour over on that housing project. Belong to a union though. Think maybe we need a union?"

"I don't know," I said and laid a piece of newspaper over the sixth layer.

CECIL was still watching us from a distance. He was noticing my every movement curiously, as if I were suddenly going to stretch forth my arms, numble something I had learned in college and disappear in a whiff of smoke.

He was a red, rough-faced man. The roundtopped helmet on his head only added to his resemblance to a pear. His ears stuck straight out, as if they were being pulled forward by his glasses, which magnified his eyes to the extent almost, but not quite, that they matched the enormous proboscis that hung from the front of his face. He was serious, ludicrously serious.

Ray went to get some more pallets, and when he returned five minutes later, Cecil was still watching.

Ray carried two pallets, one under each arm, and looked all around as if he expected a cigar to fall from the sky. "Couldn't find but two," he said out of the corner of his mouth. "Guess we'll have to go slower to sort of stretch the work out, you know. Might get off work anyhow. Looks like rain. Wind blowing rat much. See that canvas on that shed, flapping in the wind lak a chicken wing."

"There's Cecil," I said.

"You still bothered about Cecil," he

asked unbelievably. "He ain't gone do nothing. No sense. Thass why he don't never take that helmet off. People see he ain't got no top on his head."

"You don't like Cecil?"

"Oh, I laks him all right, I 'spose. Stinky as hell. Charge us a dollar a week to bring us to work in the back of that smelly old truck. But he ain't as stinky as Rube Rascal. He's so stinky, I've heard that he pay his kids a nickel not to eat supper."

"No."

"Yeh, you ought to see 'em. Little scraggly-like legs, can't hardly even stand up. He tell them to put the nickel under their pillow and make a wish. Then he steal it back."

"He don't want to hear your tales," Washington said, laying the last block on his third pallet.

"Washington mad 'cause somebody borrow his hammer the other day," Ray said loudly. Washington didn't answer. "Yeh, ole Washington don mind if you steal his wife, or kill his chldring, or what, just so's you don mess with his hammer."

"Ray, get to work," Cecil yelled, finally waddling toward us.

"Got to put on my gloves," Ray said, pulling a pair of gloves from his back pocket. He slipped them on and the tremendous shields of the gloves almost reached his elbows.

"You afraid you going to hurt your hands?" Cecil said.

"No, I don't want to dirty up the tile," he answered, grinning.

"You fuzzy, red-headed nigger," Cecil said. "Or maybe you ain't a nigger. You partly nigger, Indian, Chinese."

"At least I is the rat shape," Ray laughed. "Who crammed that wheelbarrow down the seat of your pants to make you walk that way?"

"Come on, Ray. Stack that tile," Cecil pleaded. "The inspectors are coming and if everything ain't right, it'll be blamed on me."

"You shouldn't have tole us that, Cecil," Ray said. "But we'll get it done if it don't rain."

"If it rains, you'll do it anyway. Inspectors and Mr. Rube don't care about the rain. They don't care about reasons."

"Hey, Cecil," Ray said, "if we get everything done all rat, why don't you ask for a raise for us? You know what I mean—so's we can buy a woman now and then and a few cegars."

THE DAUGHTER OF SPRING

By Carol Steele

Is it not strange that
Winter killed the daughter
of Spring?

I watched her all the summer
as the prickly dull green
spread across her face—

We were careful not to bruise
her as she rose from the
abys of green things past

I heard the hearty robust
laughter as he cut her down
with a light scythe
(she was a wisp of a thing)
And as everyone caroled
I wept.

But,
I (the apostate)
smiled (with some intimidation)
as we wove argent lights
through her fast dying

h
a
i
r.

NOEL

Notes and Measures . . .

THE REVIVAL OF INTEREST in the Baroque period has been one of the most important developments in recent musical trends. Perhaps the most colorful aspect of the renaissance has been the prominence accorded the precursors of the modern pianoforte, especially to the harpsichord. The last half-century has indeed seen a renaissance of this most colorful of keyboard instruments—a development which received its greatest impetus in the scholarship and incomparable musicianship of one little lady—Wanda Landowska. Madame Landowska died this summer, but her accomplishment—since she turned from the career of concert pianist at the turn of the century—is manifest today in her many students (who represent but a few of the growing ranks of harpsichordist), in the attention which musicology and recordings are paying early keyboard music, and in the growing number of persons engaged in producing these instruments.

The harpsichord, needless to say, has not always resembled the finely crafted instruments of the last two centuries. The history of its development has been extensive and interesting. The keyboard instrument's prototype probably originated in the fourteenth century when a rudimentary keyboard was applied to a dulcimer-type string instrument. The result was gradually refined, and by the end of the sixteenth century the harpsichord had become the product of a very specialized craftsmanship which was enhanced by some of the finest decorative art of the day. The English became in the eighteenth century the builders of the finest harpsichords, especially valued for their actions. The English, German, and French builders alike inclined toward the fine sixteenth-century Flemish craftsmanship, and both English and Germans made important innovations and refinements. The foot pedals were a product of English ingenuity, while the Germans extended the harpsichord's variety and breadth of tone through the increasing innovation of "stops."

The various combinations of stops available on the harpsichord are primarily responsible for that instrument's incomparable

tonal flexibility vis a vis other keyboard stringed instruments. Setting the eight-foot pitch as normal, the innovators of the four-foot and sixteen-foot stops provided basic variety of pitch. Varying combinations of these registers and the several types of stops, moreover, allow different timbres. Unusual and rather cavernous timbre results, for example, when the four- and sixteen-foot stops are used to the exclusion of the "eight," or when the eight-foot register is plucked simultaneously by quill and leather plectra. Of the specialized stops which produce colorful results in acting on a single register, the most common is perhaps the lute stop, which achieves its characteristic brilliance by its jacks' plucking the wire near its terminal point. Another specialized stop is the harp, or buff stop, which softens the tone produced.

The harpsichord usually serves one of two functions in Baroque music: as a solo instrument or as a prime member of the Baroque ensemble. In the latter capacity the harpsichordist often provides (or helps to provide) the *basso continuo* for instrumental groups ranging from the trio sonata to the Baroque orchestra. It is, however, in its solo usage that we shall treat.

ELIZABETHAN England produced the first great school of music for the claviers, generally known there as virginals. In this age of supreme accomplishment in drama there arose a mighty school of music, the secular facet of which was rivaled only by the sublime sacred music of Tallis, Byrd, and Orlando Gibbons. Men of this quality were too broadly endowed, moreover, not to make a lasting contribution to secular, instrumental music. Indeed, their keyboard works figure prominently in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book*, the most valuable collection extant of early English instrumental music. Of considerable achievement, too, were Giles Farnaby and another composer named, appropriately, Dr. John Bull. The latter composed especially difficult passages for both hands and went "all out" in ornamentation. He enjoyed a tremendous reputation on the Continent for his virtuosity.

The English by no means long kept a

monopoly on refined keyboard music; by the middle of Gibbons' century there had appeared in France a brilliant galaxy of musicians whose luster soon became a part of the circle around *le Roi Soleil*. The school culminated in Francois Couperin ("le Grand") and Jean Philippe Rameau; these finest of the *clavecinistes* were both artists of refinement, but there are considerable differences in their outputs. Couperin may be said to have achieved considerably more delicacy and refinement of texture, whereas Rameau's works are "more vigorous and dramatic." There are relatively few of Rameau's works extant; Couperin's are considerable in both quantity and variety. The latter achieved a huge output of descriptive pieces of a fanciful nature with titles no less fanciful.

The brilliance of the French school is matched by the consummate virtuosity of the Italian school's proudest exponent, Domenico Scarlatti. Scarlatti, son of Alessandro Scarlatti, founder of the Neapolitan school of opera, endowed the musical world with an enormous output, most of which consisted of over 600 "sonatas" for the harpsichord. These short, usually binary works of one movement are not to be confused with the classical sonata, but in them are some of its antecedents. Scarlatti, moreover, made several important contributions to keyboard technique, among them difficult cross-hand passage-work, rapid repetition of notes, and wide, difficult skips on the keyboard.

It was in the German school—most especially in its supreme master, J. S. Bach—that the refinement of a Couperin and the technical superiority of a Scarlatti were combined with intensive expressive power and incomparable architectural genius. The result was keyboard music unsurpassed by any in music literature. Bach poured forth claviers music in a variety of forms: preludes, fugues, toccatas, fantasies, suites (*partitas*), and variations. Perhaps his greatest achievement in this realm outside his organ works lay in that sublime collection

Continued on Page 24



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the student

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- a) *Contestants to be undergraduate students of the College.*
- b) *Entries to be typed or legibly written and addressed to "Short Story Contest." More than one story may be submitted for judging.*
- c) *Name, story title, class year, and local address to appear on a separate sheet attached to the story. Stories to carry no identification on the manuscript.*
- d) *Entries to be left at the publication offices, 224 Reynolda Hall, or mailed to THE STUDENT, Box 7257, Reynolda Station.*
- e) *Judges to be THE STUDENT Editorial Board and a member of the English Department.*
- f) *Editors reserve right to publish winning stories. All entries become property of THE STUDENT magazine. Contest closes midnight, January 15, 1960.*

No Place . . .

Continued from Page 7

the worst years of the war. Ulrich remembers a Christmas tree in his home every year, even 1945.

Ulrich Zieten will probably have a white Christmas this year. He is planning to fly to Rochester, N. Y., to spend Christmas with a friend who stayed with his family for two months some four years ago as a representative of the American Field Service. Ulrich expects a few small gifts from his home in Germany, but his big present this year is the airplane ticket to Rochester given to him by his friend. ●

SYLVIA CHEEK

. . . Revolution

Continued from Page 8

Idealistic, yes, but practical applications are not beyond the imagination. Were we to forget grades, for example, it seems only logical that the professor would become aware of this change of attitude. The almighty grade may be worshipped by the masses of students, but it is not our calling to conform, but to become convicted about something—anything—and to stand for it. Perhaps one small Baptist college in the most uninteresting place in the world does decide to revolt against the accepted standard. So what? Centuries would be required to convince the rest of the world that education is important for the discovery of truth and not for money, fame, or position. In the meantime we would lose out in the world's mad race—perhaps even fail a course or two. Yes, the ugly possibility looms huge in the distance; yet there were those who thought pessimistically of another who sought to emphasize the importance of the search for truth. They gave his revolution only a nod, for what could one group of students do? In fact, they even crucified the teacher. ●

GENE FUNDERBURKE

P O E M S

By
Dwight
Pickard

I
We, all of us, maybe four, went
out insanely mad with life and
love and hate and rode like
miscarriages through Sunday
morning Negro town under
cymbal strung skies — riding
in the back seat of eternity
through perfumed bus stations
at 4:30 a.m., watching painted
ladies adjust their knees and
powerfully reconstruct their
hell-pocked faces and rustle
their skirts like sheets.

Oh, it was wonderful
fun and wonderful sadness
watching the old people and
little people and fat people
and especially old people
carrying their world in a
shopping bag and waiting
for the bus that maybe never
came because like they say
God ain't no bus driver.

II

After the brazen sun-thick feast of nations,
And lead skys bleeding eagle spleen,
A Roman belly puked itself
with peacock feather tickle,
And roared on thunder-heads
of stomachs inside out
The gathered sands of Babylon
that girdled on a carmal lap.

Beyond himself with ecstasy (three
thousand years of bandaged death)
Astrologer of Egypt laughed
his dustdowned mirth
While one-eyed pensive on a
red washed star and
One eye pierced blind.

Rube . . .

Continued from Page 14

"You know Mr. Rube's not going to pay you any more'n what you're getting now. I've ask him before and he said when you ain't satisfied with the money you can go work somewhere else."

"If we was in a union, we would be making more money. They go on strike and make the boss give them more money. Hey, Washington, let's you and me go on strike."

"You an me ain't gone change nothin'," Washington grunted. "We'd just get fired, and I can't afford to do that. I got a wife to take care of. You need everybody to quit working in order to have a strike."

"Well, let's get everybody to quit working."

"Get to work," Cecil ordered, "because the inspectors are coming." He walked away to tour the building again.

"What do you think of us quitting work?" Ray asked me. "We would all quit and then the inspector would see all the work not finished and all the men standing around and they would say 'What for you men just standing around and not doing the work?' and then we would tell them that we ain't gettin but seventy-five cents a hour when we is supposed to be gettin ninety cents in this state. And then Mr. Rabble would have to give us all ninety cents. I'm gone to tell Willie and Roy to not go back to work after lunch. Tell the others too. If Cecil wants to know where I is, tell him I had to go to the woods."

After Ray had left, Washington and I worked silently with the tile.

"I ain't gone strike," he said finally, not looking up. "Can't afford to. I is sixty-one years old and I can't get no job easy like Ray can. I is satisfied with the money I'm getting. Got a wife to support. Little skinny old wife. Second one I've had. First one was a big, fat woman, but she died. Thought I'd try a skinny one the second time."

"Which is better?"

"Well, skinny, fat, middle-sized. No difference what size she is, so long as you love her. Hard to say which I likes better. I likes skinny ones different from the way I likes fat ones. I been living with my wife now for twenty-three years. Said I wasn't gone marry after my first wife died, but I knowed I would."

"You knew you would?"

Y ES, seen it in the mirror. "I know what you're talking about."

"You ain't heard of the mirror, boy, telling you who your wives is going to be? I found out when I was eighteen. You just look in the mirror on the second day of May at noon and you will see all your future wives."

"Did the women you saw in the mirror turn out to be your wives?"

"Yes, both of them was exactly like I remembered in the mirror. Seen the death of my first wife too. Red ball of fire moving around in the dark over the field in behind my house one night. I woke up and saw it and went outside. Didn't want my wife to see it. Red light like that means somebody gone die. Just like the light say, she die two months later in childbirth. Had bad kidneys, the doctor said. How long you been in college?"

"Two years."

"Any colored folks at your college?"

"No, but . . ."

"Don't say nothin else. Some of us colored people don't want our children going to school with white folks 'cause they don't belong there. Now my boy, he lives in Chicago now, and he's always writing me back letters about how much money he's making and how he's thinking of sending his boy to a white school. He don't pay no attention to what I tell him. What you think about that?"

"I think the same way you do," I answered, realizing, as I said it, my mistake. He turned back to his tile-stacking and didn't look up again until Ray returned.

"Willie and Roy say they'll quit if you do, Washington," Ray announced still several yards away. "We'll all just stay where we is when we's thru eating."

"I ain't gone quit work," Washington said. "I done tole you that. Why don't you leave me alone and let a man work? Don no good ever come frum stirring up trouble."

"You is stubborn as a cow's teat on a cold day, an thass the most to say the least."

"Ain't gone have no strike with just four men nohow. You needs to git everybody to quit work. Men tried to strike in New York about twenty years ago. Some of 'em got killed. Not enough of em."

"Ole Rascal ain't gone hurt no body. They's a law against killing around here. Where you say that happen?"

"New York. Read about it."

"Where's that?"

"I don't know, but they is lots of tall buildings there."

"Yeh, about as high as this building?"
"Five times higher than this building," Washington giggled.

"Yeh, well, I never knowed that. How about that. You know that, John? Five times as high."

"Some of them are almost ten times as high," I said awkwardly.

"Yeh?" Ray said. "Well, if they's that high, ought to be able to see them from here."

"New York is hundreds of miles away," Washington grunted. "Can't see no building from hundreds of miles."

"Well, if you ain't gone to quit work with the rest of us, why don't you shut up, Washington? We don care about Noo Yoak."

Washington grunted, and went back to stacking tile.

"How many you think we need to strike?" Ray asked me. "You been to college."

"About twenty," I suggested.

"I don think we gone get twenty men. They's Willie and Roy already. I could ask Jimmy and Monday and Charlie. How many's that? About six. They's Robert Junior and Billy and Elijah and Vardell. Thass about ten. Ain't that enough?"

"Is that all you know?" I asked, thinking about Mr. Randle, next door neighbor, friend to the family, hirer of boys who live next door, especially boys who are ingrates. "You need more than that, Ray," I said. "Don't you know anyone in an important position? He'd be worth several men."

"Yeh, I see what you mean. You rat about that ole John. Yes sir. What about Doobie? He run the elevator. They is laying some cement on the eighth floor and if he ain't running the elevator, ain't no way they can get up there."

"Can anyone else run it?"

"Nobody but Mr. Rabble crap," Ray grinned, "and he got too much to do to be running a elevator."

"I think that's your man, then, Ray."

"They's only one thing, though. Doobie's an Indian, an he don lak us niggers too much. Course we don lak Indians too much either, but he don have to stand with us when we ain't done nothin, do he?"

"I guess he don't—doesn't."

"I's gone round the side of the building then to ask him. I don know about him. He's gettin a lot of money for running the lift. Tell Cecil I's gone to the woods if he comes back."

"You can tell him. He's coming this way

now. It seems that all he does is walk around the building."

"You rat about that. Yes sir, I know what you mean. Thass exactly what he does, so he'll look busy when Rascal see him. Hey Cecil, I's going to the woods."

"You're not going to the woods, you lazy nigger. You're going to stack that tile. Mr. Rube just saw me and told me to be sure and have that tile stacked. The inspectors are going to be here right after lunch."

"Look, Cecil, if I don go to the woods, I be lak Washington's wife. Have had kidnays, so if I has any childring I might die."

"That would be fine with me, Ray. We don't need any more red-headed niggers. Now I'm going to stay here with you till this tile is stacked. You got a cigar?"

"Here you is, Cecil. It say 'Fine Havana Cigar.' And thass the most to say the least. Thass the fourth cecog I give you this week, and thass enough brown-nosing for one trip to the woods, I'll be back in a little while. Make sure Cecil work, will you Washington?"

"I'm going to time you, Ray. You better be back here in ten minutes."

CECIL turned to me. "See what I have to put up with, Mr. John. Mr. Rube says to have the tile stacked by ten o'clock and it's nine already. I've got a whole pile of jacks to be moved down by the truck dock, another pile that has to be greased today. Then, I have to get the trash cleaned off the eighth floor so they can pour cement this afternoon. You see what I'm up against?"

He paused long enough to pick pieces of chewing tobacco from his teeth. "I don't know why these niggers mess me up so much. I can't get them to do a thing. There ain't nothing as lazy as a nigger. Mr. Rube don't take that into consideration. He thinks if you got fourteen men working with you, you ought to get the work of fourteen men done. Has he ever said anything to you about the kind of work I do?"

"No."

"I'd kinda appreciate it if you'd tell me anything he says about me, you know, so I'll know how I stand with him. Don't mind doing that do you, Mr. John?"

I told Cecil that his work was satisfactory, that he was imagining half of his troubles.

Ray returned at eleven o'clock. He had brought Doobie, the lift operator, into the

agreement through an offer of several cigars. He had managed to coax all the others into striking also. The time was set for twelve-thirty, when the whistle blew after lunch to begin work again.

"You've been gone for two hours, Ray," Cecil said. "Where have you been? I'm going to tell Mr. Rube on you."

"It don't matter no more, Cecil. We is all going on strike at twelve-thirty when the inspectors come. An we wants a dollar a hour from now on."

"Quit talking nonsense and strap that tile there. We've got to move the trash from the eighth floor now."

Ray picked up a wire binder and strapped a hand of metal around the tile to keep it from falling in transport. The four of us, Washington, Ray, Cecil and myself, then went up the stairs to the eighth floor to clean up. Five Negroes were already there, working, carrying pieces of scrap metal to the elevator ramp in wheelbarrows. A truck was waiting below, ready to carry the metal to the dump.

"Pick up all the metal lying on the floor and throw it in a wheelbarrow," Cecil said. "No, no, save the pig feet, Mr. John. We don't throw them away."

"Pig feet?"

Cecil explained that pig feet are used to hold the molds in place when cement is being poured. They work as an axle pin, holding the boards in place to receive the cement. They are fastened to rods, the equivalent of the axle, which go all the way through the cement and are left in it as reinforcement, after the pig feet are removed and the mold falls away.

I wasn't surprised next time when he told me not to throw away any spiders or bugs or dog ears.

Cecil began supervising the clean-up job while he leaned against a jack, drinking a Coca-Cola. "Get some more wheelbarrows," he hollered at Washington, "so we can get this stuff out of here. They're going to pour in an hour."

"They ain't no more wheelbarrows, Mr. Cecil," Washington reported.

"Go down to the second floor and have them send up some Georgia Buggies, then."

"They gone be using the Georgia Buggies to pour with, ain't they?"

"Not if they don't know where the Georgia Buggies are. Now hurry. You're the most slow-assed nigger I ever saw."

In about five minutes, two "Georgia Buggies," deep, two-wheeled cement carriers shaped something like baby carriages,

rose slowly on the elevator platform, which stopped with a jerk and a swaying motion about one inch above the ramp a few feet away.

"Get those Georgia Buggies off, Mr. John," Cecil asked. "Help him, Ray."

I stepped out on the platform and grabbed the handle of one of the buggies. It wouldn't budge.

"Takes a man to push a Georgia Buggy," screamed a high, sassy voice, belonging to a little black Negro who came jumping on to the platform, almost pushing me off, and gave the buggy a kick that sent it tumbling down the ramp to the floor.

"It don't take a man to throw your ass out that window, Robert Junior," Cecil said, "and if you don't stay with your own wheelbarrow, you'll find yourself getting carried off to the dump with the rest of the trash."

"Hit me, hit me," the little Negro cried, bouncing around over the floor.

"Nobody wants to hit you, boy," mumbled Washington. "Just do what you're told."

"I ain't doing what you tell me to do."

Washington looked at him, expressionless, and the boy began picking up the scrap metal again.

"You got a cigar, Ray?" the boy asked after a few minutes.

"You too young to be smoking, Robert Junior. Wait til you is a man, lak Roy and me."

"Who say I ain't a man? I take on any of you here."

Ray laughed.

ROBERT Junior picked up an iron rod. "Go ahead, say it again. Say I ain't no man."

"You ain't no man," Ray laughed. "You is shaking all over."

Robert Junior lunged toward Ray and swung the rod. His arm was stopped abruptly by the large hands of Ray, who wrested the rod from him and threw it out the window.

"No, you ain't no man," Ray said.

"Cut that out," said Cecil, taking the drink bottle from his mouth, after watching the incident silently.

"It's starting to raining," said Ray.

"You're inside now though, Ray, and we're going to keep on working," Cecil said.

Ray was leaning out the window, looking up into the sky, letting the rain hit his face. "Look how the rain hit the ground, then bounce back up," Ray observed. "Looks

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lak a moo cow pissin on a flat rock to me."

"Get back in here to work, Ray. Mr. Rube's going to be all over me if this place isn't cleaned up."

"You is as scared of Mr. Rabble as you is of your big, fat wife, ain't you Cecil?"

"You'd better keep your mouth shut, Ray!"

"Aw, Cecil, we all knows that you picks the tobacco from your teeth 'cause you is scared your wife gone know you chews."

"At least I know who my father was. He wasn't some white bastard of a preacher with red hair."

Rube Randle suddenly appeared at the door. "What's going on in here?" he asked Cecil.

Cecil slipped the bottle of Coca-Cola around behind his back and set it on some boxes.

"Nohin, Mr. Rube. We're cleaning up in here for them to pour. Just got through stacking the tile. Goin' to oil the. . ."

"I don't care to hear your excuses; you're an hour behind. What's in that bottle you just put behind your back, Cecil? Liquor?"

"No, Mr. Rube. I just took a minute to cool off. Just a minute. Starting right back when you walked in."

"Give the bottle to me."

"What?"

"You heard me. Give me the bottle. I want to smell it."

"All right, but I promise you I ain't been drinking."

Randle sniffed the bottle and threw it out the window.

"Get to work. All of you," he shouted. He didn't see me. He started to leave, but a comment by someone twirled him around on his heels.

"Did I hear someone say they don't like the way I run things here? You—what's your name?"

"Washington, sir."

"Washington what?"

"I don't know, sir. Just Washington."

"Did you say something about the way I run things?"

"No sir."

"Get to work. Any time any of you don't like the way I run things, you can quit. There's plenty more help down at the unemployment office," he announced, searching everybody's face.

"Don't guess it'd do much good to go on strike," Ray moaned after Randle had gone. "He say he can just go down to the unemployment office and get some more help."

"Shut up about a strike," said Cecil. "Get to work. You see how mad Mr. Rube is." Cecil turned to me: "See what I mean? I can't get anything out of these niggers. Then he takes it out on me. Willie, get those jacks down to the truck before Mr. Rube comes back. Holler down to Doobie to switch the cable from the elevator to the Chicago boom."

ALMOST instantly, the cable was switched from the elevator to the crane and Willie was binding the jacks with a metal cable from the crane. He signaled to Doobie to raise the jacks slowly. Slowly, the cable around the jacks tightened and the bundle began to rise.

Willie gave the bundle a shove out the open window just as someone on the ground shouted up, "The inspectors are here."

"Hey, Ray. Elijah say the inspectors already here," Willie relayed.

We hurried to the window to see the inspectors. Three shiny aluminum helmets bobbed around on the ground, with an occasional arm extending from one of them. It was still raining.

Ray dropped his helmet and stuffed his gloves into his pocket. "Well, Cecil," he announced, "we quits work rat now."

"Cut it out, Ray," Cecil said.

"No, I mean it. We ain't working for you no more."

Cecil stared at him. "Ray, we got to get this floor cleaned up."

"Clean it up yourself then."

The rest of the Negroes removed their helmets and watched Cecil, whose mouth hung open in amazement.

"What am I going to do, Mr. John? They're serious, aren't they?"

I nodded.

"What you gone do, Cecil?" asked Ray. "The inspectors probably are wondering rat now about those jacks hanging in the air."

Cecil glanced down again. The bundle of jacks was swaying heavily at the level of the seventh floor. Doobie—the Indian—

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had deserted the shack when the inspectors walked past.

"Mr. Rube said to get this place cleaned up. My men . . . I don't have any man left. Jacks. Oh, God, I got to get those jacks on the ground, before the inspectors see them. You'll be fired. Everyone of you. I'll get those jacks down and clean up the place by myself. You'll get fired, everyone you. Fired!" he gasped as he ran from the room.

We waited for him to come out the main entrance seven floors below. In about a half minute, a figure darted from the entrance to the elevator shack.

"I thought you said nobody could operate the elevator but Doobie and Mr. Randle," I said to Ray.

"Thass rat. Cecil don't know how to operate it."

We leaned over the window sill, the cable coming from above gave a jerk and the load of jacks began rising quickly. The inspectors were watching from the ground.

TO SEE

The railroad car splashes light and thunder
Across the meadow where the grass is thick and
I am watching.
The faces peer from the yellow windows—
I see them
 looking
 Into Darkness.

Brown hair and blurred lips
Eyes of waiting
and thoughts
Pass in the night like the night.
I see them
 looking
 at No Light.

By Linda Cohen

"What are the jacks coming up for?" I asked.

"'Cause Cecil don't know how to make them go down," Ray laughed.

Up, up, up they came, past the window, on up to the next floor, then to the tenth floor till they reached the top of the boom itself. There the bundle of jacks bobbed momentarily. The cable made an unearthly groan, then snapped. The bundle of jacks fell to pieces. We jumped back as they hurtled past the window, ricocheting off the building below us. There were several rapid thuds. Then, everything was silent.

We leaned back out the window. Most of the jacks had hit the ground. One was sticking straight up in the air, lodged in the cab of the truck. Several jacks had torn into bags of cement mix, scattering the white powder all over the area. Dust was everywhere.

The inspectors were huddled against the side of the truck, their faces to the ground.

"There's Cecil," Willie yelled, pointing to a figure at the door of the entrance.

"Cecil's in the shack," said Robert Junior.

"No, thass Cecil all rat," said Ray. "Ain't nobody look that stupid."

Our eyes turned to the elevator shack. A door opened slowly. Mr. Rube Randle stepped out, not looking at the dust-covered inspectors, and walked to his office in the trailer.

We never saw him again. I didn't see him even when he moved from the house next door about a week later. He could have moved easily without my knowing it, however; he had no wife or children.

Three days later Ray opened his pay envelope. "How about that," he laughed. "What I tell you. A dollar a hour."

"Me too," said Willie. The rest discovered the same thing when they opened their pay envelopes.

"What we need is another strike," laughed Ray.

I didn't get any check that week. I had worked only four days. Besides the payroll was made out a day before I got there. ●

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Notes . . .

Continued from Page 15

of forty-eight preludes and fugues, the *Well-Tempered Clavier*. The *Goldberg Variations*, one of the monuments of the variation form, and the three main sets of works based on the Baroque dance suite account for most of the rest of this music, the remainder being individual works such as the superb "Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue" and the "Italian Concerto."

• • •

THE clavier music of many of these composers is distressingly deficient in the current LP catalogues; only three have considerable representation. Unfortunately, there have also been many withdrawals of fine recordings from the catalogues—whereas the complete harpsichord music of Couperin was once available, there are now available only three recordings of such music. I discovered only recently that Landowska's memorable reading of the "Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue" has been deleted. There are listed none of the works for clavier by Blow, Byrd, Tallis. Faraby does seem to have merited one recording. Consequently, only Rameau, Bach, and

Scarlatti, among the major composers, are represented nearly adequately. The former's complete harpsichord works are available in a competent performance by Robert Veyron-Lacroix. The consummate artistry and scholarship of Landowska are poured out on the Bach of *The Well Tempered Clavier*, the Two Part and Three Part Inventions, and the *Goldberg Variations*. For a fine piano performance of the latter, young Glenn Gould sets the standard. Valenti in the *French Suites*, and Valenti or Kirkpatrick in the *English Suites* deliver thoroughly competent, well-recorded performances. Finally, the "sonatas" of Domenico Scarlatti are available in two fine editions. Kirkpatrick has made a fine recording of selected sonatas in a four-disk album. Fernando Valenti is engaged in one of the most ambitious projects in recording history; the recording of *all* of them on more than fifty disks. He has now traversed about half of this memorable journey; the milestones passed have been of gifted performances, brilliantly recorded. ●

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Why Waste \$3.00 ?

Our support of the Student Union is under question. We aren't collecting our yearly \$3.00's worth. Just look at the report of January's masquerade dance: the armory was rented and decorated, but only 7 couples showed up. And take a closer look at the seemingly well-attended lectures: perhaps 50 people gather in the East Lounge to hear a guest speaker, but only about 10 of them are college students; the rest are faculty members or visitors from town.

Why don't we take advantage of the Student Union activities? It can't be blamed on the fraternities, for 7 wasn't a very good percentage of *independents* at that masquerade party. Besides, the Union hasn't turned out to be the threat which some fraternities may have feared it would be; so most Greek letter men don't mind an occasional all-campus function, including Homecoming and this year's concert by the Kingston Trio.

Probably the greatest barrier to Student Union success is its lack of facilities. The Barn seemed to be a good idea, but students were so indifferent toward it that we almost lost use of the Barn altogether. This year the Union has profited by having certain on-campus rooms set aside for its use—rooms for committee meetings, for the printing and mimeograph machines, etc. And one of the most popular functions—the week-end movie—may attribute its success to the science lecture room, which is so well-adapted to showing films. But until there is a separate Student Union building, the Union will be a "floating" organization.

In the meantime, the Student Union must depend on good publicity and strong committees. When Union officers are elected this spring, interested students will be asked to sign up for committee work. If authority can be spread out from officers, to committee chairmen, to individual committee members, gradually more and more people will become associated with and feel responsible to the Student Union.

But how can we be sure that the students really want a Student Union? Of course we voted for it in 1958, but we might just as well have been voting for a Mickey Mouse club. Mass votes which are made in chapel do not necessarily indicate mass support of the motion. Perhaps we should take another vote—now that the Student Union has been under way for a while—to see if the students still like the idea.

When confronted with the proposal of abolishing the Union, however, some of us might be surprised to realize that we would miss at least one type of activity—whether it be a movie, a lecture, a pool tournament, or a dance. Why don't we try *being* committee members rather than *criticizing* them? And why don't we attend a few more events to see what they are really like? It's worth the risk of a little work and a yearly \$3.00 to assume that our Student Union can survive.

—J. M. B.

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MARCH, 1960

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the student founded January, 1882, is published monthly,
except summer sessions, by the students of Wake Forest College.

Office located in Room 224, Reynolda Hall; address correspondence to Box 7257,
Reynolda Branch, Winston Salem, N. C.

Printed by Keiger Printing Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

National Advertising representative W. B. Bradbury Co., 219 E. 44th St.,
New York, N. Y. Subscription rate: \$2.00 per year. Entered
as second-class matter at the post office at Winston-Salem, N. C.

Between The Lines

In the May, 1959 issue of *THE STUDENT*, there were farewell articles to the three Wake Forest professors who were retiring that month. Now *THE STUDENT* pays them another visit. Dr. H. B. Jones, who used to be head of our English department, hasn't quit the classroom, though. He is now teaching at Appalachian State Teachers' College in Boone, N. C.; so he cannot be included in Martha Odom's article entitled "Men of Leisure." The other two profs are not exactly at leisure, either, but at least they have a little more time for hobbies along with their continued studies.



Dr. H. B. Jones

THE STUDENT is introducing several new writers this time. Mrs. Petty, who wrote the article about our Turkish student, not

only takes some courses in the college but also works in the Buildings and Grounds office. Betty Bruce Howard, secretary of the Student Union, has written a study of the Union's activities and purpose. And Dan Church, a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity, contributed the article which advocates a spring rush for freshman pledges.

Another newcomer to *THE STUDENT*, but no stranger to Pub Row, is Zeno Martin, the sports editor for *OLD GOLD AND BLACK*. It has been said that Zeno could go through a key hole if that's what it took to be on hand when the team practiced. And if anyone has had a chance to observe those men who run around with whistles at basketball games, Zeno has.

Glenn Hamm, a sophomore from Lancaster, S. C., submitted his essay about Emerson and Dickinson to an English professor last semester. Since this is a publication in which students' ideas are expressed, *THE STUDENT* is interested in publishing more scholarly papers which give evidence of originality. Any professor, student, or honorary society is welcome to submit such papers to the magazine.

The number of entries to the short story contest was quite small. And among the papers submitted, several could not be classified as short stories. So the editorial board members feel that they cannot award the prize at this time, although they may reconsider their decision later.

the student

VOLUME 75

NUMBER 4

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A Question for Fraternities

By Dan Church

EVERY FALL, MANY freshmen pledge fraternities at Wake Forest College, but only a few finally become brothers. There is no doubt about the fact that this situation is harmful both to the freshmen and to the fraternities. A solution must be found.

The first question we must ask, then, is: Why does the situation exist? The reasons are numerous and complex.

The first and most obvious reason is that these freshmen aren't adjusting well enough to college life and all its implications. There is evidence for this in the fact that most of the freshmen who do not make it into the brotherhood fail to do so because they have failed to meet the minimum scholastic requirements for initiation, which is a bare C average in most cases.

My freshman year there were 37 men in my pledge class. Although the fraternity stressed scholarship in its pledge program, only nine of that group had a C average at the end of the first semester.

This example, I will admit, is extreme, but it shows the general trend. Fraternities make great efforts to insure that their pledges make their grades. In the first place, they rush only the men that they consider capable of making a C average. Then, all through the first semester, they

drum into the pledge's head that scholarship is important. But the pledges still do not make their grades.

All during the pledge period, men feel compelled for various reasons to drop their pledges. They may feel that they need more time for other phases of college life. Or they may decide that they are incompatible with the men in the fraternity.

Those who drop their pledges do not, however, present the problem that is presented by those who do not make their grades. These students tend to hang around the fraternity, either as "bull pledges" or just as friends. They enjoy almost all the privileges of brotherhood without being subject to the restrictions imposed on brothers. They become associated with the fraternity, and their actions reflect on the fraternity, just as the brothers' do. Often a feeling of ill will is built up, but there seems to be no humane way of breaking off the relationship.

The pledges who do not make their grades also help to pull the fraternity's scholastic average down. This fact may be one reason behind a disturbing situation of this campus—it was remarked last fall that all ten fraternities were below the all-men's average.

It is indeed disturbing that so many freshmen pledge fraternities and are never

initiated. But there is an even more disturbing situation in the Wake Forest fraternity system. This situation lies in the fact that some freshmen fail to realize that they do not belong in fraternities or fail to choose the fraternity to which they are suited. Some do not realize that they do not belong until it is too late and they have already been initiated. Then, although they feel an obligation and pay lip service to their fraternity, they are disappointed, disillusioned and, consequently, poor fraternity men.

WELL, you are probably asking, what do we do about the situation? The simplest and most logical solution is a second-semester rush. This system would give the freshman a chance to settle somewhat into college life, to view more objectively the fraternity system and the individual fraternities, and to realize the implications of pledging a fraternity before taking the step.

A second-semester rush would also eliminate the fraternities' problem with freshmen who don't make a C average. They would already have their first semester grades and would not be allowed to pledge unless they had the minimum requirement for initiation. Thus very few pledges would waste a semester's work only to come up at the end lacking a C average. On the other hand, less brilliant pledges would not be around to pull the fraternity average down.

The largest single objection voiced against second-semester rush seems to be financial. What are the fraternities to do during the long fall semester without the pledges' money. This system is in effect at other colleges, notably Duke University in this area. But we do not hear of fraternities' dropping from the scene because of bankruptcy.

Another advantage of the second-semester rush lies in the fact that it would eliminate the helter-skelter rushing during those extremely precious first few weeks in the fall term. The system would reduce the emergency of the rush period, thus allowing both the freshman and the fraternity man to devote more time to his academic pursuits. Any but the densest freshman should be able to decide in one semester which group suited him best.

In talking with fraternity men here at Wake Forest, I have found that the majority seem to favor the second-semester rush. If my sampling has been sound, why doesn't the Interfraternity Council adopt this system along with the usual rushing regulations? ●

What's This Stuff About A Union ?



Stewart Alsop, National Affairs Contributing Editor of the Saturday Evening Post, will lecture here on March 24. He is one example of the many outstanding lecturers who have come to Wake Forest under the sponsorship of the Student Union.

IT WAS WITH MUCH enthusiasm and glow of success that the Wake Forest Student Union was established by a student body vote in the spring of 1958. Through the fervent efforts of interested student leaders the idea of such a union in the interest of every student on campus had been kept in view. They felt that Wake Forest College definitely needed such a unifying force among its students.

Before the final vote, editorials continually cropped up in the newspaper urging all to consider the advantages of a Union and its contributions to the social, intellectual, and cultural life on campus. Much discussion and debate also preceded the decisive action. When the voting was complete, it was obvious that the majority desired a student union and was willing to finance its activities by a \$3.00 fee each year.

Thus the Student Union was born with a program developed "to coordinate, increase, and develop the social, recreational, and educational activities available to Wake Forest College students, both on and off campus." A president, vice-president, and secretary were elected by the student body, and a board of chairmen was established. Students began to sign up for committee work on one of the Student Union committees—Music and Arts, Lecture, Recrea-

tion, Small Socials, Major Functions, Films, and Publicity. Plans were immediately made to get this newly-formed organization in full swing the following fall.

The year began with a "Back-to-School" dance at the Armory, the opening of a "fun room" equipped with pool and ping pong facilities in Reynolda Hall, visits of well-known lecturers, parties at the Barn, week-end movies (with "The Spider"), and the Homecoming activities held in the Coliseum with music provided by the Larry and Les Elgart band.

It was concerning Homecoming that the Student Union faced a struggle with other campus organizations. At first this struggle was attributed to "growing pains." Yet the feeling continued that the Student Union was trying to usurp priority in the field of sponsorship. This was not, however, the intention of the Union. Each committee strives to do its part in fulfilling the purpose of a Student Union—not to take over everything, but rather to fill needs. In many cases students have been provided with activities and opportunities which they had not had before.

The Music and Arts Committee played a large part in furnishing the music in the cafeteria and Magnolia Room. In the past it has sponsored exhibits, concerts, and recitals, such as the duo-pianists, Benjamin and Nancy Dunford.

Lectures have been planned to supplement chapel speakers, the Concert-Lecture Series, and speakers sponsored by various organizations. In engaging all speakers,



The Kingston Trio received enthusiastic applause from Wake Foresters when the Major Functions Committee brought them to the Coliseum last fall.



Some Wake Foresters will soon be seeing such scenes as these in the Bahamas. For during spring vacation, the Student Union is sponsoring a trip to Nassau. And in future years the Union may even plan a student trip to Europe.



efforts are made to bring foremost personalities and authorities in the current view to the Wake Forest campus. Student Union-sponsored lectures have included: James Dabbs, author of *The Southern Heritage* and authority on problems in the South; Reed Surratt, executive editor of the *Winston-Salem Journal and Sentinel*; Dr. Charles Lowry, expert on Communism; J. J. Kilpatrick, Jr., pro-segregationist; Marshall Wayne Grey, AFL-CIO representative; Dr. Weston La Barre, associate professor of sociology and anthropology at Duke; Dr. Joffre Coe, noted anthropologist from UNC; and Dr. Nathan Scott, expert in theology and literature.

Recreation has been provided for the benefit of those who do not participate in intramural or varsity athletics. Bridge and billiard tournaments have been held, and the winners presented with trophies in chapel. For those who would like to "polish up" their game a bit before entering tournaments, bridge lessons were sponsored. Also local talent, both student and faculty, has been presented and judged in talent shows.

All major events have been under the auspices of the Major Functions Committee. This committee has planned both the homecoming dances, the Junior-Senior dance last spring, the Kingston Trio, and in the near future will sponsor the Dukes of Dixieland in chapel.

The smaller dances and activities have been directed by the Small Socials Com-

mittee. Many of these have been held at the Barn so that more students could attend. There have been a number of these small dances—a "Back-to-School" dance, a "March Winds" dance, a "TCIT" (thank goodness it's Thanksgiving) dance, and a masquerade party. With the snow came another informal activity—the sledding party. The purpose of the Small Socials Committee has been to supplement the more formal activities with the informal.

MANY a "study-tired and broke" student has been grateful for the weekend campus movies. The Films Committee has sponsored popular movies for students free of charge on Friday and Saturday nights. And those interested in football have been able to see films of Saturday Wake Forest games on Tuesday nights.

The Barn Committee is responsible for the upkeep and maintenance of the Barn for use in activities sponsored by any group. The Barn itself was a gift to the Wake Forest students in order that they might have some place to congregate.

As the name implies, the Publicity Committee has the responsibility of publicizing all Student Union activities through the

use of posters and newspapers. With the addition of a printing machine and duplicator this year, the advertising medium has been greatly facilitated.

This account of the various activities indicates that the Student Union has provided much in the way of cultural, recreational, intellectual, and social life for the Wake Forest student with his or her interests in mind. Judging from the activities listed, surely there is no student who cannot find at least one activity which particularly suits his taste. But if participation is an indication of interest and appreciation for what the Student Union has done, then somewhere and somehow *we* (as a student body) have fallen down.

It is necessary to use the pronoun "we" to refer to the entire student body, for by its very name and nature a Student Union is an organization of *all* students, governed by them, and providing activities for them. Therefore, the responsibility of its success does not rest primarily in its officers, but in you, the student body, who voted in favor of such an organization and then left it to flounder around as best it could without your support. ●

—BETTY BRUCE HOWARD

TO A BASKETBALL COACH there are, at every game, two men who often result in representing to him the most irrelevant things in nature, drawbacks upon success, rents in his garment, death's heads at his banquet, lions in his path, frogs in his chamber, flies in his ointment, or ounces of sour in pounds of sweet. No, these men are not the coach's poor relations as the reader of Charles Lamb might be influenced to believe. The two are basketball referees.

Being able to observe coaches in many areas, I have concluded that most are of the opinion that referees are predominantly religious men, of the strictest Calvinistic order; at least according to many coaches, these men are hopelessly lost, eternally damned, and above all, innately bad. There are all types of basketball referees, but they usually can be classified into a category according either to size, courage, or showmanship.

Whenever an official is either extremely bulky or rather emaciated, he invariably can be classified according to size. First comes the glutton—240 pounds of inefficiency. He took up refereeing for two reasons: (1) to reduce without having to spend time and money on a Slenderella device, and (2) to show his friends, and fat men everywhere, that it is not a drawback to be a hog. Both of these aims are accomplished by one means, characteristic of the entire group; namely, it is accomplished by running all over the court for the first five minutes of each half of the ball game, calling every foul inside or outside of his scope of vision. By doing this he makes spectators marvel at his agility and stamina. For the remaining 15-16 minutes of each half, however, the ruddy-faced mass of obesity stands out near half-court trying to get his breath and making himself as inconspicuous as possible.

At the other end of the scales is the 100 pound dynamo—the little fellow with the big ideas and authority. This type gives the impression of wishing to show to a domineering wife that he can control big men with the same authority that she controls

whistles and s

by zeno martin

him. He immediately is a "take charge guy" on the court, calling fouls loudly and forcefully while checking to see if the 6' 8" 225 pound player is raising his hand properly. Every little show of power that a referee can possess is demonstrated without fail by this little man during an evening of basketball. Thus there are two types of officials who distinguish themselves merely because of size. Often the two overlap into one of the other two categories, but usually to a much lesser extent.

One of the traits that a coach has to rate an official on is his courage or lack of it. While realizing that the majority of referees possess some degree of competence here, the coach also knows that some are not quite as stout-hearted as others. First there is the intelligent coward. All during the game this referee makes mistakes, then realizes it. After realizing the error he attempts at all costs to secure atonement; he does this at the expense of making an even more grievous error. In short he "makes up" for a bad call by making another one. Even more predominant in the lack-of-courage department is the referee that gets so stupefied by some rough play that he merely watches, stunned, until the storm subsides . . . then he dashes in, whistling at top speed, and calls no foul

but a mere jump ball. He had to do something, and that would not make anyone mad at him. Finally there is what is called in basketball jargon the "homer." This gentleman takes account of where the game is played, how many fans for each team are in attendance, and regulates his decisions in utilitarian manner—the greatest good for the greatest number. Invariably he will give the home team what is called in basketball circles "home cooking" in the form of every possible advantage.

THE final method of categorization deals with the part the referee is willing to play in the drama of basketball. It is difficult to watch three games in succession without seeing at least one referee who obviously feels as if his talents are of the caliber that would lead him to fame in the theatrical world. Everyone notices him . . . they have to, for his whistle seems omnipresent throughout the evening. He relegates the action of the players to second-place. Tonight he is the featured attraction; it is his night to perform. Ingeniously he draws every eye upon him.

How does he do this? By a number of devices. First there is the charging foul. This enables him to cavort at full speed to the other end of the court, jumping and

d stripes



THE BASKETBALL REFEREE

bellowing after taking the ball from a bewildered player and running into the open. Then there is the foul call during the time that the crowd has quieted down. Often this is in the form of an eloquent oration to the official scorer, an oration which reverberates throughout the arena and often results in mild applause by the less intelligent fans. Quite distant from the master showman is the official who does everything to discourage showmanship on anyone's part. If a player makes a dazzling violation or some similar infraction while doing so. If a coach yells and jumps about, he is surreptitiously cautioned by the official that another such display of boisterous misconduct would result in a technical foul. No one should upset the 40 minutes of basketball with something that would distract from the game as it is meant by the rulebook to be played.

A glance at these types reveals why coaches and officials occasionally fail to see eye to eye. The referees' existence is a miserable one; the members of this profession subject themselves to much ridicule and insult. It is an unfortunate situation for all concerned.

But would basketball be the same if the men in stripes were liked? ●

I think that I shall never see
A satisfactory referee,
About whose head a halo shines,
Whose merits rate reporters' lines,
One who calls them as they are
And not as I should wish, by far.
A gent who leans not either way
But lets the boys decide the play,
A guy who'll sting the coach who yaps
From Siwash Hi or old Millsaps,
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God could referee.

—By Larry Newman

The Legislature:

An Ineffective Source of Strength

by Charles Deane

ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY is crammed with college students during the summer months. They come from as far away as Kansas to earn a few bucks, soak up the sun and sea air, and "walk the boards."

Almost any afternoon a group of students could be found on the beach in a maze of sun tan oil, blankets, "required reading for next year," and at least one portable radio. In casual conversation the football team of Pitt might be matched against that of West Virginia or student teaching methods of Bucknell versus that of Kansas U. Cafeteria food and pranks pulled in Chapel were rousing topics, and to a degree, student government.

From one blanket came the statement that at her college, a major one, student government (S. G.) consisted of "four outstanding students" who met with the Dean once a month to "discuss problems." Absolutely nothing could be accomplished without his stamp of approval and their only recourse was to burn him in effigy. At another school the honor system is so respected a student can cash a check most anywhere in a fifty mile radius of the campus. From all that was said one could conclude that S. C. is much the same throughout the States. Where the students are given power to govern, plus exercising initiative and desire, the result is usually good.

Wake Forest Student Government is very fortunate in the co-operation it can expect from the administration and faculty. As related to the Legislature, the faculty formally decides such questions as changes in the S. G. Constitution or a request for shortening of classes for special events, like the trip to Carolina. The more informal, advisory aid comes from the administration. An exuberant yes will not be the reply to every good idea presented to this group. Usually requisites for a yes to some project

beyond the budget or the authority of the Legislature, consist of a definite plan with ways and means accomplishing the goal, a willingness to retain the responsibility to its conclusion and a sense of flexibility whereby minor changes can be made without compromising the purpose of the project.

A good part of two meetings of the 1958-1959 Legislature was taken up by the issue pertaining to the "power of the Legislature." This issue seems irrelevant unless there has been some sign of domination by the faculty or administration to power exerted. That has not been the Legislature's problem in the past or present. An itemized budget is approved each year (\$1,500 this year) in the Legislature which can be altered in anyway its representatives see fit. The office of the two Deans and the President are wide open for counsel when needed. Power for the Legislature cannot extend to the hiring and firing of the faculty or to the requirements necessary for a B. A. degree. There is an unspecified limitation to the Legislature's power as it should be. Representative student opinion may have a tremendous effect on a major college decision or it may be a complete flop, depending on the issue and leadership exerted.

When the faculty extended Christmas Holidays last year the "Old Gold and Black" quoted the Dean as saying that the faculty "acted primarily on the Student Legislature request", although a petition was submitted for the same purpose, signed by over a thousand students. There should be no need for petitions. The Legislature should represent and lead the needs of the student which the faculty and administration are ready to recognize when the power is constructively exerted.

A major problem lies in the construction of the membership to the Legislature. The members consist of the Speaker, Sec-

retary, Treasurer of the Student Body, and the President, Vice President and Secretary of each class as well as representatives per se from each of the classes numbering from one through four from Freshmen to the Senior classes. Excluding the Senior class almost no other class has ever held a meeting and with a Student Union to co-ordinate social affairs there is no need of any. Senior class meetings are important and a President is necessary for such occasions but other class officers, while being a recognition from one's class, carries no responsibility. Certainly it would be a major step in the right direction if the Legislature were composed of representatives to that body alone.

Representation itself should be given to each class, otherwise the inequality of numbers would allow certain classes to dominate the membership. More important is the representation of interests. The student interest groups of the fraternities, coeds, independents and Day students should have direct representation in the Legislature. If this were true, Harry Hotrod, as a Day student representative, would have direct responsibility to a particular group. He would have specific issues such as parking or locker space to pronounce and defend. Penny Pinable as a Freshman coed representative would soon discover the need for full length mirrors which she would raise as a potent issue or be held responsible to her electorate. Presently there is no pressure forcing the Legislature member to take responsibility and exercise power waiting to be commanded.

All Legislatures in the past have included students who were then excelling in another activity such as football, cheerleading or B. S. U. In some instances these persons were effective members but more often the nomination and election fell to them due to the achievement of that activity and not

Continued on Page 24

March Review . . .

Lolita

By Vladimir Nabokov

ONE OF THE MORE interesting features of literature is that a work can be so revered and, at the same time, so reviled by the critics of literature. *Lolita* by Vladimir Nabokov falls into this classification. *Lolita* was turned down by four American publishers before one daring publisher saw to it that this original work could be read in the United States.

Lolita's plot is not very complex. It involves, in the main, a sensitive pervert, Humbert Humbert; a coquettish, typically teenage, nymphet, Lolita; and Lolita's mother, Charlotte, who unfortunately will never achieve mother-of-the-year status. In short, *Lolita* delineates, with a clarity that may shock an immature student of literature, the machinations of Humbert Humbert as he seeks to satisfy his desires which involve females between the ages of nine and fourteen.

Mr. Nabokov realized when he wrote *Lolita* that a theme of this type would neither be sanctioned by *Good Housekeeping* or *The Biblical Recorder*. As he writes in a postscript on themes which "American publishers frown upon": "The two others are (besides *Lolita's* theme): a Negro-White marriage which is a complete and glorious success resulting in lots of children and grandchildren; and the total atheist who lives a happy and peaceful life, and dies in his sleep at the age of 106."

Americans are always extremely interested in the moral intention of the author,

and if the author says, as Nabokov does, that there is no "moral in tow" for *Lolita* then he will be flatly disbelieved. They will not believe if he says, as Nabokov, "For me a work of fiction exists only insofar as it affords me what I shall bluntly call aesthetic bliss, that is a sense of being somehow, somewhere, connected with other states of being where art (curiosity, tenderness, kindness, ecstasy) is the norm."

Perhaps this definition is too aesthetic for some, but I think that Nabokov not only has a worthy ideal but has come close to fulfilling it in *Lolita*.

Those who delight in the English language will find *Lolita* very beautiful. The language, and the development of the language into imagery, has a verve and sensitivity which is all the more remarkable when one considers that the author feels more at home with his native Russian language than our English. I have been told that a style is of some worth if you can read the work and not be conscious of the style; that is, the story seems to flow naturally. This is true of *Lolita*. To my mind Mr. Nabokov is a very clever fellow. Perhaps admirers of John Keats would not agree with me, but I feel that Nabokov's sensuous description is quite Keatsian. For those who equate sensuous with sensual, I can suggest only a dictionary.

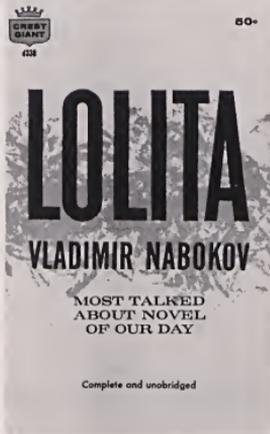
Though *Lolita* was certainly not written to be placed in the genre of comedy, the spoofing is so delightful, the satire so rich and subtle, that a reader might mistake it for such. True, Humbert Humbert is perverted, but he can stand off and look at his malady with a humorous objectivity that somewhat eases his predicament. The scene in which Humbert explains to his

Lolita the difference between a rapist and a therapist is amusing in a macabre fashion. Nabokov's portrayal of a "modern" female educator and her "modern" viewpoint shows a keen insight on the part of the author.

There is certainly one guarantee which I can extend to all potential readers of *Lolita*. You may feel disgusted or elated; you will certainly not feel any hint of ennui. I use the French form of boredom because Nabokov's book abounds in French idioms.

With all due respects to the Bard, *Lolita* is certainly not a tale told by an European misfit; it does abound with a sensuous tone which is assuredly not furious, and it remarkably signifies that the English language has true aesthetic pleasures. ●

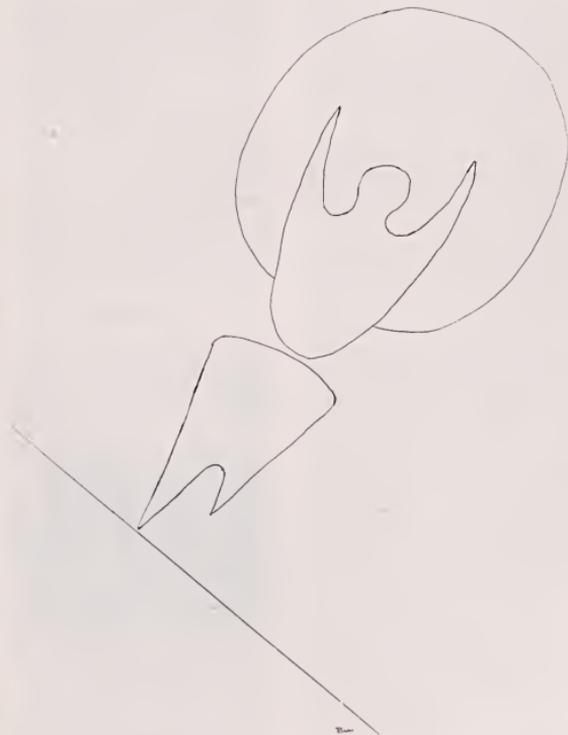
—DON SCHOONMAKER



By

Dwight

Pickard



A LONG ONE OF THE narrow dust-packed roads leading into the small Southern town of Marchamp an unending series of black-dripping-brown telephone poles listed up from entangled weed pockets and limboed inately irregular across the silent skyline. Occasionally small dark birds sat fossil-humped under the morning sun and clutched their small feet around the softly singing lines which shot from pole to pole like jets of liquid silver. The morose birds nodded head-away from the sun and mused lidlessly on the thin poles that stretched eastward down either roadside. Their gaze was as nonchalantly one-eyed and pensive as if the poles had been bold black stripes vertically extended on some vacuum.

The hunched-motionless birds looked to the east, and the pole-enclosed road funneled westward away, its sides diagonally splicing at the horizon where the sun rolled up flush-faced and splashed hazy at the rim. The road glided like a suspended dream to the horizon and curled under the unreal sun.

At irregular intervals along the roadside, neon-gaudy signs in five-cents-rouge colors were tacked to the poles as haphazardly as wind-trailing remnants of some nostalgic gypsy exodus. The autumn morning drained over their candy red clown faces and winking elephants. The elephants were acrobatically poised over the gothic letters that announced the circus spectacle. And the colored clown faces stared deadily assimilated with a sponged, no-color residue, their cheeks dimpled with watery red drops as if the skies had once rained red.

Presently a soft wind gathered and the signs flexed with whisper movements, while leaf whirlpools deliberated, then danced. As suddenly, the wind ceased, sucked, was silent. In the suspended silence, a man's back slowly rose from the road. The back gently straightened, as if in benediction, and undulated in the sun like a black silhouette. Slowly, gathering energy and direction, the now poised up-right figure completely bisected the sun, then began the walk—step by step, by hesitation, by release, slowly step again, ascending the sun's surface like sleep's long glide. Sign fragments, bits of clown faces, letters, and ponderous elephant anatomy were left behind in the dust of his footprints. Their once intact personalities were not disintegrated

They

in fragmented and pained half-expression. Masqued and powdered with dust, they were strewn about like emptied pocket scraps.

The sun-etched figure did not look back. With rhythmical and fluid intensity, he centered himself in the sun and vaguely shifted his head from side to side in delirating cycles.

Now he stopped. Almost without motion and form, he revolved to his right and walked with soft-falling steps across the sun. Walked out of the sun to the road-side, where he stopped and swayed before a sign which was tacked on a pole. The pole was heavy with blackness, and spanish moss covered it with white puffs.

The man stood silently, almost reverently, before the sign. A bird shrilled, and the sound was lost. The man did not hear. His arms moved gently for the sign, and his silently moving fingers caressed the large letters as if they were milky soft and virginal nakedness. With tender persuasion he removed the sign from the pole and held it before him with outstretched arms. He revolved to the left, walked to the road's center, and turned sunward with his outstretched, supplicating arms framing his sign against the sun. A happy clown's face peered ruefully over the man's head as he stopped; then trembling hands decapitated and the head rolled off and slid from arc to arc, making slow crescents to the road. The man's head dipped and dipped, following each crescent, and when the head settled, the man bent over and destroyed the remainder of the sign with electric frenzy. As the man rose, a spontaneously conceived windfall darted the fragments about in dust geysers and dispersed the pieces to roadside oblivion where they fell like an impulse's dead completion.

The dust receded, and again the westward walk began with slow accents. The road patiently neared the town, sheepishly like a rejoicing recluse, and the rut-rivets veined the dust. Over the man's shoulder, a few hundred feet down the road, a small group of Negro boys were standing with up-rolled eyes around one of the signs. From behind the man, they appeared to be dancing on licorice legs across his sun-outlined shadow. They did not see the man. They saw only cotton-candied and thrilled anticipation in a clown's white-

lipped and polka-dotted face.

The man saw them. He turned his head neither to the right nor left, and advanced unnoticed, his hands tightly clasped behind him. His walk now for the first time crescendoed and spurred the dust, and the road backrolled under his sun-lined figure.

Now the boys saw him. Their legs recoiled and fastened, and their eyes rolled down, expanded white, and sprung from ground to man to ground to sign to man. As the man advanced, their eyes rolled like marbles on his shoulder. The man's hands were restrained decisiveness. They gnarled knuckly taunt behind his back, flexed like steel, and snapped open. Hand repelling hand, they swept out over the Negro heads, and clutched the sign, this time with resolute fury, with embarrassment, as if privacy had been violated.

Frozen motionless, their heads averted, the Negro boys responded in the rap, unbelieved fear and amazement:

"Ain't don' notin, white misser."

"Ain't don' notin, naw sur."

"Ain't don' notin—."

The man did not reply. The back of his head stood firm in the hard sun. The boys backstepped, feeling recklessly quick for even ground, and they danced black in the golden sun as they turned and ran.

WITH the sign reclined waist-high before him, the man turned hypnotically, walked to the road, placed the sign down, and now in the silence, he looked upon it long and softly and spread his hands palm-downward over the whiteness between two laughing clown heads. Then with circling and silent fingers, he removed the whiteness and placed it in his right palm, carrying it lightly sustained as if it were a veil.

He rose with the whiteness in his palm before him and stood up against the sun, his shadow sliding behind him as he again walked westward with persisting deliberation.

The road now drifted downward until in the sloping distance it faded into a circus tent, which broodingly bulged on the silence of an empty horizon. Trailors and trucks and wooden structures were juxtaposed and contorted in asymmetrical twists against the tent and the sky. In the distance they were tinted with bleeding sun, resolutely isolated in the vastness of

a flat-fields warmed-over desolation.

When the tent revolved onto the horizon, the man stopped and placed his left hand into his pocket. He withdrew some matches, placed the whiteness on the ground, and bent down over the matches and whiteness. When he arose, the whiteness was lumped blackly in thinning smoke.

Once he arose, the sun enclosed his head, and he did not regard the smoke. He walked down the road toward the tent, his back sun-centered, the tent centered beneath the sun.

He walked out of the sun and stopped at the field's edge, this time before a small wooden sign. The sign was white and printed in crude black letters—MAR-CHAMPS. He placed his hands in the sign and wrenched it loudly around on its socket so that it faced the opposite direction.

Then as he walked out across the empty, sun-spreading field, the tent expanded and eclipsed the sun. He walked into the tent's shadow, and he walked as if the ground were membrane-fragile.

When he reached the tent, he stood limply in the shadows and inclined his head slightly back, aligning his face with the tent's top. Then the back of his neck convulsed as he violently wretched on the thick animal smells which he tasted.

He stood between two guide ropes, which were anchored at his feet. The ropes slanted upward from his feet and diminished like golden threads in the tent's mossy-greenness. His head moved slowly up and down as he followed each rope's destiny.

Now he turned with poised deliberation and walked halfway around the tent's shadow, where he hesitated, then entered a long diminishing corridor. The corridor extended and slanted nervously past signs, which were intensely disproportioned with bulbous arms, tassled things and rhythmized serpentine legs all performing frenzied fire rituals in the temple of swords and dwarfed gigantic animals, and everything smelling to him like candy, like grease and food and hot nights spreading on sawdust, sawdust, sawdust—

Until he stood before a very blue box-like and clean trailer, whose surface was broken with a small window, a rose plant in the window, the plant stretching in a

ey Come To See Me Dead

green-red arc toward the sun. He reached the door and stood before his shadow.

His shadow revolved inward, obliquely disappearing into the trailer's half-lighted interior. A woman with insipid blonde hair and light watery pale lips stood beside the open door; her entire body appeared to have flown into her sensually rounded and compact hips. She was no more than thirty and already she was pink along the neck. She was tall and liquid and she stood with her legs slightly arched, rocking from one leg to the other with slow flexing undulations. Her face was round but not sweet; it was naked and her eyes circled slowly, slowly green.

THE man had not looked up. Now he raised his head. The woman flicked her tongue tip once lightly wet over her lips. The man remained immobile, his hands placid behind his back.

"You knew I would come back," she said. "No," she said. She looked at him as if he had never gone anywhere.

"Liar," she said, "bitch."
She smiled, nestled her head slightly back against the door, and placed her hands on her hips.

"You're a fool," she said, "You're a fool but I love you."

"Do you know why I left?" he asked. "You're always leaving."

"Do you know why?"
"And you're always coming back."

"Destroying bitch," she said.
She closed the door.

You were twelve years old and there was a door and the door opened and the door closed and there was a step and the step was three steps above the yard and the yard joined the road and the road ran through sunny desolation and black fields and the fields were older than the Negroes or the ways of Negroes, having never seen your grandfather, who was tended by Henry.

When you awoke, not knowing whether it was day or night, knowing only that it was Sunday, you rolled your face away from the soft, floating light, and pushing yourself up from the bed, you blinked once for darkness, reblinked for light and spread a small hand over your eyes.

The tent's elongated shadow was fading around his feet, and when he looked up, the signs were flexing and contorting and compressing, and he placed his right hand over her eyes.

You rose from the bed, hand over your eyes, and walked across the room through the small warm pools of sunlight and hesi-

tated before a dresser where you saw yourself reflected in a mirror's cloudy image.

*And you said, "Papa hates grandpa; Papa must tell me why today."
You dressed and sat down and waited, anticipating your father's voice.*

When your father called to you, you nodded "once and answered very softly, "Yes, Father." Then—

*"Papa!"
"Papa!"*

"Papa!" Recoiling at the loudness of your voice, you settled between your updraun knees—"Oh Papa," your voice now weakly whispering, "Why do you hate Grandfather, your father? Your own father, and I have never been told why, only it is something old and they will never tell me, not even when I'm grown up, and I do love."

Now he was standing inside the tent. He was standing in a stupor half-recline with the tent swelling into a hideously absurd and complex yawn before him.

"They are killing me," he said, "they are killing me from twenty-five years ago and they are killing me from today—woman who loves, but who does not know what love is because they come to see me dead on the top wire and she doesn't know, and the boys ran through the fields. They must not come to see me dead like the rest."

He said it leafaced and gaunt, his lips tight at their corners and compressed against his chin. He said it with an angular face and silent eyes.

Now he said it again, but this time his lips were rigid, "They come to see me dead on the top wire."

Saying it, he looked with blue circling eyes around the phantasmagoric and stupendous curve of the tent, and in the dark silence, he followed the spiral upward until he made a final corkscrew softly at the top. He became dizzy. Abruptly his eyes dropped to the tent floor. "I can't get dizzy," he said, "it won't do." Thinking, "It had to happen, it had to happen."

He was placing his feet down methodically agile, as if he might fracture the silence, and walked away from the tent's side out toward the center loop where the ropes and cables sprayed down from the roof like the many small beginnings of continents.

Presently the hoof-marked loop enclosed him and he looked with upcast eyes at the roof where thick shadows etched like lace along the sweep.

"I have pronounced judgment," he said.

You did not that day, nor did you ever

ask your father about his father, whom they said you could not love nor see and whom you had never seen because of an ancient wrong and hate. And your father never spoke of it and your mother was afraid to speak of it.

After you dressed, you walked down the steps, seeing no one, with the house as still as Sunday. You opened the front door, reached the top step, and sat in the soft-fading delirium of a long red autumn afternoon with the road and the sky slanting deeply in your eyes. The door closed behind you. The skies were bruised purple and the sparrows were picotting and thrusting through the trees and the road stretched out forever and forever with no blood kin toward the dying sun.

The perfect-circled light was spinning through the tent top, was spinning over his eyes. His face was upturned, his neck slanted back, so far back that his eyelids were pulling his eyes downward into his head. Then he knew that a plumb line could have been dropped from the sun and that it would have struck him exactly between the eyes. His feet arched deeper and deeper into the sawdust flakes. He felt the dry chips mesh and grind.

"They come to see me dead," he said. "I have pronounced judgment against my will. It was not my intention, they have done it."

You sat motionless on the top step, and when you looked up, the sky closed with your closing eyes, and when you opened your eyes, Henry was standing against the sun, his black skin blacker on the sun's deep red. His eyes were old and watery and glassy red, and they were covered with white mossy eye brows. His mouth was drizzling and toothless and his lips were sucked shrieking into his mouth. His wife, Montilla, stood behind him. She was also very old, and she was as intensely silent as the shadows and the trees and the sparrows; and the shadows joined one another and covered the yard with immense silence.

Henry was looking at you, and Montilla was looking at Henry, her head reclining in the sun, her white hair sweeping over her eyes, and her hand in Henry's hand.

Henry was looking at you although he was blind.

"Your father has pronounced a terrible judgment," Henry said, "he has spoken against his fatherhood."

Sawdust was swirling now and rapidly backrolling under his feet when a fat man whose face was sweating grease attempted to stop him as he looked quickly up in the

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The Role of Religion —

THE EAST AFRICA Higher Theological Education Commission report for 1959 reads in part: "The Church is losing the interest of the city people and the educated classes, the very groups which control the future of Africa, because it has no ministers capable of dealing with their problems and answering their questions. If the Church cannot provide theological education at the level of the highest intellectual life of the continent it will most certainly lose the mind of Africa." Reports such as this were submitted to the International Missionary Council from every region of Africa. They bespeak the urgency of educational needs of Africa in one area only, namely in the field I was most concerned with on my study tour.

One of the formulators of the above document took me to the federated theology school at Limuru, Kenya, where but twenty-five students studied under three faculty members. Was this the best available seed-bed for church leadership? Upon inquiry I learned that the situation is even more alarming. Few if any of the men in training (mostly subsidized by the various denominations) have had previous university training and not many have finished secondary schools. The fact is, there are almost no African clergymen with B.A. degrees in all the continent. For instance, the African Church in South Africa, with its long history of high standards and generous offerings, can boast of only one B.A., namely Canon Zulu, who at the moment is with the World Council study center at Boisey. The Methodists in Nigeria likewise have only one B.A. How can anything but disaster be predicted for the future of the Church as it seeks to appeal to the on-rushing tide of African intellectual elites?

With regard to my second major concern, namely the new university college of Africa, the situation is only slightly better with regard to the place of religion. This is most vital to the religious orientation of

the lay leaders. Most of the universities of Africa are brand new. Of the twelve on the continent excluding South Africa, all but two have been established since 1945. In 1959 their total enrollment was no more than 5000, and their number of graduates no more than 600. In other words, the whole of Black Africa had a university system producing needed graduates in 1959 to an extent not much larger than a single moderate-size university in America!

Since these universities are in their infancy, in the years of formulating policy, and other new nation-states are in the process of establishing their first universities, I wanted to know what new departures are likely in their teeth-cutting stage. Specifically: what place for religion, religion in general, and Christianity in particular? To do this I restricted myself to three levels of the university life. First, did the faculty give evidence of a sustained interest in the religious undergirding of all the disciplines of the various university departments in an attempt to explore the presuppositions, the metaphysical unity and the spiritual use of knowledge? Did the faculty as a whole, in its university policy, or did small groups on their own pursue such conversations? Second, what formal courses of instruction within the curriculum or channels for religious instruction and worship are provided officially by the university? Third, what peripheral organizations for students on and off the campus are working toward the same religious goals? These are the three questions I put to every campus of every university in Africa, doing my best to ferret out what traces of concern there were in each of these levels.

I MUST confess at the outset that my task was difficult. First of all, because the British system which is predominantly foisted on African universities does not lend itself to the expression of religious concern such as we are accustomed to in the United States of late. Departmentalization is strong, and while the scientists at Oxford may

momentarily be protesting the excess of theological lecturers over the number of science lecturers in their system within the year 1958, only a minority of African universities have theological departments (two). That means that no matter how good the ultimate intentions may be the needs of sound instruction in religion for both lay students and higher theological students are being trampled over in the rush for the more immediate demands for technical education. Secondly, in the haste and disorganization of baby institutions those persons who would ordinarily be concerned are often overloaded with extra duties in such a way as to preclude their devotion to this problem. Thirdly, it seems that the secular mood that has swept the western world in the twentieth century is now about to overcome Africa in an even more exclusive fashion. This is surely part of the phenomenon referred to by Toynbee when he speaks of the East trying to absorb "the husk of western technical accomplishment without coming to grips with the spiritual kernel of the West which is the Christian faith."

The author of the monumental history, "The Planting of Christianity in Africa," C. P. Groves, holds that the most "insidious enemy, second to no other rival of the Christian faith in Africa, is the prevailing secularism temper of the West. African students, the leaders-to-be, studying at schools and universities in America and Europe, where the cult of scientific humanism gains prestige from the intellectual eminence of many who profess it, readily fall under its influence. The educated man, they may think they discover, has no need of religion. It is not an accident that political leaders of ability . . . are by no means necessarily Christian because first trained in mission schools (IV, p. 336)."

If that is the case for most of the Africans studying abroad, what can we expect of those who return to found the universities,

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— In Africa's New Universities

By Dr. G. McLeod Bryan



Dr. Speas likes to bake pies. He even has his own apron!

Men

THE WORST THING about retirement is the loss of direct contact with students. This is the concerted opinion of two Wake Forest professors who were retired in June, 1959.

Professors Hubert A. Jones and William E. Speas, although retired, still live near the campus. Professor Jones says, "The shock of retirement is partially absorbed by living near the campus where I can hear the college bell, look at the beautiful campus, and meet the students and faculty colleagues on the sidewalks and in the Post Office—however, I feel that I am in the college setting but not of it." The life of retirement is different from the active life of teaching, with all its pressures and papers to grade or joys at seeing one's teaching efforts realized in the development of a youthful mind. Retirement has its advantages and disadvantages.

n of Leisure

By

Martha Kiser Odom

As a definite advantage of the retirement period they count their immense leisure. Dr. Speas spends his time working in his yard for exercise, walking, fishing, playing golf, enjoying his family, and recently he has been reading about "the evolution of physics from ancient Greece to today's times."

Since he likes to cook, especially pies and fried chicken, he occasionally dons his own special apron and takes over in the kitchen. But the golf course is only a few steps behind his home, and sometimes it wins out over domestic activities.

Professor Jones is enjoying reading, sleeping, catting, being with his family, making new contacts and renewing old friendships. He thinks that he might like to travel more in the future. In fact, he is planning a trip to Florida soon to visit his brother, friends, and former students. Mrs. Jones



Tables turned: student teaches teacher. Len Chappel shows Prof. Jones how to grip that ball.



Men of leisure, but not playboys—both professors continue their scholarly work.



will accompany him, and Hubert, Jr., who graduated from Wake Forest last year, will act as chauffeur for his parents.

Perhaps Professor Jones will resume teaching in another college after he has "rested up." He says, "I do miss teaching. Perhaps my greatest thrills came from efforts to help and encourage less favored students who later demonstrated that the efforts had paid off." He hopes that some sort of opportunity will make possible a further use of his experience in the classroom.

Dr. Speas plans to remain here, and he says with a chuckle, "I've spent forty-six years teaching physics, and I think it'll take all the time to rest up." He counts his move here with the college in 1956 as "coming home," since most of his relatives live near Winston-Salem, in Yadkin County.

Both Professor Jones and Dr. Speas still enjoy the college's activities. They attend college social functions, the Concert-Lecture series, and athletic contests. Mr. Jones was so proud of his former student, Len Chappell, after the Maryland basketball game that he attended basketball practice just to shake Chappell's hand.

As he looks back on his years spent as a professor, Dr. Speas declares, "Grading papers is the worst work any teacher has to do!" Professor Jones echoes this, and both men agree that this is very near the top of the list of the advantages of retirement. Dr. Speas says that, regarding their grades, "students have to be kept in a good humor—or they won't do *anything!*"

Neither professor regrets not having to get up for an eight o'clock class. Dr. Speas says that the eight o'clock bell is his signal "just to turn over and go back to sleep!"

Does the college provide for its retired? "Yes," Dr. Speas answers definitely, "but it is an inadequate retirement." Professor Jones calls it a "small retirement which has Social Security as a backbone." From experience they agree that more financial aid is necessary and should be given to those whom the college retires.

Professors don't give up their associations with the academic life. Both Jones and Speas are still members of the North Carolina Academy of Science and other scholastic fraternities. And they spend much time reading, perhaps even more than when they had classroom duties.

The two are proud to have served Wake Forest College and to have been "a part of the great effort to improve the minds of youth." ●



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Ambassador from Turkey

ABOUT A YEAR AGO—December 15, 1958, to be exact—Erkil Mehmet Gunur landed in New York City after a twenty-four hour flight from Istanbul, Turkey. This was his first trip to America, at long last realized after many years of working, planning, saving, and dreaming. No, he was not to be an exchange student; he had decided that he would come to study in the United States purely "on his own."

Erkil stayed in New York for several days viewing the sights and, he said, "just being

amazed at everything I saw." Then he boarded a Greyhound bus for Winston-Salem and, ultimately, Wake Forest College. He arrived during the Christmas holidays while the other students were away, but he received a warm welcome from several faculty members and their families and was made to feel "at home" immediately.

Erkil is studying Business Administration and hopes to learn many things about American business methods so that when he returns to Turkey he will carry with

him new ideas which may help the economy of his country. In talking with him, one receives the impression that surely he is a goodwill ambassador from Turkey, because he loves his homeland and is quite proud of it. "Oh, you should see the Bosphorus," he exclaimed enthusiastically. "It is the most beautiful thing in this world!" Erkil grew up with the Bosphorus at his feet, for his home was right at the edge of it. "We can dive off the roof of the house right into the sea!"

I was intrigued by this time, and decided

to find out about this wonderland called Turkey. Erkil has the unusual ability to paint word pictures which sound like a travelogue, and his vivid descriptions practically transported me there.

Erkil works part-time as an architectural draftsman in the Buildings and Grounds office in order to help pay his college expenses, which he is bearing alone. He has found, however, that the American dollar does not go as far as its Turkish equivalent. His eyes pop when he inquires the price of certain commodities. One day in the snack bar he saw a large glass jar containing many bags of peanuts. "What is the price of a bag of peanuts?" he asked me. "Five cents," I replied, to which he retorted with a proud grin. "In Turkey you could get that whole jar of peanuts for five cents!" Then my eyes popped. This started a series of questions comparing our prices with those in Turkey.

"Are clothes expensive?"

"No. The best pair of shoes one can buy would cost no more than \$5.00."

"What about the price of food?"

"Well, for instance, we can buy a Coke for a penny, or a pound of fish for about five pennies."

When I asked him about prices of automobiles, he told me that a 1953 Chevrolet might be bought for "about \$7,000." I readily realized why only the wealthy Turks could afford cars. This, of course, sounded contradictory to what he had just told me, but only because the importing of cars has been restricted within the past four years, making them extremely scarce, and this restriction makes the prices unreachably except by the very wealthy people.

One question led to another, and we found ourselves drinking two cups of coffee rather than the usual one at coffee-break time. There was no stumbling about in choosing the right words with which to answer my questions, as Erkil has a wonderful command of English. His conversational tone is assured, and his choice of words flow evenly, as though he has been in America for fifteen years instead of only one. He speaks as though he has lived among English-speaking people all his life! The commendable thing about his use of English is that he is always alert in finding the meaning and pronunciation of words which may not be familiar to him. Too, he has quickly absorbed our slang expressions and he uses them as naturally as we do. Having mastered English so well has meant a great deal to him in his studies, although he admits that the first semester was quite

difficult. Reading in English, thinking in Turkish, and then adapting one's thoughts to the English meanings must have been a time-consuming chore.

FINDING it so easy to talk with him and having him understand and reply so coherently with an unbroken flow of words, I proceeded to query him about Turkey:

1. Erkil, now that you have been in America for one year, tell me what impresses you most about America?

"The biggest and best impression I have about America is that its people are so hospitable and considerate, and they show a real interest in those from foreign countries."

2. Do you feel like a foreigner in America?

"No, indeed, I do not feel like a foreigner; I feel completely at home here. Everyone is cordial, and many people have made me feel that I am one of them."

3. Have any of our customs surprised you since you arrived?

"Well, there is one thing which I notice is lacking, and it was confusing at first, and that is that Americans do not shake hands as much as the Turks. In Turkey you cannot walk down the street and meet acquaintances without shaking hands. Also, seeing so many cars was just unbelievable; you see, only the very wealthy Turks can afford to own a car. Most transportation is by bus and "share-taxis."

4. What do you think about our sports; football, for instance?

"I do not wish to offend anyone, but I can only say that your football game reminds me of a bull fight. It just seems that all the players are trying to kill each other."

5. Now that you have completed two semesters at Wake Forest, how do you feel about your choice of colleges?

"It has been a very fruitful year as far as education is concerned. I appreciate all the benefits of the collegiate work. I am not used to so much homework, yet I cannot help but appreciate the usefulness of it. I am very glad that I chose Wake Forest College. I think the faculty is excellent, and they are certainly friendly and helpful; I think there are many valuable courses to be studied here; and because everyone is so nice and friendly, I feel very happy to be here. It is true that I must study very hard, but already I know that I have learned many new

things, and I hope I will be able to complete my studies at Wake Forest."

6. What is the geographical location of Turkey?

"Turkey is located in Asia Minor (Anatolia). It is 900 miles long, 300 miles wide, and covers an area approximately as large as the combination of seven of our southern states: Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia. One part of Turkey is in Europe, but the larger part is in Asia. Between the European and Asiatic parts lies the Straits of the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmara and the Bosphorus. Turkey is mainly an agricultural country, with about four-fifths of the population living in the rural areas and one-fifth in towns and cities. The most southern part of Turkey is at the same parallel with Winston-Salem, and the most northern point is approximately at the same parallel as Niagara Falls. Our population is 26 million."

7. What kind of climate do you have in Turkey?

"It is dry in summer and snow-covered in winter. The eastern part in Central Anatolia has snow from September until late in May. The summer temperature is about like it is here in Winston-Salem."

8. Are the metropolitan areas of Turkey comparable to those you have seen in the United States?

"Yes, they are very much alike.

However, Turkey is divided into 66 provinces, and each province has its own capital, just as your states have. The capital of Turkey is Ankara, and has been since 1923. For 500 years the capital of Turkey (known as the Ottoman Empire) was Istanbul (formerly Constantinople), but was moved to Ankara because of its central location."

9. What kind of government does Turkey have?

"It is a republic with a democratic regime. Our president is elected by the Grand National Assembly, which is the parliament in Turkey. There are 530 deputies who form the assembly and our president is elected from this group; then he assigns the Prime Minister, who has all the executive authority. This republic was first established in 1923 by Kemal Ataturk. We have two leading parties, the Democrats and the Republicans, just as you have here;

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Hollywood, N. C.

By Ray Rollins



THE WAKE FOREST CAMPUS awoke Sunday morning, January 17 with a hangover and was given an aspirin and a cup of coffee.

Side by side in the Sunday morning paper were two stories concerning Wake Forest. One told of the basketball team's loss to State the night before; the other—the aspirin and coffee—which took our depleted spirits and anaesthetized them into unfamiliar emotions, said Hollywood was moving to Wake Forest College.

The latter news was an atom bomb, exploding, spreading, contaminating, and later to rise in a mushroom puff.

Bing Crosby, Fabulous Fabian, Carol Lindley and a bereted host were to be right here rubbing our academic elbows. The thought of it was something a little bit overwhelming and nobody wanted to admit it. But everybody was facetiously, or in secret seriousness, planning to have his own high time, in movieland's "High Time."

One student was telling other students he had been asked to line up students for bit parts in the movie. His offers were taken in surpressed eagerness with the same amount of seriousness he made them, though



no one was ever really sure of his status as an agent.

Fraternities were plotting to pledge the prospective rushees.

"I'm going to ask Carol Lindley for a date," one student vowed.

"I'm going golfing with Bing," said another.

"We ought to throw Fabian in the lake," said several.

And others wanted to know, "How the hell they going to tie on the leaves?"

Phone calls poured in. One Negro woman called several times, wanting to talk to somebody, anybody who could get her a part in the movie.

Speculation was born and reached the stature of some monstrous giant. "I'll bet they won't eat that cafeteria food."



"They'll use Billy Packer as a stand-in for Fabian."

"Surely they will 'discover' (coed) while they're here.

"The Baptists won't let that dance scene stay."

A sociology student made a poll at Baptist Hospital to find out what people there thought of a movie's being filmed at Wake Forest. A secretary was a bit dubious at the prospect of another Convention scandal. A young chaplain said he was open-minded about such things and didn't mind.

An older chaplain said, "I just want to see that French actress!"

A philosophy class speculated on the remunerative possibilities for the College. The professor said, "Bing may fall in love with the place and endow it."

"Yeah," a male voice countered, "but he may fall out of love with it, buy it and burn it."

THE time neared for the Hollywood troupe to arrive. Newspapers recorded the anticipation. The campus prepared itself for the invasion—the roped-off areas, the whirring cameras, the jeweled sun-glasses and jaunty airs.





Sunny, sunny Winston-Salem perched on its sycamore limb to watch the proceedings, to see what thing was happening to its child prodigy.

The starchy Baptists peered somberly over their glasses, ready to slap Hollywood's hands at its first misbehavior.

But, while the rains came and the winds did blow and prearranged censorship loomed overhead like a hurricane, Hollywood crept back to its shelter.

Wake Forest, encumbered in the maze of final examinations, pretended not to notice that our self-written epitaph was handed back to us with "regards."

Some said they were sorry Hollywood wouldn't be a member of "our happy Wake Forest family."

"The dancing scene was to blame. You can't have a picture of a girl dancing in the boys' dorm," others said, politely overlooking the November issue of the Student Magazine.

Yet it suffices, Bing and Fabulous Fabian aren't here.

The local prices of jeweled sun-glasses are back down to normal.

Ben's missed out on getting rid of their surplus black and gold umbrellas.

People are wondering how the pasted on leaves would have reacted to our white, fluffy sunshine.

Our traditions, weatherwise and otherwise, have been miraculously kept intact. Hollywood has come and gone and didn't get wet. ●

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"Nature"

In Emerson and Dickinson

In the name of the bee
And of the butterfly
And of the breeze, amen!

—EMILY DICKINSON

A PERUSAL OF the biographies of Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) and Emily Dickinson (1830-1886) shows an immediate difference in outward manner of life. Compared to the quiet, retiring Emily, Emerson was a veritable man of the world. He was deeply concerned to effect a change in the mental atmosphere of his day by means of his lectures, essays, and poems; she wished to be left alone with her own soul as she became progressively more of a recluse.

It is not the external events in the lives of these two literati, however, with which we are concerned in this paper. Rather, the center of attention will be their attitudes toward a particular subject—nature—about which both had a great deal to say. In this area, also, there are differences, but there are likenesses as well. Both will be explored.

The first-noticed similarity between Emerson's concept of the natural world and Dickinson's is the wild and childlike delight that both show toward the natural order. Emerson's poetic prose is as expressive of this as is Dickinson's verse. "The lover of nature," says Emerson, "is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other; who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood. . . . In the presence of nature a wild delight rurs through the man, in spite of real sorrows." Elsewhere he asserts, "I have no hostility to nature, but a child's love to it. . . . I do not wish to fling stones at my beautiful mother, nor soil my gentle nest."

Dickinson exclaims:

Inebriate of air am I,
And debauchee of dew,
Reeling, through endless summer days,
From inns of frothy molten blue.

And,

Nature is what we see,
The Hill, the Afternoon—
Squirrel, Eclipse, the Bumble-bee,
Nay—Nature is Heaven.

Nature is a "heaven" on earth for her, and she is intoxicated with it. She, too, thinks of nature as a mother:

Nature, the gentlest mother,
Impatient of no child,
The feeblest or the waywardest,—
Her admonition mild
In forest and the hill
By traveller is heard,
Restraining rampant squirrel
Or too impetuous bird.

Examples from both writers of this delight and childlike trust in nature could be multiplied almost without end.

BUT perhaps this similarity is after all a superficial likeness. Almost everyone is in some sense a "lover of nature," even if not, as Emerson and Dickinson, in the superlative degree. It is when these writers' views begin to diverge that we get a deeper and more precise view of their separate understandings of the meaning of nature. For nature is not always a benign and gentle thing in Dickinson. She says,

Several of nature's people
I know, and they know me;
I feel for them a transport
Of cordiality . . .

but she quickly adds, in reference to the snake, that she has

. . . never met this fellow,
Attended or alone,
Without a tighter breathing,
And zero at the bone.

Emerson, with his irrepressible optimism, remarks in one place that "Nature never wears a mean appearance." But Dickinson maintains that

Nature, like us, is sometimes caught
Without her diadem.

She says in one place that despite the bat's inauspicious appearance and seemingly malvolent attitude, even these, his bad points,

To his adroit Creator

Ascribe no less the praise;
Beneficent, believe me,
His eccentricities.

This seems to echo Emerson's optimism, but in another poem she does not hesitate to say, again of the snake,

A snake is summer's treason,
And gule is where it goes.

Obviously her view of nature goes deeper than mere intoxicated and childlike joy in creation, just as Emerson's does.

Emerson conceives of nature as an "apparition of God." Likewise, for him the soul of man is a manifestation of God—as a drop of water is a manifestation of the ocean. Thus he thinks of nature and man in a very unitary way, for both are emanations of God who is the unifying principle. Indeed, he says that nature, which is itself an "apparition of God," "is the opposite of the soul, answering to it part for part." And elsewhere: "The world proceeds from the same spirit as the body of man. It is a remoter and inferior incarnation of God, a projection of God in the unconscious." Dickinson, too, sees God in nature:

Like mighty footlights burned the red
At bases of the trees,—
The far theatricals of day
Exhibiting to these.
'Twas universe that did applaud
While, chiefest of the crowd,
Enabled by his royal dress,
Myself distinguished God.

And she recognizes and expresses the correspondences she sees between her own moods and those of nature:

There's a certain slant of light,
On winter Afternoons,
That oppresses like the weight
Of cathedral tunes.

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Heavenly hurt it gives us;
We can find no scar,
But internal differences
Where the meanings are.

But this is not to say that she shares Emerson's metaphysical concepts in this matter. Indeed, while Emerson is what might be called an "unsystematic systematic philosopher," her thought is hardly philosophical at all. She is content to leave the mystery of nature still a mystery:

Nature is what we know
But have no art to say,
So impotent our wisdom is
To Her simplicity.

She even says,

But nature is a stranger yet;
The ones that cite her most
Have never passed her haunted house,
Nor simplified her ghost.
To pity those that know her not
Is helped by the regret
That those who know her, know her
— less
The nearer her they get.

This seemingly contradicts her statements about finding God in nature. It certainly contrasts with Emerson: here, rather than encountering a manifestation of God in nature, she meets instead a blank wall and a deep mystery. Indeed, as we have hinted before, it appears that her view of the natural order is a paradoxical one. Nature for Emily may at times be a child's garden of birds and flowers, but at other times she can say,

I dreaded that first robin so,
But he is mastered now,
And I'm accustomed to him grown,—
He hurts a little, though.

I could not bear the bees should come,
I wished they'd stayed away
In those dim countries where they go:
What word had they for me?
They're here, though; not a creature
failed,

No blossom stayed away
In nature deference to me,
The Queen of Calvary.
Each one salutes me as he goes,
And I my childish plumes
Lift, in beraved acknowledgement
Of their unthinking drums.

Why should the salutes of nature's creatures strike her as "unthinking drums?" Why is it that she dreads the robin and cannot bear the bees when nature was formerly "the gentlest mother?" Another verse of the poem just quoted says,

I dared not meet the daffodils,
For fear their yellow gown

Would pierce me with a fashion
So foreign to my own.

Here she expresses a sense of dread before and estrangement from nature because of its "foreign fashion"—a sentiment quite foreign to Emerson's unflagging optimism about "that wonderful congruity which subsists between man and the world; of which he is lord . . . because he finds something of himself in every great and small thing . . ."

Actually, it appears that to Dickinson nature symbolizes the mysterious powers of death:

Death is like the insect
Menacing the tree,
Content to kill it,
But decoyed may be.

And with charming effrontery to Deity she exclaims,

Papa above!
Regard a Mouse
O'erpowered by the Cat;
Reserve within thy Kingdom
A "mansion" for the Rat!

So life is a cat-and-mouse game in which nature, the cat, overpowers man, the rat, with death. Not only does Dickinson dread the first robin, she even exclaims,

How dare the robins sing,
When men and women hear
Who since they went to their account
Have settled with the year!

This resentment toward nature as God's agent for bringing death she feels even toward God Himself:

I never lost as much but twice,
And that was in the sod;
Twice have I stood a beggar
Before the door of God!
Angels, twice descending,
Reimbursed my store.
Burglar, banker, father,
I am poor once more!

Here to Emily God appears as a burglar, robbing man of his loved ones through the processes of nature.

It is obvious that the Emersonian concept of the "wonderful congruity" between God, man, and nature is foreign to Dickinson. To her, God, man, and nature are radically distinct from one another. Man is not "lord" of nature, as Emerson said; rather, he is subject to its powers:

Nature and God—I neither knew
Yet Both so well knew me
They, like Executors
Of my identity . . .

In summary, we have seen that both Emerson and Dickinson feel a childlike delight in nature, but that their concepts go deeper than this. On the deeper level

their attitudes show an obvious difference. Emerson sees nature as a sort of mirror reflecting both God and ourselves: the more we understand nature, the more shall we understand God—and ourselves. Dickinson, however, in paradoxical opposition to her other view, looks on nature with dread and antipathy as symbolic of the mysterious processes of death which God, the celestial Burglar, sends man. Emerson stresses the unity of man, the world, and God; Dickinson insists upon their opposition to one another. Both were transcendentalists in the sense that both relied for knowledge on intuition rather than on reason or divine revelation, but their intuitions seem to have differed as much, if not more, than they harmonized. ●

—GLENN HAMM

Legislature . . .

Continued from Page 8

because of any interest in the Legislature. Some election system must be perfected to create a sense of true representation with responsibility. While such a system may form a more democratic Legislature, there must be a steady flow of initiative from the Speaker to prevent legislative stagnation due to an inadequate agenda. An election of representatives from each interest group may be the answer, not only for the Legislature, but to the absurd ill feeling that exists between particular groups.

The responsibility of the Student Body President and Vice President has been and continues to be great. The President is not a member of the Legislature but may sit in on meetings. As President he could be a tremendous public relations man for the school whether he represents the student at an alumni banquet or high school day. The Vice President, or speaker of the Legislature, presides over the meetings. With the President he could serve as a positive go-between from S. C. to the administration and faculty. This responsibility is important because often issues arise when these two officers alone know the problems involved and can best negotiate with these groups. Keeping the Legislature informed on these issues can create the unanimity needed while maintaining a strong Legislature.

The Wake Forest Student Body will continue to grow and the needs will be greater. The Student Union was created to serve the growing social needs of the campus. The Legislature must be effective and responsible to meet the goals and dreams that will demand an answer. ●

They Come . . .

Continued from Page 12

corridor of falling signs, while the signs horizontally fused and the fat man's cigar smoke was following him to where the signs stopped, and he again stood before the trailer, the sun bleeding over the trailer's blue.

The sun came down softly, in diminishing slowness, over Henry's sloping shoulders, and Henry began to weave from the sun rim to rim.

"Boy," he said with his never blinking eyes, "tell your pa that his pa is dying, your grandpa will die today as sure as the sun go down."

When Henry spoke, you did not move. Something was dying which you had never known, but which you loved and were told you could not love, could not even loce the blood of your blood.

"You're back," she said, "How nice of you, kiss me and go to sleep, sleep for an hour or two before the show—come here and kiss me just once."

He was standing before her bed. She looked at him with faintly green circling eyes and shifted about over the pillow.

"Come here," she said with half breath. She placed a finger over her lips.

"You've seen them," he said, "have you seen them?"

"Come here beside me," she said. She pushed her hair down over her eyes, her stomach rose and fell, she parted her lips with her tongue.

"Mankind comes to kill me," he said, "have you seen them, have you seen their generations?"

"Kiss me," she said.

"They buy their tickets and want to see a dollar's worth of death falling from the wire—my father pronounced a—"

"You're tired," she said. She rolled her stomach over against the gray wall.

"Terrible—"

"I don't give a damn about your father," she said. She turned from the wall and looked at him. "I wait for two days how many times. You come home and don't even look up at me. Where have you been, whoring?" She laughed.

"Only he was killed, he didn't die."

And you said, "Father, Henry is here. He's in the yard. He says Grandpa is dying."

"Tell the nigger to get out."

"Papa?"

"Tell him."

"But, Papa, your own—"

"Tell the nigger and his woman to leave."

"That's better," she said. He was close beside her. Her whispering was on his neck and her breath was leading him into a long cool oblivion with fragile greenness and snow all over him and the snow was warm.

And you said, "Papa, I'm going with Henry to see Grandpa."

"Tell the nigger to leave."

"I'm going."

"If you go, don't come back."

"No," he said, "no."

She laughed, "What's wrong," she said, "I'm good enough, ain't I? What you other girls do, say, do you scream at them?" She laughed again and moved across the bed, snuggling against the gray wall.

So the road extended down between the flat fields and the fields spread out to either side of the sky and the houses were drawn against the distant horizon and the road swung down like a floating sash from the sun, into which you were walking.

You were climbing to the very top of the sun, you thought, and Henry, the blind Negro, would be the first to reach the sun, because he was walking before Montilla, and Montilla was directing Henry. She was whispering with still lips to Henry, so that he never once left the road's center, nor the center of the sun, and you knew that if anyone were looking, they wouldn't see her telling him which way to go.

"Yes, that's the way it must be—silent and known. Just a touch of the hand, or a look, or a word now and then."

"I'll sing to you," she said.

"When will it stop? Does it even have beginning or ending—I'm tired, very tired."

"Yes," she said, "you're tired, that's what I said."

He was sitting between the gray walls on the edge of the bed, his head between his hands, thinking, "No, she doesn't know. She knows only me for feeding her and making the night good for her."

"You have only an hour," she said.

"Yes," he thought, "I go up on the wire to get the money, and I come down to her bed."

"The people are coming," she said, "listen."

Thinking, "I couldn't even try to tell her."

"Henry," Montilla said. Henry's head was sleeping in the sun. It was very still and the road was swaying.

"See your grandpa, boy," Henry said. But you could only see Montilla's back and Henry's back, and Montilla was between Henry's shoulders, and you were walking out of the sun, ascending a hill, and the trees were fading over the hill.

Henry's head was very still. "Help me, Montilla," he said, and Montilla brushed the hair from her eyes and placed both her hands on his shoulders. She turned him slightly up through a green grove of thin trees—was dying in the thin trees," you thought.

The sun was rupturing in pallid stains on the bed, on the woman. It slanted in from the trailer's back side and covered the bed and washed over the sink, which he sat before, his back to the woman. The woman was silent, and he watched the sun wash around in the sink's chalky glare.

"All right," he said, "yes, the people are coming, aren't they?"

The woman laughed.

"You're not coming with me?" he asked, still looking at the sink, away from the woman.

"No," she said.

"Please come with me," he said.

"We'll make it on the high wire," she said, "that would be good, wouldn't it? The whole country would pay." She laughed.

"Bitch."

And you saw your grandfather for the first time and your voice was lost and descended to nothingness. He was chained to the tree and dying. He was like a gray couch chained to the green tree.

He was opening the trailer door to leave, while she laughed and rolled, singing over the bed, until a loudness like an echo without voice said, "Step right up," and he stepped down from the trailer into all the very lonely confusion of faces and voices and shrieks and laughs and the laughs were very urgent with empty velocity. And his feet were walking around over the shadows which were contained within the signs of the corridor.

You looked at him, at his sleeping eyes, and he was coughing against the chain, and you were without voice. The green tree was thin, and each time he coughed, the sun moved through the shaking leaves and shimmered around your feet.

And Henry said, "It's a mule trace 'round him, he wanted to stand."

"Please let me through," he said, "My shadow walks before me, around your feet, and the thin trees are behind the sun. If you see some little Negro boys, send them home."

He was speaking to his shadow, and his shadow wouldn't stop for him. It glided through the legs and around the feet, and it didn't even turn its head, he thought, when the voice said, "Step right up."

So you stood before him and watched him sway when the wind blew against the

tree. The chain was breathing with his stomach, and he never looked up, and his mouth turned white when he coughed.

"Marchamp! Marchamp!" Louder than even a white cough, the voice was calling to him. He was standing before a beautiful, painted lady, whose skin was flowing, milky softness; and he knew the voice was calling, while the lady floated in the breeze before him, and she walked into his trembling hands.

"Marchamp!" the voice shouted again, "get off the platform—leave the damn sign alone."

Now he did not even hear the voice, or the voices and laughs of the people behind the voice.

The lady's eyes were blue, the color of clean winds, he thought, and her hair was like shadows of autumn. He touched her gently with quivering fingers and silenced her silent lips.

"Leave it, Marchamp, leave the sign alone, what you want anyway, a clown's job? Maybe you want a chain to beat the sign—here!" A chain rattled, complaining like hollow steel across the side show platform, and wrapped around his feet.

You watched the chain, and it rose and fell with each breath, and when he coughed, the chain grew taut, then sagged and rose again.

Henry and Montilla helped him down through the thin trees. You carried the chain, letting it drag behind you, crackling over the dead leaves.

When you reached the road, you waited while Montilla went for the wagon and mule. She returned driving the wagon. She stopped, and you stood him up in the wagon bed and chained him around a post. He never spoke, not once, only his lips were trembling and turning the color of the purple sky. Henry sat in the seat beside Montilla, and you climbed on the mule's back, wrapping your legs around his warm stomach. Then you whispered into the mule's twitching ear and told the mule that your grandpa was dying and how you had to get him home, because Henry said that a man should go home to die with his own blood. Then you looked around and watched his head bobbing in the dying sun. The chain was circling the top of the sun; then he was only a slow cough breathing against the sun.

"Send the little Negro boys home," he said, "tell them I have the pretty lady. I helped her down from the wind while the chain coughed around my feet and his stomach; please tell them she walked with the sun across sleeping fields, and that the

fields were very green and cool and that the greenness was always only beginning."

He held the sign before him, his arms outstretched.

"Pretty lady," he said, "you are walking before me and your feet are very silent, they are not even moving. The people are coughing and laughing and I am ashamed that they should hurt you and laugh at you. Pretty lady, I tried to guide the mule over the rise in the road, but the mule kept to the road's center, and even on the mule's back, I felt the wagon nudge and bump against the rise. I turned around and the chain was silent."

He stood now at the tent's entrance, stood in the tent's shadow with his arms around the sign.

"Pretty lady," he said, "I'll put you in the tent's shadow. It's very cool here and you can sleep and I'll tell the people not to cough their laughs so loud."

He lowered the sign down in the shadow next to the tent, and found some moss to place under the sign's head. He placed his fingers on the lady's eyes and whispered, "I have to go now, pretty lady, they always come to see me dead."

SAYING this, and walking now away from the lady into the vastness of faces sprawling upward, in boisterous ellipse into the great shadows like a rising laugh, which smiled halfway from the sawdust to the long, nervously taut wire that spanned the entire huge complexity of the tent's roof like a brilliant steel shiver—"across the yawn's cough," he thought as he fastened his eyes along the wire and watched the balloons floating high up in their own constellations, where long streamers of every color fell like fresh raindrops, spread with sunlight; and now again his eyes found the long, long wire—"Beautiful," he said, and he thought about the laugh now being without time and being spasm-spun in the last sky of the last sun of the last day when the earth would break even like dry glass under the sky's laughing gash and then the bump.

"Absurd," he said, his eyes gliding from wire's end to end—"that they should one dollar me dead—woman doesn't know they love falling death, fascinated—Absurd even to the chain breathing and talking and enduring like a CLICK—chain talking coughs in the sun and him saying tell the nigger to get out while his own fatherhood hit a bump and the mule stopping like he knew all along—"

"Jennings, get Marchamp outa here; he ain't ready, ain't even got on his shoes or nothing!"

"—only calloppe steam music has little click, click voices slowly ascending and melting into the air like was steam nothing and a bump comes out in steam and goes to nothing mostly always nothing at all about gray cough chained to green tree—"

"Marchamp!"

"Get him, Jennings!"

"Marchamp!"

"Leave me alone Jennings, leave me alone to faces, have you seen them with their dollar's worth of waiting, waiting to see the fall."

"Come on, Marchamp, you ain't ready, go home and rest, go home to your woman—the people are waiting, come on."

"Go away Jennings."

"Get him, Jennings!"

"Leave me, Jennings, it's a new act, a clown's act about rises in the road and a cough hitting a bump with his own blood saying get out nigger—"

"Hit the bump once in your face, Jennings—"

"Get up, Jennings! Get the hell up! Stop him, what the hell! Get off the ladder, Marchamp! Come on down!"

"Ladder has twenty-nine bumps up to the wire and sun—get out nigger to see him coughing behind a chain papa your own blood only fifteen bumps get out I'll sing to you birds sitting all the way across the sky pecking at the signs five bumps to the wire because a man should bump die with even his own blood who said get out nigger absurd sun's down on other side of thin trees and woman pretty lady in the shadow with the flat faces flattened on the sawdust now, horses running over the faces bump—"

"Marchamp!"

"MARCHAMP!"

"Pull up the ladder from the faces, heavy like chains—"

"Marchamp!" Drop the ladder! Come on down! Skip the act!"

"only will you come with me?—no—please come with me—we'll make it on the wire—bitch absurd—only three bumps to the middle of the wire to see me dead like a push glide wind closes my eyes, closes faces, opens laughs falling beautiful absurd—"

THEN

"Ladies and gentlemen," the loudspeaker said, "Ladies and gentlemen."

The laughter increased insanely, it spun loudly around the tent.

"Please, ladies and gentlemen," the speaker spoke again, "He was not a clown, please. I repeat, he—"

The laughter increased. ●

Ambassador . . .

Continued from Page 19

there are other independent parties, but they are not very active. Our president is elected every four years just as in America."

10. Does the government own or operate utilities?

"To a certain extent, yes. However, those utilities owned by the government are 51% government and 49% private stockholders. The railroads, telephone and telegraph companies, steel factories and power are government owned."

11. What is the export-import picture in Turkey today? Are you restricted in any way?

"Well, Turkey exports mainly to the United States. As a matter of fact, 25% of the chromium imported by the States comes from Turkey. We import all types of machinery, petroleum, iron and steel, medicinal supplies, cars, trucks, trains and textiles from the United States, West Germany, England, Italy, France and Belgium. Of course, tobacco is our biggest export, but we also export fruits, cotton, minerals, oil seeds, grain and other things."

"We are restricted in our importing because of the shortage of foreign currency. Since 1950 we have had more difficulty, because we import only the materials necessary for the development of industry. It has been four years since we have been able to import coffee from Brazil. That has been one of the things so hard to give up, for we Turks love our coffee. If you want to Turkey today, you would have to take your own coffee. Generally, though, our food supply is adequate; we have never suffered from food shortages."

12. How extensive is free enterprise in Turkey?

"There are no restrictions within the frame of Democracy. The people may operate any business they choose. Our Constitution says that every citizen is born free and free he lives; all citizens are equal before the law. Life, property, honor and home of each and all are inviolable."

13. What role, if any, does Communism play in Turkey?

"The Turks always try to be friendly with their neighbors. Our neighbor Russia, however, has always proved

to be untrustworthy. Therefore, we do not have any cultural relations with her and our other relations are rather limited, too. There is no Communism in Turkey, and any kind of Communist action is strictly prohibited by law."

14. And how does Turkey feel toward America?

"Our people are very pro-American. Not only is there no 'Yankee, go home' attitude; there is the feeling that America is the real, true friend of Turkey. It may sound odd, but Americans are not considered to be 'foreigners' when they are in Turkey. Some other nationalities may be considered so, but not Americans. The Turks are grateful to America for the wonderful aid she has given and is still giving us; and we are grateful for her confidence in us."

15. As far as business opportunities are concerned, would an American find investments in Turkey attractive?

"Yes. Someday Turkey will offer a very fertile field for United States investments. We have extensive mineral resources just waiting to be developed. In the future, Turkey will be an excellent base for export to the Middle East. Already one United States firm, Willys Overland, is exporting to the Arab states from its Turkish assembly plant. According to a new Turkish foreign investment encouragement law, foreign countries are free to set up Turkish companies, or to operate in Turkey through a branch or agency. There are no limitations on the percentage of ownership of Turkish companies by foreigners, nor do Turkish nationals necessarily have to be represented in these companies. Some American companies already established in Turkey are General Electric, Shell Oil Co., Olin-Mathieson-Squibb, Tidewater Oil Co., Federal Motor Truck Co., and others."

16. Tell me something about the women in Turkey, Erkil. How do they dress, and is it true that they wear veils?

"Our women wear the latest Parisien and American styles, and dress as your women do: very up-to-date. As for veils, they were abolished by law in 1925, thank goodness!"

17. What is the place of Turkish women in society?

"They have every single right which men have: the right to vote, be elected to office, and engage in any profession

they wish. Married women have just as much independence as your married women do. Also, our women are free to join the army, navy, air force and become officers just as American women."

18. What about harems? Do they still exist in Turkey?

"Harems are something the younger generation of Turks knows nothing about. Actually, when harems did exist, no one except the royal families had them. Much of this conception has been purely imagination; who could afford such a thing except the royal families? Before the modern civil code of the Turkish republic, there was a religious law which permitted a man to have more than one wife, but practically no one observed such a thing. The modern civil code recognizes marriage and divorce just as you do here in America, but there are no harems in Turkey."

19. What is the situation regarding your juveniles in Turkey? Do you have the same problems with delinquency as we are having here in America?

"Fortunately, we do not have juvenile delinquency in Turkey. The family as an institution has a great influence on the social stability of children. The family is very important, and the father, of course, is the head of the family and is respected as such. I think perhaps the length of time during which parents control their children is longer than it is here in America. Parents are strict, and children are taught that they must obey. Also, the schools have quite a lot of control over children; that is, the parents and the schools work closely together to see that the children are disciplined properly."

20. What about the educational opportunities for Turkish people?

"Fifteen per cent of our national budget is allocated for education, and we have many vocational schools for training young Turks to be of value in every type of industry. Our parents, of course, were not as educated as we have had the opportunity to be. Our educational system has been completely overhauled in the past thirty years and can now compare favorably with any other European country. Oh, yes, education from grammar school through the University is offered to all students and is free."

ERKIL Gunur is a serious-minded, modest, affable young man with a knack for making friends. He has a strong determination to get as much as possible from his studies. Not only does he intend to have a degree in Business Administration, but he also wants to learn everything he can about America and its people. He has a natural enthusiasm for everything American, and is determined to satisfy his curiosity. Someday he hopes to be able to travel throughout America, but for the present his college work claims first importance.

Erkil has the distinction of being the first Turkish student to attend Wake Forest College, and if he is representative of the Turks, we hope he will not be the last Turk to choose Wake Forest. He has adapted himself to his new surroundings admirably, and his appreciative attitude and determination to take advantage of a college education make him a real asset to Wake Forest College. ●

—MARY PETTY

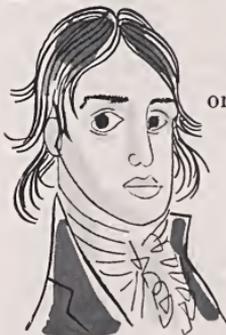
The Role . . .

Continued from Page 13

and the departments within the universities, in Africa? A major evidence of this, to cite just one fact, is the scarcity of ministerial candidates, virtually none, in the university colleges. There is also a lack of interest in religion which is in marked contrast to the momentary revival of interest in religion among the students of America.

ALL this should challenge the Christian leadership in the universities of America to respond to this Macedonian need. America is invading Africa. Economically, America is the main investor since the war. Politically, our State Department has within the year issued a bold new policy with regard to the new nation-states of Africa and its other masses struggling to be free. Educationally, the American universities with their many new African studies centers have research scholars and assistants all over the continent. However, under this invasion, peaceful invasion of Africa by Americans, we must be careful that the African sees something besides the ever-present Hollywood, over-size cars, Coca-Cola and sex-covered paperbacks. Africa especially needs Christian intellectuals who are able to discover in all the dimensions of change, in all the vocations of daily life, in all the conflicting ideologies, the true foundations of the world, the unique wisdom of God, and the redemptive love of Christ in community.

COLERIDGE



on Life Savers:

"'Tis sweeter
far to me!"

from *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, part VII



Still only 5¢

There is definitely a fast growing intellectual elite. Unfortunately it takes bizarre forms, as among college sophomores in America. For instance, at the University College of Ibadan the dining hall tables after meals were piled high with crusts cut from the bread. When I asked about it, I was told that "nobody who is somebody will eat breadcrust." But this is the least dangerous of the traits of the pseudo-intellectual. Schweitzer, it will be remembered, encountered the same problem when he asked an African hospital assistant to help move some logs. "I am an intellectual and don't drag wood about." Schweitzer replied, "You're lucky, I too wanted to be 'an intellectual,' but I didn't succeed." In the same manner, Robert Gardiner, a Ghanaian now head of the U. N. Economic Aid office for Africa in Addis Ababa, told me how the young educated Ethiopians are reluctant to go into the bush. There is a touch of historical humor in his rejoinder:

"The British empire was not built by brave young Englishmen afraid to go to the bush!"

I do not have space here for the details of my study, but can say in conclusion that almost nothing is being undertaken in any of the three levels of my investigation, except as I have cited. Africa, therefore, is a wide open field for those laymen trained to teach various university subjects and for those professional student religious workers and theologians who will go work with Africans and under Africans. One place opening immediately is the proposed Baptist University of Nigeria. And I talked with Premier "Zik" about an opening in theology in his new East Nigeria University starting in 1960. An African student leader pled at a World Student Christian Conference: "You must tell people of the West that we need teachers badly. The right sort. It would be a mistake to think that now the European is no longer the top dog, he is no longer needed." ●

Portrait of the Month



Dick Burluson, Class of 1960

A portrait - - the perfect gift for any occasion

Grigg Studio

on the campus

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Magnified diagram shows extra filter fibers added crosswise to the stream of smoke in L&M's patented Miracle Tip.



the student

VOLUME 75 NUMBER 5

APRIL 1960



PANY

extra
swine
in
Tip.

With Money And a Vision

Some people connected with the college advise, "Wake Forest should become a university with all haste." Granted, the phrase "with all haste" does not set a deadline, but it implies "within the next year or two." And chances are that Wake Forest will not be ready by then.

The faculty will definitely profit from a graduate program. Many will have reduced teaching loads in order for them to do independent research. And more first-rate professors will be attracted to Wake Forest. But will Wake Forest be able to increase its faculty enough for a graduate program by 1961 or even 1963? Graduate students demand a higher faculty-student ratio, for they need individual guidance in their seminars. And unless the faculty is enlarged before Wake Forest becomes a university, lower bracket courses in the undergraduate school will be taught by M.A. or M.S. candidates, and faculty members will be overloaded with combination classes including college juniors and seniors along with graduate students.

The library will be improved when Wake Forest institutes a Master's program; it will *have* to be. But once again the question arises, how long will it take our library to become large enough for graduate research? Oftentimes now there aren't enough books available for an *undergraduate paper*, much less for a Master's thesis.

It is unpleasant to have to talk about such a practical thing as *money* when the main topic is higher education. But every drawback to Wake Forest's graduate program seems to stem from a lack of financial resources. Both the faculty and the library could satisfy the needs of a graduate school if Wake Forest only had the money to buy enough books and to hire enough professors.

Of course some people maintain that Wake Forest should *never* become a university. They say we need a strong college in the South. But in some respects—with the law school and the medical school—Wake Forest is already a university. So why put a brick wall about the college's academic horizons and forbid her to break through?

There is a growing need for graduate schools in the United States. Perhaps many Wake Forest graduates, especially those working toward the Ph.D., would rather attend a high prestige school than stay here for their first years of graduate study. But as more people apply for graduate schools, it will become harder for even well-qualified students to get in Harvard, Princeton, or Yale.

And since there is such a strong demand for graduate schools, Wake Forest may be given the financial aid needed to become a university. The government is presently favoring subsidization of new graduate schools rather than additional help for the older, well-established programs. This trend is evidenced by the National Defense Grants, which are offered for graduate work in the relatively new and small schools. So there is no reason to put a lid on the idea of a graduate school at Wake Forest simply because we haven't received the necessary endowment yet.

Where is our vision for Wake Forest? Are we afraid she isn't even potentially good enough to become a full-fledged university?

J. M. B.



Lamp Post
creations

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the student

APRIL, 1960

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the student founded January, 1882, is published six times a year by the students of Wake Forest College.

Office located in Room 224, Reynolda Hall, address correspondence to Box 7287, Reynolda Branch, Winston Salem, N. C.

Printed by Keiger Printing Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

National Advertising representative W. B. Bradbury Co., 219 E. 44th St., New York, N. Y. Subscription rates: \$2.00 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Winston-Salem, N. C.

Between The Lines

With graduation only a month away, seniors are faced with the question, "What next?" For some the answer will be, "Find a job." So Sylvia Cheek has written an article about Wake Forest's placement office, which helps students find jobs during school and afterwards.

For others the answer will be, "More school." In fact, quite a few Wake Foresters are planning to begin graduate study next year. The editor has reviewed the procedures for getting in graduate school. And Saralyn Blanton has investigated the possibilities for a graduate program at Wake Forest.

Dr. Perry's article, "History While It's Hot," deals with the history of our college, and particularly with our relationship to the Baptist State Convention. He points out that the dancing issue of 1957 was not the first time we had had controversy with the Baptists. Dr. Perry has been a history professor here since 1939, and he is himself a graduate of Wake Forest.

The two students involved in the foreign

exchange program have contributed articles reviewing their year abroad. Ulrich Zieten tells about his experiences at Wake Forest, and Dan Jones evaluates his stay in Europe. It is hoped that their accounts will encourage other students to apply for the exchange.

Irvin Grigg took the pictures of "Spring Hits the Campus." For some reason he seemed more interested in the sundeck pictures than in any of the others. He checked with Mr. Griffin to find a way of getting on the roof of Bostwick Dorm; then he climbed up a luggage closet ladder, into the attic, and through a trap door onto the roof. What some people won't do just for a picture!

With this issue of THE STUDENT, the present staff leaves the office to next year's staff. It is a custom for the newly-elected editor to put out the May issue—as practice for the coming year's work. So the staff members relinquish their keys, the unfinished mural, the old engraver's plates, and the untidy files. Goodbye to Pub Row and good luck next year!

the student

VOLUME 75

NUMBER 5

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They Find Us Jobs

A STUDENT IS ONLY hurting himself when he doesn't take advantage of the services offered by the College Placement Office," concludes Jasper L. Memory, its general director.

The Placement Office serves three groups—students currently enrolled who desire part-time work to perform while in college, seniors who desire permanent locations,

and alumni who wish to change positions or type of work. In addition, the Placement Office serves as a clearing house for questionnaires that come to the College from all sources.

Industry in Winston-Salem has been making use of the Placement Office's services. When the new Wake Forest first opened its door, James Grey invited Mr. Memory to a luncheon together with rep-

resentatives of city industry requesting that he tell them what Wake Forest expected of industry in the placement of college students, both in permanent and in self-help temporary jobs. Mr. Memory explained to representatives of Reynolds Tobacco Company, Sears, the Chamber of Commerce, Wachovia, Security Life and Trust Company, and several others the Placement Office's function of providing employer and prospective employee with information about each other.

One representative immediately queried, "Do you have anyone who can write letters in Spanish?"

Mr. Memory answered, "Yes, we have a girl who can write letters in Spanish."

The representative exclaimed, "She's hired."

Sears announced, "We employ fourteen of your students now; we can use forty." Western Electric made a similar statement. It is Mr. Memory's opinion that this incident is typical of the very fine welcome which Winston-Salem businessmen have given Wake Forest and its students. During the past school year the Office connected 79 students with part-time jobs throughout Winston-Salem.

EARLY in the school year the Placement Office arranges a meeting of senior students at which Mr. Memory explains the service which is offered and provides seniors with special forms to be filled out. The forms include a general data sheet and two confidential rating sheets on which two professors are to be asked to record their opinions of the student's character and capabilities. When returned to the Placement Office these forms, along with a photostatic copy of the student's college record, are assembled into a dossier which is kept on file. Thus the Placement Office is able to furnish a prospective employer with immediate general information, references, and college records. General data is compiled of a student's name, major, home town, first, second, and third preference of work desired, work experience, lists of references, hobbies, achievements, and passport-size photo.

Continued on Page 20



Professor Memory dictates a letter of recommendation.



Graduate School

GRADUATE WORK AT WAKE FOREST is not unknown in the history of the College. In 1866 Wake Forest College announced for the first time a plan of study in which one could earn the Master of Arts degree. Under this program the first degrees were awarded in 1871. After World War II, the increase of the enrollment in the undergraduate school so overloaded the faculty that a high quality of work could not be maintained; therefore, in 1949 Wake Forest closed admission to candidates for the Master of Arts degree.

Recently a renewed interest in a graduate program has developed. During the years 1954-56 the College participated in a comprehensive self-study. The survey of the graduate work revealed that before an adequate M.A. program is established, the faculty of the School of Arts and Sciences should be strengthened, the resources of our library enlarged, and adequate financial support for a graduate program assured. As a result of that study the faculty elected the Graduate Council, which is serving as an organizational group responsible for

initiating graduate work at the fit time. From studies made by the faculty comes the factual information of this report.

In order for an educational institution to grant graduate degrees it must have the approval of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools and the North Carolina State Department of Public Instruction. Presently Wake Forest is endeavoring to attain the objective not only of fulfilling the minimum requirements of the standardizing agencies but also of becoming sufficiently strong to offer a program commendable in all academic circles.

Considerable progress is being made. Standard Seventeen of the Southern Association states: "It is desirable that a graduate department should be composed of at least three qualified persons; . . ." A glance at a recent catalogue shows that in almost every department there are at least three faculty members holding the Ph.D. degree. The teaching experience, the research, and the publications of some of these professors already qualify them to offer graduate work.

The North Carolina Conference suggests that twenty-five per cent of the entire faculty membership holding the Ph.D. degree or its equivalent is "a reasonable minimum." In 1958-59, fifty-eight per cent of the Wake Forest faculty held the doctorate while the national average was only twenty-three per cent. This year the Wake Forest percentage has risen to sixty-two. If an institution offers graduate work, it must have an annual per student expenditure for the library "distinctly above the minimum of \$25.00." The 1958-59 expenditure at Wake Forest was \$65.00 per student.

The Southern Association sets a minimum annual educational expenditure per student of \$300.00 where only the bachelor's degree is offered, \$350.00 where there is work at the master's degree level, and \$400.00 where the doctorate is awarded. For the Wake Forest student the 1959-60 educational expenditure is approximately \$410.00.

Standard Five of the Southern Association declares that "The teacher should not be burdened with such a heavy load that his effectiveness as a teacher is impaired by inadequate time for research, for recreation,



What Wake Forest

and for other personal needs." Although some departments of Wake Forest are still overloaded, improvement can be seen in the marked drop of the faculty-student ratio from 1:23 in 1949 when graduate work was discontinued to 1:16 in 1959.

THERE are valid reasons for considering graduate work at Wake Forest. The critical shortage of well-trained teachers in many areas of the country is alarming. Through a Master's Degree program Wake Forest College could help provide qualified teachers for both public schools and junior colleges. For many years about one-fourth of the Wake Forest graduates have become teachers. Of course, it is not assumed that only Wake Forest graduates would attend the graduate school. By and large most of them would go elsewhere to broaden their perspective in their field of study. But for students from other schools Wake Forest would be "elsewhere."

Another reason for graduate school is the valuable intellectual experience that would come from association with the students and the faculty engaged in research. Faculty

members who engage in and direct research are sometimes felt to be more stimulating teachers at both the undergraduate and graduate levels than those not given this opportunity. Furthermore Wake Forest undergraduates would have access to the strengthened library resources needed for graduate work.

The advantages of a graduate school must not obscure the reality of the cost involved in the establishment and operation of such a program. In addition to the financial strength constantly needed for the undergraduate work, further support would be necessary in three areas before graduate work could be resumed. There is a minimum need of five additional faculty members at an approximate total cost of \$40,000 the first year. Another area of increased cost would be the expansion of library and laboratory facilities. The College should spend \$12,000 annually for several years in order to achieve the desired enlarging of the library. A similar expenditure of \$6,000 would enable the science departments to secure specialized equipment for scientific research. The third area of needed financial

aid lies in fellowships and scholarships. Rarely does a student enroll for an academic year of graduate study without some financial support. A sum of \$60,000 would provide a significant number of competitive fellowships and scholarships to attract well-qualified graduate students and teachers in service. On the above scale approximately \$118,000 would be needed for the first year. Unwisely would the College initiate a graduate program without the assurance of financial support. There is now no intention of taking money from the undergraduate program and applying it to the expenses of a graduate school.

Widely voiced public interest in graduate work at Wake Forest College now prevails. Many people speculate about if and when graduate work can be resumed at Wake Forest. In the midst of that speculation the Graduate Council has been conducting a concrete and exhaustive study of the needs and the possibilities of a graduate program at Wake Forest College. ●

—SARALYN BLANTON



Three scholarship winners tell Dean Wilson the good news.

How to Get Your Way Paid

EITHER MORE PROFESSIONS are demanding graduate degrees, or else more students are finding school to be a secure sort of life—at any rate, graduate school is more popular than ever before. But chances are that summer work at the beach or on a construction job won't pay for graduate school tuition, much less for room, board, and books. And yet it's hard to ask the family for support after four years of college. So how does one get in graduate school?

There are countless scholarships and fellowships available for a college graduate. The only problem is finding out about them. And in recent years Wake Forest has instituted a program to help place her seniors in graduate school.

As early as October, Dean Wilson invited to a meeting about graduate fellowships those seniors whose academic records indicated M.A. or Ph.D. promise. He briefed them on the major grants which are available and explained the application procedure. Then each student filled out a card

concerning what and where he wanted to study and what profession he planned to enter.

Within the next week, certain ones of those seniors were invited to an interview by a faculty committee. Some fellowships require nomination by a faculty committee of one's college; others require nomination by at least one faculty member. And even if a student is applying for a grant which doesn't demand nomination, the interview is a good experience—just to give one practice in such things, if for no other reason.

Soon after the interview stage, some students received notices that they had been nominated for a Woodrow Wilson, a Southern Fellowship, a Rhodes, or a Danforth. Most of the other grants could be applied for without nomination.

Then the fun began! Graduate school hopefuls were swamped with application blanks, and they began to wish Wake Forest offered a special course entitled "Filling Out Applications." But in such a course, there would be no way to put off papers

until the last week of the semester, because most fellowships have an early deadline.

Take the Fulbright, for instance. Students received from Dr. Gregory, Wake Forest's Fulbright representative, a frightfully huge pile of application forms. The application for this foreign study grant had to be supported by 4 copies of the application form, 4 copies of a "statement of proposed study," a language report, 4 letters of recommendation by professors, a health certificate, a transcript, 4 photographs of the applicant, plus numerous identification cards. And to make the student's job more interesting, all this material had to be in by November 1st!

The Woodrow Wilson Fellowship didn't allow for procrastinators, either. After a student had been nominated by a faculty member, he had to file the first application form by November 15. And, since the supporting materials had to be in by November 30, not a few seniors spent their Thanksgiving holidays writing a 1000-word biographical sketch for the Woodrow Wilson application. Later, in January, several

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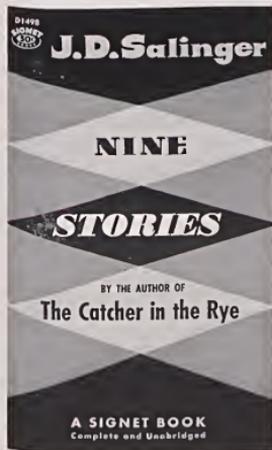
April Review . . .

Nine Stories

by J. D. Salinger

TOO SELDOM DOES A WRITER appear who can communicate the "still, sad music of humanity" in as effective a manner as J. D. Salinger. Too seldom does one find a style as arresting in force as Mr. Salinger employs in his *Nine Stories*. For those who have read and reread *The Catcher in the Rye*, I can say that Salinger's short stories will provide the same delight. He is, in my opinion, one of the most outstanding contemporary writers.

It is a wonderful mystery to me how



one writer has been able to write so successfully about children, adolescents, and Holden Caulfieldish characters. The insight shown in the development of teen-age dialogue and teen-age motivation is exquisitely rare. For the most part, the stories deal with characters under twenty. Mr. Salinger's themes are quite regular. They include insanity, unrequited love, the inability to love (especially the tragic inability of a parent to love a child properly), the "phynness" of life, and inhumanity of humans. Salinger has no use for rose-colored glasses; his focus on life is steady and even—and too often accompanied with a cynical laugh. Moreover, this focus on life is transmitted with unusual clarity because of Salinger's gift of vitality in his words. He gets more meaning out of adverbs and adjectives than many writers get out of complete sentences.

"A Perfect Day for Bananafish" is a story of a man asking meaningful questions about life in an atmosphere of sterility. Sarcasm carries much force; and tragedy, the tragedy of finding no meaningful answers, is also apparent. The tragic aspect of this story is effectively developed by Salinger's use of a little girl, Sybil, whose full-of-lifeness makes the man resent the suffocating sterility even more.

"Uncle Wiggly in Connecticut" has the usual Salinger elements: a mother who doesn't know how to love her child, and a child who, finding her real world devoid of life and feeling, creates an unreal companion with whom she can share affection. The author pointedly portrays a woman who is a failure at marriage and motherhood, and who can only find reassurance in alcohol or the incoherent assuaging of an old college girl-friend. It is pathetic in its truthfulness.

"The Laughing Man" is Salinger's supreme accomplishment in the creation of a world of unreality. The laughing man is the main hero of a story which the leader of the Comanche Club tells to his Comanches. The leader is a law student whose part time job is taking care of about thirty

young men, aged seven to thirteen. A brief description of the laughing man:

"The only son of a wealthy missionary couple, the Laughing Man was kidnapped in infancy by Chinese bandits. When the wealthy missionary couple refused (from a religious conviction) to pay the ransom for the son, the bandits, signally piqued, placed the little fellow's head in a carpenter's vise and gave the appropriate lever several turns to the right. The subject of this experience grew into manhood with a hairless, pecan-shaped head and a face that featured, instead of a mouth, an enormous oral cavity below the nose." "The Laughing Man" is full of allegorical significance not only for the Comanches but for the reader as well. The blending of humor and sadness makes "The Laughing Man" a memorable short story.

If I may be permitted to recommend my favorite, then do read "For Esme—with Love and Squalor." It is a story written for my generation, the generation that lived through a war but remained free from real suffering. There is genuine love and pathetic squalor in this story. It is warm and rich, full of life and meaning for the reader whose sensitivity will not be shocked by realism. The precocious young girl whose vocabulary is so extensive is a masterpiece of character creation. Perhaps Salinger's main theme is expressed in this short story by an American enlisted man who is driven to near insanity by the tensions of war; he ponders, "What is hell? I maintain that it is the suffering of being unable to love." Salinger gives credit to Dostoevski as well as adherence to this powerful idea.

Though Salinger sometimes writes of the "still, sad music of humanity" with a discouraging despair, there is too much gentle and wholesome humor offsetting the cynical and sarcastic humor to make a reader feel gloomy. Salinger does not say people are no damn good; rather he accepts them for what they are, and seems to admonish his readers to enjoy the fullness of life, with the good and the bad. ●

—DON SCHOONMAKER



Dr. Perry

History While It's L

By Dr. Percival Perry

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT, so they say, and for anyone who is lured into reading this article by its flamboyant title expecting an account of the Cuban crisis or the impending Summit Conference written in the language of the off-beat generation, you may find that you have killed an hour to no good purpose. The short title to this paper is designed to catch the eye, but is not enlightening. In true nineteenth century style, there is an explanatory subtitle much more prosaic. The full title is: "History While It's Hot"—or—"Wake Forest College and the North Carolina Baptist State Conventions of 1922 and 1957: A Comparison from the Historical Point of View." Certainly the subject would have been much hotter the day the rough draft was written, November 14, 1957, the day after the Baptist State Convention meeting in Raleigh. Now the subject may be a bit anti-climatic, but if the pot is not boiling, it is still simmering, and with a few other issues thrown in it could begin to boil all over again. It is not the purpose of this article to stoke the fire. In fact, it is exactly the contrary. The article is intended as a case study designed to focus attention on the use of history to explain our immediate and contemporary problems—a preliminary step to wise and practical

solutions.

History appeals to people in different ways. To some it is the irregularities of history that interest them—the oddities, the ironies, the strange quirks which chance sometimes take, or the pranks which chance seemingly plays upon individuals, institutions, and nations. Thus, except for the carelessness of one of Lee's staff officers in wrapping his copy of the battle orders around three cigars and subsequently losing them, the Antietam campaign of 1862 might have been won by the South. In which case Lincoln would have had no early occasion to issue the Emancipation Proclamation, England might possibly have accorded diplomatic recognition to the Confederacy, the blockade would have been broken, the Confederate bid for independence made successful, the Union divided forever, and the whole course of American and world history altered.

Or to take other examples. Except for a bitter denunciatory speech by Alben Barkley against Roosevelt's veto of a World War II tax bill and his resignation as Majority Leader of the Senate, he might have received the nomination for Vice-President in 1944 and have climaxed his career as President rather than as Vice-President of the United States. Or again,

according to the views of some, if James F. Byrnes had not been reared in a Catholic parochial school as a boy and subsequently abjured the faith, a political necessity in South Carolina, he might not have been rejected as a Vice-Presidential candidate by Northern Catholic Democrats in 1944 and have become President of the United States instead of Harry Truman—and what a difference that might have made in subsequent history.

Or consider yet a slightly different type of irregularity—something which ended up exactly the opposite of what it might have been. Around 1890 the Baptists of North Carolina were considering the establishment of a Female University. They were canvassing the state, much as the Methodists and Presbyterians have been doing lately as a result of current Baptist expansion in education, for the best offer from a city which would like to have a Female University located in its midst. The city of Durham, with its expanding tobacco and textile economy in the New South, offered the largest subscription, but the Baptists decided that there were other considerations besides money and that they did not want their school for young women located in such an environment and chose instead the lesser sum and location in Raleigh.

s Hot

It so happened that at that time, Trinity College located in Randolph County had employed a new President, the Reverend John Franklin Crowell, a graduate of Yale University. Crowell accepted his position site unseen and he was so disillusioned by his first look that he decided the first thing to be done was to move Trinity from its isolated Randolph County location to an urban center. Durham, with a subscription already pledged for a Baptist Female University which it had failed to get, now offered the same money to Trinity, with the ironic result that a campaign originally staged to obtain a Baptist college went to obtain a Methodist school. Trinity College moved to Durham in 1892 and in 1924 became Duke University. One cannot help wondering what a "Lucky Strike" it might have been for the Baptists had they been willing to compromise on the question of tobacco and travel twenty-five miles to Durham in 1890 rather than wait half a century and walk 110 miles to Winston for a Camel in 1946.

VERILY, the irregularities of history are legion, and from the advantage points of hindsight, the alternatives sometimes held out for us endow them with a

romantic and captivating appeal. This side of history, "the ifs", leads one into speculation, and aside from the always interesting "what might have been" game of the Monday morning quarterbacks, has little value for us.

There is, however, another side of history which is to some equally enthralling and captivating and withal more practical and useful—that is a study of the regularities of history. Historical regularities are those occasions when history seems to repeat itself, with minor variations, a repetition which one is persuaded stems from like causes and circumstances. Drawing analogies in history can be dangerous, because they imply a point of view which cannot be proved, and yet they can be useful. None of us are prophets or seers, but only by taking an informed guess concerning the future can we attempt to provide order and intelligent action in human affairs. Too often we live only for the day or moment without sufficient reflection upon the past and its relationship to understanding the present or anticipating the future.

This is a view of history with which some may disagree, but it was certainly the view held by those eminent historians of antiquity, the two who probably did more to elevate history to the status of a search for the truth than any others, Thucydides and Polybius. Although one of the things which makes Thucydides' history of the *Peloponnesian War* immortal is its inimitable style, he himself thought of style only as a tool. His primary purpose was to be instructive. The *Peloponnesian War* he recognized as the greatest and most decisive war which mankind had yet suffered, and he thought it should be recorded as a lesson to those who followed and who might seek to avoid such catastrophes in the future. Or to quote his own statement of his purpose:

And very likely the strictly historical character of my narrative may be disappointing to the ear. But if he who desires to have before his eyes a true picture of the events which have happened, and of the like events which may be expected to happen hereafter in the order of human things, shall pronounce what I have written to be useful, then I shall be satisfied. My history is an everlasting possession, not a prize composition which is heard and forgotten.¹

Thucydides and Polybius both regarded history as primarily the handmaiden of statecraft—a guide to statesmen for the future. For those of us who are less prominent in determining the course of events,

it might also be regarded as a syllabus for the present, enabling us to view with greater understanding, and perhaps with more tolerance and less alarm, the crises of the moment. In short, when any problem arises, the historically-minded person inevitably gravitates toward the past in search of origins, similarities, and explanations which will increase his understanding of the problem and make his handling of it more intelligent and satisfactory. With Thucydides' view in mind, let us look at two periods in contemporary history and see if there are indeed any similarities, and given the human species with which we have to work, if like causes produced like results, and what lessons might be learned from them.

THE two periods which I propose to examine are the periods after World War I and II. That there are numerous similarities between the post-war periods should be evident to all. Consider first the nationalism which disrupted Central Europe during and after World War I and the nationalist movements now disrupting the Middle and Far East after World War II. Consider the petty wars which continued after World War I despite its label of being "the war to end wars," and the small wars which have continued after World War II despite the best efforts of the United Nations. Consider the emergence of dictators in a world supposedly committed to democracy after World War I and the emergence of similar dictators after World War II.

But to bring the question more immediately at home, for it is with American history that we are most concerned, consider the elections of 1920 and 1952. In the 1920 election the Republicans having been unable to defeat Wilson on domestic issues in 1916 and being out of office for the longest consecutive period since the birth of the Republican Party skillfully shifted the issue to a question of foreign policy—whether or not the United States would accept the world leadership to which Wilson had called her or would return to her sacred isolationism. By appealing to the prejudice and ignorance of the masses in regard to foreign affairs, the Republicans won an overwhelming victory. In 1952 the Republicans, chagrined and embittered by their failure to defeat Truman in 1948—or really their failure to defeat the Roosevelt ghost—on domestic issues, again shifted to foreign policy. By raising the cry of isolationism and the threat of Communism

¹Thucydides, *The Peloponnesian War*, translated by Benjamin Jowett, in C. A. Robinson, Jr., editor, *Selections from Greek and Roman Historians* (New York: Rinehart & Co., 1957), 64.

—a contradiction which they apparently did not see—they again won the election by appealing to the patriotism, provincialism, prejudices, fears, and frustrations of hero-loving Americans. After the famous statement "I will go to Korea," with its inherent promise to end the war and bring the boys home, there was no question as to who was going to win the election.

On the home front, recall the Communist scare of the 1920's when a series of bombings occurred claiming numerous lives, created a Red Scare that resulted in 556 deportations, many widespread arrests of radical leaders, and culminated in the famous Sacco-Vanzetti trial in Massachusetts in 1920. The ensuing hysteria led to a witch hunt in which Communists were to be seen behind every lump post and entrenched in many college faculties. Compare this with the 1950 hysteria when, according to McCarthy and his kind, Communists had not only honeycombed the churches and college facilities, but the army and state departments as well and were hiding secret information in pumpkins.

Or consider the well known effort to beguile Americans into forgetting world problems with the slogan "Let us return to normalcy" under Harding in the 1920's and the persistent Madison Avenue effort in the 1950's to persuade Americans to relax that all is well with Ike at the helm. Compare again the labor troubles and disputes that have followed both wars, the recurrent depressions in agriculture, the great bull market on the New York Stock Exchange from 1922 to 1929 and from 1952 to 1959, and the scandals in government in both periods.

Viewed from the standpoint of social customs, institutions and amusements, who can fail to compare the jazz age of the 1920's with the rock and roll music of today, or be unfamiliar with the fact that the lost generation has now become the beat generation, or that the former radio soap opera has been metamorphosed by television into the horse opera? Or, of what is of more immediate and serious concern to us all, the realization that the racial strife and intolerance of the 1920's leading to revived Ku Klux Klans have their counterparts in the White Citizens Councils of today.

ALL of this is simply the aftermath of a war. While not the same individuals, it is the same human race, passing through a similar experience as their ancestors, and reacting in much the same way. And this raises a question as to why wars should produce such reactions. None of us would

perhaps agree in toto on an explanation, but I suggest the following partial explanation.

Wars are periods when the philosophy "the end justifies the means" prevails. One may not approve of war as an instrument of national policy; he may not approve of the purposes or mode of conduct of a particular war, but once committed to war all recognize the imperative necessity to win—even at the sacrifice of traditional freedoms and constitutional processes. And of all Americans Southerners should know this better than anyone else. Once victory has been achieved one can resolve to be as magnanimous as a Lincoln or a Wilson—but victory must come first. Unhappily the very demands of the war and the victory when achieved, breeds in lesser minds those twin evils of license and intolerance which it is subsequently so difficult to control. Wilson, a trained professional historian, understood this danger and risk far better than Lincoln, and yet he too failed.

With such a philosophy prevailing as official policy, it is only natural that individuals are inclined or forced to compromise their own habits, views and moral standards. For better or worse, war is both a broadening and a narrowing experience. It is broadening in the sense that it entails removal from familiar haunts and the restraining influence of family, church and friends, a change in accustomed routine and a change in entrenched ideas and ideals. Some of course adjust to this more readily than others. To some the war offers opportunity—opportunity to get a better job, to travel, to escape a nagging wife, or to escape an environment which had little to offer him to one in which he is equal and in many cases superior to others. When the war is over he can never go home again in the sense that he can ever be the same person again. This is more likely the response of youth to war.

But consider the response of the older generation. Their habit patterns are more or less fixed. They have a job, a home, a loving wife, a position in the community. War is to them a disturbing and disruptive influence. Instead of offering opportunity, it merely confounds things. It restricts purchase of products and lowers standards of living, disrupts social life, calls forth greater effort, and necessitates adjustments in conformity to public opinion and the war effort. They tacitly accept the war as a patriotic duty, but mainly they endure the hostilities and a rapid return to the *status quo ante*.

But war is also a narrowing experience, and both groups tend to respond to this. The war is narrowing in that by focusing only on victory it becomes a crusade, with only impatience and intolerance for anything that stands in the way. All American wars have been crusades, and crusades breed fervor for the good to be achieved as well as hate for the evil to be destroyed. And filled with love or hate, when the war is over people join in new crusades to achieve or to condemn.

When the war finally ends the two groups mentioned above come into conflict with each other. The elders are anxious to get things back like they were. They look back longingly to the good old days, deplore the confusion and change the war has brought, shake their heads at those foolish children who married a girl or boy from Minnesota, California, or overseas, manifest a state of alarm at the new found freedom of the lower classes and races, and shudder at the improprieties that have developed in social conventions.

The younger generation, however, is less averse to change. Change in fact is the order of the day. They have broken loose from their moorings and manifest less regard for established institutions. They took seriously the war as a crusade and a mandate to create a brave new world. The military victory is only the beginning—not the end of things, and they must now be about the work of eliminating pre-war evils and restrictions and the building of a new society.

ALL OF THE ABOVE can be seen on the larger scene without much effort. It is sometimes difficult, however, to apply such principles to immediate events or local and personal circumstances. Let us consider now the history of Wake Forest College as affected by World War I and the post-war reaction. World War I was of such short duration that Wake Forest was only briefly disturbed by it, principally in the decline in student enrollment and revenue. War was declared April 6, 1917—only about seven weeks prior to commencement. Against the advice and plea of President Poteat to the students to remain in school, over half of the senior class succumbed to the crusading fervor and volunteered and it appeared that the College might have to close its doors entirely. From this prospect it was saved by the establishment in 1918 of the Student's Army Training Corps which permitted students to continue in college under a plan

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Notes and Measures . . .

THE PRESENT WRITER was asked to describe some of the facets of that curious and frequently misunderstood phenomenon of our culture—contemporary music. It is a curious creature because the music of this age is, in many respects, a radical departure from the tradition of previous centuries. Despite Henry Pleasants' not-so-pleasant diatribe, the composition of serious music did not end with Wagner. One might as well claim, with equal absurdity, that it ended with Beethoven. The listener whose musical spectrum is bounded by Bach and Wagner will be missing many rewarding experiences. The contemporary idiom is no more difficult to understand and appreciate than the music of earlier eras, but it does require the novice to tread slowly until the surroundings become familiar. This fact need not, however, be an insuperable barrier.

One who resorts to generalizations is always on tenuous ground; nevertheless, modernism may be defined as a reaction to romanticism. This reaction has taken many forms, but the essential element is common to all. The fecund seeds of modernism were sown in the latter part of the nineteenth century. It began during the period of the post-romantics Mahler, Bruckner and Strauss who pushed romanticism to rather extreme lengths. They are, however, the precursors of some of the present day neoromantics.

THE first modern school which arose was impressionism, and its two most famous exponents are Debussy and Ravel. Their world is one of the delicate and refined. They try to convey not so much reality *per se* as the emotion which reality evokes. Both wrote superb music for the piano, and in this respect they are almost unique in the twentieth century. The quintessence of Debussy's piano music is to be found in the exotic (and erotic) *Preludes, Images and Estampes*. Walter Gieseking has made the playing of Debussy's piano music practically his special province, and one can enjoy his art on Angel 35066, 35249 and 35065. (Incidentally, the writer makes no claims of infallibility with regard to the recordings listed herein. They will, however, serve as a guide.) In the more extended symphonic and operatic forms one should not miss *La Mer* and *Pelléas et Mélisande*. Van Beinum and Toscanini have

provided incandescent readings of the former (Epic 3464, Victor 1833), while the opera is most fully realized by De Los Angeles, Souzay, Cluytens *et al.* on Angel 3561 c/1.

It is more difficult to single out the works of Ravel, but certainly that master's *Parade pour une Infante defunte, Le Tombeau de Couperin* and *Gaspard de la Nuit* would rank as first-rate music for the piano. (Angel 3541-55 or if you prefer the first two orchestral dress: London 696 and 795.) Ravel's supreme achievement and the consummate product of impressionism is *Daphnis et Chloe* (Mercury 50040 or Victor 1833). This ballet is heard to the best advantage in the full edition.

FOLLOWING closely on the heels of impressionism was the "radical" school of atonalists. The leader of this group was Schoenberg, and his closest disciples were Berg, Krenek and Webern. There is no feeling at all for consonance, and the music tends to be cerebral and acrid. The best introduction to Schoenberg is his *Transfigured Night* (Columbia 5285), but that was written while he was under the influence of Wagner. The *Piano Concerto* (Vox 10530), *Gurre-Lieder* (no recording) and *Pierrot Lunaire* (Westminster 18143) are much more satisfying. (It might be added that the *Piano Concerto* is a perfect vehicle for Glenn Gould, if his Carnegie Hall performance several seasons ago is any indication. Perhaps Columbia can be persuaded.) The best of Berg is his *Violin Concerto*, Angel 35091) and the opera *Wozzeck*. The latter is found on Columbia SL-118 and ranks as one of Mitropoulos' finest achievements. Krenek is accessible through his *Concerto for Violin, Piano and Small Orchestra* (MGM 3218). Webern is best taken in small amounts as the *Six Pieces for Orchestra* (Westminster 18807).

ONE of the most common styles used by composers of this age is neoclassicism which can be so expansive as to include works ranging from Prokofiev to late Stravinsky. Put simply, a neoclassical composition may be of whatever character the composer wishes. It is a question primarily of spirit rather than a fixed, unvarying system. It differs from atonality, therefore, because there is no set tonal format. The neoclassicists have, for the most part, es-

chewed emotional content, and this fact trends most clearly to separate them from their nineteenth century counterparts.

Within the vast framework of neoclassicism there are many prominent composers. The prime contributor to this school, however, is Stravinsky. He was first known as a ballet composer for Diaghileff, and together they made musical news with three early ballets: *The Firebird* (Columbia 4882), *The Rite of Spring* (Victor 2085) and *Petrouchka* (Mercury 50058). They are, with the exception of *The Firebird*, highly sophisticated examples of primitivism in music. Following these Stravinsky sounded the call for neoclassicism in such works as *Pulcinella* (Columbia 4830), a ballet on themes from Pergolesi, *The Story of the Soldiers* (Columbia 4964), *Matra* (no recording), a work dedicated to the memories of Tchaikovsky, Glinka and Pushkin, *Symphony of Psalms* (Columbia 4129 or Angel 35101) and *Oedipus Rex* (Columbia 4644). The last two are closely related, and they mark the high water point of the neoclassical Stravinsky. In most cases the composer has provided the definitive performance.

No discussion of contemporary music would be complete without reference to Bela Bartók, who is one of the most individual composers of this or any other age. His early works show a heavy imprint of Debussy and Strauss. The *Second Suite for Orchestra* (Mercury 50098) is an excellent case in point. It is possible, however, to see in the work the beginnings of a febrile musical mind. Bartók's preoccupation for forty years was research in Hungarian folk music. This close association produced a unique figure. Bartók was able to speak with a new language, and yet his compositions are permeated with this feeling for the style of the folksong. It has become commonplace and even trite to prolixize the work of a composer, the number generally chosen being three. Thus we have, for example, the three main states of development of Beethoven. The same is true with Bartók. He shook off the Straussian influence which marked the early works and emerged in the "middle" period of his composition as a powerful (indeed, awesome) master. Representative examples are to be found in the *Violin Concerto*

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A Chance With Red

By Ray Rollins

THE FIGURE OF A MAN moved slowly down the narrow dirt road-way leading to the ranch house. The figure walked, or stumbled, through fat coils of dust which lazily somersaulted from beneath a heavy truck. The figure seemed at times a mere trick of the dust and the burning sun.

The stifling dust lolled contentedly in the late afternoon sun and refused to settle down again, painting the walls of the once-white ranch house, and mingling with the leaves of scrub orange trees dotting the yard.

Hank and I stood in the ranch yard glinting after the truck struggling toward the county pavement on its way to the warehouse. "Maybe a new hand coming in," Hank said, mopping his adams apple with a gray bandana. "Need all I c'n get. Got a helluva long way to go before all them 'cots are in."

Hank turned and looked out over the acres of apricot trees spread out beyond the bunk house, drooping under the weight of—how many—flatbeds worth of fruit. "Helluva long way," he repeated.

The "figure," now a man, had reached the edge of the ranch yard and was holding on to one of the scrub trees, undecided which direction to take from there.

"Over here, bud," Hank called.

The man flinched and turned loose of the tree. He made quick, unbalanced steps toward Hank, holding his right hand in front of him like a puppy begging for food. The hand shook as if acting of self-accord.

"Dang!" Hank said in disgust. "Another puny wino. I need men, but not that bad. Just dang trifflin' troublemakers."

"Troublemaker, huh?" I asked.

"Yeah. See 'em ever' crop. One of 'em—just one—and you got a whole dang camp gone to pot."

The man came closer, the sole of one shoe broken loose and lapping at the thick dust like a toad grabbing flies. His legs were thin and wobbly and moved with jerky unbalance, spots of skin showing through his greasy denims. The cuffs of his pants draped themselves about his heels.

His face seemed pitifully wadded up as he tried to see against the sun, peering from underneath what may have once been an oversized baseball cap.

"Don't need you, bud, if it's work you're looking for," Hank said abruptly.

The man turned his back to the sun and took off the greasy cap, revealing a mass of tangled, red hair streaming down to his ears. He was a frail little man; his reddish complexion was interrupted with spots of chalky white. Two spindly arms projected loosely from his unevenly torn shirt sleeves. And I wondered what injustice of nature was responsible for such a pathetic specimen as this.

"Don't need nobody?" he questioned. "You mean they . . ."

"Fraid that's right, Red," Hank answered. "Might could've used you earlier. Reckon I got enough hands to do for now."

Hank and I both knew that was a damn lie. Those 18 hard-to-come-by men resting around the bunk house knew it too. They knew also the season was about shot in that part of California. Hank's orchard was the last one in the whole section to reach harvest stage. And he had a bumper crop, the best he could remember. Hank knew full well the odds were against him—the "fruit tramps" were anxious to follow the season northward, especially to find a cooler climate.

"I shore need a job, mister," Red pleaded. "If that means anything. I shore promise I'dt do a good job if'n you'd gimme the chance. Ain't they somethin' . . .?"

"Where you been working, Red," Hank demanded.

"Nuthin' ragler, jist a lot o' odd jobs 'nuff to keep me goin. But hi need more'n 'at now. Hi gotta git some money, mister. Hi gotta go home, and hi can't 'bout money. Sump'n pers'nal come up. Honest mister, I'll work harder'n hany man you got."

The man's plea seemed even more urgent than the words he spoke, and I wanted to tell Hank, "Go ahead, Hank, give 'im a try."

"Red," Hank said. "If I give you a try and you go cross me up, dangified if I don't wuff hell outa you. Now go on over and

find yourself a spot. Bunk house may have room, but don't crowd nobody."

"Note sir," Red spat, "hi won't cross you up. The yart'll be fine for me." And Red scooted across the yard.

"Dan," Hank said to me, "I'm taking one helluva chance, letting him stay. Dang anemic wino probably hadn't even GOT a home. Hang around cheap bars lookin' for handouts, rotting in two-bits a night back rooms, groveling around in a mess of liquor slime from one day to the next. Sleepin' with toothless old scrag. Cussin the world. Dang dazed fools don't know what decency means. When they can't get two bits for the next dram of wine, they get themselves put in jail. Dang right. They got it made in jail, 'cept they gotta keep sober. They get out, same dang thing, soon's they get a little money in their pockets. Work one day, loaf a day, who knows."

"That's how they get, like Red. All palsied and spastic. Not worth a damn, 'cept to make trouble."

"Maybe Red's different," I ventured.

Hank smiled knowingly. "Maybe," he said. "And if he ain't, what've I got to lose —just the whole dang crop, that's all. But I need men. Every dang man around that's able to climb a ladder. One man times 15 days means a lot. That's why I'm gonna take a chance with Red. In spite of the fact that all 18 of these fruit tramps will cut out the least thing goes wrong they don't like. Too dang hot here in Winters."

"It's plenty hot," I agreed, wondering just what the devil I was doing in such a place anyway, playing the role of fruit tramp. And at a little unheard of place called "Winters." Winters, at 115 degrees!!!

"Hen-ry," a feminine voice called down from the porch of the ranch house. Hank turned toward the house, grinning at his flowerly dressed wife, tapping on the dinner bell with her wooden doody ladle.

"Heard that, huh boy? 'Henry,'" Hank said, winking at me. "Means now, or she'll toss it out to the pups." And he strolled off toward the ranch house, glancing back. "See what you can do to help ole Red get set up," he asked.



"Sure thing," I agreed, proud to be obliging. Hank was a great guy. Big outdoor fellow. Might have been a football player a few years back. Or maybe a cowboy, more likely, the way his long legs were bowed. He walked like in the movies, the outside of his heels digging in.

Sure young to own such a prosperous ranch. Seemed like he really had it made. He said himself this was a \$45,000 crop. But he worked harder than any fruit tramp on the place. Yeah, ole Hank was alright.

I walked over to the sparse grove of orange trees by the bunk house where some of the men had set up outside living quarters. Apricot crates were turned bottom

side up, stacked two or three high to make a table. Other crates were shelves of pork and beans and sardines and the makings of brunswick stew.

Two men were sitting across a table from each other busily eating crackers and kidney beans.

"Hello," I said to them as I passed.

They looked at me with hound-dog eyes and nodded.

I was careful to walk around their beds, laid out on the ground beside their tree, put together out of brush and leaves and tow sacks.

Another man was swinging an axe with one hand to break up limbs of dead wood

into kindling. I looked around and didn't see Red anywhere. Suddenly something hit my arm and I jerked around and saw a piece of wood fall to the ground.

"Careful with that axe," I called, and looked down at my scratched arm.

"Shoulda been yer head," he sneered. "Knock some o' that silly stuff out of it."

I glared at him, noting how he balanced the axe in his hands, and walked off.

A man lay stretched out on his side on the ground, his head resting on an arm. He raised his head as I walked past his feet, and slowly put it down again. Nearby, a wrinkled aluminum pot steamed over a fire pitted in the ground. The steam was the strong odor of coffee.

"Smells good," I commented, but got no answer. I walked on among the trees.

Another man knelt over a fire, his back to me. I smelled fish. "Fish, how the devil did he get fish?" I walked around him and took a look into the frying pan resting over the fire on a grate that looked something like old plow parts.

"Say, some fish you got there," I said in honest admiration.

The old man looked up and grinned, his dirty gray hair mopped about his head and falling into his eyes.

"Yep," he agreed. "Caught 'em m'self."

"Caught 'em?"

"Yep, dern shore did. Caught 'em in uh crick ov' they." He gave the fish a loving turn with a whittle down stick. His eyes sparkled like he'd found a gold mine.

"You mean in that frigation canal?"

"Canal, crick, same thing, comes to catchin' fish. Jis' gotta know how to ketch 'em, sonny."

"Guess so."

"Set down 'n hev some. Shoot, sonny, they's plenty."

"Thanks a lot. Looks mighty temptin', though. One thing I *would* like and that's you to tell me what everybody's so het up about. It's like they hate me f'r somethin'."

"Wal, sonny, I reckon they figger yer a sissy briches. Taint nuthin you done."

"But in the field—and yesterday—they were OK then."

"Wal, I tell ye, sonny. Might's well know. I heerd some uv 'em say they seed you wuz up smootin' with the boss, butter talkin' 'im. Got im to take on that dern wino."

"Damn lie! Hank needed him."

"Simmer down . . . no sense . . ."

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spring



Who said spring starts in March?
We still had snowball fights,
and snow women, and snow on
top of modified Georgian
trash cans.



the



hits

But April brought the season when students take their lunch out on the patio, and couples run through broom straw . . .

campus





... and girls lie on the sun deck (and play bridge), and lawn mowers grind away under classroom windows ...



. . . and afternoons in the library
are sacrificed for afternoons
on the tennis court . . .



. . . and the stone
wall by the lake
is occupied.



... Now I'm in a beer hall in downtown Munich. We're celebrating our splitting up. There are about 10 Fulbrights here and everyone is leaving town tomorrow for Egypt, Turkey, Greece, Spain, England, and Switzerland. I'm acting like an orphan by sneaking off in a corner to finish this letter.

The atmosphere here is very interesting. The decorations of the March Beer Celebrations are still up. They celebrated the opening of the new kegs, and how they do celebrate! We were in Schwabing—night clubbing—last night.

Religion becomes more living for me every day as I become more a part of it. Europe has afforded for me an opportunity to discover myself and the meaning of religion—not as confined by the church but as a real part of this human existence. Somehow this revelation has come about strangely enough through the Catholic Church.

I am really looking forward to resuming my study at Wake Forest next fall. I believe now that I am finally ready to begin my study.

Must get back to the gang . . .

Berlin Was My Proving Grounds

EUROPE—A RARE experience and new opportunity.

Many reasons make people aspire to see Europe. Mine could be summarized in three words—studying, traveling, and learning. Each is important in its own way, and the year would be incomplete without any one. With one half of my year abroad gone, I shall try to show how I have fulfilled my aspirations to learn, study, and travel.

Study in the form of bookwork has been somewhat limited for me. I have learned to read on my own and seek material for reading. But I can say that it is more difficult than the study system I was accustomed to and no doubt more profitable.

Now I have begun to compare the American educational system with the European. I cannot evaluate this year of study with quality points. As learning at Wake Forest cannot justly be translated into quality points, then my year abroad is equally or even more incapable of a quality point evaluation.

The true value lies in the development of mental capacities—thinking, criticizing, and analyzing. At Wake Forest I worked the same as I had in high school and left no time for personal thinking. Europe has afforded me the time and situation for unlimited thought. And not only have I had time for thinking, but I have gained a new perspective for thinking.

I was given the opportunity to leave the South and discover how it ranks with other areas of the world. The climate of opinion which I grew up in was not changed or

challenged by my two years in college, and thus Europe was to be my trying, testing, and proving grounds for the shaping of many new opinions.

I was very resentful of my home and college for their narrow bonds and their stumbling over trivialities. However, I found out soon that most of these things could be made up for in my own mind by opening my eyes. Thus I was better able to understand my home and college by realizing that I was the one who was remaining confined by fundamentalism and provincialism.

BERLIN was my proving grounds. I lived in a society in which there is no moral stigma attached to drinking alcohol, and in which men and women students are respected enough to be allowed to study completely on their own as well as to live in the same dormitories together.

The position of religion in the lives of the people is altogether different. Here the Bible is not the sword or shield for the community, but emphasis is also given to the masters of philosophy and history. Kant and Hegel command the attention of a large part of the intellect in a beer hall debate or a "Sunday School discussion."

Being face to face with Communism daily in Berlin and while traveling through East Germany and Czechoslovakia gave me an interest in this new way of life under Communist control.

In Berlin I heard the expression "freedom of the mind" and it became to me a challenge to find out the meaning behind

it—the reason 300-400 men *daily* cross into West Berlin from Communist control. Just what is this freedom of thought? I felt that I too was seeking this, and the bonds of my society were prohibiting me just as the Communist control limits and attempts to control the thoughts of men.

There was only one major difference—my society does allow me the privilege to learn to think for myself, and in a Communist society one is not only told not to think his own mind but he is told what to think. Here I have been able to think about Wake Forest's attitude toward education, religion, and politics. This made me believe that one should not attempt to choke a striving for truth in defense of its mechanism or rather its methods of search.

My position in Germany gives me the opportunity to look fairly objectively at the United States in relation to Europe and especially Berlin. Then I can step across the border and read what East Berlin has to say about the exploitation of American capitalism and how it has corrupted the once happy West Berlin.

IN further evaluation of the junior year abroad I would like to return to the preparations. My two years of German study were not adequate or at least were not learned well enough to be adequate. I also lacked an understanding of the Catholic Church, which is a very important factor in the European way of life. But even beyond this I found my knowledge

Oh - Strange America

ULRIK—JULRICK—ULLRICK—and many other spellings I found for my name. But believe me that not only you had a hard time calling my name. Who was Bill? Was this Joan or John—but we knew each other, we were friends.

Wake Forest College—I never saw so many friendly people at one place. Everyone said "Hi" and talked to me. "You are the exchange student from Berlin, is that right?" And then came an explosion of questions.

But I was asked not only questions about Germany or my impression of Wake Forest. There was one particular office which gave me a hard time. Questionnaires. Questionnaires. The officers were spread all over the campus to fight with us about courses I wanted to take. I think if I had not had a German major as my roommate and guardian

of history, politics, economics grossly inadequate for European study.

People come to Europe to study the culture, and I, too, quickly became a "culture hound," to borrow a term the German students have for American students. My love of music guided me to the opera houses in West and East Berlin as well as in Rome, Venice, Leipzig, and Munich.

Slowly have I gained an appreciation and understanding for art—especially the works I saw in Rome, Venice, Florence, and Ravenna. The masterpieces of Tintoretto, Rubens, Michaelangelo and Giotto communicated to me the spirit of the human mind which unites all mankind and keeps men striving to express their minds and souls. No longer were churches, monuments and buildings only to be observed architecturally but as expressions of the divine from within man.

This appreciation of art is the culmination of my travels and my learning, and I feel it shall continue to influence my outlook on life for my coming years of formal study and my learning throughout life. ●

—DAN JONES

I would never have finished this operation. But we found some courses. Management and the English language interested me most. It was hard in the beginning to understand the professors because of my bad English. The professors were very kind in helping me understand. And a speech course helped me a lot to speak English.

Very soon the German office became my second home. I had to teach the German labs, which I enjoyed. Often the students had a hard time reading my handwriting when I corrected papers for Professor O'Flaherty. But first I had to read their writing, which was not easy, either. Dictionaries and my roommate helped me find out what the students wanted to say. One translated literally, "... and shot the bull." I corrected him saying it was illegal to hunt bulls in Germany.

Shooting bull and pool was what I did when I spent a free hour with my Delta Sig friends. They invited me to be their guest any time in their house. They took care of everything—even for my first blind date, and they saw that I got a car to pick up my date. They showed me how to shoot pool, how to celebrate an American party with Coca Cola and potato chips, and gave me instructions about dating.

WAKE Forest coeds were a problem in themselves. I never saw so many white socks before, and it took me a long time to get used to it; I think they are not too charming. When I saw for the first time the "traffic" at 11:55 on a Saturday night I was really amazed. Cars, cars, couples, couples. The farewells were so affectionate that I thought all Wake Forest males must have been going to war the next morning. I learned that it was illegal for girls to go in slacks on a Sunday but that you can kiss your girl in front of her house mother till 11:59. And I got used to the "American strong water" which you call beer. Oh—strange America!

Something new and exciting was the social life on the campus. We don't know campuses like yours here in the states. So I participated in as many things as possible.

On my reports home about basketball games I got so excited that my mother asked me in one letter: since when did I play on the Wake Forest team? When Chappell shot the last basket against Maryland I nearly fainted, and when we won the game against Carolina I ruined my battery blowing my horn when I went downtown to celebrate our victory. In Berlin I heard about the Wake Forest sports spirit and that this college has good sports teams. I saw how true this is. When I saw the 14 tennis courts I knew that I would start to play tennis again. So I bought a racket made in Japan (it was cheaper). Now if somebody looks for me I have a class or else he will find me on the tennis courts.

Besides all this life on campus, Winston-Salem clubs kept me busy with invitations. From PTA to the Fun-After-Five-Club, I was invited to all kinds of organizations to give speeches. There my speech course helped me a great deal. I learned so much about speaking that Dr. Shirley put me on the team for the Southern Speech Association Convention. It made me very proud that I could represent Wake Forest in after-dinner speaking.

Often I was asked when I would go back. I like it here so much that I don't look forward to that day; I wish I could stay. You Americans are so friendly and you live in such a wonderful country that I will have a permanent desire: come back. So that I'll not be alone back in Germany, I'll take my roommate Dale Bridgewater with me. He will study for one year at the Free University of Berlin.

I remembered my daddy at home; he could understand my wish for a car and mailed me the money. So now I'm very happy about my "blue baby on 4 wheels" which I hope will carry me to the other side of the continent. After my year here in Wake Forest I will travel all over the States.

Few weeks are left before I leave. I hope that this is not the last time I'll see you. Don't forget to call me if you are abroad. I'll see you! ●

—ULRICH ZIETEN

They Find Us Jobs

Continued from Page 3

The Placement Office maintains separate files for those who do wish aid in obtaining work and for those who have other immediate plans. Mr. Memory adds that it is to a student's advantage to fill out and return the forms, and he points out that the Placement Office receives requests from credit agencies, mission boards, and the F.B.I. for information about former students.

The active file is arranged according to a student's first professional choice, and these students may expect specific calls for specific jobs. For example, Shell Oil Company, desiring to interview prospective accountants at Wake Forest, would communicate with Mrs. Jessie Crosswhite, assistant placement director, giving essential information such as positions offered, qualifications, salary range and asking for thirty minute interviews with each applicant. Mrs. Crosswhite would arrange a suitable date for the interviews, condense the received information and send it to those students who desired positions as accountants. Interested students may come by the Office and arrange for an interview by writing their names on a list posted on the office bulletin board. This bulletin board is located to the left as one enters the Placement Office. The Office itself is on the main level of Reynolda Hall in the north-east wing along with the Education Department offices. Its facilities include three small rooms partitioned off from the main office in which interviews take place.

Students are free to drop in during the day Monday through Friday and Saturdays until noon to sign up for interviews or to browse among the mass of materials about employment displayed on the large table in the middle of the office to see what they might be interested in.

Notices of all scheduled interviews are mailed each month to those students who are registered with the Placement Office. A listing of agencies to appear on campus appears regularly on the main bulletin board in Reynolda Hall, in Old Gold and Black, and in Cross Campus. Students who have signed up for interviews are reminded of their appointments by postal cards a few days before the date of the interviews.

"Students certainly should take advantage of the recruiting programs, get in on the interviews," Mrs. Crosswhite feels. "Many students just don't realize what the Office has to offer, I suppose," she said. "Once

they come by for an interview, they find out it isn't so bad."

"You'd be surprised at the change in students as they get used to being interviewed," she remarked. "They develop poise, confidence."

"ONE thing I want to point out, the Placement Office is not strictly for the business department. Some students feel that it is, since many companies do interview business majors. But the service is for everybody. Many agencies are looking for candidates with any degree."

Last year the Placement Office conducted recruiting programs for 81 agencies and arranged for 767 student interviews. Out of a graduating class of 392, there were 257 students listed with the Placement Office. Of the students (146) actively participating in the recruiting program, there was an average of 5.2 interviews per student. How many students actually were accepted for employment has not been determined, but early tabulations showed that each participating agency had accepted for employment at least one 1959 graduate each. Twenty-six former students were referred to 130 companies.

When the current school year is over, approximately a hundred different agencies will have interviewed Wake Forest students. Already this year students have been made offers of jobs. For example, one boy has been offered three jobs, each described as "very good," from textile concerns.

When Professor Memory first came to Wake Forest in 1929 as professor of education, part of his duty was to help teachers secure positions. At that time there was no formal placement office. As students other than those looking for teaching positions began to come by the education office seeking information about jobs, the education department set up and maintained files of those students desiring help. When the School of Business Administration was organized, a specific service was set up and called the College Placement Office. Mr. Jasper L. Memory has retained general supervision of the office, while his assistant Mrs. Jessie Crosswhite directs the actual recruiting. Mr. Memory is quick to praise the job which Mrs. Crosswhite is doing. Mrs. Crosswhite reports that the number of company representatives on campus is picking up every year and that the Placement Office hopes to keep pace with the demands which the students make on it. ●

—SYLVIA CHEEK

. . . Your Way Paid

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of those applicants were invited to an interview at Woman's College by the regional chairman, Richard Bardolph, and a committee of men from scattered universities were processed in a similar way.

But the Southern Fellowships Fund had a different method of choosing its winners. As soon as the faculty committee made its nominations, the candidates had a personal interview with Robert Lester, the executive director of the fund; and he picked out certain students who would be eligible to apply for a Southern.

AT the same time as they were applying for graduate fellowships, seniors also had to apply to the graduate schools of their choice; for even a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship doesn't carry automatic acceptance to any particular school. And while they were writing universities, many students applied for scholarships or teaching fellowships which are awarded by the individual schools. Most students prefer a scholarship so that they can pursue their studies with undivided attention. But there is one definite advantage to a teaching fellowship: one already has some teaching experience when he completes the graduate program, even though it takes longer to earn the Ph.D.

Some fellowships have the stipulation that a student be interested in the teaching profession. This is true of the Woodrow Wilson and the Southern; yet there are grants available in almost all areas of graduate study. Thus it is important that students have some defined purpose for their study and that they know which fellowships are offered in their field. Dean Wilson has been very helpful in informing seniors about the particular grants for which they are eligible. In February he called another meeting of seniors to tell them about the National Defense Grants which may be obtained through certain universities throughout the country, and he also explained the M.A.T. program for students

who want to teach in secondary schools but who want graduate work as well.

Since Wake Forest has taken an active interest in graduate school preparation—informing students about the various grants, interviewing promising students, giving the Graduate Record Exam and the Miller Analogies Test on this campus—more and more Wake Foresters have received graduate fellowships. This year alone, three Woodrow Wilsons, four Southerns, two Danforths, several National Defense grants and teaching fellowships have been awarded to Wake Forest seniors. And there may still be more awards which have not been announced yet. With a knowledge of what grants are available, with a fairly good academic average, and with enough initiative to struggle through countless pages of application forms, a Wake Forest senior has an excellent chance of getting his way paid to graduate school. ●

—JANET BINKLEY

Notes and Measures

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(Columbia 5283), *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta* (Westminster 18237) and the six string quartets. The *Violin Concerto* and the quartets stand as the sublime masterpieces of the twentieth century, although there is little here to delight nineteenth century ears. One critic has called the string quartets the greatest works in that medium since Beethoven.

Bartók returned to a more accessible style in the later years, capping his work with the *Concerto for Orchestra* (Mercury 50033, London 1632, Columbia 4973 or Victor 1934) and the *Concerto for Viola* (Bartók 309). The *Concerto for Orchestra* is one of the best roads by which to reach an understanding of Bartók. It would not be overstating the matter to say that Bartók's major compositions are the *sine qua non* of a twentieth century record library. ●

—CHARLES WARWICK

A Chance With Red

"No sense, hell! What's so bad about Red, anyway? Why don't you give 'im a chance 'fore you go . . ."

"Hold on, sonny. Jis' hold on. Maybe he ain't bad. I ain't gon' deny out of it. But he ain't like us, sonny. An' you ain't neither, furs 'ats co'cerned. But 'em winos'll steal ye last biskit. And kick ye to boot. Won't do you no good to go sidin' with 'im.

"Sidin' with 'im? Against who? Ain't these others winos too?"

"Not by a dern sight, they ain't, sonny. Ho, no, no, no! Not by a dern sight. They's a heap o' difference twixt a ragler wino and a fruit tramp. We're fruit tramps, 'ats what. We feller the fruit, work ragler and do a hones' job. Dern winos aint even fit to sleep with hogs."

"Where'd Red go?" I demanded.

The old man pointed silently to the far end of the grove.

ONE afternoon Hank walked through the orchard where the men were at work. Red was in the row next to mine and I would see him scurrying up and down his ladder like a squirrel storing up nuts for the winter.

"Ho-how'm Hi doin', Mr. Hank?" Red asked, tickled that Hank was taking note of his efforts, as he ran over and emptied his bucket into one of the heavy crates.

"Dang good job, Red," Hank responded, with an amused smile.

"Th-thank y-you," Red stood there for a moment, his shaking hand running up and down in front of his face like a toy monkey on a string. "K-keepin' right up, hain't Hi, mister Hank?"

"Sure thing, Red, doing a dang good job," Hank repeated.

"Th-thank you, mister Hank, gon't do m' best." And Red started jerkily back up his ladder, his bucket clanging against the rungs. "To't' you I'd do it. Yeah, to't' you Hi would."

"Ole Red gonna kill himself," I told myself. "He's just gonna dry up in this sun and float to the ground with those apricots that got too ripe and full of juice the sun just drained 'em dry." But he kept up his spasmodic pace.

When the quitting bell rang, the men left the trees and filed to the bunk house and the orange grove. The men's shirts were sweat-soaked and in places the sweat had dried up, leaving only powdery white rings in the cloth. Each man walked alone and was silent. God, how hot it was! And the night before had been no help. The heat

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remained. And the days would only get hotter. "How long, how long was such heat, such dulling heat bearable?" I wondered. And I know each of the others must be pondering the same question. But this was only the beginning. And they knew that too.

The men plopped themselves on the ground against the bunkhouse wall in the shade. They began untying their shoes and fanning themselves with their hats.

"This is no damn good," one of the men said, his sun-reddened eyes shining through his streaked, baked face. "I'm for moving on to sunthin' cooler. Pears ripenin' up past Bakersfield. This damn Sacramento must be the hottest place in California. What the hell we doin' stickin' here? Ten hours a day in this heat?"

"I can stick it out if that red-headed wino can," one man vowed.

"Me, too."

"Well, we won't wait long if we're waitin' on him. He won't make it another day."

All the men laughed, and one of them tossed a stick at Red, who sat alone over to one side.

"Git up, ye damn wino, and show us how much sassiness ye got."

"Yeah, chop up some wood so we can cook supper. Bout your turn anyhow."

"Yeah, git up. Chop some wood."

"Yeah."

And Red stood up, his hand shaking doubly fast in his contorted position.

"Jist hold on to the axe, Red, that hand'll do the rest."

Red walked to the woodpile and picked up the axe, and began swinging away at the blocks of wood. It wasn't his turn to chop wood for the bunk house; he didn't even sleep in the bunk house.

The pile of firewood continued to stack up long after the jest was over and the men had scattered to their own places.

"Put it down, Red," I told him. "How long you think you can keep it up? Let's go see if we can catch some of those fish like Pap got the other day."

66 **W**HAT YOU WORKING so hard for, Red," I wanted to know, as we sat on the edge of the canal. "It's plain you ain't been doing it till you came here."

"Y-you right, Dan," he answered. "D-Didn't think I had a reason to. G-Got one now though."

Red was holding on to one of the two fishing poles we had borrowed from the barn, but he seemed to forget even where he was, and the end of the pole dipped into the water and created a little waterfall in the current.

"Hi'll mount to sun'thin'," he said suddenly, and I looked up. But I realized he wasn't talking to me. He was staring into the mud. He leaned his head out over the edge of the water.

"See that," he said. "That's me down there. In that mud. Know how I got there? Porsnickety woman o' mine put me there. Naggin' little hussy. Always wantin' somethin'—more'n I could git. How could I hep my job ditn't pay much? She shoulda knowed. But she made fun o' me—said I couldn't do no better. Well, I couldn't. She shoulda knowed better'n to jibe at me. Guess she's learnt.

"Hi got kicked out of a job fer drinkin', that wath. Twouldn't my doin'—hit was hers. An' I tuck off an' left her with it, boy 'n all. More'n a year now."

He balled up the fist of his right hand and shook it at his reflection. "Git out," he demanded. "Git out." He looked over at me, then held out his fingers stiffly in front of him. There was only a slight shake.

"What now, Red?" I asked. "You goin' back?"

Red slowly reached into his back pocket and took out a brown wallet, moldy and pressed flat. He unfolded it and took out a piece of paper, torn from a newspaper. He handed it to me.

"That's a paper from Edneyville. That's whar hi'm frum. Got hit at newsstand. Got hit ragler, to see whut wuz goin' on. See that, that's my boy."

The scrap of paper was a picture of a little boy, swathed in bandages, being comforted by a frail, sad woman.

"That's my boy," he screamed. "And she's the one that made me leave him."

Word under the story told of an accident in a cheap tenement section and of weeks of hospitalization, of a situation of despair, of the fact that the little boy would be placed in a foster home a month later.

"A foster home! Ya see that! They hain't gon' take my boy away from me. Hi'm gon' home. Hi'm gon' hev some money to take keer uv him. Hi'm gon' take keer uv my boy myself."

Red's whole body shook convulsively as he dropped his head into his crossed arms where he sat. And then he sat motionless.

AT hunch time two days later, Hank was visitin' with the workers as they rested around the bunk house. He was

saying in a way how he appreciated the men staying on, and it was easy to see he was worried. Crop half gattered, but that wasn't enough. Still half a crop left. And the heat was getting worse. The talk of leaving was increasing. And Hank must have sensed it. I wanted out myself, and I thought—I must not have good sense not to tell him. But he had told me one day, "Don't leave, boy. You leave, one person leaves, and they ain't no holdin' them people. I can't blame 'em. This heat is a killer. But look at them trees. More fruit than I ever seen. I been waitin' for this year. I been countin' on it . . ."

"M-mister Hank," Red blurted out. "Hi shore need a pair shoes." He held up a foot as evidence. His toes stuck out and the bottoms were nearly gone.

"Looks like you do, Red," Hank laughed. "Mister Hank, they hain't nothin' hi'd want better'n to be able to walk around decent-like. Hi ebem git tangled up in the ladder sometimes. Hi been lookin' foward to gittin' some shoes since I been here. Thas th' fir' thang hi'm gittin' soon's hi leave. 'Imagine how 'ats gonna look."

"Sure takes imagination for that, Red," Hank teased. And the others appreciated the humor.

"Tell you what, Red," Hank began. "If these men won't mind you havin' a special privilege, you can have your shoes now. Whatta you men say, think Red oughta have some shoes?"

The men laughed loudly.

"Guess shoes'll do fer a beginnin'."

"Take more'n shoes to make Red look decent."

"Git 'im a new face, while yer at it."

And there was more laughter.

"Tell you what, men," Hank said. "Any of you need some things from town, I'll send Dan in to get them, since he's got a car, and Red can go along and get his shoes."

The men liked the idea and eagerly gave me their orders. Hank supplied the money for everything except Red's shoes. He gave Red a \$10 bill.

Hank ushered me into his office on one end of the porch and gave me instructions: Take Red into town and let him out. Tell him what time to meet you, but don't keep tabs on him—strictly on his own. If he gets drunk instead of buying shoes, it's his choice. No lectures.

"And what if he does get drunk?"

"Bring him back."

"But . . ."

"I'm gonna be responsible long as he's on my payroll."

It seemed pretty stupid to me. Yes sir,

just let the other men see Red drunk. Or even know about it. They'd like a drink or two themselves, but they haven't had this special privilege of goin' to town. My God, they'd quit in a minute.

But why should I think he would drink? No sir, of course Red wouldn't get drunk. Those shoes. The little boy. Hell, no, of course he wouldn't.

RED met me back at the car at 5 o'clock sharp, as promised. He was standing on the opposite side of the car as I approached.

"Let's see 'em, Red," I called.

Red started slowly around the car, his face expressionless. I waited. Suddenly his face assumed a broad grin and he stuck out his foot: a brand new pair of shoes.

"Hi got 'em, Dan. Hi tolt' you hi wouth." "Let's get back and show the others," I said, with a warm feeling of pride. "Hop in."

As Red climbed in among the packages I smelled alcohol. I took a deep breath to be sure.

"Red." I was looking at him squarely. His head dropped and he brought up his right hand. The hand trembled.

"Hi bought the shoes . . ." he said weakly. I could say nothing. The saliva in my mouth suddenly dried and there was only a bitter taste.

"Hi jis' had some change lef' over. Jis' had one, hon'es."

"Take this chewin' gum," I demanded. "The whole pack. And don't you say a damn word about this, or I'll . . ." The trip back to the ranch was a long one.

THE next two days Red worked harder than he ever had before. The other men admired him and they encouraged him when he repeated he had definitely given up being a wino. Red liked this new treatment and he seemed happy. But he wanted to keep repeating his explanation to me.

"But you don't owe me an explanation, Red," I told him. "You're doing fine. You're looking much better. You've lost the shakes. And you're a good worker. Your wife and boy'll be proud of you."

The work would be finished in four more days, five at the most. Every day was becoming more and more an endurance test, each hour in the sun more grueling, each hot night more disheartening. The men swore less frequently but more bitterly. Each man was waiting for the other to make the first move. The tension was as obvious as the heat. One spark, one move . . . Hank held his breath. His concern showed in his face, in his actions. He was scared.

A lot was still at stake.

THAT afternoon, mid-afternoon, the tranquility of the orchard was interrupted by a bellow, "I'ma no jockoss. I'ma no wear harness. Vat you tink, I'ma looka likea jockoss? I'm no jockoss."

The men came from the trees as if on cue. They ran to see what was happening. There was Dominica, the quiet, fat little Italian, snorting like a mad bull and gestulating wildly.

"I'ma da humana beana," he roared. "Harnessa madea for de jockoss. I'm quitta disa placea." His black eyes were blazing beneath his coarse brush of eyebrows.

"But it's important, Dom," Hank said quietly, but the enraged Italian drowned out his words, repeatedly yelling, "I'ma no jockoss."

I knew what Hank was trying to say. The others did too. He had said it before, and it had seemed reasonable at the time. Simply, to use a shoulder strap for the bucket so as to pick with both hands. Faster. Easier handling, too, in climbing up and down the ladders. But the leather straps were added heat. The killing heat.

The men were listening as Dominica ranted, "I'ma quitta disa placea. Isa too dama hoto to play de jockoss. I thinka we alla shoulda quitta. Isa too mucha. You get da jockoss to picka da apricota."

The men stood in the burning sun, the leather straps pressing heavily against their sweat-soaked shirts, the dust filling their nostrils, the sun baking their skin, blistering the buckets that rested in the shape of new moons against their stomachs.

They looked at each other. They tugged at their straps as the little Italian gave his own a haughty fling into the sun-parched earth.

"What you saya?" he challenged. "You gonna be uh da jockoss. Isa stupida de work lika disa. Isa bettera somewhere elsa."

Hank was motionless. He dared not move. He said nothing. He dared not. Each man seemed ready to follow the next.

One of the men stepped forward. It was Red. He looked at the Italian silently for a moment. Then he walked over, picked up the bucket and began replacing the spilled apricots. Slowly, deliberately he walked toward Dominica. He pushed the bucket straight forward in front of him.

Hesitantly, Dominica took it, then looked around at the faces of the men. He made an unexpected gesture toward the fruit-heavy trees. "Letsa geta da work," he said gruffly. He put the "harness" back over his shoulders.

A few minutes later, I heard Hank say, "Thanks, Red."

And Red answered, "Shore like these shoes, mister Hank."

Friday came. The men milled around the well shed, waiting their turn to be called into the office. The trees beyond the bunk house were barren, naked in the bright sunlight.

AN hour later, I was driving the long clean stretch of highway toward Sacramento. I already missed the ranch. But part of it was with me—Red. I was taking him by the bus station in Sacramento. He was going home. Money in his pocket for his family. He seemed like a child waiting for Santa Claus.

"Hi'm gon' see my boy. My wife and boy. Hi'm gon' see that boy has ever'thin' he needs. They haint nuthin gon' take me 'way frum 'em agin. No more o' they drinkin' fer me. I can just see that boy now, rummin' roun' the house. Settin' on my knee."

Red was bouncing around in the seat as he talked. And he talked, repeating himself often, and with the same delight each time, the full 20 miles to Sacramento.

I pulled the car to a stop near the bus station, dreading to see Red go. I wished him good luck and drove quickly away.

At the corner, I stopped for the traffic light. As I waited I looked back. Red was standing by the bus station entrance, holding the door partly open. He let it close slowly and stepped back.

As the light changed and the traffic moved forward, I saw Red standing again at the entrance, his hand on the door. He was half turned, looking across the street at a bright, blinking sign: "Beer, wine."

—RAY ROLLINS

History . . .

Continued from Page 10

which allowed them to take their basic military training as part of their college program. This plan was accepted by the College, although over the protest of some Baptist ministers who regarded it as a violation of the principle of the separation of church and state. The Trustees accepted it also, but with the explicit condition "That this department shall not be permanent, but shall be abolished on the termination of the war." Such apprehensions as were entertained were groundless, for when the war suddenly ended in November, 1918,

about half of those enrolled in the S.A.T.C. promptly sought their discharge and returned home, seeking no credit at all for their academic work. The Fall term that year lasted only twelve weeks, and the College suspended classes on December 12 for a lengthy Christmas vacation.²

The College was only temporarily disturbed by the war, but from the general post-war reaction it could not escape. Let us consider now the post-war period. While he was increasing for some years before the war, the war's emphasis on physical fitness perhaps gave an impetus to college athletics throughout the country. Whether the true explanation or not, in the post-war period Wake Forest went in for athletics on a scale hitherto undreamed of and for a brief period of three years, 1923-26, had the dominant team in the state. There were those however, who felt that athletics was being unduly emphasized and that the original purpose of the college to train Baptist ministers and leaders for the Denominational was being sacrificed for ephemeral fame on the physical side. Especially was this true when some raised objection to the character of the coach under whose tutelage such resounding success on the gridiron had been achieved. A conflict developed which ended with the departure of the coach and with him the championship teams, but which left a dissatisfied group among the alumni.

Consider also some aspects of social life on the campus and the reactions and views of the students during the post-war period. It may have been in connection with the new athletic program, but in the post-war period Wake Forest began to enroll a trickle of students from north of Virginia. It may have been that some of these students brought with them ideas which were more advanced in regard to social conventions than the pre-war view. The ideas may have originated with local students, or possibly with returning veterans who could never come home to the old school and be satisfied, but certainly there was much discussion of traditions on the campus, their virtues or lack of same, and demands for change. THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT and the recently established *Old Gold and Black* kept hammering away at the idea of compulsory membership and attendance in the Literary Societies and problems of hazing and discipline at the College. Then to compensate for the lack of fellowship and brotherhood no longer found in the Literary Societies and to encourage greater social life, the students insisted on associating

²George W. Paschal, *History of Wake Forest College* (Wake Forest, N. C.: Wake Forest College, 1943), III, 86-93.

themselves in Greek letter fraternities which had been popular in the North before the war but which were illegal at Wake Forest. The investigation which followed resulted in a number of suspensions by the faculty but with subsequent re-entertainment by the Trustees.

OUT of the post-war student agitation a number of changes were made. THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, October, 1922, in an editorial entitled "The New Wake Forest" stated:

During the last year, Wake Forest College has put into effect some far reaching measures—"drastic measures" many have called them. The faculty has undergone some changes. The Student Government and certain freshman rules have been inaugurated. Optional membership of the two Literary Societies has been granted. Greek Letter Fraternities have been legalized. Because of these changes, Wake Forest College has been the "bull's eye" at which the Baptist Denomination of North Carolina has leveled its guns. Criticisms, denunciations, and judgments have been hurled at her from all quarters. Her faults, which she does not deny, and which she is anxious to correct, have been magnified, and the glories which she rightly claims, have been left as diamonds or gold nuggets to survive the acid test.

Behind this editorial was the realization that Wake Forest was headed for a show-down test with the Baptist State Convention in December over the greatest controversy of the day—the teaching of evolution at the College. The controversy had been raging since the Summer of 1920, and the compromise which the faculty and Trustees had offered the students in regard to social changes on the campus had served to aggravate it. The editorial called attention to the progress of Wake Forest and ended by pledging student support, "with the very best that is in us," of "the measures whose passing is largely due to our own action, and the demands of the times."

The controversy over the teaching of evolution was a characteristic of the post-war reaction throughout the South. It began first in other Southern states, but it was almost inevitable that Wake Forest

should be involved. Wake Forest was particularly vulnerable, for the controversy centered around the department of biology in most schools, and at Wake Forest the chairman of the biology department was also the President of the College. President Poteat, a German trained scholar, was, in fact, credited with pioneering in the teaching of evolution in Southern schools. His views on evolution were stated early in his career in an article published in THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, January, 1901, entitled "The Content and Scope of Biology." His views on religion were also well known, and except for a slight variation in his view of the Atonement were beyond question.¹ At the time of his election to the Presidency in 1905 the Trustees took into account his views in both respects. His statements at the time or shortly thereafter seem to have been entirely satisfactory and little was said of them. For the next fifteen years all went well; left alone, North Carolina Baptists might have been content.

But about 1920 excitement began to develop throughout the Southern states in regard to the teaching of evolution in both public and private schools. The legislatures of some states in response to public demand began to enact statutes forbidding the teaching of evolution in schools supported by the state. In several of the Southern states the Baptists, who had become more conscious of their ownership and control of Baptist colleges from representations made to them in the "Seventy-five Million Campaign," voted that no evolution should be taught in their colleges, and that all instructors in them should be required to sign statements declaring their acceptance without reservation of the account of creation given in the first two chapters of Genesis.

Until the Summer of 1921 North Carolina Baptist colleges had been sheltered from this storm, but at length it broke on President Poteat and Wake Forest in an article published by T. T. Martin in the *Western Recorder* of Kentucky and the Baptist papers of other states. The article was a

violent attack on Poteat's views on the Atonement and the theory of evolution and ended with a demand for his resignation.¹ As the *Biblical Recorder* refused to print the article or to be drawn into the controversy, the article was subsequently printed and circulated in pamphlet form throughout North Carolina. Martin was invited by some of the Eastern churches to hold protracted meetings and so contributed personally to the developing storm. Resolutions were offered at Association meetings affirming belief in the Bible and against the teaching of evolution and calling for Poteat's resignation, but were usually toned down before adoption, or tabled indefinitely.² President Poteat had planned to retire from the Presidency at the close of the 1921-22 session, but now felt that he could not retire under fire, and in able addresses to alumni meetings succeeded in arousing them to his defense.

The culmination of this conflict was at the meeting of the Baptist State Convention in Winston-Salem, beginning December 12, 1922. Although the subject was not part of the scheduled program, it was generally assumed that the defenders of academic freedom would have to be prepared to defend it. Since the program was actually in charge of the supporters of President Poteat they had the advantage and used it fully. In an excellent address President Poteat defended the search for truth, without mentioning the subject of evolution. He maintained that a fear of the truth was a form of infidelity and pointed to Christ who had said "I am the Truth," and exhorted his hearers with several scriptural texts to welcome Truth "for Truth is sovereign." As a personal apology and confession of the faith, his address so disarmed his opponents that they dared not speak against him.

They did, however, continue their opposition and the turmoil continued for four years. At every Convention it was expected that the question might be revived, but it was not. Finally in 1925 at the Convention in Charlotte the opposition brought in their

¹Poteat's views on the Atonement were stated near the end of the century in an address to some Baptist leaders at Richmond. He supported a theory similar to that of Horace Bushnell in his *Vicarious Sacrifice*, based on the assumption that "the law of right is only another conception of the law of love," commonly known as the "Moral-influence theory of the atonement." Poteat maintained generally that there was a difference between faith and belief, and that there was therefore no conflict between science and religion. He wrote many articles and made many addresses on this theme. Paschal, *History of Wake Forest College*, III, 121-122.

²Martin was understood to have had the cooperation of a very able pastor within North Carolina. Paschal, *History of Wake Forest College*, III, 123-124.

³It is interesting to note that the Filot Mountain Association in its meeting at Rural Hall, August 1-2, 1922, debated at length a series of resolutions sponsored by D. F. King of Leaksville and J. J. Taylor. The resolutions denounced the theory of evolution and urged that any school that taught it should forfeit any claim to the financial and moral support of the Baptists. They further pledged to bring this subject before the next State Convention and to request the *Biblical Recorder* to open its columns to discussion of it. The resolutions were debated during the afternoon; in the evening session they were voted upon and tabled indefinitely by a large majority. A milder resolution was then submitted by L. U. Weston and adopted by the Association. It stated: "Since there has been so much confusion and talk as to whether man was created according to the word of God as stated in Genesis; or whether man evolved from some lower species of animal or worm, therefore be it resolved:

First, That the Filot Mountain Association go down on record that we the churches accept the divine plan of the creation of man.

Second, We oppose the teaching of any other theory in our schools and colleges. Paschal, *History of Wake Forest College*, III, 124n.

program in the form of the Bateman Resolutions, prepared chiefly by R. J. Bateman, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Asheville.⁶ The supporters of the Bateman Resolutions sought to make it plain that they were friends of Wake Forest, were sending students to the College, and were devoted to uniting the Baptists of North Carolina in support of the College and other Baptist educational institutions in the state. They believed that they could effect this purpose only if the Denomination was assured that nothing subversive of the Baptist faith would be taught in the colleges and the Baptists were given a larger measure of control by a change in the method of electing trustees for them.

The Bateman Resolutions proved to be surprisingly mild. Although they were more explicit in their statement of the Baptist faith than President Poteat had been, they contained no denunciation of President Poteat or of the teaching of evolution, and concluded with the following statement:

That since Baptists have always maintained liberty of conscience, and the open mind, under the guidance of God, we commend without fear or anticipation every man for his effort in searching to know more fully the mind of God in nature and in Greece; that believing in the harmony of truth we will ever be ready to adjust our partial knowledge to that which we may find complete; but that we urge upon those who train our rising generation [to guard] against the expression of immature conclusions which are in conflict with the faith of those who support our educational institutions.⁷

Most people agreed with the substance of the Bateman Resolutions and their friendly spirit and general moderateness appealed to the vast majority. They were adopted by the Convention without discussion and with only one dissenting vote.

The Baptists of North Carolina, therefore, stand out in this period being less fanatical and more reasonable than many of their conferees to the South, and in fact the stand of the Baptists in regard to the teaching of evolution in their own institutions was undoubtedly very influential in aiding the University of North Carolina in preventing the adoption of restrictive laws by the state legislature. According to C. W. Paschal, that the Baptists of North Carolina and the State of North Carolina did not follow other Southern States in their restrictive legislation characteristic of the post-war period was in large measure

due to the influence of Wake Forest College—down through the years—through the influence of its alumni scattered over the state who had imbibed both science and religion from their teachers at Wake Forest. It is worth noting that 22 of the 23 Wake Forest alumni who were members of the State legislature voted against the proposals for restrictive legislation.

THE proponents of the Bateman Resolutions, while willing to leave the College free in its instruction, did however, insist on a change in the method of electing trustees. This was an old and vexatious question. Prior to 1865 the trustees of the College by arrangement with the Convention had been elected from groups whose names were submitted by the Convention. From the reopening of the College in 1866 until 1885, however, the Trustees disregarded this practice and chose new members on their own initiative. In 1884 at the Baptist Convention in Raleigh, J. D. Hufham, a member of the Board, proposed in a resolution the return to the former practice of electing trustees from names submitted by the Convention. This was studied by a committee and adopted by the Convention in 1885, and in 1885 the Trustees elected two members from a group recommended by the Convention. The Convention thereafter failed to make any further recommendations, and the Board returned to its former practice.

In 1912 W. C. Barrett, pastor of the Baptist Church of Gastonia, revived interest in Convention control of the election of trustees by an article in the *Biblical Recorder*, October 16, 1912, entitled "Trustees Should be Elected by the Convention." He proposed that trustees should also be members of the Baptist Churches of the Convention and that they be elected for terms of six years. It was his view that the Baptists of North Carolina did not own their own institutions, for they were in fact owned in fee simple by the Boards of Trustees which were self-perpetuating. This movement for greater convention control was born of the fact that it was at this time that the Trustees of Vanderbilt University adopted policies not approved in general by the Methodists of the South, and the Baptists were virtually losing control of Columbia College, Brown University, Colgate and Rochester, while the Methodists were having to maintain their right to the control of Randolph-Macon

College by resort to the courts. Eventually the Convention adopted a modified plan supported by G. W. Paschal, by which the Board continued to elect their trustees subject to confirmation by the Convention, but their terms were to be limited to six years. In actual practice there was little change for the Convention never refused to confirm the men actually chosen by the Board.

Not until 1925 did the matter come up again, and then as an aftermath of the teaching of evolution controversy. W. C. Barrett and B. W. Spilman, alumni of the College, proposed at the Charlotte Convention in 1925 that a committee be appointed to study the question, and the following year the Convention adopted a plan by which three changes were made: 1) the term of trustees was reduced to four years; 2) the Convention should have the right of electing one-fourth of the trustees annually; and 3) the Convention should have the right of removing a trustee at any time. The Board could submit nominations, but the Convention was free to elect from those nominated or to make substitutions as desired. Since 1926 this method has been followed, but in actual practice the Convention had done little more than confirm the nominations submitted by the various Boards. But having the right of election and removal has increased the control of the College by the Convention, and has probably had the effect of making the Boards more circumspect in keeping their actions in conformity with the wishes of the Convention. The one outstanding case of conflict was when the students sought and received approval from the Board of Trustees in 1936 for permission to have supervised dances on the Wake Forest Campus. Under developing Convention opposition, the students withdrew their petition at the beginning of the Fall term. Subsequently the Convention at its 1937 meeting in Wilmington adopted a formal resolution opposing dancing on the campus of any Baptist institution.

THERE is another factor concerning the history and conflict surrounding Wake Forest in the post-war period of the 1920's. Anyone who knows the history of Wake Forest College knows that it existed for years more on the love and

Continued on Page 28

⁶For a brief period in 1921 Bateman was President of Meridian College and Conservatory in Meridian, Mississippi. He became pastor of the First Baptist Church of Asheville in the Fall of 1921. *The Wake Forest Student*, XL (February, 1921), 264 and XL1 (October, 1921), 52.

⁷Paschal, *History of Wake Forest College*, III, 129-130.

WHETHER IN THE WRITTEN form of advocacy or protestation appearing in THE STUDENT or in THE OLD GOLD AND BLACK, whether the topic of a classroom discussion, or whether simply discussed in the various "bull sessions," the policy requiring students at Wake Forest to attend chapel twice weekly has caused many people to question the validity of such a policy: what is the purpose of chapel? why are students apparently so uninterested? what can be done to improve the disparaging attitudes attached to the chapel program? does the student behavior in chapel really present a problem? A few say that the chapel programs are valuable; is this possible? These questions can prove beneficial, as well as consoling, to those of us who complain of the compulsory, twice weekly jaunts to chapel.

What is the purpose of chapel? I do not feel capable of delving into the many purposes—religious, educational, social, etc.—which must inevitably represent an intense study and planning program by the administration, but I would like to cite a few of the ostensible ones. During the Tuesday morning hour we occasionally have a visiting speaker, but ordinarily this period is devoted to the various activities of the student body: announcements are made concerning the various meetings of clubs, scheduled plays, ball games, debates, visiting lecturers, dances, and other such "news"—all of which affect the student body; outstanding campus leaders are recognized and introduced to the student body for their meritorious service; votes are taken which are necessary in the affairs of the campus; beauty queens are observed and elected to represent the college in numerous ways; appreciation, honor, respect, and tribute are awarded the athletic teams, debate team, organizations, and innumerable individuals who have dedicated their time and efforts to the student body and to Wake Forest College.

The Thursday morning chapel program also allows time for the activities—past, present, and future—of the student body, but the primary purpose of this compulsory hour is to congregate all of the students of the college in a worship service. I do not know that it is necessary to define a worship service, particularly since I am one of the least qualified to do so, but I shall make a few general remarks as to the purpose of a worship service. Certainly it gives those who have an active faith and belief an opportunity to worship, but to those of us who remain bewildered and frustrated in our search for God, the worship service in

Complaint Against Complainers

chapel is somewhat different; nevertheless it is an invaluable opportunity in which to think, to learn, to question, and to mature. I would like to recall a question raised by Dr. Marney, pastor of a Baptist church in Charlotte, N. C., as he addressed the student body in a chapel service last year. He spoke something similar to the following words: "in your classrooms you will study many things and ask yourself innumerable questions, but the most significant and repeated question in your life will inevitably be: who am I?" This question was not completely absent from my life on that occasion, but from that day to this I have realized that that question is ultimately the most important question which any man will ever ask himself. It seems to me that this is the paramount purpose of our Thursday chapel service: to bring each individual closer to God and to enable him to mature his concepts of God and man.

Why are students so uninterested? What can be done to improve the disparaging attitudes to chapel? Invariably in our chapel programs an observer witnesses one of the rudest and most inattentive audiences seated anywhere. No sooner are students seated than they unfold their newspapers, commence writing letters, or continue gossiping with their neighbor throughout the program. Many have voiced the opinion that this does not occur until the speaker proves uninteresting, but I can't agree with this opinion. There have unquestionably been rare occasions when the former has been true, but I believe that the majority of non-observers have never entered Wait Chapel with the remotest idea that there might be something to be gained during the prescribed twenty to fifty minutes.

DOES the student behavior in chapel really present a problem? As much as the exemplary action of a single student can bolster the reputation of a college and the degenerate conduct of an individual be detrimental to it, when the entire mass of students gather in a group, their action or conduct exemplifies a manifold effect. We are observed by visitors during our chapel

programs. Eyes—interested, curious, fastidious, important—all are watching the conduct and general growth of the college. Only on rare occasions can anything of a commendable nature be attributed to the behavior of the Wake Forest College student body. What is the simple solution? I think that a good many of us simply need to grow up. There is no excuse for the lack of attention which we show our visiting speakers. These men are not simply passing the time of day with us. They are human: they sometimes "goof"; sometimes make mistakes; sometimes are ineffective; sometimes fail; nevertheless we should appreciate them, respect them, honor them, and show them common courtesy by giving them our attention. This is nothing but common decency.

Should we have a compulsory chapel program here at Wake Forest College? The idealist probably denounces anything that is compulsory, but the realist recognizes that the policy or procedure which is presently enforced here at Wake Forest College is the only feasible one: good, bad, or indifferent, compulsory chapel at this college—and probably at any other that even attempts to have chapel programs—is necessary. If we must refer to our compulsory chapel program as an "evil," then certainly we should consider it as one of the necessary evils in our lives and not one which has been inflicted upon us without reason. The administration would like to withdraw the word "compulsory" from our chapel program as much as we would like to have it withdrawn, but there is no practical means by which this can be accomplished. We are compelled to attend chapel because there would be no chapel programs were they not required of us. And some people must feel that chapel is worthwhile. We simply are not mature enough to recognize and take advantage of opportunities.

But are our chapel programs intrinsically valuable? In my opinion they are the "heart" of campus life. Every Tuesday and Thursday morning when the bell rings dismissing the nine o'clock class, some fifteen hundred individual students direct their



selves toward Wait Chapel, where they became a group—a group that comprises the student body of Wake Forest College. In most of our activities on this campus we express ourselves and react as individuals; rarely does an occasion arise—other than in our chapel programs—in which we become a student body. Take away the two weekly chapel programs and all that is included therein! Can you be honest with yourself and favor the abolishment of chapel? When I stated earlier that the chapel programs were the “heart” of our campus life, I did not intend to imply that they were an indispensable part of a college program. But let’s admit it: there is something good about our chapel programs, even if it is simply the chance to see everybody together at once. ●

—WINFORD NELSON

From “Impressions of Summer”

I.

I think, ponder
and think,
But words are slow:
and writing
Slower . . .
And I am tired,
Fatigued, and sorrowful
In my mind;
Because my thoughts
remain immaterial
and smothered
Without a proof
Of having them
And recording that
In which I believe
want desperately to express,
But continue only
To think . . .
And fail.

III.

A stranger
When she first saw him
(with little excitement,
knowing he was wrong for her).
A rewarded friend
When they were together for the
first time.
A lover,
The second,
As the moon hid mockingly
behind the mist,
laughing at her
As she lay in his arms.
Baffled at why she submitted
When he was a stranger
. . . and wrong for her . . .
Nestled with him and the stars
Caressing her softly,
She cried at the contentment
found with him
Wanting to do the proper
But reduced to the natural.

By Mary Martin Pickard

II.

The rain has ceased;
Silence prevails
In hushed peacefulness
As I ponder
and recall
Minute incidents.
Audible are sounds
of night creatures
which soothe and pacify this
melancholic
present in the silence.
But remembrance
Challenges the sounds and causes
Restlessness . . .
and more melancholic.
It confronts the soother
And wins.
Tears fall
As clouds disappear.

IV.

Hope diminished,
There is nothing.
Before there was
. . . chance . . .
now there is void.
On the plane
of could be . . . never-be
I stand
Alone
Sad.

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History . . .

Continued from Page 25

devotion of its faculty than on the financial remuneration it offered them. Down to 1907 faculty salaries were paid irregularly and were always poor. Some may regard them as poor yet, but at least they are regular.

It was not until after World War I that Wake Forest first began to achieve a measure of financial independence. From the close of the Civil War when the remnant of the College's pre-war endowment had shrunk to \$11,700, until 1906, a period of forty years, the College's endowment had been increased slowly to about \$202,000 about half of which was the contribution of Mr. Jabez A. Bostwick of New York. The total income of the College for the year 1905-06 was \$35,908.79 from which twenty-six professors received their salary and the general expenses of the College had to be paid.

Between 1906 and 1911, largely through the efforts of Professor J. B. Carlyle, and a one-fourth matching contribution of the General Education Board, an effort was made to raise \$150,000 for the endowment. Only \$117,798.58 was obtained. During World War I the Baptists of North Carolina launched a campaign for \$1,000,000 for its educational institutions. This campaign was later merged with the Southern Baptist Convention's "Seventy-five Million Campaign" of 1919, from which Wake Forest received in the course of the next thirteen years \$527,945.09, of which \$143,280.63 was added to its endowment.

In 1923 Wake Forest received the first major gift to its endowment in the form of Standard Oil stock from Jabez A. Bostwick under a will dated in 1892. The original gift had been \$250,000, but by 1923 it was valued at \$1,600,000. Compared to its previous endowment, and added to the receipts from the Seventy-five Million Campaign, this was a substantial sum of money. The College immediately began plans for a ten year enlargement program which was to be completed in time for the Centennial celebration in 1934. The following year the Duke Endowment was established and Trinity College was swallowed up in Duke University. Wake Forest also received from B. N. Duke in 1925 a gift of 1,000 shares of Duke Power Company stock which added another \$150,000 to its endowment. Coming at a time when some groups were worried about the policies and course of Wake Forest, is it possible that some of the motive for the continued

agitation for President Potecat's resignation and desire to re-orient policy at Wake Forest and to give the Convention greater control through the election of trustees, arose from fear that Wake Forest was on the road to financial independence and away from Denominational control as was happening to other schools?

THESE is one final aspect to the controversy of the 1920's. President Potecat was not only a recognized scholar in biology, but he was an effective speaker, a prominent Baptist layman and a leader in state and Southern affairs. As such he brought state and Southwide recognition and prestige to Wake Forest, but at the cost of frequent absences from the campus. There were, perhaps, those who felt he was less concerned with affairs at Wake Forest and particularly with the College as a local institution catering to Baptist needs and policies, and more concerned with his own role as leader in other activities and with giving the College national recognition.

Ultimately the various conflicts of the post-war period of the 1920's were resolved, compromised, rationalized, or forgotten. Student Government was established, the Literary Societies were made voluntary, the fraternities were legalized, the football coach resigned and athletics was de-emphasized; the teaching of evolution was accepted and the issue forgotten; President Potecat resigned in 1927 when he reached the age of 70 and out of this general compromise harmony once more prevailed. There was one other change: the Trustees had yielded to the insistence of the Convention for veto power and were now limited to four year terms, and were subject to appointment and removal by the Convention. In actual practice, however, they were usually chosen from nominees submitted by the Board itself.

PART II

A QUARTER CENTURY AFTER the beginning of World War I the United States was plunged into another global conflict with the same attendant philosophy, breeding the same license and intolerance, providing opportunities for some, serving as a disrupting influence for others, and with the same post-war conflicts in slightly varied form. Education had influenced human thinking and conduct a little, but not much, and the college was caught in the throes of renewed conflict.

The inherent conflicts to be expected in

the post-war period were aggravated in this instance by the removal program which began almost immediately after the war. In 1943, as it had done in 1918 during World War I, the College launched an enlargement program designed to raise \$7,000,000 for capital improvements and endowment. In November, 1946, the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation offered to endow Wake Forest College on condition that it be removed to Winston-Salem. This was a tempting offer involving a fateful decision. Financing a college was difficult in modern times; if Wake Forest was to keep pace with the new Duke University and the ever expanding University of North Carolina, it must have additional revenue. But there was opposition from those who opposed from principal, from sentiment, and from fear that it meant the ultimate loss of control of the College by the Baptist Denomination. But the decision was made, and after ten years the College was relocated in its new \$20,000,000 home in Winston-Salem. It should be noted that the decision was not made by the Trustees alone, although presumably they had the power to act. Instead they sought the counsel and consent of the Baptist State Convention before entering into the contract, and the final agreement clearly left control in the hands of the Baptists.

The removal itself was marked by conflict and delay. There were those who could not bring themselves to refuse the Reynolds Foundation offer, but who were equally zealous that the College not deviate from the standards, academic or otherwise, which had prevailed in the past. There were others, of course, who regarded this as the dawn of a new era in the history of Wake Forest, and if it were to remain exactly the same College as of old it would not fit into the post-war world and there would be little point in removing. Lifted from a relatively rural and provincial environment and planted on the outskirts of the state's second largest city, Wake Forest would be forced to adapt. That was inherent in the original decision to move, although unrecognized by some who had their eye only on the endowment. Consequently while the College itself was going through the stress and strain which any uprooting of such magnitude necessarily entails, Baptists and alumni over the state were alert to see that it did not deviate ever so slightly from the Wake Forest of old. When the process of adapting began to make itself manifest, conflict immediately arose between those who preferred to live in the pre-war world with the old Wake Forest, and those who sought to adjust to a new environment and

the new opportunities of the post-war world.

Conflict arose over the choice of a new president to guide the College through this transition period, with Baptist leaders insisting that the new president must be a Baptist minister. Conflict also arose over the style of architecture for the new campus, over methods for raising funds for the buildings, but more particularly over the nature and purpose of the College on the new campus. There was open discussion and disagreement over whether Wake Forest should or should not become a university, whether it should or should not establish a graduate school, and other questions. The new president, Harold W. Tribble, a Baptist minister who succeeded in obtaining the Convention's endorsement of a long range program designed to raise over \$9,000,000 for Baptist educational institutions, was attacked because he was not an alumnus of the College. He was accused of ignoring the traditions of the College and seeking to promote an enlarged university and a radical change in the College's future. The fact that he was frequently absent from the campus and the state in his efforts to obtain funds for the building program provided the opposition with the opportunity to charge him with neglect of the administration of the College. Perhaps the very necessary emphasis on the physical building of the plant and the material aspects of college life temporarily overshadowed the spiritual side and created suspicion and frustration. Subjected to a microscopic gaze, therefore, the College was almost certain to make a misstep—for any step it took was likely to be so regarded.

Already in the post-war world, as in the 1920's, the College had had to face the issue of over-emphasized athletics. Wake Forest in the 1930's had again found the answer to successful athletic teams, and the once mighty Blue Devil was forced to bow before the avenging Baptist Deacon four years in succession, bringing long-awaited joy to thousands of students and alumni. While the nick names of the respective teams might imply a symbolic victory of good over evil, this was unsatisfactory to some Baptists who said that while the coach won victories he was not doing enough by way of example in the building of character. Eventually the coach departed and with him the decline of athletic progress began and a new element of conflict was raised.

As in the 1920's, but on a larger scale, end only partly associated with athletic teams, Wake Forest began to enroll a large number of out-of-state students giving it a more cosmopolitan atmosphere. More-

over, in the post-war period a considerable number of its returning students were veterans who were more sophisticated and restless under restriction. Even students coming directly from high schools benefited by the extra year and age now required in most public schools. The students were inclined to be more critical of their elders and to seek more freedom and less control. As *The Student and Old Gold and Black* had inveighed against compulsory attendance at Literary Societies in the 1920's, so now they denounced College policy in regard to compulsory chapel attendance, sought membership on College committees, and greater social freedoms. The symptoms of discontent and frustration were present on the old campus, but the hope of change upon removal generally held them in abeyance. When the time for removal to the new campus arrived, however, impatience with the established order broke out into the open and there was a rash of protests, demonstrations and demands. After all, what was the point in moving if a new day had not dawned and a new College was not to be created?

WHILE College authorities wrestled with these problems, two issues, both fundamental to the Baptist faith, served to bring this conflict into the open at the Baptist State Convention of 1957. In the 1920's the new social order had demanded the establishment of fraternities. In the 1950's those same fraternities wanted permission to hold dances in the buildings of the new campus. Dances they had always had and the issue of dancing on the campus had been raised and stilled in 1937. But now, reasoned the students, after twenty years, another global war, a new campus, and the dawn of the Atomic Era how could anyone in the middle of the 20th century object to supervised on-campus dancing? The faculty and Trustees did not, but Baptist leaders over the state did and the issue was carried to the Convention. For the students their long pent-up frustration bursting at the seams, this became a *crusade* which they had to *win*. So determined were they that they fully lost sight of the fact that in obtaining on-campus dancing they would be depriving themselves of half the fun of going to a dance—which is the long ride home in the dark. But the Baptists of the state, who had so recently poured their hearts treasure into new buildings on the campus could not stand to see those buildings desecrated by something to which they had always been opposed. Basically suspicious of the direction Wake Forest might take in its new

home, this became a *crusade* which they could not afford to *lose*—for this was deemed the first step in the ultimate loss of control of Wake Forest. The Convention of 1957, therefore, with a thunderous "No" turned down the request for supervised dancing on the new Wake Forest campus. I was at that Convention and although the subject was presented calmly by some of the ablest leaders of the state, emotion not reason was the order of the day. Although I had taught history for ten years at Wake Forest, I had never fully appreciated until then the stormy sessions of the French Assembly during the Revolution of 1789.

The conflict over social customs was compounded by a conflict that appeared at this same time on the religious plane—the question of membership in a Baptist church. Aside from the fundamentalist approach to the Bible, nothing could be more cardinal to a Baptist than the ordinance of Baptism by immersion. Yet the new campus church organized by the Wake Forest faculty had been denied membership in the Pilot Mountain Association on the grounds that it was admitting members who had not been immersed under the title of *associate members*. This was, in fact, a practice of long standing and in wide vogue among churches closely associated with colleges such as Mars Hill, Meredith and elsewhere, where students and faculty were of different religious affiliations, but because Wake Forest was under surveillance the objection was raised there on the grounds that it alone was deviating. In dealing with this problem the Convention was on less certain ground, for it ran afoul of another cardinal tenet of the Baptist faith—the complete autonomy of each individual Baptist church. All it could do in this instance was to resolve its disagreement and disapproval, and to threaten the offending group with denial of the use of College buildings for heretical religious practices as they were already denying the use of College building for student dances.

Such renewed heresies on the part of both faculty and students served to confirm their previous apprehensions concerning the whole structure of Wake Forest. The Convention ultimately voted the establishment of a Committee of Seventeen to study all its educational institutions with a view to ascertaining how the spiritual welfare of the students on the campuses might be improved. A separate Committee of Nine was appointed to study the relationship between the Convention and Baptist institutions in general. These measures, as was the earlier 1922 opposition, were fostered

by alumni of the College and by people who regarded themselves as true friends of the College. By others, however, these measures were viewed with great alarm as a new threat to academic freedom at Wake Forest.

After a year of fact-finding in which tempers cooled somewhat, and in which history worked one of its ironies by changing the chairmanship of the investigating Committee to a Wake Forest alumnus who was also a college president, the Committee's report on the spiritual welfare of the campuses proved equally as mild and appreciative as that submitted to the 1925 Convention in Charlotte. The Committee established nine categories which they thought Christian colleges should operate in promoting a healthy spiritual atmosphere on the campus. It found in every case that such programs were actually in effect on the campuses and their only recommendation was that the Colleges try a little harder—a recommendation, which like the 1925 recommendation on evolution, was so general that few could quarrel with it. It was adopted by the Convention without a dissenting voice.

TO summarize, so far as Wake Forest is concerned, both post-war periods seem to exhibit striking similarities. They are periods of conflict involving basically similar questions. 1) Overemphasis on the physical to the neglect of the spiritual by major enlargement programs and by extravagant athletic programs. 2) The coming of new elements into the student body and student frustration and protest against the Old Order. 3) Disciplinary problems leading to the establishment of Student Government in the 1920's and insistence by the students in the 1950's on greater participation in College affairs by membership on committees, and perhaps by establishment of the Student Union. 4) Other disciplinary problems regarding opposition to compulsory membership and attendance at Literary Societies in the first post-war period and opposition to compulsory chapel attendance in the second post-war period. 5) Social changes involving the establishment of fraternities on the one hand and the desire of fraternities to have dances on the campus on the other. 6) The question of modification of fundamental tenets of Baptist faith—the teaching of evolution in the first instance versus the rite of Baptism by immersion and church membership in the second. 7) The fact of substantial endowment gifts in both periods which provide a measure of financial independence and

threaten Denominational control of the College. 8) Presidents in both periods who lean away from local Baptist concepts of the function of an educational institution and in the direction of a larger role for Wake Forest in the affairs of state and nation. and 9) Conventions in both periods which have been called upon to sponsor major financial campaigns for the College and which have in turn exhibited a closer scrutiny of College affairs and manifested a desire for increased control.

As we have seen, in a larger sense the post-war problems are inherent in war, and involve all aspects of society, politics, races, labor, economics, social customs and religion. Despite all the alarms, and dire predictions that have come out of the recent controversy, it seems to me that what we have to recognize is this: that we are now passing through a phase of one of the regularities of history—the usual post-war problems—and colleges cannot escape involvement. Given the same human species to deal with the problems, divided into youth and age, liberal and conservative, the reaction has been much the same. The analogy between the two periods is not perfect because the crisis in the second instance in our particular case has been aggravated by the removal of the College, while whatever moderation has been shown might be attributed to the slow permeation of education in the intervening thirty-five years, roughly time for one generation to make its influence felt.

The state universities have already had their ordeal over academic freedom during the heyday of the Communist hysteria of the early 1950's when state legislatures were passing laws to require faculty members to take oaths that they were not, nor ever had been, nor ever would be members of the Communist Party. Wake Forest was little involved in that controversy. No one would suspect a godless Communist of hiding under the academic gown of a church-related College.

Our ordeal comes in the post-war religious reaction. Wake Forest is called upon the carpet by those desiring to maintain the *status quo*, not for following the Party Line, but for failure to follow the Faith of the Fathers and for fear that we will tamper with fixed concepts of God's Truth. The state universities, little concerned with religious doctrine, are currently little affected. That this is a symptom of the times is indicated by the problems which Furman University, a Baptist institution in South Carolina, which is likewise engaged in a

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post-war removal program, has had with regard to student social activities.

Those who have endured the controversy naturally feel frustrated, confused, and perhaps defeated. The students likewise share in the frustration, but as I advised them after the 1957 Convention, if they disapprove of the Convention's action their only recourse is to graduate from College, become self-respecting members of the community and church, get themselves elected a messenger to the Convention and vote for change. The only problem with such a solution is, that if the regularities of history prevail, by the time they have achieved such a position of leadership in the community they will have become fat, fifty, and well-fixed, and while perfectly willing to acquiesce in what they originally wanted to do, they will look with horror on what the next generation is proposing to do. So slowly does education permeate and human thinking change, that human response to similar problems is apt to be repeated by the next generation with minor modification.

As for the faculty, there is little virtue in meeting fanaticism with hysteria; the only result can be unintelligent and perhaps regrettable action. Instead we must remain true to the purpose and function of an educational institution, which is to lead those who grope darkly through the night of fixed ideas into the light and promise of the changing sunrise.

THAT THERE IS HOPE, however slight it might seem, is evident from the change that has occurred over the years, carrying with it the prospect of changes to come. This would be considered progress by some—degradation by others—but it is change. Consider what Baptists have accepted, condoned, reconciled, or rationalized themselves to in the past half-century:

1) They have condoned the establishment of military training as a permanent establishment on the campus. In 1917 it was established only as a temporary war-time measure. The Army Finance School of 1942 was accepted for the same purpose as the S. A. T. C. in 1917, to keep the College open and by its inherent nature terminated at the end of the war. With the outbreak of the Korean War the ROTC was established and though that war has been over six years military training remains and appears to be permanent.

2) Baptists have accepted the teaching

of evolution. Even in the current controversy no mention is made of the original conflict. And it is one of those ironies of history that thirty-five years after the evolution controversy, when the Baptist State Convention of 1957 was meeting in Raleigh to debate new Wake Forest heresies, the Wake Forest College Little Theater was staging a week's presentation of the play "Inherit the Wind," a satire on the 1926 Scopes evolution trial in Tennessee.

3) A half century after it was first offered, Baptists have reconciled themselves to the acceptance of tobacco money for educational purposes. 4) Yes, they have between their conventions of 1950 and 1956 even rationalized that other cardinal tenet of Baptist faith—the separation of Church and State—sufficiently to accept Federal money for the Medical School.

5) And finally they have accepted the fraternities as an integral part of the social life of the campus, although they have not as yet condoned dancing on the campus by those fraternities. I profess to be neither seer nor prophet, only historian, but in view of these fundamental changes in the past half-century, is it too fantastic to think that in the distant future Baptists may yet evolve to the point where some of them will be tripping it lightly as they associate freely in search of the Truth and in the service of the Lord.

There is one other phase of the current question which has not been accepted or decided by either side, and this complexes the similarity of the two periods. The Convention already has control of the appointment and removal of the Trustees. The final step in obtaining permanent control is the request made at the 1958 Convention by the Committee of Nine that the Trustees agree to amend the Charter of the College to where they cannot further amend it without the approval of the Convention. This issue remains unsettled, but is in keeping with the demands made in the 1952 Convention following the evolution controversy. If the Trustees acquiesce it would complete the control of the College which the Convention has been seeking and gradually achieving since 1912, while at the same time they have been yielding on fundamental issues in other respects. Whether they will persist in this effort remains to be seen, but they can over a period of years so alter the complexion of the Board, if necessary, to achieve their purpose. Let us hope that we have already passed the peak of the post-war hysteria, and that this issue can

be resolved with more understanding and wisdom and less recrimination than have some of the conflicts of the past. Gerald Johnson's recent article on the relationship between the College and the Convention is enlightening on this point.

AND now that we have dealt with the regularities of history, one final word on the irregularities, or ironies of history. And I confess a slight antiquarian interest in these historical oddities. Of all the cities where the Convention might have met, it is at least interesting to observe that when Wake Forest was located on the outskirts of Raleigh, the fight in the Convention in 1922 took place in Winston-Salem. Who could have envisioned that a generation later the College would be committing its heresies in Winston-Salem and the fight would occur in the old stamping ground of Raleigh where there was considerable opposition to its removal in the first place.

If what has been said has been so self-evident that it need not have been said, I apologize for trespassing on your time. It was not my purpose to erect a straw man for the purpose of tearing him down. I have expressed these thoughts because in the wide discussions of the past two years no one suggested to me this approach to the questions. I do not claim this discussion to be all embracing and comprehensive. I have obviously over-simplified certain aspects of the question and omitted some parallels for reasons of limited space. If these observations have contributed a whit to your understanding and thereby minimized your frustration and increased your tolerance, they have succeeded. I recognize that not all of my colleagues, nor the students, nor the alumni, nor all of the Convention will agree completely. But after all, we are members of an essentially Baptist brotherhood and no one would really expect us to agree. The two periods with their attendant problems provide, however, lessons in the similarity of human response to similar problems, and in the inherently slow process of social change. They suggest, moreover, that in any controversy much can be gained and nothing lost by seeking information as a basis for understanding and by maintaining tolerance for opposing views. The art of practical living is the art of compromise. ●

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the student

VOLUME 75 NUMBER 6

MAY, 1960

Bunn

MERRY-GO-NO WHERE-ROUND

There are manikins downtown most anywhere advertising the everyday apparent—and Wake Forest administrative fashion (although seemingly unchanging fashion) also has its dressed-up-for-Sunday-best inertness.

There is a Rip Van Winkle attitude somewhere, where they should have insomnia—namely, the sleepers are those who are overtly pasted in the bureaucratic merry-go-no where-round. They pipe dream about diplomatic niceties and university probabilities and never really step out into their own back yard.

Who tells them that our college, as a community, is precisely unique because we have the privilege of forgetting? The old school is gone. Forget about it. Most of the venerable professors are gone. Remember them for their humanity and dedication. Consider, don't swallow, their educational ideals and visions of what Wake Forest should be. Education is incessantly mobile, and Wake Forest is reaching. When it stops at "should be", it should never have been.

Let's pose a simple question—can Wake Forest College, a liberal arts institution, justify the exclusion of the fine arts from its curriculum? We think not. The question is absurd, as absurd as asking the church if it can exclude worship. And—

"This above all: To thine own self be true."

Secondly, by no means of the word can education be defined as exclusion. It is an openness to all dimensions. It is an energetic and tender sensitivity. It is child-like curiosity. And it is invariably, intrinsically inclusive.

Therefore, if only for the sake of honesty, our curriculum must include an art department, or at least (and tomorrow would not be too soon) offer even one non-departmentalized course in painting or sculpture.

Before the college moved to Winston-Salem, an investigation was made with the view in mind of someday constructing on our present campus an Arts Center. This center as planned would incorporate facilities for the fine arts, music, and speech departments. This is commendable, but what do we do between now and someday, a someday which could be any number of years away? The someday which is, perhaps, resolved in an attic closet, annually receiving committee attention—awaiting the magical moment or donor.

And assuredly the realization of this project would depend upon the magical—being already two science buildings behind.

"Money," says the administration, "is the problem."

But how much money would one art instructor cost?

And we need an art instructor for the same reasons that English professors who have creatively written are used to teach creative writing courses.

The strictly critical English professor cannot teach the intricacies of production anymore than the art historian, unless he is an artist, can teach the application of tone, line, and form.

"Money," the administration protests.

But if they can't scrape up four thousand dollars a year for an instructor of art, someone had better call the auditors.

—Money that keeps the adding machines running in the business department, the mowing machines running in the grass department, and the pedant-machines running in every department.

Gentlemen:

We don't ask your consideration. You are well oriented in consideration. Instead we ask you to act. The college years are intense years. They are years of involvement in intensity. They are the expressive years. And if no opportunity is given the student to express himself, he will either refrain from doing so, or express himself privately, and that, as you know, is almost like silence.

—D. L. P. Jr.



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the student

MAY, 1960

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the student founded January, 1952, is published six times a year by the students of Wake Forest College.

Office located in Room 224, Reynolda Hall; address correspondence to Box 7257, Reynolda Branch, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Printed by Keiger Printing Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

National Advertising representative W. B. Bradbury Co., 219 E. 44th St., New York, N. Y. Subscription rate: \$2.00 per year. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Winston-Salem, N. C.

There are about five or six of us with magazine mania, and we worked like hex-conjuring demons to put out what we think is a good issue.

Readability and quality is our goal for next year's magazine. We do not envision a pin-up gallery, which would be distributed from under the bookstore counter; nor will it be a scholarly journal concerned with such topics as "The Temperature of Walden Pond—Its Influence and Contribution."

We want a magazine that communicates. Part of the responsibility is yours, so like

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on the Campus



the student

VOLUME 75

NUMBER 6

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C A E S U R A

No. 1

Dr. Folk says, "bring in that story you've been meaning to write."

The cover for this issue was designed by Jim Bunn. Being his roommate, I can testify to his diligence. Attempt after attempt was discarded until he finally said one morning about 3:30, "I've got it." You see the result, which nicely accentuates this issue's motif.

Johan Sten, whose works are featured, is a young artist from Sweden who is touring America. Combining pleasure with pleasure, he came over not only to see the land, but his girl friend Lena, who is a Swedish exchange student attending Salem.

Ken Garitano's story, *The Hitchhiker*, is his reminiscence and expression of an actual vagabond intermission from school. Last semester Ken left for the West Coast, and here is his fictionalized account.

Also thanks to the Salem art department, and especially to Toni Lamberti for her contributions.

And thanks a helluva lot, Dave Clough, for going on a sit-down strike without benefit of your caustic pen, which has recently developed a paper allergy.



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Existentialism and Involvement

- D. T. Murphy

"Existence philosophy" is a more appropriate title than the above to express the movement in contemporary philosophy which has revolutionized European thinking and which has crept somewhat laboriously into some areas of American reflection during the post-war years. The slowness of its influence in American thought is due certainly in part to the pragmatic, naturalistic, and technological bias against which existential philosophy emerges in the Twentieth Century as a most significant adversary. The term "existentialism," used to denote this movement has fallen, more often than not in English speaking countries, into popularization and vulgarization; it has been both appropriated by and attributed to Beatticks, mystics, odd-balls, to various cultic pseudo-literary and pseudo-religious groups.

This misappropriation "covers up" and confuses the understanding of a serious and powerful philosophical development. The development is comparable in philosophy to no less than relativity in physics, neo-orthodox theology, non-representational art, and similar reorientations of the Twentieth Century with which it has certain common historical ground.

When "existentialism" becomes a catch word, it is as odious as any other catch word. "Non-conformity" may be implied by much existential thought, but it is never a slogan; it is never perverse conformity to non-conformity. An excruciating seriousness about "involvement in the world," commitment, openness, decision, responsibility, and especially "care," pervades existence philosophy—all in sharp contrast to the closed-up attitude of "non-commitment," non-involvement, and mystic flights from reality which characterize professional and cultic non-conformists. By the same token, existential analysis examines and regrets the phenomena of academic, natural scientific, and "objective" withdrawals from life situations, from any issue which imposes personal decision and in which we are already involved by virtue of being human. The being of man is not

that of a calculating machine, an impersonal sifter of information, no matter how much he takes on the modes of a machine. As long as he turns the switches his fundamental mode of existence is still that of man-in-the-world as a personal and unique being; insofar as the objective machine turns him, he ceases to be a "him" and becomes increasingly an "it."

A more subtle and thornier misunderstanding of existence philosophy is manifest in the rather superficial observation by certain scholars that "everybody is an existentialist." Every thinker from Socrates till now was really an existentialist, whether he knew it or not! Obviously, all thinkers were first existing creatures and it is upon this primacy that existence philosophy focuses its attention; it is out of this primacy that it derives its own interpretative modes. But in the strict sense, existential philosophy is a radical post-Hegelian, Twentieth Century movement, enabled to a large extent by the phenomenological investigations of Edmund Husserl. It finds significant implications in the history of thought, such as the Socratic "reduplication" of thought in action; but it begins as a philosophy with a particular kind of analysis and method, heretofore undeveloped. A thinker of the past—to be regarded significant—certainly need not be made into an existentialist, although it might be questioned whether a significant thinker of the present could disregard the impact of existence analysis any more than a physician could disregard anti-biotics, or a physicist the splitting of the atom.

When I was asked to contribute this article, a problem immediately occurred. It is still present and I suspect it to be an inescapable dilemma. The problem is to suggest some mean between the highly systematic description of existence-analysis represented originally in Martin Heidegger's development of *Dasein's* analysis (*Dasein* refers to "human existence" as a being-there in the world) and a kind of journalistic embellishment of "crisis" verbiage.

A further difficulty is to make explicit

a suggestion of the relevance of the philosophy of existence to, as it were, the existential situation of the reader. To anyone acquainted with the labyrinthine paths of the "phenomenology of existence" or "fundamental ontology," this second problem is redundant. He is already aware that every existential analysis is out of, and to present existence. Present existence in the world constitutes the "field" from which and the field toward which every investigation is made. One's own being is the "field" or region in which he is present. There is no reason to suppose, however, that there exists a general clarity about philosophical base and pillars of existence analysis, any more than one could pre-suppose general knowledge of the rudiments of any complex philosophy. It is far beyond the scope of this article or any single article to lay completely bare the philosophical structures in question.

The task then, is to communicate to the general reader without falling into the pitfalls of jargon, as existential terminology in the wrong hands so frequently does. The choice of the key word, "involvement" helps clarify our task. This term has certainly been misused enough in a popular cultic existentialism to be in vogue; yet it is central to genuine philosophizing in such a way that through it a suggestion of certain philosophical contributions of existence analysis may be indicated.

Convergence of Involvement and Un-involvement

Man *ek-sists*, stands out; things are. Man is "thrown" into world from the no-more and projects toward the not yet. "Care" (*Sorge*) is not incidental to man, but the very structure through which he is present to the world. Man is also continually thrown into a world of inauthentic everyday concerns. Existential philosophy makes concern or personal involvement and its partner, alienation (anxiety) thematic; hence it brings to focus dimensions which public man in the impersonal and generalized world of everyday and mechanical activities disregards. He may not attend

seriously to the "obvious" because he considers the obviousness of being present insignificant.

So our title is redundant. "Involvement" always is existential, to whatever extent it might be empirically described or theoretically analysed. "Objects," empirical or idealational, are not involved "in" or "with" the world, but may be said to function as tools or as conceptual correlates. A hammer functions to strike a nail. A motor functions to move a wheel. A symbol of equivalence functions to link parts of an abstract equation.

Quite significantly, such objects and such functions never exist in-the-world or have world in the sense that man-is-in-world. The horizons of temporality and spatiality, or worldliness are never real as for man. The being of man in the world is a "to-beness." "To-be" is to be involved. The question quite simply then is: is man a function? Is the truth of being-in-the-world-with-others reducible to "functional" truth? Or "correct" technical statements? Can man ever authentically regard himself or others as functional entities, as tools? That he regards others functionally is hardly doubtable in the modern world; the question is whether such regard is authentic.

The question of involvement converges existentially upon non-involvement, non-participation.

To analyze the "configurational" juxtaposition of Care and Not-care suggests another relation; that of truth as un-covering and the kind of causal thinking which leads to compromise and expediency. That relation, however, is a highly complex one. For now we can get at our task by listing three kinds of expressions of un-involvement:

- 1) the attitude of non-commitment of cultic non-conformity,
- 2) the concealment of personal involvement and responsibility by the anonymity of crowd behavior,
- 3) the positive "disinterestedness" of impersonal scientific objectivity.

There is no contention that the structures or moods upon which existence analysis focuses are themselves new. Quite the contrary! Any attempt to withdraw from situation (from the "priority of existence over essence") by assuming logical objective poses of the past or technological expediency of the present only "reveals" involvement even as it hides it. Truth, existentially, is never simply a "correct" logical or factual statement about something—no matter how "useful" the statement or thing is—but is the un-covering of the relation of the being of man to the thing, to world, and the relation of the being of world to man. A state-

ment of expediency to the facts, for example, may "disguise" the truth which it "discloses": namely, the truth of the relationship of the speaker to the "being" of the situation in question.

Existential philosophy as a radical development in the history of philosophy originates in critical protest. Martin Heidegger, for example, rejects (1) the classical definition of a man as a rational animal and (2) the definition of man as *imago Dei*. That man is *ratio* is not "false," but as an exclusive definition it is a "covering" statement and hides the existential ground of reason. Its glorification results in "calculation," the loss of man in inauthentic expedient concerns—estrangement from the original revealing character of truth of the being of man.

The protest is reflected today in other areas: in literature, in social studies, in theology, in art, in the drift of Twentieth Century refusal to bow down to static forms, and to mechanizations of thought and action. The "organization man" type servitude to clock time, the rigidities of machine-like behavior, are threats which have been expressed dramatically in creative literature and analysed causally in social study. These threats come into relief in a technological age in a way which they were perhaps under cover in the "humanistic" and Christian ages of the past.

The difference in the philosophical analysis of estrangement which the above mentioned areas describe empirically or diagnose creatively, is that for existence philosophy these marks of present history are thematic for the question of temporality and historicity, for an analysis of world as an "open field of being." In Dasein analysis, inauthenticity and "forgetfulness" of being in the modern world indicate a "fall" of truth from openness into the notion of truth as "correctness"—whether the correctness of proposition or of opinion. This notion is expressed, as Heidegger suggests, in the medieval definition of truth as the "adequation of idea to thing," or the correspondence of thought to something as an object. Philosophy, however, has no object, either logical nor empirical; it is a quest, an action of thinking, "an occurring event in itself," a questioning of truth of Being.

One is given a hint of the disclosure of involvement in the attitude of non-involvement in the current film, *On the Beach*. We see not only the obvious factual consequence of technologizing, the total destruction of life by radioactive fallout; another gloom is revealed—that of the breakdown in authentic speech, or human communication. The atomic scientist in the story talks

generally about the possible "causes" of the war, and is heard with a pleasant man-in-the-street kind of curiosity. Members of a tradition-laden social club talk irritably of the lack of enough port for the duration. Only four hundred bottles remain, which obviously shows inadequate planning on the part of the management! The hero talks incessantly of future plans for his wife and children back home in Connecticut because he "can't cope" with their no longer existing. We all know what has and is happening, but the characters "talk" as if it were not happening to them, as if they were impersonal observers of their own approaching and certain end. Reality is kept hidden by talk, by a supposed detachment from the existential reality of the event. The authentic word has "fallen" into inauthentic talk and impersonal objective propositions. The "concealment," however, is deceptive, and points up the overwhelming centrality of the existential involvement of the last survivors with the being-thereness of each other. Un-involvement becomes another name for "hidden" involvement.

The characters in the story cannot speak openly of the obvious, their being-toward-death, and the temporal horizon which occasions the meaning of their present existence. This breakdown, of course, is already with us, and is symbolic of externalized and public existence in our own technological age. We find ourselves unable to speak authentically to another of "the real issue." We elude or cover the existential truth of the experience. The most satisfactory or "practical means of doing so is to become increasingly more like the machine, to lose ourselves in meaningless chatter or in the static monotony of mechanistic, uneventful behavior. Eventually, man the possible one, able "to be" in freedom and openness to present and future, becomes more like the predictable one. The truth-seeker becomes more like the reduplicating machine. Finally, he presumes to organize and objectify dimensions of existence which are not themselves planable realities. He falls under the dominance of efficiency and expediency—the sustaining marks of the calculating machine.

Choice and Responsibility

To say that man as individual cannot be "authentically" un-involved, dispassionate or impersonal suggests that as authentic he is always engaged in present choice or decision. In Jaspers' words: "So far as I choose, I am; if I am not, I do not choose." Real choice may "fall" of course into inauthentic modes: assembly line, cause-effect,

or tool-product type of selectivity. These terms are simply more urbane descriptions of Behaviorism's stress on the stimulus-effect mechanism, which in turn may be viewed as the heritage of deterministic metaphysics of Nineteenth Century Naturalism. If opportunity were present here to work out a more thoroughgoing philosophical analysis, one could justify the intriguing notion that the "fall" of existential choice is ultimately the consequence of the "fall" of *logos* into logic, the glorification of rational subject-object propositions, and the consequent substitution of calculation for truth.

How is it that the human existence is such that it cannot choose not to choose? The simplest example might be that of the potential voter or "non-voter." To paraphrase the language of existential choice, the non-voter does not represent simply a logical contradiction of the voter; he represents, rather, inauthentic indecision—the deceptive "security" of non-involvement. Our topic might well be phrased, "The non-neutrality of indecision or of objective withdrawal."

The example of the voter opens up the truth of responsible political participation. Despite the theoretical assumption that government is "by the people," a large segment of the "best people" hold the being of politics in apparent disdain. Others lack enough interest to vote or conveniently forget to vote. Others, proud of a scientific ability to weigh factors pro and con, to evaluate strengths and weaknesses in the various candidates without authentically "choosing" even at the risk of being incorrect or "unliked," immobilize real decision. They may "study" the issues objectively and impersonally, and yet not vote. Election day is already present, and one's indecision influences its outcome just as surely as an open vote. Indecision and objective inaction are not synonymous with neutrality.

Political partisanship is only one of the signs of the dimension of choice and "care" as occasioning the original structure of being-there-in-the-world. It is, however, a suggestive sign.

The very risk of "choice in freedom" may become distasteful to citizens nourished in pragmatism and groomed to expediency, agreement at all costs, and compromise. Many believe the good community is void of serious disagreement, which is often equivalent to the absence of genuinely open discussion. They have become accustomed to situations in which the basic elements of dissent are ignored. Hear-no-evil, speak-no-evil attitudes create walls of silence behind which clever forces can manipulate

others; hence, Payola, for example. Ignoring conflict, like indecision, often leaves the initiative to those who are willing to capitalize on situations to further their own practical self-interest. This explains the phenomenon of notoriously corrupt communities who also bear the caption, "City of Churches." The Protestant attitude of scorn for politics as "dirty" abandons the field to corrupt and ignoble special interest groups.

From the "thrownness" of man and his "projection" into the not-yet and not-yet-known of the future is established a fundamental primacy. The primacy of human existence is that it is "always mine"; it is not an impersonal fact. I am, therefore, responsible for and to my own being, and for and to all mankind (certainly not just to those in my immediate environment!) In Sartre's terms every responsible choice is a decision about the destiny of every man—hence, the "anxiety," the overwhelming seriousness of free choice.

Givenness and Event: the Content of Involvement

One must insist, as does Heidegger, that the philosophical quest of Being, for which existence analysis is a preparation, is not to be confused with a theological doctrine. The dichotomy between philosophy and theology is healthy in that it forces each mode to do its own job more properly. "Faith" always begins with answer: namely, the Creator God who creates man and world *ex nihilo*. "Wisdom" takes its stand on an open question. This question is revealed at the ground of metaphysics as: "Why is there something and not much more nothing?" Philosophy is involved in and pursues this question relentlessly without final answer. This being-without-answer of wisdom is a "folly" or absurdity to the faith, just as the "answer" of faith, in St. Paul's terms, is a folly to the wise.

Aware of the distinction between the positions of faith and wisdom, one is able to make illuminating parallels. Part of the ontological content to which a thoroughgoing existence analysis points might be clarified when compared with its theological analogues. As the "sin" of man existentially is his failure to *think*, to be open to the given as given—so his glorification of his own works over the Creator could be parallel to the substitution of techniques, information, learning, control for original thinking. As "salvation" takes place in the response of the creator to the givenness of redemption, the truth of Being takes place, in language of original thought, in response to the presentness of Being. Man is "spoken to" by Being and responds by

"springing back" to its ground—prepared by examination of his own existence in the world. Man awaits, as it were the *parousia* of Being, and so doing confronts the awesome reality that Being is not a thing, that to it belongs Nothingness, the absurd, incalculable and non-manipulable.*

Thinking the truth of Being becomes like a sacrament, an *Av-dacht*, a memorial. Like sacramental activity it is involved, non-compromise activity. In the Last Supper, for example, one is participating contemporaneously in a once-and-for-all-time present event. It is its own efficacy and its meaning is realized by involvement in it. To think-on or think-back is to confront what occurs to man as Event; it is to be involved in the event, and decisions are responses to the givenness of the event. Realization is to be totally "in." Mind, heart, perception and ethical responsibility do not tro off in their on segmented ways. Furthermore, the event as present (or "given") cannot be postponed nor shoved into the past. Once the birth has occurred, no matter how we might wish the squalling and naked creature before us had delayed his journey, he is *there*—no longer a predictable possibility; and he commands response. Past accomplishments and future calculations can't do.

If the human is not a mechanical function, a tool, even less is he a statistic to be charted away on an impersonal graph. His color, his height, his economic status may be analysed statistically, but his being as a being in the world of concern is existentially outside of fact and purely objective comprehension—for that matter so is his authentic world.

Small wonder he resists enslavement in every age, no matter how the external forms change. Small wonder he protests against inauthenticity, and persists in his struggle for "rights." His own essential struggle is new and now; it is his own cry to be. The criterion of "use" or practicality is for him only an inauthentic best.

*One of the thornier simplicities of existence philosophy is the problem of the meaning of Nothingness or Non-being. In brief Nothing here is not to be confused with negation, with logical contradiction of assertive propositions—nor with the contradiction of assertive propositions as real in such moods as "Dread" where there is no object of dread, annal or "horodrom" where one is bored at nothing in particular. Experiencing the reality of abandonment is a stage of preparation for thinking the truth of Being. It is a process of becoming open to the givenness of Being as such, which is not a fact to be learned or an idea, but a Presence or Event.

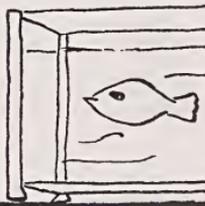
Editor's note:

The author is a member of the department of Philosophy at Wake Forest, and is currently planning a book on existence analysis.

On that particular day Professor Jux's English 29 classroom was explicitly white, almost porcelain. Looking very fluorescent, it had that recently scrubbed smell of ammonia.

Miss Blair, one of the front row girls in a class of five, all present, opened a glossy handbag, removed a Kleenex tissue, and blotted her lips. "Well," she said in a confiding-only-in-you whisper to Miss Janner, her classmate confidante; then crumbling the tissue, she floated it back into her bag. "Well," she repeated, "I can't imagine what THEY are doing here, even though he's frightfully obsessed with them." Miss Janner ran her thumb nail over her right forefinger nail, and satisfied with its pink symmetry, agreed.

Silently, noddingly, Miss Blair and Miss Janner readjusted the wrinkles in their skirts and reconsidered the two hospital-green aquariums, which sat in the front of the room on an immaculately clean desk.



One contained a goldfish, the other, a piranha. Softly lighted, they resembled two fairylands.

"Well, honey," Miss Janner finally said as she closed her paperback novel entitled *The Transparent Lady*, "just like Salinger says, it's a perfect day for piranha fish." Miss Blair, having never heard of Salinger, laughed nevertheless and moistened her lips.

"The *Transparent Lady* should be here," Miss Janner secretly suggested. "She's a quirk. She's always pulling levers and things and shifting about her innersoul to the delight of her lovers, and they're all anemic and simply platonic, so she has to live vicariously, because the lovers are always watching her innersoul and keeping each other posted on the latest soul. On page 59 she—"

"What's remaining," an athletic voice loudly interrupted, "but Jux, the brief case, and the cat—the undiscovered trinity."

"Professor Jux," Miss Janner answered for everyone to hear, "takes vodka for breakfast and plays Gregorian chants on a Hindu flute for supper, according to Dr. Scrol, and Dr. Scrol's an eavesdropper, too. And that brief case Professor Jux carries is simply stocked with vodka.

Miss Blair, who was looking abstractly at the aquarium that contained the goldfish, mused. "No," she surmised. "Indeed not. The professor's brief case is Delilah's mobile home; he worships that Siamese cat."

Then the athletic voice saying he spoke

A

TONI

Perfect Day for Piranha Fish

—dwight pickard

for a vociferous minority, which was dedicated to the unraveling of "Professor Jux's brief case mystery", became somewhat belligerent. He insisted upon two alternatives: Jux's brief case conveyed either esoteric or pornographic literature—or secondly, it contained the bones of goldfish, which had formerly furnished the piranha a splendid feast; for it was common knowledge that the piranhas banqueted daily upon those golden, Oriental delights.

Miss Blair said that it was certainly a strange class, and Miss Janner meditated upon the painted wiggles of her big toe and said demurely that her imagination seated Professor Jux upon a jester's seat of skill and bones.

"Goldfish bones," the athletic voice said, with if-you-please indignation.

Miss Janner politely continued, saying that the little professor was a harlequin priest, who at strange hours, secretly, mystically, brief case in hand, presided over blood rituals surrounded by deities, fish, cats, and sacrificial virgins.

"More likely," a fourth voice interrupted, "he sacrifices critics and an unfaithful wife, although you wouldn't know anything about that. Whether you know it or not, and probably you don't Professor Jux was once married in his youth to a beautiful wife, and Dr. Scrol says that he caught her doing extra-curricular bed work. And Professor Jux's novels were equally catastrophic. The critics persecuted him from print. No wonder he's morose, vindictive, alcoholic,

enamored with fish and a Siamese cat—regrettable . . ."

An opening door punctuated the incomplete sentence, and Professor Henry Jux, a short, frail, squint of a man, walked nervously into the room tiptoeing in a little-old-lady fashion. Somewhere glassy-eyed between sobriety and drunkenness, he edged in like a feeble shadow, with the very secret brief case wedged against his bird-like chest. Delilah his silver Siamese cat followed him. Clutching the brief case vigorously, he approached the desk, his shoulder blades jostling like wings.

"Well, Honey," Miss Janner said suavely. She reclined over her doodles of the transparent lady in Miss Blair's direction. "He's got the whole menagerie today—how amusing, more exciting than the Transparent Lady on page 59." Tilting her head into a sophisticated, posed position, she resumed doodling the Transparent Lady's innermost soul, frequently looking over the pencil top at the professor or the piranha.

The Professor, dressed in priestly black, stepped behind the desk and propped his shoulder blades against the blackboard. The brief case rose and fell with each breath. His eyes blinked slowly into pink slits and opened slowly pink again. Each blink riveted another wrinkle on his extraordinarily high forehead. A glassy smile dropped like a Chinese moustache from the corners of his lips. With tick-tock regularity his eyes every now and then appeared as two myopic points unfixing on the vop-

tuous goldfish.

Miss Blair also looked at the goldfish's aquarium. There was a small castle nestled in meadows of green, silken grass, and the fish loafed goldenly around the sandy wastelands, which fringed the green meadow.

The Professor stood suspended, as if in a seance, absorbed and fascinated with the gracefulness of the slow-swimming goldfish, who presently floated to the surface for a bit of air.

Miss Janner, forgetting the Transparent Lady, centered the piranha over her eraser and watched him dart through a glass-enclosed universe, lunging at her stare. "Isn't he horrible," she suggested, nudging Miss Blair with a pencil point.

The Professor reluctantly turned from the goldfish and faced the class. "Good afternoon, mourners," he said. His voice sounded like a weak scratch.

"Good afternoon mourners," he reiterated and plopped the padlocked brief case between the aquariums, where it settled like an icon. The very silver and blue-eyed Delilah reclined restive as a purring sphinx before the case, her feet draped over the desk.

"Miss Blair," the Professor said, rolling the 'r', "stand up, Miss Blair."

Miss Janner nudged Miss Blair. "Stand up, Honey," she said, giggling, "it might be exciting or something."

Fiddling around in an inside coat pocket, the Professor looked first at Miss Blair, then at the goldfish. He withdrew a laven-

der handkerchief and dabbed at his dimple-like eyes. He lifted Delliiah from the desk and cuddled her between lapels, which resembled butterfly wings.

"In history, Miss Blair," he said, "the piranha is dominant. Egypt, Babylon, Rome, Christ, and Jux. Historical Myc flies, if you please." Here he paused and adjusted Delliiah into lavish purrings.

"Once upon a time, dear Miss Blair," he continued, fondling Delliiah's claws between his ivory fingers, "Henry Jux lived in a house of cards by the wine-red sea. The wind blew and blew and purred the house down over Henry. Now, Miss Blair, confess; say 'bitch.'"

There was an embarrassed silence. Miss Janner discreetly pleaded with Miss Blair to say it or do something.

"Miss Blair," the Professor said, "do you refuse to indict my truly beautiful Delliiah?" His wobbling, blinky, stare released Miss Blair, who sat down beside a pouting Miss Jenner.

"Yes, mourners." The professor spoke loudly now. "Delliiah killed my piranha's mate. Yesterday, I tell you, she clawed my piranha's companion to water death."

Saying this, his extraordinary head went limp like the just sprung head of a Jack-in-the-Box.

"Mourners," he whined and shifted his blinking attention to the vagabond goldfish, "you see, the golden are always sacrificed to the powerful."

"But professor," a voice protested, obviously taking advantage of his near-sighted grief, "you haven't told us what's in the case."

"Case," the little man mumbled, "a case of Roman nails, or the sun or my love, or hate, or yesterday, or Miss Blair, who quite denies her bitchery."

Then saying that it was in especial commemoration of the day they killed Christ and Henry Jux, the professor opened a desk drawer and scooped out handfuls of sensual daisies, which he floated down upon the brief case.

"Oh, isn't he melodramatic and hideously dispassionate," Miss Janner, who was mentally filing her fingernails, whispered to Miss Blair. "Anyway, as I was telling you before this bizarre magician show of a class, I went to three movies Saturday, two Sunday, one Monday, and simply languished through them—my popcorn and I. And anyway the prof should have been a Terry Tune stand-in—ain't he simply a villain, persecuting fish and all. I'd give anything to know what he hides in that

case. You'd think it was Henry Jux's contribution to mankind the way he guards it. He's simply nuts, confusing himself with Christ an all. Jesus H."

"Hell, it's cocktail hour," said one of the students, who interrupted Miss Janner's soliloquy with bleacher-like authority, "let's have a drink."

"No," another voice surmised, "Let's look at girly pictures. That's what professor bones carries in the case."

"You're all wrong," the boy with the athletic voice insisted, "Let him feed the piranha, then he'll open the case and put another bone in the goldfish graveyard."

"Dispense with the ludicrous daisies," said a fourth and very vehement voice. It was Miss Janner's. "Let's open the case."

"Regrettable," another voice said.

Looking very distracted and completely obsessed, the little professor produced a fish net from his pants pocket and flourished it several times like a baton. Fish net in hand, he blinked dumbly at each speculation concerning his daisy covered case. His free hand rustled through mounds of daisies. Profoundly smiling, he leaned perfunctorily, remotely, over the goldfish kingdom and dipped the little net after the fish.

"Fate, mourners," he said mysteriously. "I have superimposed fate and time upon the beautiful."

The somersaulting goldfish flipped before the net, and the professor clenched the desk with his left hand.

Miss Janner giggled hilariously and pinched Miss Blair with her finger nails.

Catching the fish and waving him triumphantly high above his head, the professor mumbled; "we must move softly, mourners; we must preserve the full everlasting beauty for the piranha. We can't damage a fin, not even a scale, don't you see, eh?"

"He's flipped, Blanche," Miss Janner said; "better than a movie. Just like Salinger says."

Miss Blair, having never heard of Salinger, laughed nevertheless and handed Miss Janner a Kleenex. Miss Janner giggled in the Kleenex and ran her right forefinger nail over her thumb nail.

"Well, it's certainly a strange class," Miss Blair said knowingly, the ammonia flexing her nostrils. Miss Janner wiggled her right, only-for-you, red toe.

"Well, honey," she suggested, "it's better than popcorn. And these has-been professors who think they're DosTOEvsky and all, carrying their secret, glorious world around in a brief case like he was the secret priest carrying the Transparent Lady's most recent soul around. Or maybe you'd think it was

Henry Jux's contribution to mankind. Jesus H. And everything smelling like a bathroom full of ammonia. Have you ever heard the crack when you step on a roach, it's like popcorn. Jesus H. He's simply a Terry Tune Villain."

"Good afternoon, mourners," the professor interjected, "the beautiful are forever sacrificial. Henry Jux was unique because he suffered, and he suffered because he failed to communicate his sufferings."

Miss Janner lanced Miss Blair with her always ready pencil point. "Isn't he an absolute dear," she insisted.

The professor relapsed into oriental silence, and meditated upon the blue-eyed Delliiah, who yawned upon the daisies. He enticed her by waving the goldfish seductively over her eyes. With his other hand he sprinkled water over the fish. "To insure its freshness," he said.

Delliiah jumped, catching two pawfuls of air. "Not for you," the professor said. "In history the piranha is dominant, not the cat. The cat is treacherous and beautiful. The piranha is carnivorous."

Rolling her pencil point around in somebody's name on her desk top, Miss Janner said huff-huffy that she didn't blame the professor's wife for whatever she did, and she probably didn't do enough, having to live with a looney and all.

Then loudly, like something a camp follower might say, she broke her pencil point on the last initial, and looking directly at the professor, asked him to open the case—to which the little professor was oblivious, as he was now in a manic state of flower contemplation. So loudly and so demanding did Miss Janner confront the professor that the boy on the back row duck-walked, camouflaged between the desks, up to Miss Janner's desk and said with a flushed face, "regrettable, regrettable." Miss Janner turned around obliquely and said very matter-of-factly, "well, if it isn't old regrettable himself." To which old regrettable, as Miss Janner called him, duck-walked back to his seat, defeated.

Standing beside the piranha's aquarium, the professor blinked at the goldfish and then renewed his efforts to sprinkle it into longevity, saying in ritualistic monotonies that humanity would have its blood. We're born on an Aztec altar," he whinned, "and living fashions the knife."

Miss Janner looked tight-faced at the professor.

"Thumbs down on the fish," she pleaded, "feed him to the piranha, professor." Then turning to Miss Blair, she glibly said, "can't you imagine it, honey?"

"Yes, thank you, Miss Janner," the professor said. "It's the fish you want, not Henry Jux's contribution to mankind."

"Professor," Miss Janner blurted passionately. She balanced on the edge of her seat, and fainted her big, only-for-you, red toe, "the fish must die. By the piranha." She nodded her head in thumbs down approval, and the professor closed his eyes with a slow blink and lowered the goldfish to the piranha.

The goldfish, immediately sensed danger. The piranha was suspended motionless in mid-tank. His sickly pink eyes blinked fastidiously as he settled into a sandpocket; his needle-like teeth protruded and sampled water. In a swift lunge, he severed the goldfish, whose head bobbed to the surface, eyes fluttering.

The class rustled and the professor opened his eyes. Without once looking at the aquarium, he sighed, "done—crucified and dying, a living death, the death of the beautiful."

Now the little man was sweating profusely. His lips jerked and he went quickly limp. His chalky white hands fell from his coat cuffs like misplaced gloves. A dilation of the nostrils, the ammonia cleanliness, revived him; and Delilah yawned her satisfaction. In the intense silence, Miss Janner saw a fly light and fiddle his back legs on the goldfish's head. The professor, suddenly changing expression, bent over the desk and circled the daisy-covered case with his arms.

"You're ugly," he said desperately. "ugly. Get out. All of you, get out."

"But professor," the boy with the athletic voice said, "you forgot something. Tell us about the case."

The professor slid mechanically in feigned indifference along the chalk-coated eraser rack. Like a fugitive he tightened his arms around the leather case. White chalk marks ribbioned the back of his coat. Stammering incoherently, he stopped abruptly when the T-shirted boy stood up and said with defiance, "Get the goddam case, Hoffman."

Hoffman, the boy with the athletic, strenuous voice, protested. "He'll turn us in," he said.

"The hell he will," the T-shirted boy retorted. He flexed his T-shirt. "We'll turn him in."

He looked, as if by prearrangement, at Miss Janner, who was leaning against her desk popping her fingernails.

"Now professor dear, she suggestively, in monotones, whispered. She walked over the sensual daisies toward him seductively

popping her fingernails and smiled. "You've told us all about Christ and piranha fish and goldfish and all. And Hoffman here says you carry bones and girly pictures in that case."

"I did not," Hoffman said. He tried to leave the room but bumped into the high school initials on the T-shirt.

"Well, anyway," Miss Janner said, "I read four novels last week—my popcorn and I and a parakeet who can't even talk about anything. And I bet, I simply bet you've got something real interesting in that brief case. And after all, just like Salinger says, it's a perfect day for brief cases, too."

She paused to pick limp daisies which were clustered between the professor's arms and the case.

"Professor," she eagerly added, "have you ever heard the crack when you step on a roach? It's like popcorn." The professor said nothing and strained against the blackboard. His eyes followed the daisies which fell to the floor. Finally he attempted to speak, but his voice caught in a cough. He blinked quizzically, each blink implying something like what-are-you-doing-to-me. His eyes squinted and relaxed on Miss Blair, who was folded and crying on her desk. He smiled an immensely secret smile and released the brief case which fell into Hoffman's arms.

Miss Janner, who was watching Delilah toy with the very sensual daisies, politely, in a motherly, now-now tone, called Miss Blair a little bitch for crying. She popped her crescent-like fingernails, and then, almost spontaneously, she slapped the professor and giggled hilariously, saying that Erroll Flynn would have slapped her in return.

"And you'd better not say a thing about it," she added to the professor who was whimpering and tasting the fleck of blood on his lips. "You'd just better not open your mouth, or my father'll hear about it. How you persecute fish and all and act like a Terry Tune villain. And I'll bet you've got a brief case full of dirty things. I know about your kind. Jesus H. All the movies I've seen and everything. And everything smelling like a bathroom full of ammonia—Hoffman, open the brief case."

Hoffman, not knowing what to do with the case, tossed it quickly to Vick, the T-shirted boy, who snatched it nonchalantly out of the air.

"Open it, Vick," Miss Janner insisted.

The professor pondered the fluorescent ceiling, then dropped to his hands and knees and went crawling around gathering

daisies from the freshly scrubbed floor. Assuming a very debonair stance, Vick stood T-shirt and khakis above the mumbling professor, who went about his daisy gathering. He wove in and out of feet and found one daisy on Miss Janner's only-for-you red toe.

Vick considered the complexities of the lock which fastened the brief case.

"Well, Vick, goddamn it," Miss Janner said angrily, impatiently, stamping her foot, "don't stand there like a Rock Hudson or something—you emuch, open the little cricket's case—isn't he a precious Christ, crawling around on the floor and playing with my toe, too."

Vick secured the case between his hands and strained against the lock, flexing himself into movie-book profile.

"Gimme the case. Jesus, whata imp," Miss Janner said, her anger crescendoing. She bit her under lip and snatched the case from Vick. She reached in her right dress pocket and withdrew a fingernail file, which she used like a punch to perforate the area around the lock.

The professor stood up nursing a handful of daisies and relaxed his shoulder blades on the blackboard. His expression was now controlled and he fondled the flowers with dignity. He pleasantly blinked and peered over Miss Janner's jerking left shoulder, watching her fingernail file pierce the case, jab after jab. He was very impressed with and very proud of his daisies and divided his interest between them and Miss Janner.

"Got it," Miss Janner ejaculated.

The lock banged on the floor and Miss Janner dropped her chin into the case. Her chin still in the case, she brushed by the now smiling professor, and ran from one lighted area to the next. She climbed on the desk, under the fluorescent light, talking into the case.

"Nothing!" she shrieked, "not a goddamn thing. It's empty. Jesus H. And him playing like he was DosTOEvsy and all with his simply glorious case and not even a dirty picture or a fish bone or something—popcorn or something."

She sat down between the aquariums and nervously wiggled her red toe.

The professor approached her, bowed graciously, almost touching the toe with his forehead, and picked up his brief case. He called for Delilah. "Come, Delilah," he said very pleasantly, "perhaps this has been Henry Jux's contribution to mankind," and walked out of the room followed by the queently Delilah.

SLUM CHILD

A face smiled up
Through street-game grime
To say "We have a cat".

GROWN

"Anna" crashed
through the stillness
Cutting off the top of night;
And then a louder quiet.



SHOES

We kicked off our shoes
For a happy rush across the lawn,
Unmindful till our Mother saw
And said it was too soon.

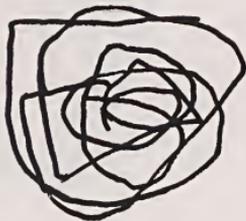


dimensions:

Mary Beverly

BARE FEET

Bare feet in the Spring
Tingle as they press the pointed grass
And scratch across a gravel path.
But Summer toughens them.



THE HITCHHIKER

—KEN GARITANO

It was six-thirty in the morning before I found route 90 heading out of New Orleans. The city was just beginning to wake and it promised to be a sunny November day. Lone cars sped past me on the near deserted road, so I picked up my battered brown duffle bag and began to walk. The handle was loose and it worried me that soon I'd have to carry it under my arm.

As I walked, the road began to climb high over the freight yards. After a distance the sidewalk ended, and I had to go out onto the road. Down below, among the litter and trash by the side of the tracks, sat a colored man warming himself by a small fire. I would have liked to stop and sit with him around that fire, but today I had to go; I was on the move west.

Soon the traffic began to pick up, and the bus stops crowded with colored women waiting for a way to work became more frequent. I didn't think I'd get a ride here in the colored section but I was tired of walking so I dropped my bag and began thumbing.

Two colored men in a garage pickup truck stopped and offered me a ride. I was going to get up back but they said for me to ride in the cab. The lean one driving asked me where I was headed. I told him I was going out to the west coast.

"Man that's pretty far," he said. "You gonna hitch all the way?"

"Yeah," I answered.

The one driving started telling the other about the trips he'd taken, so I just sat in the middle and kept my mouth shut. I began thinking it would be good to ask these men about the chances of hopping a freight since I might not always get rides easily.

"Well ya could," said the short fat one, looking out the window while he talked, "ain't same as it used to be though . . ."

"In what way?" I asked.

"What way . . .?" He looked at me puzzled.

"Well I mean, why isn't it the same? You know—hopping trains an' all."

"See, man—it's like this buddy Josh and I used to have—Sam . . . Sam Williams. You remember him, Josh?"

"Yeah I do . . . married May Brown, lives the other side of the bridge," responded Josh. "Left her though—two good kids—left 'em all."

"No doubt 'bout it," he went on, "he was a travelin' man. Ain't but four years since he left."

"Yeah, an they found 'im a while ago . . . Ya know where?" said the fat one as he turned from the window and looked at me intently.

He didn't wait for an answer but went right on with those jowls moving terribly fast. "I tell ya where—they found 'im up Nashville in the railroad yard all smashed in."

"I guess it's not too smart hopping trains these days," I said.

"Well, I don't wanta influence you none, you've got your way to go, but a man wud be mighty smart to stick to the road these days . . . Some powerful bad boys ride those freights, course they ain't all bad, but ya can't tell those bad 'uns from th' others."

"Well, here's where we work, said the fat one . . ."

"Never mind, I'll take ya further," said the lean one. "It's not far to the bridge."

When they let me out by the Mississippi, the day had blossomed forth and I had a good feeling. Soon though, I realized I'd have to cross the river before I could get a ride.

It was two miles across that bridge; first a long stretch over the land, the bridge so high that the telephone poles on the road below looked like they belonged to

some little kid's electric train set; then way up over the water I stopped and watched the flat barges pulled by chugging tugs 'til a big cement mixer came by on the road, its breath almost knocking me off the bridge. And I looked down-river to some tall buildings, smoke above the city. And the bridge descended westward, moving with the morning sun.

II

After crossing the river I stopped in a service station and got a map of Louisiana and Texas. The handle of my bag had broken and I was lucky to be able to find an old black rope to use. Handle fixed, I drank a coke and went across to the other side of the truck to wait for a ride.

I'd only stuck my thumb out for a minute before a big oil truck rumbled to a stop, and the driver asked me if I wanted a ride.

Soon we were rolling along over a road shaded by gangly cypress trees. These trees in their thousand tortured and gnarled shapes gave one, even in the brightness of the morning, an unaccountable feeling of eeriness. On either side of the road there was a swamp, that stretched for miles, known as Bayou Lafourge. Occasionally one would see Bayou houses, nothing more than small shacks with mud chimneys and cypress-covered roofs. Cows grazed contentedly near the houses, while bugboats could be seen tied to rickety docks near-by.

"What do these people work at?" I asked my driver, a heavy set man with a blond crewcut.

"Well, lad, lots of them farm. Hell, they do almost everything—crabbin' moss pickin'; they hunt frogs and turtles . . . snakes—jest about everything. Lota time they don't do a damn thing though."

"They take it pretty easy?"

"Seems so; I'm not from these parts so I really couldn't say."

"Where are you from," I asked.

"Oklahoma originally. Came down here six years ago to drive for standard oil. Helluva good job, makin' two-fifty an hour; Jest a short run and home every night.

"Sounds good," I said.

"Where you heading?" he asked.

"West coast, maybe California."

"Whew—that's a long way. You got a job promised?"

"Nope, just traveling."

The morning was getting along when we pulled into Houma. The driver pointed me to a good eating spot and let me off. Breakfast diminished my meager resources another ninety cents, leaving but three crisp green dollar bills in my wallet. I walked route 90 to the edge of Houma and started hitching. Along the road there were lots of old men in those out of style blue suits with white stripes, trying to get rides. They had suitcases probably full of Gin and whiskey. None of them seemed to get rides though, and pretty soon I got picked up.

III

Outside of Houma the sugar cane country begins. Part of the fields are a mowed mixture of flat land and broken stalks. Another part of the fields are seas of rolling willowy cane, waiting for the mower's sharp blade.

On we flew down the pavement, the miles slipping by the little French towns of Jeanerette, Saint Martinville, and then a bigger one, Lafayette. From there Route 90 is called the rice road; It passes Crowley, which is the rice capital of the world; A few miles outside of Crowley, an old man left me off beside a dusty rice field.

The sun had now risen high overhead; the cars sped by and I, sweating, sat down on my bag. The dust from the field began to crawl up my back, saturating my clothes and clinging to my wet skin. Just when I began to despair of getting a ride, picturing myself instead, blending in with the dust and field, an old pickup truck came tearing down the road. A screeching of brakes, a grinding of gears, and a few assorted clanks and groans brought the vehicle to a stop.



"Where ya going?" asked the driver, his fish-like eyes blinking from under the visor of an ancient captain's cap. He smelled all over of whiskey and beer as he leaned over a pimply faced boy of about eighteen who was sitting next to the window facing me.

My better sense told me not to accept the ride, but knowing I might not get another one for a long while, I told him I was going to the West coast.

"West coast, eh?" he said, squinting at me suspiciously. Taken back, I hesitated about climbing in.

"Whatcha waiting for? . . . Come on, climb the hell in!"

We rolled off at a fantastic clip. I seated in the middle and having to hold all kinds of blankets and coats. Underneath this pile I sat filled with misgivings. The fact that the floor type gear shift poked me was the least of my troubles.

The driver, ole Fish Eyes (who told me his name was George), soon confirmed my doubts, for as we sped down the road that devil suddenly glimpsed a tavern out of the corner of his eye, slammed to a stop, and practically ran into the drinking establishment.

I sat in stunned silence till the pimply-faced boy, whom fish eyes called Johnny, started talking like a babbling brook.

"e dida good job to get us all this way. They didn't think that 'ed be able to drive all the way to Houston, but 'e's gonna do it."

"Is he?" I said.

"Yeh, Mister Callum bet 'e wudn't make it but 'e will."

"Like this? Stopping at bars?" I asked.

"Well, he jest started doin' it 'fore we picked ya up. Mister Callum sez—"

"Where are you from and who's Mr. Callum?" I interrupted.

"Mister Callum? 'e's a . . . well, 'e're from Florida and Mr. Callum 'e's this friend of George's who made this bet that George couldn't drive up 'ere to get the house."

"What house?" I asked, trying to follow him.

"We're takin' the truck to pull a 'our-ack back from Houston. George knows 'bout it; 'e asked me to go along."

"Well, aren't you worried about the way he's getting loaded? He'll kill both of us. Why don't you drive?"

"I asked 'im, but 'e won't let me, says 'e's got to win the bet."

About this time Ole Fish Eyes staggered out of the bar, and off we roared down the road. Soon, though, it became apparent that his evil ways had caught up with him, for every mile or so fish eyes would open the door while the car was in motion and throw up.

To the relief of Johnny and me, this seemed to calm fish eyes down. Everything went fine, and about two hours later we had crossed the Sabine river which marks the boundary, between Louisiana and Texas, and were speeding towards the city of Beaumont.

But trouble again dogged us. Ole Fish Eyes' got his taste for liquor back just as we passed a bar. Instead of slowing down and going back the idiot attempted to wheel the truck into the tavern parking lot in one sweeping turn at fifty miles an hour! Somebody up there liked us, for though we slid on two wheels, we didn't turn over. Yet before I had a chance to recover my scattered wits, we had plowed squarely into a parked car. Stunned we sat in silence for a moment. No one came out of the bar so Fish Eyes made a guttural noise, rammed the truck into reverse and left some poor guy with a smashed car.

A few miles down the road I, at the end of my rope, suggested that Johnny drive. Fish Eyes, after eliciting a promise from Johnny that he wouldn't tell anyone, reluctantly gave up the wheel, and soon the grubby character had fallen asleep on my shoulder. I preferred not to awaken him as he was much less dangerous asleep.

Soon we had passed Beaumont and were on the seventy mile stretch leading to Houston. It's all flat grassland as far as the eye can see, and it produces in one a delicious loneliness. After awhile you begin to feel a part of the grasslands as you go till suddenly you come to a town which appears so a part of the land that in the dusk it assumes a phantom like nature. It's but a few buildings stuck in a wasteland.

Soon the last patches of light are gone, fleeing with the sun which has far out-distanced us as we race westward. Night reigned supreme as we neared Houston. But then to my great dismay old Fish Eyes awoke and we had a bitter argument which resulted in my separating from the truck seven miles outside of Houston. Away they went leaving me angry and amazed on the outskirts of Texas' largest city.

I found myself near the canal which runs from Galveston to Houston by which large cargo ships, tramp steamers, and oilers may reach the city. As I stood on the freeway leading into the city, the cars never even slowed, for I was but a dirty shadow in an unreal world; while they in their marvelous machines were off for a night of dazzling entertainment. Standing there it became cold, so I slipped my sheep skin jacket out of the bag, put it on and turned up the collar, waiting. The fog horns from the ships nearby sounded their eerie wails,

hooting at me, reminding me I was far from home and security. I amused myself cursing them, and I derived much pleasure from it till behind the road I heard a freight train slowly thudding by. I picked up my bag and ran toward the railroad tracks, crouching behind bushes as the dark freight slid slowly by so close to me in the cold night air that I could almost reach out and touch its steel sides. Scared but determined, I started for a passing coal car but just in time I saw the red light from the swinging lantern of a night watchman and hurled myself back behind some bushes. Scratched and bruised, I lay panting as the car with the watchman went by. Then I pulled my aching muscles together and ran alongside another car. I reached out for the passing car, jerked myself aboard, and sat down out of breath, hands tightly clapping the cold side of the car as the click, click of steel passing over rails drummed in my ears.

IV

It was about eight o'clock as I walked down Houston's North Main Street. The night was alive with flashing neon signs, passing cars, and hurrying people. Crowds stood outside theater box offices beneath blazing lights, others gazed at window displays in the large department stores, and through restaurant windows I could see still others at their meals. All the while, I, tired and dirty, carrying my beat-up bag felt myself borne along by the hurrying crowds. I walked on even though my feet cried out to stop. Stop where? at an eating place, a hotel? not a chance. Without money big cities become like traps. Even Y.M.C.A.'s cost two-fifty a night. No, you've got to keep moving, get out of the city.

It was two hours before I found route 90 on the edge of Houston. I got one short ride which took me about ten miles and left me standing at a lonely intersection. Here I waited half an hour in the darkness for a ride but only big trucks came by. They were rolling so fast that by the time the drivers could see me by the side of the road, it would be too late for them to stop even if they had wanted to. Believing I'd never get a ride till daylight, I went off into the field beside the road to sleep. The ground was cold, and there was nothing I could do but shiver and try and think of the warm morning sun.

I fell asleep for short periods from sheer exhaustion, but soon woke up, each time shivering.

During one of those brief sleeps I dreamed that I was a little boy and my parents were holding me, keeping me from going outdoors

because it was raining. I got very mad and struck out at them, escaping from their grasp, and ran towards the door.

I woke up and my bones were damp from the cold drizzle that had swept in from the sea with the misty night fog.

Wet and miserable, I began to walk down the dark foggy road. The fog was so thick that I couldn't see the other side of the road. After a while I saw a light which turned out to be an old road house.

I went in and closed the door softly behind me. The clock on the wall showed it was just after midnight. In the place there were a few tables and booths which were deserted. Over in the far corner of the room was a bar. The lighting was very dim and I didn't see the girl in the corner until she moved.

"Are you closed?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, her white teeth shining in the dark.

"Where'd you come from?" she asked. "I didn't hear you drive up."

"I walked."

She didn't seem scared; rather she just looked me over kind of slowly.

"I'll get you a cup of coffee; go sit in one of those booths," she said and walked into a back room.

I put my bag down, took off my wet coat and sat down in one of the booths. I could hear the girl moving about in the back room till presently she came back with a pot of coffee and two cups.

I gulped the coffee down even though it burned my mouth, while she sat silently across from me sipping hers.

"Are you by yourself?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Aren't you afraid? . . ."

"A little," she said, the light from a candle casting a shadow on her face. She had a full face formed by thick black hair. "I'm not alone really though, Uncle Ty's gone to bed."

I finished the coffee and said; "It was very wet out there. Do you mind if I stay long enough to dry off?"

"It's all right," she said. "I don't mind."

After a while she asked me where I was from.

"Oh, anywhere . . . I was in South Carolina last week."

"My name's Linda," she said quite suddenly; "you can sleep here for a few hours."

"What about your uncle?"

"Oh, he's a sound sleeper; you'll have to leave before morning though."

I looked at the clock up on the wall. It was one o'clock.

"Don't worry, I'll wake you up," she said.

Linda took me to a small room in the

back. "You take the couch. I've still got some cleaning up to do.

She went out, and I lay down on the couch. The dampness was beginning to leave my bones. After a while she came in and began to undress in the dark. And when she had finished, she called softly to me.

V

I knew it was cold because my foot was out from under the covers. I pulled the offending part of me back in out of the cold air. I heard the whistle of a freight train off in the distance and raised my head a little. The first rays of sunlight were showing against the cold gray morning sky. I lowered my head and closed my eyes. The girl stirred gently against me, the locks of her curly black hair falling softly on my face. I thought I could hear her crying, but the sound was so faint that I couldn't be sure. I kissed her forehead and slipped quietly out of the bed onto the cold floor. Dressing quickly, I picked up my bag and went to the door. I hesitated, looking back. She stirred again sighing softly. With a quick decisive movement I went out the door and walked briskly down the road.

The day had hardly begun when I reached the Flatonia railroad station. No train was in sight so I walked into the town and had a stack of hot waffles for breakfast which cost only thirty-five cents. On the way back to the train station, I found a paperback novel and stuck it in my bag.

No freight was in sight, so I went down past the station and lay down in a clump of grass to read my book while I waited for a train. I must have laid there two hour's before a freight came by heading west. The long train slid to a stop before the station, leaving off cars. The brakeman and some others were near the end of the train supervising the switching; while they were so occupied, I slipped into a boxcar whose door wasn't closed. Before long the freight shuddered and began to move.

We soon were rolling over the hilly country towards San Antonio. I sat near the boxcar's door reading my book, watching the scenery, and dozing in the sun like a lazy dog. Everything seemed far removed from the miserable wet rain of the night before. Only the scent of the girl on my skin and in my nostrils remained from the night. Even this assumed a dreamlike quality. I tried to explain her action to myself. Would she have taken anyone who came along, or was there some common spirit that had kindled the flame between us? Dreamer, I chided myself, don't kid

yourself; you weren't anybody special. Still I couldn't help but grin with pleasure as I rode banking in the sun toward San Antonio and West Texas.

The rolling countryside seemed to stretch on forever. The bigness of the land and its bleak forbearing nature seeped into my soul; and till we reached San Antonio, I experienced the one supreme joy that makes me travel, the sense of a living fulfillment, however momentary, flooding my being.

I, part of this freight whistling through the Texas country, no cares, no responsibilities, damning it all, having nothing and still being able to find happiness. I grinned as I thought of them back at home, the old man so concerned that I get into the office; and Mary Lee whom I was to have married, trying to mold me and becoming so engrossed in the process that whatever one called love was stifled until it suffocated from lack of any real feeling. I realized that I was thinking these thoughts for the first time since I'd left home; it was the first time I'd allowed myself to, and yes . . . there was a damn good chance I'd done right. On the freight rolled. For the first time I was really living.

VI

While the freight idled in the San Antonio railroad yard, I huddled in the back of the boxcar, so as not to be seen by the yard detectives. I felt quite relieved when we began to slowly move again. We had almost reached the edge of the yard when I heard a noise up by the door and knew the car had another rider. I could see the man sitting there in the light. He was tall and thin and had a heavy beard. He wore a dirty brown leather jacket and his pants were filthy and patched. His eyes glistened as the afternoon sun shone through the open door on them. He had not yet sensed my presence, for I was back in a dark corner and the rumble of the freight covered up my faint breathing. I remembered the warning of the fat colored man back in New Orleans "found 'im up Nashville in the railroad yard, head all smashed in." My mouth twitched nervously, my throat felt dry but I tried to swallow my fear and stepped forward.

He heard me and whirled suddenly, crouching like a panther ready to spring. My heart seemed to stop beating and I felt myself frozen with fear. His eyes poured over me and suddenly his facial muscles relaxed, and a smile broke out on his face as he called to me.

"Well, lad, what ya doing here?"

"Going through to El Paso," I managed to say.

"Kinda young, aren't you?"

"I guess so." I was alert and ready for anything.

"This your first time on the road?"

"Yeah," I said.

"Well, don't worry none; I'll show you the ropes." He paused for an instant. "I been riding these freights for close to twenty years."

I began to think maybe it wouldn't be so bad after all.

"Hell, you look like you haven't eaten in weeks."

I told him not since yesterday morning, and he said he had plenty of stuff in his sack. So we sat around by the door, putting sandwich spread on slices of bread that he had in a bag. For a while we talked of freights and the best places to hop them, and then he went to the back of the car and lay down and was soon dozing.

I read my book for a while until tired, I fell off to sleep.

I awoke with a start to find the tramp over me trying to push me out the door. His eyes were bright, sweat ran down his forehead, and in one fist I saw a green blur that must have been my two dollars. The next second I fell through the air. . . .

VII

I limped along the road until I came to a big white sign that said seven miles to Del Rio, population: three thousand. Dusk had begun to fall, and I pictured myself spending a cold night in this forsaken place without my sheepskin coat, for it was on the El Paso freight from which I had so violently become detached.

After a while a buick convertible stopped and picked me up. The driver was an unshaven youth in his early twenties. He had a sailor whom he had undoubtedly picked up, with him.

"Are you going into Del Rio?" I asked.

"Del Rio!" he exclaimed laughing. "I'm taking this car to San Francisco."

I hardly dared believe my ears! Would he take me the whole distance?

"I'm going there too," I said. "You don't

think . . . well, would it be possible for me to go all the way with you?"

The youth laughed again, "Why not!" He turned around to look at me. "I'm leaving this sailor off in El Paso; I'll be glad to have the company."

The last rays of sunlight were against the horizon as we headed out of Del Rio. We began climbing up through the badlands towards El Paso.

I was half asleep in the back seat when the driver said, "Sailor, give him some of that wine; it will help him sleep. He looks like he's had a hard day."

The warm wine soothed my stomach. The vibrations of the car were gentle and rhythmic. My thoughts fled back over the last two days, but I couldn't focus them; already "Fish Eyes" was becoming one with the tramp who had pushed me out of the train; I couldn't picture the girl's face, for it was mingled with the dust of rice fields. The details of the past all blurred together and I could think clearly only of the future. I fell asleep to the roar of the engine, dreaming of the sunrise and a new day over San Francisco.

Two Poems By Mary Beverly

IVY

The ivy wall beneath my window
Climbs and stretches toward me each year
And, though clipped and beaten back,
Always tries to reach the sill.
Each Spring it throws out harbored life
In brand new shoot and tiny almost-leaves,
Jolting me into foolishness with simple beauty.
I forget what happened last year and the year before,
Forget the groping-fingered sentinels
That scout ahead and shudder back "All clear!"
The signal forwards an entangled mass,
A heavy blanket of slick leaves.
Suddenly the ivy has met my window.
It curls toes and fingers in the screen
And, bobbing green heads, laughs with the wind.
I wonder, if I only turned away,
Would ivy bring on darkness?

BREATH OF LIGHT

He lit the candle with a burst of flame
Which he exhaled in selfish vanity
And sat to watch in joy the catching pyre.
He shielded it to new triumphant heights;
Then, hand away, it was reduced, subdued.
The brilliance flickered, dimmed, then soared anew
In simple faith throughout the sun-dead night.
It swayed, a dancer in the clutch of breath,
A flaming phoenix in suspended time;
It climbed and threw its shadows on the world
In poor attempt to stretch its new-found warmth;
It veered and, turning from a mighty blast
Of fear, consumed its softened tallow sides.
Thus, slowly, surely, drops of life were spent
Until at last the base, the soul, was bared.
Distorted dregs could but concede the end.
The fevered flame was now a lonely spark
Which fell, released in final threnody.

Review . . .

THE UGLY AMERICAN

by William J. Lederer
and Eugene Burdick

Reviewed by

Linda Cohen

The Ugly American "exposes the opportunism, incompetence, and cynical deceit that have become imbedded in the fabric of our public relations . . ." With this prefatory note the reader is led into a series of anecdotes, loosely bound together, each a variation on this central theme. Insofar as this book is unstructured, lacking in continuity and having a basic theme only in a very broad sense, it falls as fictional literature. But it is nevertheless a significant work.

The authors' intention is to bring before the public a situation little understood and less publicized. They have chosen fiction as the most effective means of communication for what they have to say. Their aim is not "to embarrass individuals, but to stimulate thought, and . . . action." That their tales are all drawn from their own experiences in Asia is evident. Their descriptions are accurate and typical accounts may surprise or shock the general reader, college students not excepted.

This book may seem at first to be a collection of case studies in stupidity. The foreign ambassador, ignorant of the language of the country in which he is living,

allows "A gift of the USSR" to be printed on each sack of grain going to the countryside from the American relief organizations. A conscientious senator touring the Asian countries prides himself on his knowledge of and familiarity with the "common man." He gets the feelings of the people straight from the people—almost. He concludes his tour thinking an old woman has said she was fleeing from the hills to the city because she hated the Communists and loved the French. Her words, known only to the translator and the reader, were that the "French and the Communists are both dogs." She was going to the city because at least there was some food there, and some shelter.

However large a part simple-minded blundering and ignorance play, there is more than this involved in these situations. Our primary concern in these countries is avowedly with the poverty of the masses of the population. Our aim is to aid these countries and people in their attempt to raise their own standard of living. We should be attempting to demonstrate that political and economic democracy are consistent with their desires. In essence, if we

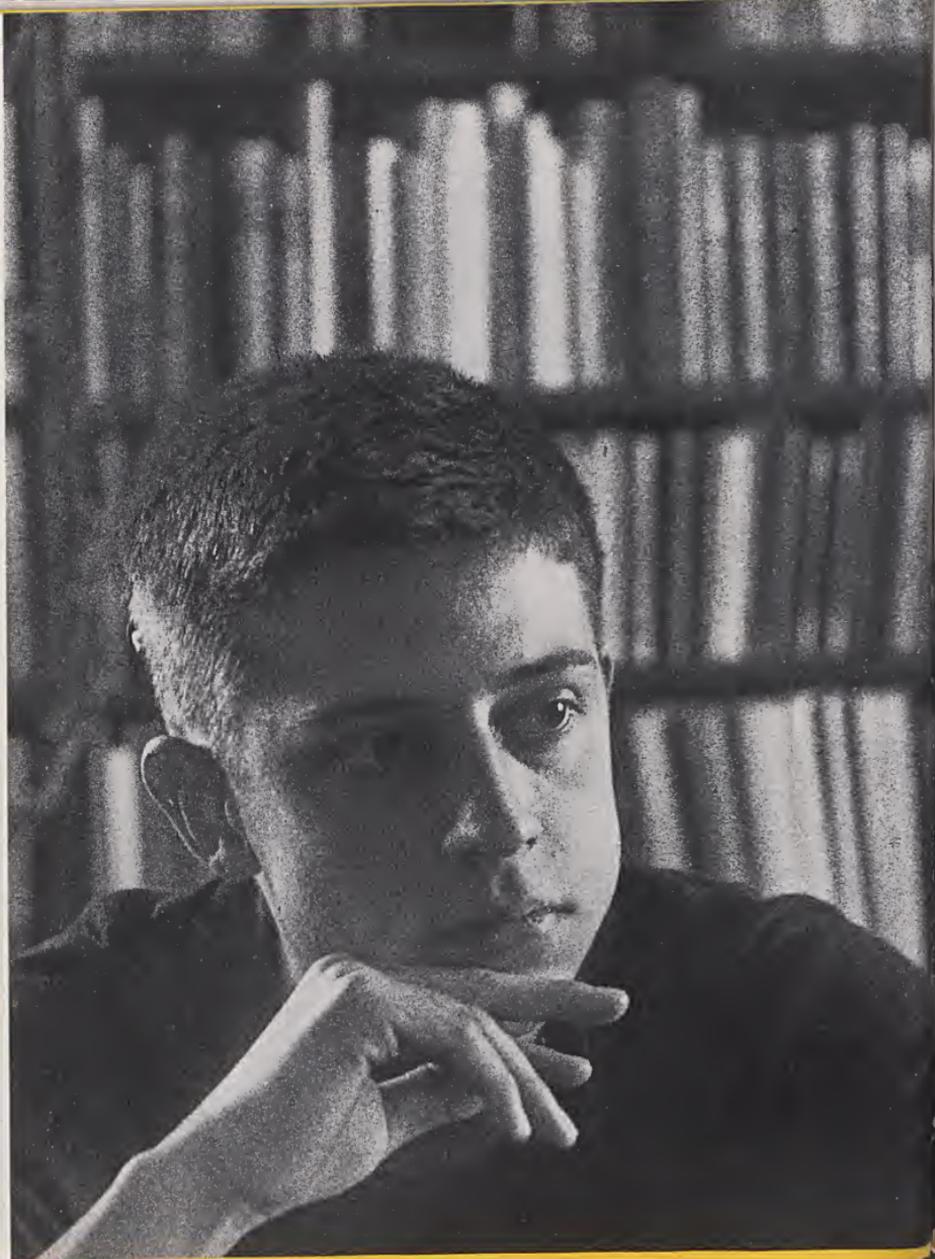
are sincere, our goal is the intellectual enlightenment and economic development of those areas of the world which are attempting to find and define themselves as nations.

However, throughout this book is portrayed the atmosphere of American infallibility as opposed to native child mentality. There is throughout a stubborn resistance against the expending of any effort to understand, communicate, give effective aid. The attitude toward these countries is given material expression in the desire to build dams, highways, industry in places where the bicycle is the most advanced form of transportation. What this seems to indicate is that we want to give these countries those things which are most meaningful for us, whether this happens to be what they need most fundamentally or not.

The characters that parade through this book are ill-equipped, to say the least. In all of them there runs this common trait: a complete lack of awareness of what they are doing, and why. Part of the diplomatic corps is composed of individuals who are passing the time in "some small country" in lieu of an attractive position in the states; part of the personnel are those young people who have found that servants, cocktail parties and increased salary compensate for being a few thousand miles from home; finally there are those who are indeed what all these Americans should be—enlightened, dedicated and honest, sincerely attempting to understand the problems of the people and giving aid in a constructive, healthy way. These are usually the people not favored by Washington. Their number is few.

The reader may not agree with these interpretations; but no matter what conclusions are drawn, it is virtually impossible to remain aloof from the vivid subject matter.

The book would be entirely bitter except for the fact of a few saving individuals. The reader cannot be left with frustration alone, if only by virtue of the fact that the book was written, published and is being read and noticed. The characters that fill its pages, from Joe Bing, the gregarious incompetent darling of the uninformed American press, to Marie, *The Girl Who Got Married*, to *The Six-Foot Swami from Savannah*, are real people, encouraging and discouraging "types" of the people who represent America abroad. Whatever reaction you as a reader will have to these characters, incidents, and what they mean in the final analysis, it will not be one of apathy.



The Abstract and The Collage

By Johan Sten

— Captured in Blue



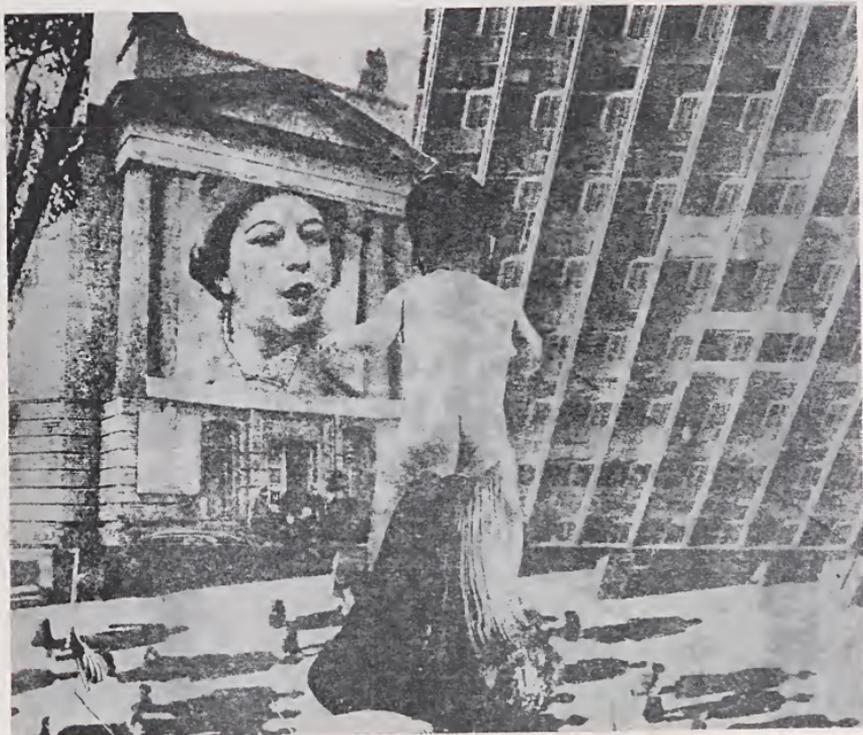


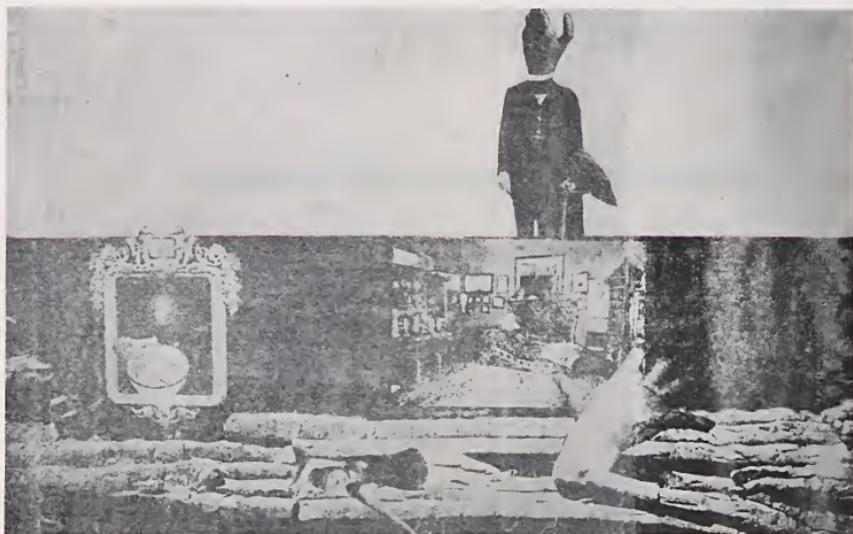
— Lena

— Sun



- No. 1





- No. 2

what's wrong with modern art -

John Alford

Actually I have little to say about modern art. I am an artist, not a pathologist. But in order to be contemporary, I must show some knowledge of the phenomenon that has replaced acting as the thing everybody thinks he can do.

The first question about modern art that must be answered is "What is it?" You may ask the question about modern art in general but not about any painting in particular. I and some woman with the most tasteless hat had been touring the art gallery at about the same pace. Once we found ourselves viewing the same painting.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Don't ask that," she said. "Just enjoy it."

And with that comment she reflected an attitude that is so widespread, it is no longer embarrassing—except to those of us perhaps who would like to debunk all unintelligible modern art, and can't because the critics don't wear tasteless hats. We have to allow the possibility that some critics have not lost their heads, and that Picasso did not quit painting from sheer indolence. For the moment, then, we will concern ourselves only with the question, "What is it?" in reference to modern art in general.

Purpose of Modern Art

"Philosophical" is the one word that best describes the reason for modern art. Traditional art often has a philosophical motif, but the philosophy is usually secondary to the craftsmanship. The reverse is true of modern art, in which craftsmanship often seems to have been forgotten altogether. As meaning becomes more and more important, craftsmanship becomes increasingly shoddy. We may object all we like, but if Picasso can convey the same meaning with a cartoon—as in, say, *Girl Before a Mirror*—he isn't going to waste

his time tediously perfecting every detail.

Art has expanded into the field of philosophy primarily because of a dissatisfaction with its limitations. Art is static. There is no movement. Nobody but the critic can stand in front of a picture for more than a few minutes, unless he is affectatious or stupid. A picture is the excitement of the moment. A critic may tell me about the beauty of the lines in a certain drawing. But beauty of line isn't the sort of thing you contemplate. It may be forever beautiful, but you can enjoy it only for the briefest moments. Modern art has tried to overcome this obvious shortcoming. Hence, cubism and futurism, both of which have failed. And both of which can be downright ridiculous at times. Music, architecture and sculpture aren't limited in this way. The main property of music, of course, is movement. Architecture and sculpture avoid staticness by having several perspectives. But there is only one way you can see a painting. There is no escaping this unfortunate truth. Therefore, modern art attempts to give itself new meaning through philosophy.

Not only has it attempted to give itself new meaning, it also has attempted to give itself new respectability. Art was once the process of isolation. Isolate a thing, and it assumes a quite different aspect. The artist, then, has been more the sensitive observer than the intellectual. By including a certain thing in his picture, he merely implies it is worthy of serious study. Modern art wants to go further than this.

But as art becomes more philosophical, it also becomes more introspective, and consequently more personal. Communication becomes more difficult, because as feelings become more personal, they tend to be less general. The artist, of course, wants

to avoid the expression of general emotions insofar as possible. When art attempts to convey the most obvious and common emotions, it becomes obvious and second-rate itself. Language is adequate for communicating the general emotions; art must qualify them. Maudlin sentimentality expressed on canvas or put to music remains, of course, maudlin sentimentality. By its very nature, art can not be both first-rate and obvious.

As the artist searches for the most effective way to express an emotion or idea, he also is defining them more clearly for himself. To the artist, this "working out" process is partly an answer to the question, "What is modern art?" It is an excuse for thinking. Few of us are capable of pure thinking. A stimulus—or excuse—is necessary, even if it is only the encouragement of the steady rhythm of a walk. Maybe people did "just think" in Rodin's day, but not any more. In this working out process certain patterns or ideas suggest new ideas. And so on. The process allows the artist to confront himself. We may associate with some of our fellows because they provide excellent touchstones by which we can judge ourselves. The artist simply has reached the point of development where he can find the touchstone in himself.

Why Is It Popular?

Now since when has the American public been interested in touchstones—philosophical and enigmatic? Or why is modern art popular? First, because it is practically useless. Therefore, it may serve as an excellent culture symbol. Of course, art always has been a symbol of culture and will remain so, unless the Negro and low class white can find some use for it. The fact that few of the "cultured" really appreciate art, that most of them know only

what they are supposed to appreciate, is unimportant. The art is, nevertheless, popular. And because it is a symbol, the glorified autograph-seekers may tell you, "To hell with the painting—it's by Picasso, isn't it?"

Some few, of course, appreciate modern art for its intrinsic value. That's all you can say about them—they're doing what they're supposed to be doing.

A great many wretched failures are attracted to modern art, because they can't paint in the traditional manner. If I complain "I want to create" and can't, I naturally am willing to believe that art has been lowered to my level. Would-be creators choose art and the stage because neither of them absolutely precludes the beginner. Anyone can hold a paint brush. No modern day composer of any fame is unable to work with counterpoint. But there are any number of artists who can not draw. Before an artist begins inventing new forms, it would seem that he should first be able to work within the established system. If an artist can not accurately reproduce the model of his distortion, it is doubtful that he understands the distortion himself. In writing, the author must have a denouement before he begins; in music there also must be a plan. But the artist may or may not have a finished picture in mind. He may satisfy his conscience by discovering meaning in his painting before he sells it, much like finding a weasel or a camel in a cloud. I do not think I am being unfair. Let us take an example.

A painting demands unity—at least, that much. Unity demands forethought. Jackson Pollack stomps over a massive canvas on the floor, slinging paint at random, and he is "expressing" himself. It is expression of some sort, I suppose, but as artistic expression, it lacks the necessary unity and forethought. Forethought? How can a man control the direction of slung paint? Unity? How can a man think about unity when he can't even see his work *in toto*? (Of course, Michaelangelo couldn't see all of the Sistine chapel's ceiling, but he carefully measured his space.) It isn't difficult to see why modern art attracts so many disillusioned souls.

Art Must Be Understood

Education is the only thing that will put an end to this nonsense. When some nut asks about a painting, "What is it?" he ought to get an answer. And not "You don't have to understand it to enjoy it," which may be true, but probably one will enjoy art a good deal more if he does understand it. If a painting is good, there are reasons why it is good. It's that simple.

Now I may like a painting without understanding it, but if I can do both, I may be able to appreciate it. Often enjoyment and appreciation are confused, although the two are as different as Kadinsky and art. I appreciate La Mer—I may learn to like it—but please don't make me listen to it now. How many of the "cultured" appreciate the art hanging in their living room? They may like it because it happens to go with their wallpaper, or its color and originality may appeal to them. But if you ask an admirer of, say, Mondrian, why he likes Mondrian, he may mumble something about "precision." If it is merely the precision he admires, he might do better to take his watch apart. Ask an admirer of Matisse, a real stickler for paint quality, why his paintings are beginning to crack. Ask a disciple of Miro why he thinks his master is so good. If he has an answer, he will be saying more than Miro, who refuses to explain anything.

How can anyone appreciate something he can't even understand? My unqualified answer is that he can't.

Why are the Angelus and The Lord's Supper perhaps the two most familiar reproductions in homes with doilies and souvenirs of sea shells? Because these pictures say something to these people in language they can understand. Hans Hoffman is popular for the same reason. So in order for art to be effective, it must mean something. It has to be understood. Art's original purpose may be found in religion. In the beginning art was a symbol of religion; later religion became a symbol of art. For this reason those of the next generation may not experience the grandeur of Bach's Mass, because it will carry little emotive significance. They may recognize the religious element, but they may no

more feel it than we "feel" religious symbolism in a drum beat pattern of the Belgian Congo.

Art, to be understood, must retain familiar symbols. Modern art has abandoned them all. It has gone to the extreme. There can be little doubt of that. Anything goes. The Angelus allows one, perhaps, to identify himself. But we are unable to relate much of modern art to life. An abstract painting may well have some meaning behind its arrangement of lines and color, but usually the idea can be better expressed in more familiar idiom. If I have something to tell you, it is quite foolish for me to stumble about with the dactylic alphabet, when I can say it in simple, intelligible English. The chief problem, perhaps, is just that so many painters don't have anything to say. Yet as modern art draws closer to philosophy, what is said becomes increasingly important. Somerset Maugham tells of a young man who took a painting to an eminent artist to be criticized. The criticism consisted merely of "go home and read—anything, just read." The artist must know more than his craft—he must be educated. An immature painter will paint immature pictures. Modern art, with its unbelievable absence of rules, helps to cover up what the artist may lack. Paul Klee, it is true, has explained the elaborate formula of symbols which his paintings employ. Carried to their logical conclusion, however, such formulas permit every artist his own private vocabulary. Communication is entirely lost. The modern artist may argue that his expression demands a different language. Admittedly, art that uses recognizable symbols demands its limitations, but that is precisely why it is art.

Art without limitations is not art at all.

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UPON PLAYING EZRA

I sit low
like the chinaman
peering within myself
as into a tomb
and with my lips

I form the old chant
for the walls to send back
for my amusement—

I watch myself being born
and pretend it isn't death
the rhythm is enough

I say
and the illusion
(so they are)
but when all stops

I am again naked
and cold
counting my ribs.

— Bob Sitton

poem for
the
girl:

Almost like a night-conceived child,

*Silently,
Secretly,
worshipping the universe of her only,
first-found flower,
Softly,
she sculptured the whisper,
"you never really understood me,"
she said,
remembering,
as Modigliani's vision,
the imperfection of death,
invariably,
mysteriously,
leaving something,*

*even silence,
unfulfilled . . .*

— dwight
pickard



LOUVIONA - A play

By
Sam Allen

(The curtain rises on an old farm house and yard in the eastern part of the American Midwest. The house is old, worn, but very neat and clean. We can see the porch, the kitchen, a dark hall, and off toward the center a small spare room. Steps lead from the hall off stage left. There is a broken down fence, a stump, and a dying tree but a few years old in the yard. The fence stretches off over the horizon.)

When the curtain comes up the sky, the entire back of the stage, is a blue, blue-green orange. Louisa is sitting in the gloom of dusk at the kitchen table, eating a small supper. The music dies slowly as Richie wanders onto the stage from right, surveying the farm for an instant.

Richie is a sensitive young man, about 20, wearing blue jeans, an old shirt. He carries a small pack. Louisa is a hard woman of 45, strong, and stern-looking—but tired. She wears a long, faded green dress.

Richie scratches the outside of the farm for a restless moment, then with much hesitancy, knocks three short times.)

LOUISA: (Wearily rising and slowly crossing toward the door.) Saints preserve, a body can't hardly get a bite without something. (Richie knocks again, louder.) . . . I'm-a-comin', hold your water.

RICHIE: Howdy ma'am.

LOUISA: (With a cold questioning.) What ya sellin'? Last feller was sellin' parfumes, and some lipsticks. You ain't selling none of that junk, are ya?

RICHIE: (Restlessly) No mam, is this? LOUISA: Well, that's good . . . well, state your piece.

RICHIE: (A little flustered over Louisa's bluntness.) Is this . . . are you Mrs. Ona?

LOUISA: 'At's right, I'm Louisa Ona.

RICHIE: Yes mam . . . Mr. Schultz, down the road a spell, he said you was lookin' for a hired hand . . . to help out with the crops come spring, an . . .

LOUISA: (Peering at him closer.) 'At's right. Are you looking for some work?

RICHIE: Yes, mam. Mr. Shultz said you could use a good hired hand here . . .

LOUISA: Yep. (Bending to survey him.) Though you don't strike a body as the farming type. You ever farmed much before?

RICHIE: Well, not to speak of. (Looking down at the ground.) . . . just a little.

LOUISA: Thought so. (Louisa begins to go back into the house.) Good day.

RICHIE: (Insisting.) Wait a minute. I can do the work, mam.

LOUISA: Ya wouldn't last a week, ain't got it here. (She touches his arm and thoroughly enjoys the feel of his limb.) Ummmm, Maybe. (After catching her self, she starts for the house.) Naw, good day. Thanks for stoppin'.

RICHIE: (Panicked and fighting for his existence. Almost pleading.) I'm a real quick learner, and I work hard. And I won't be asking for much either.

LOUISA: (Returning and looking out at the sky and the earth.) Gettin' mighty far along in season . . . summer'll be here before you know it. Well . . .

RICHIE: I need the work.

LOUISA: That don't make a difference.

RICHIE: Yes, mam, but you'd see . . . I . . .

LOUISA: (She goes inside, motioning him to follow.) Well, step in side for a minute. Might be no harm in talking it up a little.

RICHIE: (He follows, and stands nervously.) I'm obliged, mam.

LOUISA: (Louisa goes around to the other side of the table where she can survey him better.) Polite enough; where'd you learn to be so po-lite, boy? You ain't from round here, are ya?

RICHIE: (Richie shifts on his feet.) No, mam, from down river. Was born on the river.

LOUISA: (She raises her coffee cup and drinks, never taking her eyes off him.) Don't like the river, don't. What's your name, boy?

RICHIE: Richard Warrenton, but they call me Richie. Mam.

LOUISA: (She comes back to him.) Mind, I ain't said for sure, but you addresses me as Mrs. Ona, Ya hear that?

RICHIE: Yes'm.

LOUISA: Mmmmm, mightn't be as bad as I thought. Take your jacket off, boy. (Richie, a little hesitantly removes his jacket and puts it over the back of a chair.) And the shirt. (In the same manner he does the same with the shirt, but holds onto it.)

RICHIE: The shirt, Mrs. Ona?

LOUISA: (Louisa stands entranced, filling with his maleness. She unconsciously is making up words to excuse her actions to him.) Yep, gotta see if you'll do.

RICHIE: I don't understand.

LOUISA: (She turns him around with a gesture of her hand, not daring to touch him again.) It's like cattle, or horses, gotta see they're fit before you takes them on. Now turn around . . . Anunna, annnnhha.

RICHIE: (Richie stands embarrassed and very puzzled.) Can I put my shirt on?

LOUISA: (Louisa goes back to her place.) Well, it's nothin a little farm food won't help, and lots a hard work. Speaking of food, won't you sit and share with me? Got plenty.

RICHIE: Oh, no, mam, I just ate before I came . . .

LOUISA: (Pointing to a chair and ordering.) Sit. And put your shirt on before you catch your death. (Richie puts his shirt back on and sits down.) You like corn bread, son?

RICHIE: Yes'm.

LOUISA: (Louisa crosses to the sink, gets a clean plate, then goes to the pans on the stove and spoons out some cornbread and gravy onto the plate. She then takes this and places it in front of Richie.) Well, it's what we got. Corn bread an' gravy. Ain't much, understand', but winter's been hard.

RICHIE: I'm obliged, mam. For the food. Do I get the job? (Picking at the food.)

LOUISA: (Laughing very lightly) Shucks, you wouldn't be settin' if you ain't.

RICHIE: Thanks, thank ya, mam.

LOUISA: (She goes to her chair and sits.) You got a powerful lot a work ahead a-you,

all them tools to be cleaned, and the paintin' and fixin' up before plowin' time. Place has got a lot run down since Claude passed; Claude was the man around here.

RICHIE: He's your husband?

LOUISA: Yep. Reckon after supper, take you around and show you the place. Mighty lot a work to be done. There ain't gonna be a crop without a man to help. I can't do it myself anymore.

RICHIE: What ya plantin'?

LOUISA: Puttin' corn up north, and wheat an' rye down southern part. Bluebell's gonna calf soon, ana be another thing to take care of.

RICHIE: You haven't got a tractor, have you, mam?

LOUISA: Got Lucy, she's as good as a tractor, for what you want. (Turning on him again.) There ain't gonna be no complainin' around here, ya understand?

RICHIE: Oh, I wasn't complaining, just askin'.

LOUISA: Somethin' the matter with the corn bread, boy?

RICHIE: (Very embarrassed.) Oh, no, mam.

LOUISA: (She gets up and crosses to the sink where she pours him a cup of coffee.) You don't need to be po-lite. I can tell you hadn't eaten good for a long time.

RICHIE: (Shoveling his food down.) Thank you, mam. I can tell, I'm gonna like it here.

LOUISA: You may, and maybe you won't. I ain't an easy woman to get along with. You drink?

RICHIE: Well, no. Not usually, anyways, unless it's a holiday, like Christmas, or the fourth of July. Sometimes, maybe a little on a Saturday night, but none to speak of.

LOUISA: (She emphatically sets the coffee cup before him. Then she picks up her plate and fork.) If I catch you drinkin' while you're workin' here, you're fired. And there won't be any Saturday nights. Long as you're livin' here, you go to prayer meetin', just like the rest of us, you hear?

RICHIE: Yes, mam.

LOUISA: You got a Religion, boy?

RICHIE: Religion (Wiping his mouth with his sleeve), not to speak of. Never had time for one, not a real one, anyhow.

LOUISA: Then you're a Methodist, as long as you're in this house, you're a Methodist. You hear, boy?

RICHIE: Yes, mam.

LOUISA: And you don't go smoke neither, least not while I'm around to catch you. And God help you set the barn a-fire, cause you do an' I'll kill ya. Just sure as you're sittin' there.

RICHIE: (Scared and lying.) I don't smoke, m m. Oh no, never did smoke.

LOUISA: (Disappointed.) Oh. No matter.

RICHIE: Where'll I be sleepin'?

LOUISA: (She carries her plate to the stove and sets it down.) In the spare room, till it gets spring good, then you move out to the barn. But till then, you sleep here. (She turns to him.) And no women folks out in the barn neither. Last boy, caught him and the girl from the farm down the road a-piece, caught em naked in the hay loft . . . playing games with each other. None a that, you hear me boy?

RICHIE: Oh, yes mam.

LOUISA: (Louisa crosses to the stove.) We Ona's don't believe in that type of sinnin'. And don't put up with it neither. So get those ideas out. You get ten dollars a week, and room and board. And if you do some of the house hold chores, you gets extra. Extra for workin' on holidays. Your kin, boy? What kind of raf you outa?

RICHIE: (Louisa is fixing more corn-bread and gravy in a battered, tin plate.) My pa's a weigher in the grainery, down south, near Pottersville. My ma's dead, since a long time ago. Got no other kin.

LOUISA: What your pa think of you scallywaggin' all about the country?

RICHIE: He don't care, give me up a couple a years ago when . . .

LOUISA: (Turning sharply and coldly on him.) When what?

RICHIE: (Trying to pass it off.) Nothin, Mrs. Ona.

LOUISA: You don't keep nothin' from me, either. So what? I already said you got the job. So you tell me.

RICHIE: I got a girl in trouble, back in Pottersville, and, and, pa, well he made me leave. Said he never wanted to see me again. And he ain't either.

LOUISA: That's a bad sign, boy. It don't show good for a fellow. (Taking plate and crossing to the table.) Any funny business about here, and I'll toss you out, or kill you.

RICHIE: Whose that for? I already had enough.

LOUISA: (There is a strange coldness in the way she speaks of her daughter. This disturbs and puzzles Richie.) It's for Louviona. My daughter. She's daft, been off since she was born; we keep her up stairs. She ain't well, and she don't know how to live with other people. She, she stays up stairs in the place we got fixed in the attic. Don't let her bother you, and don't you bother her, hear?

RICHIE: You keep her locked up?

LOUISA: Only when she gets messy, and



has a spell. Had one the other day, liked to kill me, she did. Gotta watch her closely. She gets worse, stead of better. It's her supper time now. Won't do any good, though, she'll throw it all over the place. But she throws it, she gonna live in it. Ain't much you can do with somethin' like that.

RICHIE: (*Getting up and picking up jacket and pack, which is sitting on the floor where he set it down*) I thank you for the meal, and if you'll excuse me, I'd like to wash a bit, and put my stuff somewhere.

LOUISA: (*Louisa starts for the stairs.*) You can come in here with me. I'll show you where you stay. (*then stops and turns to him as he follows.*) Is that all the stuff you got?

RICHIE: I gotta travel light; if I travel with too much, it takes time, and tires me out.

LOUISA: (*Going toward the stairs. Leading.*) Don't you be frightened of no noises you hear, like during the night, it's just Louviona. She gets to rantin'.

RICHIE: Would you like me to carry that?

LOUISA: I'll take it to her. I don't want you to scare her right off, not after a spell. (*She hesitates.*) This way. Wipe your feet before you step on the carpet. (*Richie wipes his feet.*)

RICHIE: Here?

LOUISA: It ain't much, but it's clean. I change the sheets once a week, so careful of dirty feet. Anythin' you need, just call. Bathroom's out back. If you need to, I'll take the food now. (*She starts out.*)

RICHIE: (*Going in and turning to her.*) How old is she . . . Louviona, I mean?

LOUISA: I don't know, she's about 20. I guess. But don't you go worrying about her.

RICHIE: Don't she ever get out?

LOUISA: Oh, we lets her out some. It ain't a cage. She's real peaceful when she ain't had a spell for a long time. Then she's almost normal. It's during the spell we gotta get her in the attic in time. She might kill someone. Reason I keep Claude's pistol handy. Don't feed her enough to make her strong, but when she gets rantin' she got strength the likes of which you never seen. Comes from being so active . . . she's an active girl. You fix yourself up. Be down in a minute. (*Louisa goes out, and slowly up the stairs. Richie surveys the room, then puts his jacket on the unmade bed. He stores his pack in the bottom part of the night stand. He stretches, and peers out the window at the darkening farm. Seeing, then, the water, he pours some from a*

pitcher into the bowl. He has taken his shirt off and begins to wash his hands.)

LOUISA: Be Jesus. (*There is a wild scream. It is followed by the sound of the pan hitting the floor. More screams from Louviona, and stern commands from Louisa.*) Shut ya up.

(*There is a slap, and Louviona's screams die into wimpers. Richie, terrified, goes out into the hall and listens. He is shaking with fear. The lights fade.*)

SCENE II—EARLY MORNING A WEEK LATER

(*Richie is working by the stump, wrapping black tape around the broken pitchfork handle. His back is to the house. With a misty, light quality, a barefooted, simply clad girl with long black hair comes down the stairs, and out onto the porch. She carries a ratty old teddy bear. As she approaches, she becomes engrossed, and drops the bear. Barely noticing, Richie speaks.*)

RICHIE: Mornin'. I thought I'd get to it early, might rain again today. Gotta fix the fence. . . . (*but then he turns to look, and is stunned. He quickly gets up and turns to her.*)

LOUVIONA: I won't hurt you.

RICHIE: I thought you were Mrs. Ona. LOUVIONA: (*Innocent and trying to be nice.*) 'Been watchin' you work. I love to watch you work. I can see you from my window. You're interesting to watch.

RICHIE: Are you Louviona?

LOUVIONA: The woman's been tellin' you about me. Ain't she.

RICHIE: Yes.

LOUVIONA: (*Stepping toward him holding out the bear she has recovered.*) You met Kitty? Kitty's my friend. Kitty and I love each other. You've been here a week. I've seen you. I wanted to yell out to you from my window, but the woman would-a thought I was havin' a spell. So I waited till she let me out. (*He backs away.*) Don't back away. I don't know what the woman said about me, but you thinks I'm crazy and bad, don't you. I ain't. You ain't scared, are you?

RICHIE: Oh no. You're prettier than I thought you'd be. (*Begins working again.*) I can't talk, I gotta get busy.

LOUVIONA: (*She crosses to him and gazes in childlike wonder.*) What are you doing?

RICHIE: Puttin' this here pitchfork back together, it's busted. Something really busted it.

LOUVIONA: (*She quickly changes her thoughts and mood, looking up into the sky. Then she falls to the earth and smells*

it deeply. She sputters and sneezes. Richie watches spellbound.) Spring's a comin' quick now. You can smell it in the ground. Yep. Spring's comin' quick now.

RICHIE: Sooner spring comes, sooner I get more work. It all right for you to be talkin' out here with me?

LOUVIONA: The woman don't mind, not between spells. Says it's good for me to get air.

RICHIE: She really your mother?

LOUVIONA: Yep. (*Patting and fingering the ground.*) Don't you like the feel of the ground? It's like you knows somethin' real solid's underneath you, that you won't ever, ever have to worry, cause you got a sound foot to stand on. And it's clean. People say it's dirty, but . . . (*Her mind changes again, and she stares deeply into him.*) the woman says you're from down river . . . where's that?

RICHIE: Near Pottersville, near Shotan. Nice country.

LOUVIONA: I've never seen a river, 'cept in magazines.

RICHIE: It's nice at night, when you sit and listen to the crickets, and the frogs makin' music. With the stars tossin' round on the top, like they were dancin to the music the animals make.

LOUVIONA: I ain't never been out this here land the woman owns.

RICHIE: That ain't very good.

LOUVIONA: (*She gets up and wanders over by the fence where she looks out over the farm. She holds the bear by one leg at her side.*) I can't, cause I might have a spell real far away, and you just couldn't ever tell.

RICHIE: (*She turns to him.*) It's good to have a body to talk with. I get kinda lonely, with just talking to Bluebell, and your ma. We don't get on . . .

LOUVIONA: (*Wandering over by the house.*) Oh, yeh, the woman's a strange one, all right. With her Bible, and her preachin. She can preach to me for hours up there, all about sinnin', and hell, and all. But I don't believe any of it, guess cause I hear it from her. (*She turns to him, proud of her accomplishment.*) I can recite 12 Psalms. I like best, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shan't ever want. He makes me to lay down on green . . ." Why you sturin' funny at me like that?

RICHIE: (*Looking down, embarrassed.*) I'm sorry, I didn't mean it, I guess.

LOUVIONA: (*She goes to him.*) Guess you thought I was crazy. I ain't. I just have spells. A doctor in Wallace says it's cause of a lump growed on my brain, says he could get it cut right out. And then I wouldn't have any spells no more.

RICHIE: Then why don't you have it cut out?

LOUVIONA: (*Looking over at house again.*) The woman don't believe in it, in doctors and that. 'Sides, she don't have no money.

RICHIE: It ain't right you should have to suffer, just cause-a-that.

LOUVIONA: (*She wanders around, playing with and fondling the bear.*) I thought of runnin' away, but I ain't got money. The doctor said it'd cost two hundred dollars, and we'd have to go all the way to Indianapolis.

RICHIE: Don't you get lonesome here all by yourself?

LOUVIONA: (*Sitting on the ground and smelling its fresh aroma again.*) Yep. It's a good thing you come, gives me somethin' to think about. Ground smells good, smell her.

RICHIE: (*Hesitatingly.*) I . . . I . . .

LOUVIONA: Go ahead. (*Smelling again. Richie goes to his knees, and goes down to smell the ground. He finds nothing there.*) Don't it smell good? Can smell spring right in her. Peter said when he got some money he'd get me away and get me my operation. Promised.

RICHIE: Who's Peter?

LOUVIONA: My brother. We never heard from him after he left. But he never came back. Reckon he died. What was it like with her?

RICHIE: With who?

LOUVIONA: The girl you got pregnant in Pottersville. (*Very disturbed, Richie rises and walks away with his back to her. She follows and looks around him for her answer.*) The woman spent a whole day lecturin' to me about your sin. Why'd you do it?

RICHIE: No reason, exactly. We were just foolin' around.

LOUVIONA: You love her?

RICHIE: (*Turning to her.*) No, we were just good friends. Your mother tell you everything?

LOUVIONA: Depends. (*Louviona walks a small circle in front of him.*) Like she didn't tell me for a month that Papa had died. Should a seen the spell I had then. Nearly killed the woman. Choked her around the neck . . . miracle I didn't kill her . . .

RICHIE: Were you really trying?

LOUVIONA: (*Sitting on the stump facing him.*) Oh, no. I don't wanna do anything. I do when I'm in a spell, but I don't know what I'm doin'; I got no control. (*Rising and stepping toward him.*) Don't you ever see me when I'm havin' a spell. I don't want you to. If I get one, you gotta promise

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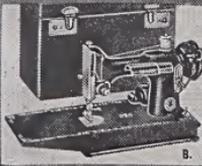
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me you'll go out to the barn, so's you won't hear. You promise?

RICHIE: Yes. (*Richie turns and looks up to the attic window.*) What's it like up there?

LOUVIONA: (*Following his gaze with hers.*) It's nice. In the summer it's awful hot, but I can see the whole of this side of the farm, and watch who's comin' and goin'; and watch everything that happens. I always wishes I could be like other people, and go visit somebody. Dress up and go visit (*Richie goes back to the pitchfork.*) but I don't know no one, 'cept Preacher. I don't have friends 'cept Kitty, and my brother. (*Turns to him.*) You work nice, know that?

RICHIE: (*Looking up at her.*) Nice?

LOUVIONA: Yes. I like to watch you work. You knows what to be done, and how it autta be done. What do you want me to call you?

RICHIE: You call me Richie. Like everybody. You got a pretty name, Louviona.

LOUVIONA: My name's Louise Helvi Ona. So they call me Louviona. I don't like it.

RICHIE: It's a beautiful name. Just like you.

LOUVIONA: (*Walking over to him.*) How comes you're kind? You got a lot of kindness. You gonna get sick Saturday night?

RICHIE: Naw, not that I know of. There ain't no reason why I should.

LOUVIONA: (*Suspecting in her abundance of information he doesn't have.*) Come prayer meetin', you'll wish you were sick. They're terrible things . . . Richie, stand right there.

RICHIE: (*Goes quickly to his work.*) I'm real busy, got no time for playin'.

LOUVIONA: Please, Richie. Just stand there. (*Richie crosses to the fence, and stands questioning.*) He turns, and Louviona stands entranced.) Now turn around facin' over by the fence. You're a nice lookin' man, Richie. Real nice.

RICHIE: (*Richie backs up a step.*) Don't go leadin' me into anything. Don't make me do something I wouldn't wanna. Your ma would kill us.

LOUVIONA: (*She crosses away, ashamed of herself.*) I'm sorry. I ain't crazy. I just don't know what to say, or how to act around strangers. I guess . . .

RICHIE: (*Richie goes to her.*) Oh, I didn't mean you any offense.

LOUVIONA: (*Louviona begins to return to her world of the imagination and begins wandering toward the house. She sings in a wreted off-key.*) Oh, a man called Hoot,

Lifted up his boot, And walked a thousand miles, O he . . .

RICHIE: You goin' in? Thanks for talkin', Louviona. It was mighty nice to meet you. (*She doesn't even note his words.*)

LOUVIONA: And a man called Hoot, Learned to shoot, And he shot his love girl down—O. She wronged his heart, And burst apart, So he shot his love girl down—O.

RICHIE: That's a pretty song.

LOUVIONA: (*She stops and turns to him.*) Pa sung it lots. I'll see you later, maybe tomorrow. Tomorrow's Saturday. You and the woman'll be goin' to town. And a man called Hoot, His bones took root, And sprang up trees in-a-grave yard . . . He called the shoot, And took to root,

Rottin' in the graveyard . . . (*Then she continues into the house. She pours a cup of coffee and sits, bear in lap, drinking and playing with the bear.*)

(*Richie goes back to finishing his job. Louisa, unnoticed by him, stands by the fence, watching and drinking him in. When Richie begins heading to the barn with the pitchfork, he notices her, and she starts.*)

LOUISA: Oh, you're up already. Been gatherin' eggs. I see you finally met Louviona. See what I been sayin'? Daft.

RICHIE: (*Richie stops, pitchfork in hand.*) She seems like a nice girl. I . . .

LOUISA: (*Stepping toward him.*) Don't let her fool you. What ya doin', boy?

RICHIE: Fixin' up this here pitchfork. Ain't gonna get through much work unless I fix it up.

LOUISA: (*Looking out.*) Spring's comin', boy.

RICHIE: (*Lightly jabbing the earth with the points of the fork.*) That's what Louviona said. She said she could smell it in the earth. Says spring's comin', like it was comin' up from the earth. Reconn that's where it does come from.

LOUISA: (*She looks up, then deeply into him.*) God brings spring in, boy. God and only God. I tried to make her see that, but she won't. Got a mind of her own, even though she's daft.

RICHIE: Yes, mam.

LOUISA: (*She begins to go in.*) You come in for breakfast. Fresh eggs.

RICHIE: (*Richie steps quickly out to her.*) Pardon for speakin' out, Mrs. Ona, but why don't you see to Louviona? She said that a doctor said she'd be right . . .

LOUISA: (*She says her piece.*) Don't hold with doctors. Not since Peter come. Got

no right dealing with God's work. Medlin'. (*then starts to go.*)

RICHIE: (*Richie steps to her.*) But it would stop her spells, and maybe . . .

LOUISA: (*She turns on him again, and with a bitter, lost remembrance . . .*) And when they took him out, just reached in and took him out, they done somethin'. Done somethin' to his back. I swear by God to this day they dropped him, but they said he come out that way. Never walked straight. He's lame, and the girl's daft.

RICHIE: Is that Peter?

LOUISA: Now I ask God if that ain't enough to bear for one woman. Wouldn't you say so?

RICHIE: I reckon it's been mighty hard.

LOUISA: Only God knows . . . only God knows.

RICHIE: Yes, mam. It's a miracle you . . .

LOUISA: It's enough. There'll be fresh eggs for breakfast. Don't doddle, can't work while you're talkin' to me. So you go on now. (*She continues in.*)

RICHIE: Yes, mam. (*He begins to leave.*)

LOUISA: (*She stops, turns, and stops him with . . . He turns and looks at himself confused and embarrassed as she punishes herself for her thoughts.*) You get you some other clothes, don't like this jeans you got on. Ya hear? Ain't good for a young girl to see a man like you are. And you wear a shirt when you're out.

RICHIE: Yes'mamma. (*Richie stares after her as she proceeds into the house, then takes the pitchfork and goes to the fence to get his shirt.*)

LOUVIONA: (*Louisa sets the eggs down, and crosses to her chair where she sits. Louviona clutches her bear, and gets up.*) It's nice out, isn't it? (*She goes to the door, sees Richie, and watches him as he lights up a cigarette. She watches enthralled.*)

LOUISA: Yep. Well, you met him. Now you keep your distance away from him. You know what I told you about him. He's just like any other man. None of em's any good. You keep your distance.

LOUVIONA: (*Remembering the coffee, she quickly goes and pours her mother a cup. She sets it on the table before Louisa.*) He seems real nice. We talked about . . . about . . . we really didn't say too much, just talk. I can't even remember. But I'm glad he's here, cause I got no one to talk to, and he's got no one to talk to either.

LOUISA: Now that's just what I mean. You stay away. First thing you know he'll have you naped up in that barn, just sinnin' up a storm, sendin' your soul straight to hell, girl, straight to hell.

LOUVIONA: (*Louciona goes back to door, but Richie is gone.*) How do you know what's hell?

LOUISA: I know. That's all.

LOUVIONA: (*Turning to her mother.*) I don't. I don't see where you know all about it, you ain't never even been there.

LOUISA: Watch your tongue, girl. I knows, cause I'm older, and it says so in the Good Book. Says right in it.

LOUVIONA: (*Stepping to her chair and setting her back down, facing Louisa.*) But how do you know the book's right?

LOUISA: Cause Jesus Christ says so. That's how. He spoke it right to everyone. And you believe . . .

LOUVIONA: But what if I don't believe it? What then?

LOUISA: You burns in hell, then, girl. You burns a sinner forever.

LOUVIONA: Well, then, I guess I had better believe in it. But I don't know . . .

LOUISA: That's enough questioning. You're gonna need Saturday night. I can see that. You gots lots a sins in you. Gonna get em out. Go call the boy in. (*Louciona, leaving gear, goes out into yard and calls out toward the fence for the man. He has gone around and come through the barn, and he comes out and watches her.*)

LOUVIONA: Mister hired man, your breakfast's ready. It's time to eat. (*She becomes aware of him behind her and she turns to him quickly. They stare for a long while at each other, till unconsciously she says her last line.*) Mr., breakfast's ready. (*They stare as the lights fade and they are silhouetted against the light blue-yellow back. The last light to go out is the one on the bear which is staring unnoticed at the mother.*)

Lights fade.

SCENE III

(*It is the next night. Louciona, depressed and pensive, is sitting on the porch looking toward the barn. Louisa sits inside the house reading a Bible by a small candle light. Richie comes out.*)

RICHIE: It wasn't anything'. Bluebell musta been scared by somethin'. Maybe it was a rat.

LOUVIONA: She quiet now?

RICHIE: Oh, ya. She'll be fine now. (*A small silence when neither of them can think of what to say next.*)

LOUVIONA: It wasn't bad tonight, cause you were there. It was your first time. The woman didn't wanna scare you. (*Richie goes over by the fence and looks out into the still night.*)

RICHIE: I didn't know what was goin' on. I don't guess I know much of religion. I musta looked silly.

LOUVIONA: You made the woman look silly. (*Louciona looks up to house in a brief glance.*) You really did. She does go into such moods whenever she has these prayer meetin's.

RICHIE: (*Turning to her.*) She means well.

LOUVIONA: (*She gets up and walks over to him.*) When she said, 'you tell me what evil thoughts you had.' And you just ups and said, 'You have no right to know. God and I know, and that's enough.' You really got her there. When you . . .

RICHIE: I didn't mean to make her mad, but she ain't got no right to ask you or to make you tell her what you think. No one's got that right. Do you always tell her what you think?

LOUVIONA: (*Turning away.*) Use to, I had to. If I didn't, she'd lock me up, or beat me, or somethin' like—(*Now turning back to him*) But I'm glad I didn't tonight. I'm glad.

RICHIE: Why?

LOUVIONA: (*She crosses to near the barn and turns to him.*) Oh, I'm just glad. I guess I got used to tellin' her the sinnin' thoughts I had, but with you there, I was glad. (*and turns to him*) Besides, I thought some things about you I'm glad you don't know.

RICHIE: (*Said with a quiet confession.*) The same with me. I didn't want your maw to know what I had thought about you. I guess it's natural, but she don't think so.

LOUVIONA: (*After a second's thought, she goes to the stump.*) Was you in love with your old girl?

RICHIE: What girl?

LOUVIONA: (*Sits.*) The one in Pottersville, the one that you got pregnant. Was you in love with that girl?

RICHIE: (*Richie spouts sincerely his speech and ambles over to the house where he sits on the porch.*) I don't know. I don't think so; we were just kids, and I guess we didn't know better. It's like you was readin' from the Bible tonight . . . that part about plannin' evil is sin, but if you don't know what sin is, you can't be to blame. But God still keeps track of it as sin. I guess it's up to people like my maw to teach us what sin is. Like you read tonight, you gotta hold them back what's stumblin' to the slaughter. Well, your maw's trying to hold young people like us back from sin. But when we sin, maybe sometimes we don't know it's a sin. (*Louisa turns another page.*) But God, he knows. That's what it

was I guess with her. We wasn't in love, but neither of us had done before . . . (*Stumbling with not knowing how to say it to her.*) had . . . ever before, and we didn't know that it was sin. It was like that.

LOUVIONA: (*Rising and crossing to him.*) Somethin' awful is, well, I wish I was that girl. I really do. Maybe I'm being nasty, but I really do; I guess this is what she is always warnin' me about. Especially since you come. (*She walks next to the railing around in back of him, then out to the front of him.*) I ain't never been around me before, and when I watch you work, I just wanna come down and be near you, and have you near me. I . . . is that bad? RICHIE: I guess so. It's natural for a girl to feel like that, but it's bad.

LOUVIONA: But if it's somethin' natural how can it be bad? That's why I don't believe that Bible, or what the woman says neither.

RICHIE: Sometimes it's hard to understand, but a lot of what your maw says is the Gospel truth. A lot of it is really worth listening to.

LOUVIONA: (*Louciona turns to the house and looks at its imaginary wall. As she looks—right to where her mother sits, Louisa raises her head and looks out into her meditative space. Their eyes cross, but never meet.*) I wonder if I do hate her. An' it's funny, but I don't know anything' about anything'. The woman don't tell me anything', and I don't ever get away from here. All I know is what's in books. (*They both turn back.*) Richie, I'm glad you came to work here.

RICHIE: I know, I'm glad too.

LOUVIONA: (*Wandering off from him.*) Outta all the places in the world, you had to stop here, and just luckily you came here. How did you feel afterwards, after you slept with her?

RICHIE: (*Rises and crosses upstage toward the sky.*) I don't know. Scared, I guess.

LOUVIONA: I'm glad you didn't love her. (*Louciona goes to the porch and lies back, staring into the starry night.*) What would the woman say if she knew we were out here talkin' like this?

RICHIE: Your maw has had a real hard life, ain't she?

LOUVIONA: Do you like her?

RICHIE: (*Kicking at the dirt lightly.*) She's always been good to me, an, well, she's a little strange, I guess, but she means well. That's what counts; if you mean well. She's trying to do best she knows how. She's like my maw.

LOUVIONA: I'll bet that your family is wonderful.

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RICHIE: (He crosses in front of the porch where he squats down and draws in the dirt. In front of Louviona.) Maw is. She's real strict and mean lookin on the outside, but inside she's warm, and sweet. She's a pretty woman, like a queen or somethin'. Paw's a big man, with big manners, and a great big voice. He uses real big words, real loud like. You should of heard him when he found our about Naomi, the girl.

LOUVIONA: (She quickly changes the subject and springs up, clutching for the brightest star she can see.) Have you got any sisters or brothers?

RICHIE: I had a sister once, Belly, we called her. Her name was really Annabell. She got drowned in the flood, three years back. She went out to get her pet rabbits, and the water washed her away. Never did find her.

LOUVIONA: (She quietly wanders over to the fence, and Richie follows her with his gaze.) You know what I wish? *(Louisa turns the page.)* I wish the woman was dead, and I was somewhere where I could take care of children—not that I know how—but I could take care of em. Course I'd hafta get that operation first. If I had that, I wouldn't have to worry. I could get away from here and do whatever I wanted. *(Looking at him.)* Richie? Are you gonna leave after the summer?

RICHIE: (Richie rises, brushes his pants lightly, straightens his hair.) I guess I will . . . I guess I'll just move on, somewhere else. Maybe in a city or somethin'. I guess.

LOUVIONA: (A real yearning, disappointed "Ohh"). Ohh. *(Then she pulls herself out of her immediate depression and runs swiftly to the barn, looking in.)* I wonder when Bluebell is gonna calf. You ever watched em calf? Sometimes you gotta help.

RICHIE: (Richie kicks the ground in anger.) This is one hell of a Saturday night. That's all I got to say. I wish I was in town, or at a dance, yah, with a beer. And lots of music. Do you like to dance? I guess you never done any. *(As he is speaking, a strange sense comes upon Louviona. She holds her head, and in a suppressed agony, looks up.)* You know, you look beautiful standin' there, like a black shadow against the sky. Louviona . . . *(There is a pause as he steps out toward her.)* Louviona. . . .

LOUVIONA: (Her face is wild, in an agony she tries to suppress her spell.) Richie . . .

RICHIE: (*Crossing to center.*) What's the traces matter? You sick?

LOUVIONA: (*Crossing to down center, facing the house, past Richie. Turns to him.*) I'm gonna have a spell, I can feel it. Richie, can I kiss you? Please? Please, can I? (*They come together. They begin to kiss, then both pull strangely away. While Richie is contemplating his next move, she suddenly kisses him lightly on the lips, then pulls sharply away. Louisa blows out the candle and sits back meditating.*)

RICHIE: (*Trying to reach her.*) I wish you were that girl too, that's what I was thinkin'. I love you.

LOUVIONA: (*Frantic. Hesitation toward the house.*) Remember what you promised? Tonight, stay in the barn please.

RICHIE: (*Bewildered and compassionately.*) Can't I help you?

LOUVIONA: (*Her spell is triumphing, and she gets frantic.*) No, please, please stay in the barn. I don't want you to see me, not now.

RICHIE: Don't . . . Oh, Louviona.
LOUVIONA: (*Running to the house.*) The woman'll take care of me.

RICHIE: (*Stepping after her, confused, and unsure as to if to follow or not.*) Watch her, you know she's got a gun. She'd use it if . . . Louviona.

LOUVIONA: (*Getting inside the house she lets herself go, falling to the floor in convulsive sobs. Louisa quickly rushes to her.*) Woman . . . Woman!!! AHEEEEE! (*Crying. Louisa lulf ushers, half carries her daughter's convulsive body up the stairs into the blue-green light.*)

RICHIE: Louviona. (*Richie stands help-less and shaking as the last light—on him—fades.*)

SCENE IV

(*It is bright morning. Richie is pacing through tools in an old tool box. Louisa comes in carrying basket of eggs.*)

LOUISA: 'Mornin'.
RICHIE: (*Turning up and looking at her.*) Good morning, Mrs. Ona.

LOUISA: Won't be long before we're plantin'.

RICHIE: (*Cold agreement.*) No, mam.
LOUISA: (*Stepping toward him.*) Yes, sir, spring is sure here. What you workin' on, boy?

RICHIE: Some fence, and then cleanin' the barn.

LOUISA: Yep, the barn needs cleanin'.

RICHIE: (*Looking at Louisa, then up to window.*) How's Louviona this mornin'?

LOUISA: (*Following his gaze.*) She's

better. Strange, she mostly never has more'n one spell in two weeks, somethin' musta set her off. Just when we thought she'd be gettin' better. Spells were gettin' littler and littler. Don't know.

RICHIE: (*Quitting his work and going to her.*) Mrs. Ona. Louviona tells me those spells are due to a hump grown on her head, inside. She said a doctor could cut it out, and she'd not have anymore spells.

LOUISA: (*Coldly, almost tearfully.*) I told you before, don't hold with doctors. (*She starts for house.*)

RICHIE: (*Follows her and stops her with:*) I know that mam; but if it would stop her spells, and turn her into a normal person again, don't you think it would be worth it?

LOUISA: (*Turning sharply on him.*) Suppose the doctors killed her? Just like they dropped Peter? Ha? What then?

RICHIE: (*Crossing around to side of her.*) Doctors ain't like that, not now-a-days. They could fix her up.

LOUISA: God will provide for Louviona. (*Pause.*)

RICHIE: Yes, mam. (*Dejectedly she starts to go, then turns.*)

LOUISA: What you been so interested in her lately?

RICHIE: (*Quickly looking up at her.*) Nothin', mam. I don't like to see her suffer so. She's a person, like everyone else, and she's got a right to have her chance.

LOUISA: You forget about Louviona, and you get to work. Breakfast'll be on soon.

RICHIE: Yes, mam. (*Louisa goes in, sets eggs down, then goes up stairs. Richie works a while, but can't keep from staring at Louviona's window. He finally picks up tool chest and carries it to the barn. Louviona, carrying bear, drags herself down the stairs and out onto the porch. She stops. Richie comes back out, not noticing her until—*)

LOUVIONA: Good mornin', Richie.
RICHIE: (*Stepping toward her.*) Louviona. I . . . I. Are you all right?

LOUVIONA: Yes, I tried extra hard to come out of it. To see you. I'm a little tired, that's all.

RICHIE: You look awful tired. (*Louviona steps off toward center.*)

LOUVIONA: (*Then she goes to him. They come together, and he embraces her as she begins to cry.*) Richie, I'm sorry. I'm sorry you had to see. I couldn't help it; I'm sorry. Richie, I'm sorry.

RICHIE: I understand. I understand. Don't cry.

LOUVIONA: (*She pnls away and says:*)

It's so good to see you again. To talk with you.

RICHIE: I couldn't wait to see you again. Louviona, I've been thinking, lots about you, and me, and all. An I decided. . . .

LOUVIONA: (*Long pause. She turns away, then falls to the ground, sobbing to her hear.*) Not now, I just wanna rest, and have you with me. Oh, I feel so much better. Spring's almost here, ain't it. Gonna be early this year.

RICHIE: (*Stepping to her.*) Louviona, there's no reason to cry.

LOUVIONA: So what if spring comes. It don't mean a thing to me. It's just seeing you from spell to spell . . . till fall comes, and you leave. It don't mean . . .

RICHIE: (*Louisa appears coming down the stairs.*) That's just what I mean. I been thinkin'. If I promised to get you that operation, would, would you come away with me . . . at the end of summer say? I could get you the operation, and we could get married . . .

LOUVIONA: Richie . . . ? (*She rises on her knees, looking up at him with all the hope she knows.*) But you ain't got any money.

RICHIE: I will have by then.

LOUVIONA: Richie, do you mean it? (*Louisa, on her way into the kitchen, passes the porch, and steps out. She watches, amazed and horrified.*)

RICHIE: Yes. (*Richie bends and raises her up to him, pulling her against him. They kiss. Louisa is horrified. Louviona drops the bear. Would you?*)

LOUVIONA: Yes, yes, I love you. Maybe I don't understand it all yet, love, and life . . . and you. Or even me, but I will. (*As they break the kiss, Louisa runs into the house, to Richie's room and tears his belongings together. On her way back to the porch, she unconsciously picks the pistol off the table containing the Bible. Then she continues and stands on the porch, drawing up all her strength.*)

RICHIE: Things could be so good for us. You will then?

LOUVIONA: Of course I will. Richie, I can't believe it. Will we be married?

RICHIE: Yes, if you want.

LOUVIONA: Oh, yes, of course. And . . .

LOUISA: Boy.

RICHIE: (*Richie and Louviona turn rapidly to her.*) Mrs. Ona.

LOUISA: (*Stepping off porch.*) Here are your things, Boy. Get. Louviona, get up to your room.

LOUVIONA: (*Louviona steps toward her mother.*) Why . . . why? What's the matter?

LOUISA: You think I didn't see you

two? (Stepping around Louciona to curse Richie.) Boy, I autta had known you was bad. Couldn't leave her alone, an innocent girl like that.

RICHIE: (He tries to step to her.) Mrs. Ona.

LOUISA: I expect she had something to do with it. Here, take your things. (Throwing his things in front of him. He hastily gathers them.) Now get outta here.

RICHIE: Mrs. Ona, can't I explain what happ . . .

LOUISA: You done your explainin'.

LOUVIONA: (Going to her mother to plead.) He's gonna take me away with him, and we'll get married, and he's gonna get me fixed, so as I won't have no more spells. He . . . said.

LOUISA: Girl, it's probably what he told that girl in Pottersville.

RICHIE: It's not so. I love your daughter. We're gonna go away at the end of the summer. She loves me, and . . .

LOUISA: You filled her head with notions, didn't you. You with your tight pants, and your mannerly way. You don't fool me. Don't know why I let you come here. Knew it would come to bad.

LOUVIONA: (Loud and angrily.) It ain't so. It ain't like that.

LOUISA: (Gesturing at him with the gun, still unconscious she has it.) Now get, boy.

RICHIE: (Starting to back off.) It ain't gonna do no good for you to threaten me, like you do Louviona. If I go now, I just come back for her. Just later, when I get some more money.

LOUISA: No one's comin' back for her. Now go, boy.

RICHIE: (Richie steps toward Louisa, yelling.) Who do you think you are? You think you're God or somethin', lockin' her up because of your ignorant fears?

LOUVIONA: (Rushing at her mother, wildly pleading. She wants to touch her, but doesn't dare.) Mamma, let me go. Let me go with him. Don't make him go, he didn't do nothin'.

LOUISA: (She grabs her by the shoulders and shakes her.) He'll only got one thing on his mind, and that's all. (Then grasps her by the left shoulder with her left hand and throwing her around in back of her where she holds her while she curses Richie again.) You wait till your soul's burnin' in hell, boy. Then you'll be sorry, then you'll come crawling for mercy. Sin and evil.

LOUVIONA: (Breaking away and frantically saying to Louisa.) There ain't no God. There ain't no hell! It's all posh, woman! You can't frighten me with it any more, cause I won't believe it. It ain't so.

LOUISA: (Frantic with a plead for her

own existence. Sees her hold on Louciona loosening.) Girl, shut up. Girl, God will hear ya. It's best, you'll see. It's best. Don't let it bother you.

RICHIE: She could have the operation and we'd get married. It was never nothin' more than that. Honest.

LOUISA: (Richie reaches out for Louciona, but Louisa is quicker, and clutching her right arm with her own left hand, throws Louciona down to her side.) I heard enough. I know what it was. I know. Sin an' evil. LUST, and sin. That's what. You, you get. Get, right now.

LOUVIONA: (Pleading and crying.) Mawwww. No, please.

RICHIE: Louviona? I will come back for you.

LOUVIONA: (Fighting to get away. Desperate.) No, Richie. No, Richie, no, I'll come with you now. We can go together. If I don't go now . . . please.

RICHIE: Louviona, it will . . .

LOUISA: (Digging her hand into Louciona.) Girl, stay put. You ain't goin' anywhere.

LOUVIONA: (Breaking away, and standing in front of Louisa who is horrified at her daughter's defiance.) Stop me, woman. Stop me. Tell me how I'll burn in hell! Tell me! Sin an' evil, woman. AND LOVE, WOMAN! LOVE! (Screaming, then running to Richie, who takes her to him.)

LOUISA: (Lost and frantic.) Louviona, come here.

RICHIE: (Mildly apologizing.) I'm sorry, Mrs. Ona. I'm sorry. It wasn't nothin' more than what I said. (Louisa, not conscious of her actions, raises the gun as Louciona and Richie start to go, Louciona in front of Richie. She closes her eyes and fires. Louciona, at the sound of the shot, runs a few wild steps away from Richie. He drops the pack. Louisa half throats, half drops the gun and stands there horrified at her actions. Richie falls, and Louciona runs to him.)

LOUVIONA: Richie . . . Richie . . . (Trying to beat life back to him.) You killed him. You killed him. Richee.

LOUISA: (Realizing it all. An unsteady step toward them. She is terrified.) He was evil, I had to destroy evil. Didn't I. You'll see, it was the best.

LOUVIONA: Richee. He's the only one who ever loved me . . . was ever kind to me.

LOUISA: (Backing off, not daring to go near them. She has lost.) Bury him. I'll get the shovel. You hear me, girl?

LOUVIONA: Ohhh Richie . . . Richie. (She picks up bear, and begins stroking

Richie's legs, and back. His head, and hands. She makes the bear do the same.)

LOUISA: You girl, bury him. (Louisa backs off into the barn. She can't take her eyes off them.)

LOUVIONA: (Still caressing.) You meant it, didn't you. You did. I know.

LOUISA: (Louisa comes out, still wide-eyed. She puts the shovel down and slides it toward Louciona, still not daring to go near. Her voice is questions and pitiful.) Here. Dig it deep. You see, don't you, that it was for the best? He was evil, and by God's right, I had to destroy evil. I couldn't let evil take my girl. You see, don't you? (Louciona grasps the bear, looks over at, and past her mother, then rises, and singing ragged verses of the song, begins her trek to her attic refuge. She looks past the woman, and goes in, still faintly singing to the bear. Louisa follows her with her horrified, pitiful gaze.) Louviona, you understand. He didn't mean it. I had to do it. He would-a done just what he did before. You wouldn't a wanted that. I know he would have. (A cold demand, a frightened plea, a lost moan.) Louviona? Louviona? Louviona?

The End.

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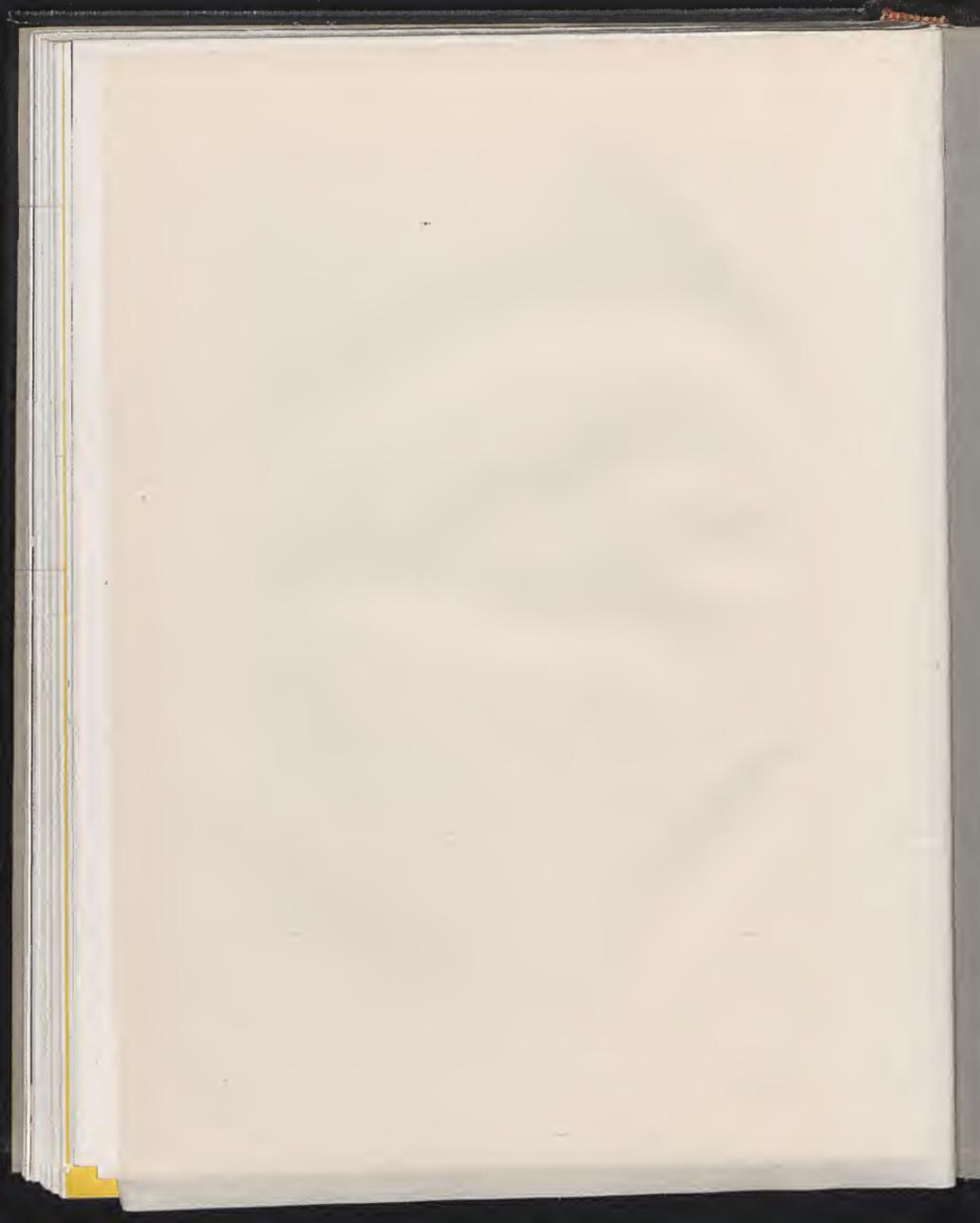
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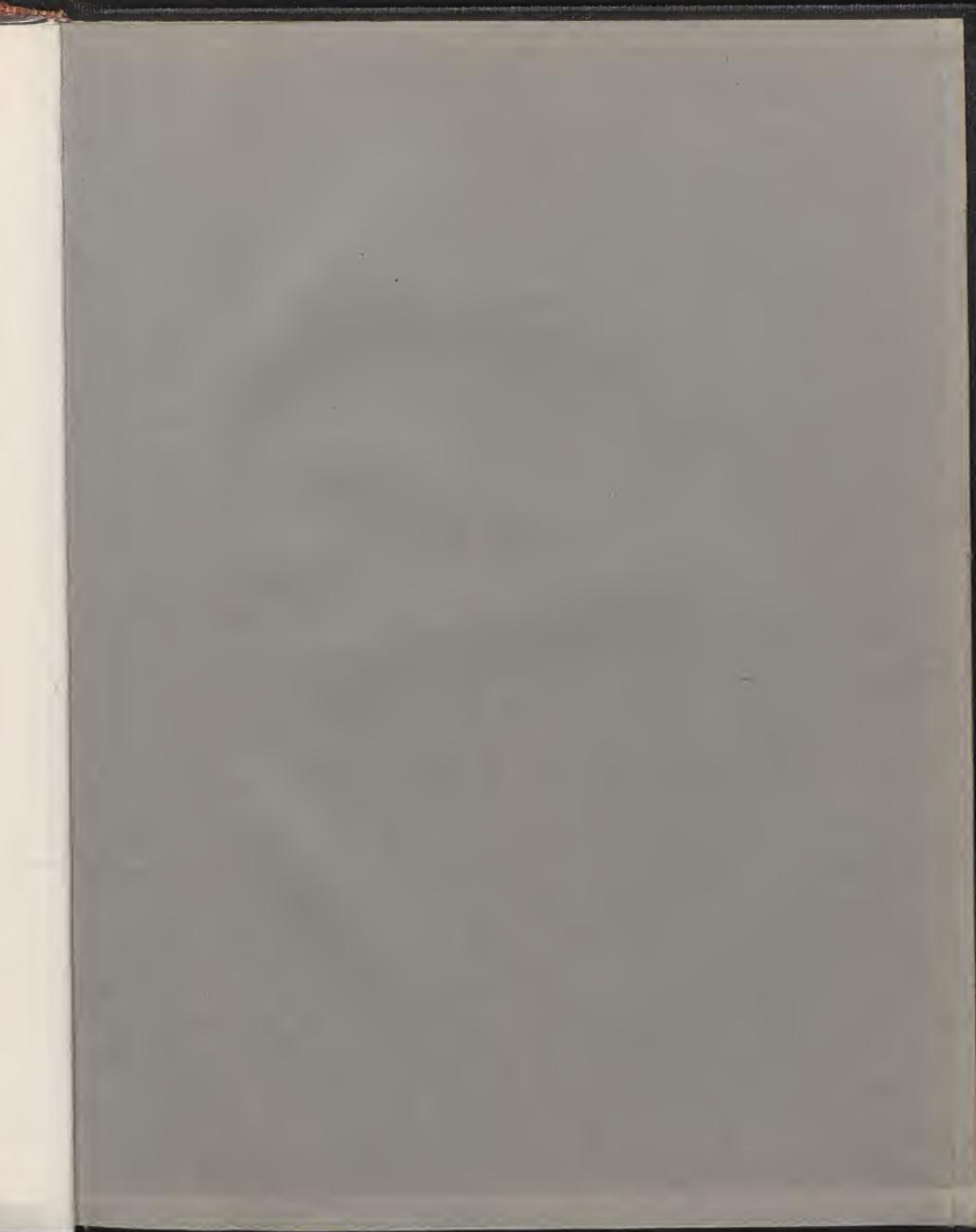
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