


THE
STUDENT
1934-35

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The Wake Forest Student

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CENTENNIAL ISSUE



VOL. I

MAY

NO. VI

SUMMER SCHOOL

WAKE FOREST-MEREDITH

Wake Forest, N. C.

Nine-week Session—June 11-August 10

Six-week Session—June 11-July 20

Law School—June 11-August 10

1. EXPENSES. Board in popular boarding houses up to \$16.00 a month. Club board at cost of food plus one dollar a month for service. Rooms in dormitories \$1.25 a week. Fees to the college as follows: \$15.00 six-week session; \$22.50 nine-week session; \$35.00 Law School.
2. PAYMENT OF FEES. Fees to the college may be paid in installments during the session.
3. COURSES. Courses are provided for freshmen and other undergraduates leading to the Bachelor's degree; courses leading to the Master's degree; pre-medical courses; pre-legal courses; and courses leading to Primary and Grammar Grade "C," "B," "A"; the High School "A"; and the Principal and Superintendent's certificates.
4. CREDITS. In the six-week session the maximum credit is eight hours on certificate; the maximum credit in the nine-week session is twelve hours on certificate. Usually not more than ten hours for the nine weeks are allowed on degrees.
5. FACULTY. A faculty of 38 offers 110 courses in: Biology (6 courses); Chemistry (8); Education (27); English (13); Geography (4); Mathematics (7); German (8); French (8); Physics (3); Psychology and Philosophy (4); Religion (5); History-Government-Economics (9); School Arts—physical education, music, drawing, penmanship (15). Law Courses for credit on degree. Regular courses will be repeated in summer. The same hours and credits will be allowed as in the regular session.
6. APPLICATIONS. Reservations will be made in the dormitories upon written request without advanced fee. The student furnishes bed linen. Students wishing to pursue courses leading to a degree in Wake Forest College should have transcript sent before the opening of the session. Teachers wishing to renew or raise certificates will be given careful advice at the time of registration.
7. OPPORTUNITIES. Provision is made for student recreation in tennis, golf, swimming, and dramatics. The infirmary is kept open in order to protect the student's health. Employment Bureau is operated without cost. Two sections of Hunter Dormitory will be reserved for men.
8. It is hoped this information will meet the needs of most students who are interested in summer session. Due to two new buildings on the campus greater classroom facilities will be available than in former years. Please write freely concerning any matters not made clear. Address all communications to

D. B. BRYAN

Director of Summer School

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V.51 no.1-6



A Gentle Reader mails words of commendation and criticism.

Dear Mr. Editor of THE STUDENT:

I am a laundry collector in W. F. and I collect a whole lot of laundry. I have read THE STUDENT when I can and I like it well.

What you'd like to have is more and good jokes. I now some funny jokes you would like and I will send them if you will let me now if you think you would like it.

I liked that about a big meetin at some place, except it didn't have enough picknicks. And there's not enouf pictures, as I'd like more as my flock of childrn like to cut them out.

Please make me on your mailing list an let me now if you want my jokes.

Sincerely,

GEORGE W. LEWIS,
(Landryman)

(All letters of this type are gladly accepted.)

— s —

WE WRITE OUR EPITAPH

Stude: Let's give a cheer for college comics.

Stewed: Raw! Raw! Raw!

— s —

He: Bet a dime I can kiss you without touching you.

She: I'll bet you can't.

(Smack)

He: O.K. I owe you a dime.

— s —

"My business is awful shaky."

"What business are you in?"

"I run a burlesque show."

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AN AFFIDAVIT

I started eating wheaties every morning for breakfast and got to like them fine. But pretty soon they started taking effect. One morning I tried to pull myself out of bed and tore the thing to bits. Last week the steering wheel of my car crumpled under my hands and we turned over three times into the ditch. This morning I banged the door of my fraternity and the house collapsed. Just a little while ago I tried to kiss the only girl I ever loved and broke her back.

Tomorrow morning I'm going back to grapesnuts.

— s —

Hack Wilson: I want something to wear around my dormitory.

Salesgirl: And how large is your dormitory?

— s —

"Were you ever in Carlsbad?"

"No, but I've been in his apartment."—Scranton Scratch.

WORD OF WARNING

Four long years he worked and sweated, Labored conscientiously, Crammed for tests and wrote his papers.

Then he won his Phi Beta key. Now he's working at a counter, And while waiting to make sales Reaches for the gold insignia, And calmly cleans his fingernails.
—Wampus.

— s —

Mary had a little lamb, Some salad and dessert. And then she gave the wrong address, The dirty little flirt.
—Orange Peel.

— s —

Soph: One night last year I woke up with a feeling that my hair was gone.

Frosh: Was it gone?

Soph: No, but it was going.

— s —

FOR WEAK IS ALL MEMORY

Professor: And speaking of memory, Mr. Chetty, could you repeat Sunday's sermon word for word?
Mr. Chetty: No.

— s —

Q: What would be the proper thing to say if, in carving the duck, it should skid off the platter and into your neighbor's lap?

A: Be very courteous. Say, "May I trouble you for that duck?"

—Red Cat.

— s —

"My wife cried a whole river full of tears."

"Boy! How'd she manage that."

"She had an'ocian in her head."

— s —

"Who d'yuh think yore shovin'?"

"I'll bite,—what's yo name?"

— s —

1st Kappa: Why does the elevator boy in Mussolini's palace enjoy himself?

2nd Type: Because he can raise the Duce.—Yellow Jacket.

A PIECE OF STRING

(Many of us have attempted to explain through fiction the "fire bug" mystery. This is the best of the attempts.)

By THOMPSON GREENWOOD

Is a fire-bug really mean? Does he know what he is doing? I think he could be only a highly nervous individual who is otherwise perfectly normal.

After I've told you this little story I'm sure you will not feel such an intense hatred for the fire-bug; on the other hand I think you will feel inclined to pity him.

About two weeks ago I walked into a boy's room in this town. After a few minutes our conversation ran to the numerous fires which have occurred here of late. Now this fellow is usually even-tempered and settled, but when we began talking about fires I noticed he became a little nervous and embarrassed. He began to jerk and pull at his watch chain, and to show general signs of being intensely bothered. I asked him what was the matter, but he seemed not to hear me. However, in a few moments he raised his head slowly and started to talk, in a low monotone voice.

It was about midnight when my roommate and I started to bed. The wind was howling and shaking our windows, causing them to tumble, and rattle with a peculiar regularity. Other than the sounds produced by the raging wind, everything was listening quiet. Having been assigned a hard lesson for the next day, I had been studying since supper.

My roommate came in around ten o'clock, and started his work. Neither of us had spoken a word all evening. Once, when the wind gave a big puff, we both looked up from our books; but other than that we had done nothing except study. I don't usually go to bed before two, but that night I had eaten too much for supper so I crawled in a little ahead of schedule. I left Pete nodding over his books,

This seems crazy to me now, and I suppose it will to you; but as I crawled into bed a peculiar feeling came over me. It was a feeling as if something were going to happen. I was lying there listening to the wind and thinking, when my roommate glanced over at me from where he was studying and said in a low, sleepy voice, "A perfect night for a fire." As I looked at him, it seemed as if he had a sort of accusing look in his eyes. This was exactly the same feeling I had been bothered with when the other fires occurred.

It wasn't long before I heard Pete going to bed. The wind still howled and moaned. I couldn't get my head to fit down into the hot pillow just right. I began thinking of that article I had read in the *Tribune* telling of the suicide of a good friend of mine. I thought about him and those orphans he had left. Then I counted some more sheep, but nothing seemed to make me sleepy. I could think of nothing except those fires which had occurred. Suddenly and strangely feeling the need for conversation, I called to Pete, but all I got for an answer was the low mournful wind. I rubbed my hands together and found they were damp with perspiration. Every time I closed my eyes there came a vision of those charred buildings, of the smoke, and the crowds watching the fires, mouths agape.

"Oh God, please don't let anything happen to me tonight. Please, please let no buildings burn tonight."

Finally I dozed off into a sort of sickening half-sleep.

I know it hadn't been long before I found that I was up putting on my shoes. I had already thrown on my other clothes. I was moving about as if by magic. I remembered the *Tribune* I had been reading before I went to bed. I felt in my pocket; yes, there

were the matches. Slowly I moved out through the door. "Am I dreaming?" I thought.

I moved toward the campus. I knew I was walking, for I could distinctly hear my heeltaps clicking against the sidewalk. The wind blew in my face, and moaned and cried. I noticed two or three lights in buildings nearby.

Slowly I walked into a building, which had steps running up on either side. It is all very vague, but when I reached the second floor I listened intently, but could hear nothing but the wind. Suddenly remembering the paper under my arm, I bundled it up into a hard compact wad. As I sat down I remember taking a match from my pocket, and touching it to the paper. The building was soon aglow with a beautiful yellow light. I was happy, for I had always wanted to see how this building would look with a real fire for light, instead of the artificial stuff produced by electricity. That's the last I remember.

"The chapel building's on fire!" Pete was shaking me and hollering at me in an excited voice. "I'm going; hurry on; maybe we can do some good yet."

I slumped back onto the bed. I can't tell you how I felt. I glanced under the bed at my shoes; they seemed a little muddy. And my pants weren't where I had placed them the night before!

Somehow I managed to reach the fire. A vast crowd was milling about Wingate Hall, laughing, talking, wisecracking, and, most of all, giving opinions as to the origin of the fire.

"Where did it start?" I asked a fellow, trembling.

"They don't know for certain," he replied, "but they think it began at the back of the stage."

I gasped. I remembered that was

the very place I had lit the paper.

"How do they think it started?" I inquired eagerly.

"They think it was set," he explained.

"Probably somebody started it with a wad of paper," I ventured.

"Yes, that is likely," he replied—a bit too quickly I thought.

I stumbled around in the crowd for a long time, trembling, jerking, tears in my eyes. Everybody looked at me as if he knew I did it. I seemed to have turned their attention from the fire to me.

Pete tried to get me up when morning came, but I told him I was sick—exposure. I stayed in bed all day—nearly mad. I tried to sleep, but could do nothing except think of the fire. Two or three times that day I came in one of committing suicide. I kept expecting some of the authorities to come in and get me. The more I thought of it, the crazier I became.

Pete came in after supper. "Howya feelin', Pal?" he sang out.

"Pete," my voice trembled, "I set that building on fire last night."

"Oh, cut out the joking," Pete yelled back in his careless way.

"But I'm not joking, Pete!" I exclaimed, "I set it on fire last night while having a nightmare. I dreamed it all out just exactly as it happened, Pete, the whole darned thing."

"Oh, you might have dreamed something about a fire, and then after you saw it and heard all about it, you naturally formed all this in your mind. You're just nervous, that's all," he told me.

"Yes, but it is so vivid in my mind," I explained.

"Well, I've been tellin' you 'bout studyin' so much," Pete said, "you're becoming a nervous wreck. I dream of fires, too, but they don't affect me that way. Of course it would seem vivid after you've stayed here and worried about it all day."

"All right!" I exclaimed. "Where's that paper that was lying right here last night?"

"What paper?" he asked.

"The paper I was reading in last

night, here on the table," I cried.

"There on the floor," he said, nonchalantly.

I looked on the floor, but there was no paper!

"Where is it?" I yelled out angrily.

"Over there next to the window," said he, impatiently raising his head from the book he was reading.

I picked it up and glanced eagerly through it; but I was unable to find the article I had been reading the night before.

"This isn't the paper I had last night," I yelled frantically.

Pete looked up again. "The janitor probably carried it with him."

I rushed down into the basement.

"Did you carry a newspaper out of my room today," I asked the janitor.

"Yassuh, cahied sevuhl papuhs outer yoah room today. Yassuh, I cleans up—"

"Well, what did you do with all those papers?"

"Lawd, child, I buhns all de papuhs I gits."

I felt like breaking his darned neck.

Back in my room I tried to study, but I couldn't keep anything on my mind, except a picture of bright red flames crawling above Wingate Hall. I went to bed again in the hope of easing my mind a little. But the wind began to howl again. I pulled the cover tight about my head to keep out that damnable racket. It seemed I had been lying there for ages when I heard an awful noise—something like the crack of close lightning; I jumped out of bed.

"What's the matter?" Pete asked.

"What was that racket. . . ."

"I only knocked the chair over. Why Pal, what's the matter? You look as if you had a mixture of TB and high blood pressure."

"Pete, please do something for me. I'm going mad. I'm going to give up to them; that's what I'm going to do. I'm going to give. . . ."

"You're crazy," Pete interrupted.

"You didn't set that building on fire, Pal; you only think. . . ."

"But how do you. . . ."

"Listen a minute," he began. "Last

night I looked over at you while you were studying. I knew by the way you jerked when the wind blew a little stronger than usual that you had one of those nervous fits on. . . ."

"But what has. . . ."

"I knew if you got up in your sleep, and got out of the room, you would probably break your fool neck; so I stretched a piece of string from my bed and tied it to that big ashtray on the bureau."

"But. . . ."

"But, nothin'. Wait. I knew if you went out, you would have to go between my bed and the bureau."

"But why did you fasten. . . ."

"Wait 'til I get through. I fastened one end of it to that ashtray; so if you started out, you would pull it off on the floor and awake me. The ashtray is right where I put it last night.

You couldn't have got out of this room without pulling it off. Isn't that enough proof that you didn't set fire to the building? Now go on to bed and. . . ."

"But where is the string?" I asked, still a little worried, for the fire seemed so real to me.

"Here in my pocket. I took it off this morning when I got up to see the fire." He pulled it out of his coat pocket—all in a wad. After pulling it apart, he tossed it carelessly on the floor.

But I distinctly saw a knot in that string. I figured it all out instantly: I had broken the string and carefully tied it back together! I had set the building on fire!

"Thank you, Pete," I said half-heartedly. You see, I didn't want him to know I had doubted anything, for fear he would know I was crazy.

I hadn't been in bed long when I heard Pete's sonorous snore. I tip-toed to the foot of his bed and began to feel carefully about on the floor. I soon found it—all latched up. I picked it up hurriedly and ran to the window, where I could see it by the street light. Slowly I stretched the tangled thread out in front of me. There was the knot! I felt sick and

(Continued on page fourteen)

FROM OUR ASYLUM CONTRIBUTOR

(Editor's Note—Fifty years ago this contributor attempted to put out a Fiftieth Anniversary Issue of THE STUDENT. The task was too much for him—he has since been in the asylum. He has excellent health at the age of seventy.)

Roses are red;
Violets are blue;
How are you,
And so am I.

—s—

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
And all the king's horses and all the
king's men
Had scrambled eggs for breakfast for
a year.

... We must be the king's men?

—s—

Question: If Mae West and Santa
Claus got married, how many children
would they have?

Answer: None, 'cause there ain't no
Santa Claus.

—s—

Adam and Eve (go ahead, it's not
a bad joke) were out walking one day
in the Garden of Eden. All of a sud-
den, dear readers, little Cain came
running up crying, "Momma, I've in-
gurgitated (swallowed) a safety pin."
"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Eve, because
she knew that safety pins hadn't been
invented.

—s—

Mary had a little lamb;
Its fleece were white as snow—
Who in the dickens ever saw a lamb
with white fleece.

—s—

Little fishes in a brook;
How they look and look and look;
I can catch them with a hook
My daddy's got a horse.

—s—

Question: What's the difference be-
tween a rabbit?

Answer: One of them is both alike.

—s—

Question: Do you know Johnny
Jones?

Answer: Who you meann, Miss
Jones' little boy?

Mrs. Cannibal to Mr. Cannibal:
Honey, are you going to bring any-
one home to dinner?

—s—

Philosophical hint: If you want to
see the world right side up just stand
on your head.

—s—

Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Way up in the sky so high,
I prefer vanilla.

—s—

This is out of our line but we can't
resist telling this one:

They say that a fool can ask more
questions than a wise man can answer
—No wonder we flunk our exams.

—s—

An old one but here it is.
A.: I'm glad I wasn't born in
Vienna.

B.: Why?

A.: Because I couldn't understand
their language, you bonthead.

—s—

Waiter: Mr. Brown left his um-
brella again. I believe he would leave
his head if it was loose.

Manager: I dare say you're right.
I heard him say the other day that he
was going to Switzerland for his lungs.

—s—

The novice at trout fishing had
hooked a very small trout, and had
wound it in until it was rammed
against the end of the rod.

Pupil: What do I do now?

Instructor: Climb up the rod and
stab it.

—s—

"Why is the Stork the funniest bird
in the world?"

"Because he's always kidding."

—s—

Now, dear reader, I feel that I must
stop casting pearls before swine.

Prof.: If a number of cattle is called
a herd and a number of sheep a flock,
what would a number of camels be
called?

Nonchalant: A carton.

—s—

Then there were the two Jews who
went into a partnership and had as a
clause of their agreement: "In case of
bankruptcy, the profits shall be divided
equally."—Puppet.

—s—

Don't kick a man when he's down
—he may get up.—Xchange.

—s—

A coach is a fellow who is always
willing to lay down your life for his
school.

—s—

It's funny a woman who can spot a
blond hair on your coat at ten paces
can't see a pair of garage doors.

—Pelican.

—s—

He doesn't know enough about law
to make a successful lawyer.

Well, let's make him a judge.

—Widow.

—s—

Jim: You know that pretty blond
over there? She's a warnin' mama, and
how she does neck. . . .

Jimmy: Uh-huh. Know who I am?
I'm her husband.

Jim: Uh-huh. Know who I am?
I'm the biggest liar in town. S'long.

—Battalion.

—s—

"Why use a high crib for your
baby?"

"So we can hear him when he falls
out."

—s—

He: I'm a little stiff from bowling.
She: Where did you say you were
from?

—s—

Gossip: I saw your wife out riding
yesterday with a strange man.

Husband (wearily): He must have
been a strange man.

—s—

Some girls are not afraid of mice;
other girls have pretty legs.

—Ezchange.

Taps

*Only images stand, now, in our thought
Of "Wait's" fatal night
When that old scholar rent the morn
With her far spreading light.*

*Her dignity shows even yet,
In the bare recollections that stand
Among the trees which she has seen
Tower up from top the land.*

*The emptiness and pallor, now
Grows strong upon us all,
For sentiment was strong attached
To the brick that were her wall.*

*We'll say not how she met her end—
In measured beats or raps;
The bugler comes in full attire,
With "Wait Hall," it's "Taps."*

— s —

Pity Me

By FALK S. JOHNSON

*The red of fire against the black of nights,
The lean and livid flames upon the pall
That rises, flattens, spreads, and all affrights
—These dreams are thronging, driving all
In my mad mind to action and to crime.*

*It may be wildness: cruel, insane, and hard;
But flames both red and hungry, eating wood
And brick and belching heat without regard
For life—they drive me on. Erect your rood
And nail me there to die—but pity me.*

— s —

Blind Alleys

By GRAHAM ADAMS

*Down the street the other day
I passed an alley
I wondered what was at the other end,
So I turned and walked into it.
It didn't take me long to learn
That a blank wall was at
The other end.*

*On the road the other day
I saw an accident.
A man was killed—
His head split open.
He was young—
It hadn't taken him long, either,
To find the blank wall at the end
Of life.*

— s —

A Toast

By HOKE NORRIS

*Bright and buoyant and beautiful,
Life presents her brimming cup;
Remembering and regretting and ru-
ining,
I put it to my parched lips and drain
it to the dregs.*

*For startling and stern and stark
Looms the hooded death;
And drab and dreary and dread
Wait the shadows of the tomb.*

*Down the road of the past
They come—
Those men who were young
In the years now gone;
Men who found joy
In the Forest of Wake,
Found wisdom in stately halls.
So let us pause
At the century's end
And salute these men of the past.*

— s —

Intoxicant

By ED GAMBRELL

*Prohibition's out
And you're in,
And if I'm right
It's not a sin*

*To love a thing intoxicating,
That makes my heart go palpitating;
No drug is so inebriating;
Your eyes are, oh, so scintillating;
My, but you're too devastating.*

*And now I'm drunk but not from
drink,
But thus I get whenever I think
Of you.*

The New

By ED GAMBRELL

*The new will embrace the old;
The spirit of one hundred years
Will live, live on—
Afreshed,
Renewed—
In newer halls,
In newer souls.
The body of the old returns to dust,
But we,
The product of one hundred years,
Will grasp the spirit old,
Will cherish it—
That we might share it with the new
As did the old.*

— s —

At the Gate

By FALK S. JOHNSON

*No. The bullet did not hurt.
There was no pain for me,
And none for you, I fear.
But that last look of yours
Condemned my soul.
I shot myself. But what of that—
I was already dead; I died
When you did laugh at me and turned
To him that stood beside you at the
gate.*

*There was no pain for me,
And none for you, I fear.*

I'LL BE FAITHFUL

By AL MARTIN

(With Apologies to Damon Runyon, in Collier's.)

It is late in the summer, when most of the citizens are returning to the old town from their places of recreation and other things. At this time a group of the same citizens are standing in front of Mindy's Restaurant one night discussing this and that and the topics of the day. Among the gentlemen who have just arrived in town are such notables as Last Card Louie and Big Nig, the gamblers, and Olive Street Oscar and Regret, horse players. Now each of these abounds in stories of transactions and affairs of the season, and each is holding his share of the spot. Several containers of spirits are in the possession of certain of the group, and conversation flows quite freely, to say the least.

Well, along about eleven p.m. everybody is going strong. There is more talk of this and that, and even an occasional fight. In fact, everybody is catching the spirit of a reunion, when all of a sudden who should appear in the door of Mindy's but a doll named Miss Sparkler (Knees) Schmaltz! Before you can bat an ocular, poof! goes the party. In fact, conversation almost entirely ceases at the sight of Miss Sparkler (Knees) Schmaltz.

Now an outsider will wonder, on first glance and second, why the presence of Miss Schmaltz should have such a dampening effect on the gathering, for the young lady is indeed most comely, and is quite a chicken yet, and is of most pleasing proportions. In fact, she is quite a doll as to looks, and should be an addition to any occasion. But she most of a certainty is not, and the reason why is as follows:

Some time ago—several years, to be exact, Miss Sparkler (Knees) Schmaltz is a member of an organization known to one and all as Mr. Geo. White's Scandals. By profession she at that time is a lady of the chorus, and quite an attraction to the gents on bald head

row, to put it mildly. In fact, for many seasons Miss Sparkler (Knees) Schmaltz is what is known as the leading female of Mr. White's flock. That, indeed, is how she acquired her middle monicker. For her lower appendages are of a truth among the prettiest I have seen along Broadway or off either for many years, and I have remarked thus several times. The other part of her name is the result of her wearing a sparkler the size of normal hen fruit since she is out of Miss Mahoney's School of Dancing, New York City. Now she wears that piece of glass all the time, and when she crashes the Big Street and is part of the front lighting fixtures of the grandest movie shack the diamond goes with her. It is known to one and all that the rock is a present of Mr. William Johnson, a gentleman of twenty-eight years from Jersey who has done well in the Wall Street affairs. And it is also known to one and all that Mr. William Johnson and Miss Sparkler (Knees) Schmaltz are engaged to be married on the day when Miss Schmaltz resigns from her position with George, which can't be too soon for Mr. Johnson.

Well, seasons come and seasons go, and it looks like the gentlemen on bald head row will be satisfied to gaze at the limbs of Miss Schmaltz for many years to come. All the while she is getting no younger, and Mr. William Johnson is getting more and more anxious to become the husband of the young lady in question. So Fate has its way, and Miss Schmaltz is struck by a vehicle while crossing the Avenue one day and as a result the docs declare that she is to dance no more. All of which is very bad news to the members of the row, and to Mr. White, and to Mr. Andre Batonairre, who is the dancing partner of Miss Schmaltz for many seasons and who is said to take her out on several occasions when Mr. William

Johnson is out of town. But it is very good news indeed for Mr. Johnson, for, sure enough, they are married on the very day when Miss Schmaltz is out of the City Hospital, in the little church around the corner.

Now it is the talk of the community for several months about how much married the above-mentioned lady and gentleman are. Of a fact, I have never seen more loving birds than they are. Mr. Johnson purchased a cozy little five-acre place in Jersey, and he and his wife lived as happily as you ever did see.

That is the last I hear of Miss Sparkler (Knees) Schmaltz for a matter of two years, up until the spring before the summer I am speaking of in the beginning. It is generally known that Mrs. Johnson is quite a housewife, and there is an occasional mention of a William Johnson, Jr., but I don't know about that. Anyway, that is all until one night in the said spring when I am returning home from Mindy's with Good Time Charley at four a.m., being quite spry because of a mixture known as Red Ball cocktail. I am walking along with Charley, singing several old favorites, when I bump into Ambrose Hammer, the newspaper scribe. Ambrose is quite wild-eyed and not a little stirred up. Without stopping, he says as follows:

"William Johnson," he says, "is in the jug for murdering Andre Batonairre in the bedroom of Sparkler Schmaltz!" Then he dashes down to the *Mirror* office.

Well, you could have knocked me over with a whiff of Scotch. And likewise Good Time Charley. In fact we are both much surprised at the statement of Ambrose Hammer, because we think that there is nothing more dependable than the integrity of Miss Sparkler (Knees) Schmaltz, and finally decide that Ambrose is off his nut

and dismiss the thought with a swallow of Red Ball.

Well, the sheets in the morning are full of the story, and Ambrose is not off his nut at all. From what I can gather the events are as follows:

William Johnson is out of town for a spell and Sparkler is left in Jersey, alone. It seems, however, that he comes home much sooner than is expected, and when he busts into the sleeping chamber of Sparkler at four a.m. he meets Mr. Batonaire in the act of departing. Sparkler screams, and Mr. Johnson takes out an iron and does as follows: Bang, bang. Upon which Mr. Batonaire retreats to the floor with his face down and blood streaming from a hole in his nogging. William goes to the phone and calls the hospital and the police department and then says to Sparkler something like this: "Why . . . how?"

"Bill, darling, it wasn't—you don't believe—Oh, Bill, it was awful. I heard a noise. I looked up. There was Andre, and he . . . Then he heard you, and was going to run away. But you met him at the door, and—oh, Bill, you believe me, don't you? Say you believe me! Dearest, you know I love only you. Please, please—won't you believe me? Oh . . . it was awful!"

Upon which Mr. William Johnson says nothing, but takes his wife in his arms and sobs, "Poor kid."

Well, Andre doesn't kick the bucket that night, or the next. Ambrose Hammer is mistaken about this detail. But the bulls take Mr. William Johnson in anyway, because if the dancer does kick it and go west there could be trouble for Mr. Johnson.

Now it is two weeks after Andre Batonaire is plugged when Miss Sparkler (Knees) Schmaltz enters the City Jail. In fact, she has done so every day since her husband is there. But today she looks kinda different. Kinda worried. She is carrying a big box under her arm and tells the guard that it is a cake she has baked for Bill. Now it is against the rules for a doll to take food to the cells, but no prison guard or other male has been known to refuse a request of Miss Sparkler,

and this one didn't either. So she goes straight to the cell where Bill is with the cake under her arm. This is what happened:

"Hello, darling!"

"Sparks! I thought you would never come. Darling. (Gurgle, as when kissing.) Have you—have you talked with Wilkins?"

"Yes, dear, and he says—oh, look, I brought you a cake. Wait, I'll open it. Here's a knife, too. There! A slice of your favorite chocolate!"

"Um—good, too. But, Sparks, tell me, what did Wilkins say? Do I go on trial?"

At this Sparkler turns away, and it is plan to see that she is crying.

"Darling," says Bill, "darling, tell me. Is he—is Batonaire . . . ?"

"No, Bill, not yet. But the doctors —they say he won't—won't last through through the day. Oh, Bill."

"Won't last through the day. I've murdered him, Will, I'm glad. Will they—darling, what did Wilkins say? Will the courts . . . ?"

"Bill, Wilkins says he knows you were right. And so will a jury. But the law . . . If Andre dies, he says . . . it'll be . . . life!"

"God!"

At this Sparkler breaks down and so does Bill. They both shed water like a duck. It is very tragic, indeed. They carry on for several minutes, until finally the guard pulls Sparkler out. Through the bars she kisses him again.

"Bill, Bill dearest, you mustn't. Why, it won't . . ."

"Sparks! All my life—away from you! I can't! I'll kill myself first!"

"Bill, don't! Don't say that! Why, I can come every day and—Bill, I'll be faithful!"

At this they lead her away down the corridor, and are about to open the outside door when a roar comes out of the block. They rush back, and what do you know if Mr. William Johnson hasn't stabbed himself with the cake knife—stone dead. Yessir. Because he couldn't think of living without Miss Sparkler (Knees) Schmaltz.

Well, the above story is well-known

DR. REID MORALIZES

(Wake Forest is famous for the interest of her professors in her students. This is a mere sample.)

"One is bombarded on every side with jazz of a low type—if there is any other type of jazz."

—s—

"The movie can be a most educational thing. The superficial and the untrue tend to deform the emotional life of the thousands of children attending the theatres each week."

—s—

"If you and I postpone our association with the kings and queens of literature until adulthood, the chances are that we shall never come to appreciate real literature. If we wait until we are twenty-five to choose the good and wholesome conduct, we shall never develop that side of real culture. The best time to train one in the fine things of any field is from infancy up."

—s—

"One profane and low actor can tear down more in one picture than a good preacher can build up in a lifetime."

—s—

"If intelligent men like you don't take a lead in the field of wholesomeness. . . ."

among the citizens. And it is quite sad indeed, but that is not why the talking stopped when Sparkler came out of Mindy's. The reason is this:

Andre Batonaire didn't die at all. In fact he was much better on that last day when Sparkler went to see Bill. It is not definitely known to the citizens as to just why she told Bill Andre was fixing to croak. And it is not definitely known why she left that cake knife in the cell. But it is definitely known that the day after Bill's funeral Miss Sparkler (Knees) Schmaltz is married to Mr. Andre Batonaire.

Now you know why the talking stopped. And you know why Miss Schmaltz is often called by those on the inside of her story a dirty little What-is-this.

Personally, I think she is one, too.

The Acceptance of the Ball Bid The Bread and Butter ... After It's Over

(Fraternity Men—Don't read this)

Charlie dear, (Hello, sucker!)

I was indeed surprised to open your letter and
(—I didn't know you could write—then)
find that you were inviting me to your Interfraternity Ball.
(Why I should go with you, I don't know, but I'm game.)
It certainly sounds thrilling — I will be
(a very wise person to take this opportunity, and am)
more than glad to accept your kind invitation.
(You're lucky—I'll be the prettiest girl there.)

I wanted to answer as soon as I could
(before you change that infantile mind of yours)
and am hurrying to make the last mail.
(If I'd received any other bid, you'd be in the cold.)
Please write and tell me all the particulars—
(You'll probably make me pay my train fare)
and I'll write a much longer letter next time.
(Anything to make sure of a warm reception.)

Yours (Like hell!)

Agnes

Charlie dear (You big babaan!)

After just a doosh of sleep, the first thing I am doing is to
(get this letter over with and feed you the old line—)
write and tell you how I enjoyed being with you at your
(lousy brawl of a dance, which certainly was a feeble attempt at a)
Interfraternity Ball. It was the most thrilling dance I've ever been to
(for a bunch of decrepit, worn-down old maids, maybe)
and it will linger long in my memory, I assure you,
(as one of the most boring evenings I've spent. You'll regard it)
as one of the brightest spots of the year. You were
(such a dolt that I was near tears at all times, I was more than)
kind, Charlie, to go out of the way to do so much
(for you, when I think of how little you did)
for me, and I'll never forget watching you
(spill the punch all over your tuxedo. You couldn't even)
beat up the policeman who was so rude to us in Wilmette Harbor!
(and when you pulled the old gag about no gas, I nearly died!)

Everything was grand—the game, the dancing at your house
(Boy—what a collection of farmers in that dump!)
the show, and—of course—the Ball. You are
(the dumbest man I know, but the football captain is)
a dear, and I want you to write as soon as you ever can—
(—I must say that to be polite—you needn't bother to)
tell me how you are, and what you are doing.
(I don't care if I never hear from you again!)

All my love, (to Al, the captain)

Agnes

—Punch Bowl

"Now," said the professor, "pass all your papers to the end of the row; have a carbon sheet under each one, and I can correct all the mistakes at once."—Columbus.

—s—

Prof. (during examination.—Will some gentleman who isn't using his textbook be so kind as to let me have it for a few moments?—Beapot.

—s—

Then there was the absent-minded professor who took the examination himself.—Owl.

—s—

A REPLY TO THE ABOVE

Dr. Reid, speaking from a psychological standpoint, says that so-called "absent-mindedness" in college professors is not absence of mind, but presence of mind.

—s—

"How are your children getting along?"

"Oh, fine. Tony wants to be a racketeer, and Molly wants to be a chorus girl."

"But what happened to Al?"

"Oh, we had to kill him. He wanted to go to college."

—s—

Schiable: I spent last night in company with the one I love best.

Gambrell: Getting to be a hermit, aren't you?

—s—

Conductor: Can't you see that sign, "No Smoking?"

Sailor: Sure, Mike, that's plain enough, but there are so many dippy signs here. One says, "Wear Nemo Corsets." So I ain't paying any attention to any of 'em.—Log.

—s—

He: Hello, baby.

She: I'll have you know that I am nobody's baby.

He: Well, wouldn't you feel out of place at a family reunion?

—s—

"Say, Wong, this coffee is nothing but mud."

"Yes, certainly it is. It was ground this morning."

SILAS' REVENGE

By MILLARD R. BROWN

"Mornin', Silas," greeted Zeb Haines as he walked into his neighbor's store at the country crossroads called Georgetown.

There was no reply.

"What's the matter? You ain't been eatin' ten penny nails, have you?"

"Matter enough," grunted Old Silas Baxter. "See them shelves over there about half empty?" He pointed to a row of shelves on one side of the room. "Somebody picked the lock on the door and broke in last night, and swiped a whole bunch o' stuff."

"Well, I'll be dog-goned!" exclaimed Zeb. "Shore is bad. Got any idy who done it?"

"No, but I got suspicions."

"What you goin' to do about it then?"

"There ain't nothin' I can do about last night, but I got a little plan I'm goin' to work tonight and the rest of the nights."

"What's that?"

"See that shotgun over in that corner?" Silas pointed to one corner in which stood a twelve gauge shotgun. "I'm goin' to be fixed for 'em if they come back."

"You ain't goin' to set up ever' night with that thing, air you?"

"Shux, no. I got a better idy."

"Mind tellin' me what it is?"

"Well I reckon not. You see it's like this."

Just then Silas was interrupted by the entrance of a customer.

"Drop aroun' tonight about closin' time, Zeb," said he in rising. "You can help me with it."

That night Zeb walked into the store again. Old Silas was alone as he busied himself closing and barring windows.

"I see you're fixin' things up fer the night," said Zeb.

"Yep, I'm makin' her snug."

"Now, what's that little idy you was speakin' about this mornin'?"

"Jest a minute," said Silas. "Wait 'til I get this done."

He barred all but one of the windows, closed and locked the door, and went behind the counter. He stooped and picked up a cumbersome wooden frame, dragged it out and set it up before the closed door. He went to the corner, grabbed the shotgun, and placed it in the rack with its muzzle pointing toward the door.

"Ketch on?" asked Silas slyly.

"Shore thing," replied Zeb.

"Hold the gun down tight, while I tie it," said Silas.

Zeb held it while Silas tied it securely with a piece of heavy cord.

"Now, tie this 'un to the door knob," Silas handed Zeb the end of another string, which Zeb fastened as he was told. Silas put the end around a nail, somewhat back of the trigger, drew it tight, then tied it to the trigger itself.

"How's that?" he asked as they finished.

"That'll git 'em, if they try any monkey business agin," said Zeb.

"You bet it will." Old Silas rubbed his hands together, pleased with himself. "Well, come on," he said at last. "Let's go home."

The two men blew out the lights and went out the unbarred window.

"Ain't you goin' to fasten this 'un?" asked Zeb.

"Yep," said Silas, letting down the sash and closing the outside shutter. "I got a fastenin' hook heah that nobody knows about but me." He dropped a large hook into place where it couldn't be seen.

"Well, s'long, Zeb."

"S'long."

The two parted. Silas walked a short distance and entered his home. Zeb had to go a little further in another direction before he reached home. Soon both were in bed sleeping peacefully.

The next morning Silas arose early and went to the store. Upon entering he found that the gun had not been molested. He inspected the mechanism

from top to bottom; then untied it from the door and put it away out of sight.

"I'll do it again tonight," he said to himself.

Again that night no one bothered the store. Silas was disappointed again.

"I'll keep puttin' it up," said he to Zeb next morning as the latter came into the store and sat down. "They'll come back. They're jest layin' low."

It was a week later, and Silas was closing up as usual. Zeb had come in to help him. After getting everything else shipshape, they placed the gun in position, blew out the lights, and came out the unbarred window. After the hook had fallen into place, they tarried a moment as if to talk.

Just then an unusual noise came to their ears from the Baxter home.

"Wonder what's the matter," said Silas. "Sounds like somethin' wrong. They ain't nobody sick. My little boy's got a bad cold, but he was all right when I left. Come on, Zeb. We'll see."

The two hurried to Silas' home. As they came up on the porch, Mrs. Baxter met them.

"Somebody go after the doctor," she wailed. "Junie's got the croup. He's chokin' to death."

"I'll go to the house and git him on the phone," said Zeb. He was off like a race horse.

Mrs. Baxter walked the floor, wringing her hands. Silas didn't know what to do with himself. In a few minutes Zeb was back.

"Couldn't git him," he said excitedly. "He's out."

"Do somethin'," cried Mrs. Baxter.

"I got it!" exclaimed Silas. "They's some croup medicine in the store." He was off like a flash, despite his fifty years of age.

"Hey, wait, you fool!" shouted Zeb. There was no answer. Silas had disappeared in the darkness.

(Continued on page sixteen)

TWO'S A CROWD

By WELLINGTON DUNFORD

It isn't often that two people make a crowd. Usually it takes three. But when one person is two people, then two people make three people.

Perhaps that needs a little explaining. It all boils down to the fact that you can expect anything to happen when Sven Anssen has his finger in the pie. But I might as well tell you the whole story.

I was a pledge to Theta Delta Theta and a frosh at West University. Froshes at West U don't usually get bids to Theta Delt, but it so happened that one of the first men I met at West U was the great Sven Anssen, then president of the Thetas, and he took me under his protecting wing, pledged me to the Thetas, and condescended to let me room with him.

In the bunch of pledges that went through the mill with me was a guy by the name of "Ritzzy" Carlton, who got in on the strength of being the president of the sophomore class. Even at that, I think he must have slipped through when nobody was looking; and then, too, the pledges were selected on the night after the Theta dance, and perhaps the brethren of Theta couldn't tell black from white.

Sven never did like Carlton. "Martin," he said to me, "I don't like Carlton." That proves my statement. Carlton had such a case of big-headedness that if you put an air-tight gondola under his head you'd make a record for ascents into the stratosphere. He was self-centered, you might say.

Sven told Carlton one day to go down to the drug store and get a pack of cigarettes. They had an argument, and the upshot of the matter was that I went after the cigarettes and Carlton carried off Sven's copy of *Spicy Stories*, without Sven's consent, and went to his room in a high huff. Sven didn't say anything about it, but I could tell that he wouldn't cry himself to sleep if Carlton should run into a door in the dark. I waited for something to burst loose; I waited for al-

most a month. Then it came.

It didn't begin suddenly. I noticed nothing unusual. I happened to notice Sven deeply engrossed in a book one night—a book without a title on its cover. Half-curious, I asked him what he was studying.

He jumped a little. He probably didn't know I had come in. "Abnormal psychology," he replied. I had heard of that course from the senior brethren of Theta, all of whom used rather blistering adjectives when referring to the course. He seemed to be very much interested in it, thought; and I, feigning a knowledge which I didn't possess, inquired nonchalantly:

"Insanity?"

"We've passed that stage," Sven answered. "It's hypnotism now. Quite interesting stuff." That was high praise, coming from him.

"Figuring on taking it up?"

"Maybe." He rolled the word around on his tongue, seeming pleased about something or other.

Sven read that book almost constantly for three weeks. When he wasn't reading it he kept it locked up in his trunk. He said he didn't want me messing around with hypnotism. After the three weeks were up he figured that he knew enough about hypnotism to hold a seance. So one night he called the brethren of Theta into the chapter room to witness his first attempt.

"Carlton," he asked, "are you willing to be hypnotized?"

"It wouldn't be any use," answered Carlton. "A fellow tried to hypnotize me once, but he couldn't. He said my mind was stronger than his."

"Maybe you just didn't concentrate," said Sven, cool as a cucumber.

"I'm just going by what the fellow said," Carlton answered coldly.

Sven turned to Fred Baker. Fred was quite a man, one of West U's varsity football squad. "How about you?" asked Sven.

Fred wasn't any too anxious. "I saw a man have a fit once, on account

of being hypnotized," he objected. "They had to take him to the hospital."

"The hypnotist evidently didn't know how to handle his subject."

"I'd rather watch somebody else be hypnotized first," said Fred. "How about Martin, here?"

I rebelled. So did Sven. "I'll take him next," Sven promised.

He made Fred sit down in a chair opposite him and hold his hands. Then he began talking to Fred in a low, soft voice. "Sleep," he started. "Your eyes are getting tired; your muscles are relaxing... sleep... sleep..."

"Sounds like Fatty Stevenson eating soup," said Carlton loudly. Sven didn't pay any attention to Carlton, but riveted his eyes on Fred's. Fred looked like a rabbit when a snake is around. I'll swear it on a stack of Bibles, Fred's eyes began to get glassy. Then his eyes closed. He breathed loudly.

"Gosh!" I remarked.

"Bosh!" remarked Carlton.

"My will is stronger than yours," droned Sven. "You will do as I say, without hesitation. Stand up!"

Fred stood up. Sven made him "do the dip"—maybe you know it as the "knee bend." Carlton did his usual show-off stunt, trying to show that he could do it too, but at the end of five minutes Carlton was exhausted and Fred was still going strong. But, of course, Fred was a he-man, and Carlton, comparatively speaking, was a runt.

Sven stopped Fred and made him sit down. Then the fireworks began. Carlton, suspecting nothing, flopped down on the Theta couch. He feigned disinterest, taking his purse out of his pocket and looking studiously at the picture contained therein. The picture showed a good-looking female of sorts, and upon it was inscribed "Love from Eloise."

"Tell me the name," demanded Sven, "of some girl you know and like very well."

(Continued on page thirteen)

CASTLE HIGHLIGHTS

Did you ever pause to consider the fact that we get the "big pictures" here as soon as, if not sooner, than the larger cities do? The new management seems to realize the fact that many of us are from larger towns, and that we are accustomed to first class entertainment. We have been getting this, even to the extent of vaudeville which run in the largest cities of the state. These Friday night entertainments come in good after a week of school.

Just to prove that our talk about big pictures is true, we will cite three pictures which will be shown here in the near future.

Eddie Cantor, that great side-splitting comedian, will appear in "Roman Scandals" on May 28-29. In this production is presented a roaring Roman holiday of beauty, songs, and laughter. Eddie carries on where the Caesars left off. A three-ring Circus Maximus of matchless splendor, breath-taking spectacle.

It wouldn't be fair to divulge the plot, because its many unexpected twists and bright surprises make it the delectable film concoction it is. But you should know that Eddie is cast as a wistful lad in the tiny town of West Rome, Oklahoma, who divides his time between driving a grocery wagon and dreaming of the grandeur that was Rome. The force of his imagination finally projects him back into the era of his dreams and there he manages to get himself involved in a variety of fantastic situations while attempting to aid beauty in distress in the persons of Ruth Etting and Gloria Stuart, smooth the course of young love for Gloria and David Manners, expose the wickedness of the Emperor Valerius, played by Edward Arnold—and at the same time, if at all possible, save his own neck.

If you can picture Eddie, arrayed in a brief Roman tunic, set up on the auction block amid hundreds of beautiful slave girls—weak in the knees, but not too weak to toss off a couple of

nifties when the bidding gets too insinuatingly low, you have an idea of the spirit of the story. Eddie's swell in this scene, but then he's swell too, in the banquet scene in which he figures as royal foodtaster just when there's a plot afoot to poison the Emperor, and in the torture chamber scene, where Eddie's cutting-up puts the Emperor in stitches.

The thundering chariot race which forms the film's grand finale is one of the funniest scenes ever conceived and filmed. It's even funnier than the bullfight scene of "The Kid from Spain."

Aside from the outstanding players mentioned above, this picture has a hundred of America's most beautiful girls. Frank Tuttle directed the picture.

If you like fast action, snappy, new wisecracks, dazzling blonds, and "Tough Guy" Cagney, see "Jimmy the Gent," which is to be shown at the midnight performance on May 25.

This picture has to do with rival "heir chasers," represented as not being above bribing hospitals and morgues for information, nor coaching phony heirs to give perjured testimony. It is a revelation in modern methods of trying to get something for nothing by hook or crook, mostly by the latter, but Warner Bros. have treated the subject in a light, touch-and-go vein that makes it screamingly funny throughout.

Cagney is supported by Bette Davis, Alice White, Phillip Reed, Allen Jenkins, and others.

Another of the seasons biggest hits is "Rip Tide," which comes here Saturday, May 26, just after you have finished that last exam. We suggest that you forget all about your troubles by going to see this picture—it's a good way to get your mind straightened out before going home. Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery play the leading roles—that's enough to assure you that it is plenty good.

TWO'S A CROWD

(Continued from page twelve)

"Eloise Townsend," said Fred distinctly. A muttered and stifled giggle circulated among the pledges. Carlton still tried to look disinterested, but he made a sorry job of it. He put Eloise's picture back in his pocket.

"She has decided to pay you a visit," murmured Sven. "You are alone with her. She is sitting on the couch." He pointed to Carlton, who muttered a faint "hey."

Fred turned his head toward Carlton, his eyes glassy. A smile lit up his face. "Hello, Eloise," he said softly. "Glad you came around." Carlton was rooted to the spot, fascinated.

Fred walked over to the couch, *a la Frankenstein*, and sat down. "Gee, I'm glad to see you, honey." The pledges stifled a laugh. Carlton turned red, then scarlet, as Fred began massaging his hand tenderly.

"Shall we go to the show?" Fred asked.

A queer glint appeared in Sven's eye. "She wants to stay here."

"O.K. by me, honey. Eloise, you say." Fred put his arm around Carlton's shoulders. Carlton disengaged himself, a little angrily.

"What's the matter, honey?" Fred asked, evidently hurt by Eloise's coldness. Eloise (nee Carlton) struggled futilely in Fred's grasp. "Didn't my kisses mean anything to you?" he continued softly. "Why don't you say something?"

The reason was evident. Carlton was feeling too deeply for words. Helpless, he found himself in Fred's lap. Fred kissed him passionately, holding his head in a steel grip. Carlton kicked wildly, and to the delight of all present, slapped Fred soundly on the right cheek.

Fred chuckled. "You little wildcat!" he said in an endearing tone. "Do it again. I love it."

Carlton didn't reply verbally, for the main and simple reason that Fred was kissing him again. But he complied with the request, and as soon as Fred released the grip on the back of

(Continued on page fifteen)

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do if Fred weren't such a big hunk of meat. Sven dismissed the gathering, and I offered a hearty second to the motion. I was to be next on the program.

The gathering dispersed. I approached Fred. "How does it feel?" I asked curiously.

"Fine," said Fred. "That was one case where two were a crowd. He did look funny, didn't he?" And with that he stalked off to his room chuckling.

Somewhere I heard that people didn't remember what had happened under the hypnotic trance. That just goes to show that you can't count on anything if Sven Anssen is mixed up in it.

I went to my room. There was Sven, reading that book again.

"I think that's great," I said reverently.

"So do I."

"How do you do it?" I inquired.

He laughed. "I'm just waiting until Carlton finds out that I don't take ab-

normal psychology," he chuckled.

"Huh?"

"I really don't. You know as much about hypnotism as I do."

"Then what is that book?"

Sven handed it to me without a word. I looked on the title page.

"Well I'll be . . ." I remarked. It was *The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini*.

SILAS' REVENGE

(Continued from page eleven)

Zeb started toward the store as hard as he could go.

As Silas came to the door of the store, he took out a bunch of keys, selected one, and unlocked the door. He gave it a pull. As he did so he suddenly remembered.

"Oh, I'm shot!" he cried out as he fell back.

Just then Zeb rounded the corner just in time to see Silas fall. He stood stupefied a moment; then went to the other. He put one hand behind the fallen man's head and ran the other over his chest. He couldn't find anything wrong.

"I'm killed," moaned Silas again.

"Get up," said Zeb as he lifted the other to his feet. "There ain't nothin' wrong with you."

Silas slowly came to his senses and finally gained control of himself.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Didn't that thing go off?"

For answer Zeb pulled the door open and struck a match. There was the ingenious death trap in plain view. The string had slipped off the nail back of the trigger and was now hanging loosely.

"I guess I'd better tear that thing up," said Silas very shakily as he went in and picked up a bottle of croup medicine.

As Zeb passed by the store on the following morning, his eye was attracted to a bright, shiny brass lock, which reflected the rays of the early morning sun.

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• FRESHMAN •
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FOILED

A SHORT SHORT SHORT STORY

(Each issue the best short short, etc., story submitted will be printed. Try your luck.)

The sun had just passed below the pine-covered hilltop. The penumbral darkness was made lighter by the crescent-shaped moon, which shed its pale light on the two lovers who strolled down the path toward the bottom of the hill. At the bottom of the hill they sat upon a log, which lay near the old mill wheel.

The Whippoorwill was just beginning his shrill solo; the babbling brook and the gentle breeze played their accompaniment to the great opera of Nature.

"Darling, you have the most beautiful eyes in the world," he ventured in breaking the beautiful silence of twilight. A minute elapsed. Then he again spoke, this time louder and with passion. "Sweetheart, may I kiss you?"

She awoke as from a beautiful dream, and slowly turned her shapely head so that her face was close to his. "Not by a damn sight," she replied.

— s —

Last Year's Senior: Have you an opening for a bright, energetic, college graduate?

Employer: Yes, and don't slam it on your way out.

— s —

"Do you come from South Carolina?"
"Certainly not! I'm talking this way because I cut my mouth on a bottle."

— s —

SIX DEGREES OF SPEED

Snail.
Ford.
Automobile.
Airplane.
Lightning.
A Boarding House Meal.

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ETIQUETTE

The man had been swimming in a creek, and had left all his clothes on the bank. When he came out, he found that everything had been taken except his hat. He was in a quandary, but finally decided to walk down the road to town, holding his hat modestly in front of him. Soon a lady came walking toward him. She stared at him intently.

"If you were a lady," he said, "you wouldn't look at me."

"And if you were a gentleman," she replied, "you'd tip your hat!"—*Punch Bowl.*

— s —

The following correction appeared in a provincial paper: "Our paper stated last week that Mr. John Doe is a defective in the police force. This was a typographical error. Mr. Doe is really a detective in the police force."

— s —

Found—Lady's purse left in my car while parked. Owner can have same by paying for this ad. If she will explain to my wife how the purse got there I will pay for the ad myself.

Phone M-123 League City.—*Mal-teaser.*

— s —

Rat (knocking at senior's door): You told me to call you in time for your first class, but I didn't wake up myself. It's ten o'clock now, your class is over, and you can sleep as long as you want.

— s —

There were three men in a boat with four cigarettes but no matches. What did they do? They threw out one cigarette and made the boat a cigarette lighter.—*Purple Parrot.*

— s —

AIRFLOW

Was I fast? Lissen, guy, when I played for the Giants every time I hit one of many home runs I reached first base before the spectators could hear the crack of the bat. Then when I rounded second, the second baseman usually said something that made me sore, so I slapped the third baseman in the catcher's mouth. Not bad, eh?—*Battalion.*

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SHORT, SHORT, SHORT STORY

They stood on the Brooklyn bridge and gazed over the placidly undulating waters. Before them stretched crowded shores, oily ripples of water and an incessant stream of boats. Behind them, in the distance, rose the fog-enveloped spires of New York's skyline. Far down the river lay the Brooklyn Navy yards.

"That's a man-o'-war over there," he said casually.

"Then that little boat that's pulling it must be a tug-o'-war," she smirked.

The authorities had one helluva time finding her body.—*Purple Parrot.*

Tom's is the Hangout

CANDIES

SODAS

TOM'S

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SATURDAY AT 7 P.M.

Tom's is the Hangout

Hortense: Why do married men live longer than single men?

Herbert: They don't: it only seems longer.

— s —

Stern Father: How was it, young man, that you were petting my daughter? How was it?

Suitor: Great—simply great.

— s —

Tom Greenwood: When I dance with you I feel as if I am treading on clouds.

Sweet Young Thing: Don't be figurative—those are my feet.

— s —

SONNET 1259

Once upon a midnight dreary,
As I pondered weak and weary,
Burma Shave!

ROUND ROBIN

First Frosh: I heard you didn't have a good time with your blind date last night. Was she too thin?

Second Nut: Naw, just the opposite. I couldn't entertain her from one side, so I went to the other, and there was a senior having as good a time as I was.

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One: What is a metaphor?

Another: For cows to graze in, you fish.

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THE MAN WITH HIS HEAD IN A NOOSE

By JAMES S. PERROW

Once I was happy and then I was young
The trail of my crimes had not yet begun.
Yet why should I weep for all that I've done?
Since no one can change it, not now.

My parents tried hard to prevent it.
My mother preferred I should die
But, despite them, I cast in my lot with the gang.
And since have ever wondered why.

CHORUS

I hang in the air in the big calliboose,
A dangling young man with my head in a noose.
Though my actions aren't graceful still now what's the use.
For my life they have taken away.

We robbed and looted a bank each day
We shot down the guards and would all get away.
We defied the rule that crime doesn't pay.
For I was as rich as a King.
The cops did their very best to catch me
They wanted me dead or alive
But although I did meet them in many a gun fight
It was I who would always survive.

For years I did rob with all my might
Then I met with a girl in the pale moon light.
My days were numbered from that very night
For she was to soon cause my end.
This girl she was so very lovely
In her arms I soon found perfect peace
Though I bought her rich presents yet did she do?
She sold me out to the police.

CHORUS

I hang in the air in the big calliboose
A dangling young man with my heart in a noose
If it weren't for a woman I would still be loose
And that's why I am living no more.

WHITE HYACINTHS

By FALK JOHNSON

Two leaves, dear Lord; two leaves I pray of Thee:
With one I'll gladly meet necessity,
The other one I'll sell and with the whole
I'll buy white hyacinths to feed my soul.

THE SONG

By FALK JOHNSON

I touch a quiet key
And softly through the dim cathedral nave
The tone mores wide and large, then stops:
A day is done, a phrase is sung,

I touch a higher key,
I quickly climb the scale,
I throng the air with racy notes,
I send the roof a shaking burst, then stop:
Another day is done, another phrase is sung.

I pause,
And dipping slowly from the throbbing chords
I swing between the heights and depths with wild and
easy tunes, then stop:
A year has past, a verse is done at last.

The play a subtle requiem
That sifts into the world beyond,
They look at me, they weep,
They speak of me in tearful words, then go:
My life is done, my opera's sung.

Ten million men before the keys
Send surging tones,
Send sweeping notes from organ pipes,
And others beat a steady monotone;
And then the blaze of beauty and discord—quickly stops:
Man's time is done, eternity's begun.

— S —

WHAT DO I DESIRE

By D. L. STEWART

What do I desire but a quiet life?
Let me be tired in the evening, and lean on my hope
To see the sun go down, and meditate
On mysteries beyond the sunset.

Let me go homeward rejoicing in my labor;
Let a little child meet me at the gate,
Holding up its arms to love me,
Prattling sweetest welcome.

Let me sit down hungry, happy,
To a simple plentiful meal, prepared by my own love's
hands,
Hands that toil for me gladly; humbly let me thank God
For his blessings.

Let me rejoice and rest in the love
Of my beloved. Let there be peace in my home,
And in my heart.

A grim, grey dawn
Closes tight and binds
Indifferent death
To the death-housed minds;
Grey granite walls
And cold steel bars
Hold men in stalls
Like jam in jars.

Sad, sallow mugs
In greedy stares
Gaze from the bars,
From justice's snares,
As the atmosphere
Stalks bringing death
To bargain there
Its death for breath.

The death house cans
Just twenty men,
And a full house wins
With twenty in;
Just twenty saps
Are booked to burn;
Just twenty chaps
Waiting their turn.

A cursed clock
Ticks off the time
And tortures those
Condemned for crime;
It's worse than the sound—
This damned tick-tocking—
Of a blade being ground
For a big head-chopping.

They sit in silence,
Each conscience works;
Some stay calm;
Some get the jerks;
Some scream and yell
Under the strain;
Some laugh at hell—
No inward pain.

Anemic dandy
Sick for coke;
A rat-eyed rube,
A soulless bloke;
A hefty black
Sings out to God;
A bandit jack
Without his rod.

A breathless tension
Fills death row
For three of them
Just have to go;
At eight o'clock
The first will fry;
Then down the dock
Till all are bye.

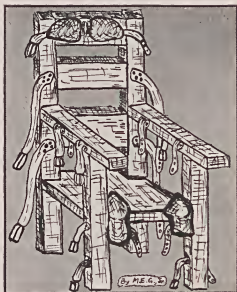
These three for breakfast
Get what they want,
But who can eat?
It's just a taunt;
But one does eat,
The big, fat bloke;
He thinks the seat
Is just a joke.

He laughs out loud,
And gobbles down
All he can hold
Like a starving hound;
But the anemic frail—
His soul's done broke—
Shakes with each wail
And cries for coke.

A handsome chap—
He is no punk—
Holding his head,
Sits on his bunk;
He was no killer,
But circumstance
Had made his horror
A thing of chance.

A priest comes in
And talks to each;
The fat bloke laughs—
He's out of reach;
The frail dope field
With a horrid look
Sobs, then comes clean
On the life he took.

The handsome chap
Prayed with the priest
And seemed rather calm,
To say the least.
The priest then prayed
For all the three
And blessings made
To the "n"th degree.



The barber next
Goes to three cells
And shaves their heads
For the head-piece shell;
As he walks out
The clock's near eight—
Each tick a shout
Of laughing fate.

The tick and tock
Is death row's dirge,
And now its tune
Enjoys a splurge;
The first to burn
Is handsome chap;
And steps come stern—
Tap, Tap, Tap, Tap.

DEATH ROW

By ED

NOTE.—Mr. Gambrell having seen an electrocution makes this

FINALE

GAMBRELL

verse all the more interesting. It's authentic—you'll like it.

The clink of keys,
An opening lock,
And out goes handsome
To the tick, tick, tock;
A tramp, tramp tramp
Past twenty cells
While down death's ramp
Silence knells.

A big, oak chair
Is where he'll stop;
And now it waits
A bumper crop—
Wires and plates,
Straps and lines,
Awaiting three skates
As the dynamo whines.

He has his say
And then sits down,
And leather straps
Are fastened round;
Electrode on each leg
And one upon
His shaven head;
The trick is done.

Around the plates—
A weakening act—
Water is poured
For good contact;
And then the switch,
Though out of sight,
In a hidden niche,
Is pulled down tight.

Poor handsome taughtens
As the current flows;
Death's cruel agony
He only shows
By his visible mouth
Through straining straps—
He's going south
With the other chaps.

A sickening stink
Invades the room—
A cooked-meat smell,
Poor handsome's doom;
No skunks compare
With handsome's smell
In that sizzling chair
As hot as hell!

Three minutes up,
The switch goes open;
The body falls limp,
But it's not quite done,
So the switch falls shut,
And the body jerks
As they cook the mut
To complete the works.

He's dead this time,
And the underwriter
Unseats the poor,
Fry-up blighter;
He pulls the plates
From the stinking skin;
The stink he hates!
It's genuine.

The cooked knees crackle
As they're made straight,
And they box him up
At six past eight.
The corpse is out
But that awful stink
Still hangs about
And makes one think.

The next to go,
The frail dope fiend,
Holding a rose,
Cowing in mien;
On seeing the seat
He turns to run;
He's got cold feet,
But he's soon done.

He'd held, clutched tight,
This pale red rose,
And still holds it
As he turns his toes;
He'd brought his posies,
A very bright guy,
That he had roses
One won't deny.

Next comes the bloke,
Laughing at death,
Telling a joke
On his last breath;
No other dare smile,
But let him do so;
It's the last mile
He'll ever go.

"Such strapping lads,"
Says he of the men
Who have the horror
Of strapping him in;
"The chair is warm,
You knew I'd come,"
Says he with charm,
"I'm not so dumb."

He burns and cooks
More than the rest;
He can take it
By far the best;
Three shocks it takes
To knock him cold;
If he were awake,
He'd think it droll.

Three men less
On glum death row—
They'd felt the whine
Of the dynamo
And caused the shocks
That dimmed the lights;
No more tick-tocks
Would haunt their nights.

A grim, grey dawn
Holds tight and binds
Indifferent death
To the death-housed minds;
Grey, granite den
With cold steel bars
Holds three less men
Like jam in jars.

IF THE WORM (OR "RAT") SHOULD TURN

By J. A. McLEOD, JR.

What if the freshmen should suddenly get the upper hand over the sophomores? What would happen can only be a matter of conjecture. But we'll suppose that Elmer (just plain Elmer) was one of the worms that turned.

Well, this Elmer blew in from Pole-Cat Hollow, where he was a leading student. He unloaded his trunk and took it to the room he had applied for and unpacked his luggage. When he reached the registrar's office, he proceeded to muscle his way up to the front of the line, and on reaching the desk he proclaimed in a loud voice: "My name is Elmer and I hail from Pole-Cat Hollow. I craves to register in this institution of higher learning, so deal the cyards."

Elmer was very green in the ways of college life, so a thoughtful sophomore standing nearby came over to see if he couldn't straighten him out.

"Button, freshman," he said. Elmer turned and gave him a look that would wither a midsummer daisy, spat in the registrar's ink well and said: "Gwan, button yerself, yer towheaded cluck." The soph was so surprised he dropped his jaw and stared in wonder.

Elmer got registered in a hurry, because the registrar and others present didn't consider it good judgment to let a guy that might suddenly become a cyclone hang around. When he got out on the campus a two hundred and fifty pound soph came up to him and suggested in a friendly yet forceful manner that Elmer should buy the college colors. Elmer immediately shifted his quid and turned on this guy who was about three times his size and proceeded to calmly give him the once over with one eye squinted like as if he might be judgin' a horse.

"Scram, littl'un, afore I gets sore. You may be a big cheese around these parts to some people, but you ain't

nothin' but a very unpleasant odor to me."

That night several sops banded together and invited Elmer to a little meeting which they called a "rat" court. It looked as though judgment would at last descend upon the head of Elmer and the shocked sophomore pride would be avenged. Promptly at eight the native from Pole-Cat Hollow made his appearance and the court began its job of dealing out justice. A few instructions were given Elmer and some explanations made regarding the terms "button," "grab the bottom round," etc. Elmer, silent as a statue, showed only a mild interest in these matters.

"Grab the bottom round, freshman," ordered the largest sophomore by way of giving a practical illustration of the lessons just given. But he hadn't got the words out of his mouth before Elmer stretched him out cold as an Eskimo's nose.

"Now," he said, "You guys line up. I'm plumb weary of this stuff. Do yuh think I come up here to take part in a rastlin' match or to spend my time pokin' fresh guys in the face? C'mon, line up; I'm tired and I might get mad any minute. Job would be been cuttin' paper dolls if he'd been pestered as much as I have."

Elmer took off his belt which looked as if it might be a close relative to a Sam Brown, and proceeded to wield it in an expert way. When he finished he went over to the door, turned and expectorated in an ash tray and left. The dazed sophomores offered no resistance.

But the soph pride was not to be rebuffed by these indignities by the "squirt" from Pole-Cat Hollow. So the matter of dealing with Elmer was submitted to that much-feared and secret organization that has as its emblem the barber's comb and as its

tool the clippers. They met and agreed that the situation must be brought under control at once, or it might break out like a pox. Therefore, they lay in wait one dark night near the path that Elmer would take on his way from the library to his room. They saw him leave and come down the path toward them. When he drew abreast they descended on him *en masse*; for a few minutes there was an awful scuffle, and the grass and gravel was flying as if a trench mortar was shelling the place. Then it died as suddenly as it started, and a lone figure picked himself up and dusted his hands. He took a piece of rope from his pocket and tied the prostrate figures securely.

The next morning the student body was surprised to find a half dozen boys securely tied and hanging in a magnolia tree. Elmer had tossed them there for safekeeping after trussing them up.

NOTE: Now this case is purely a product of imagination. It is a wild guess at what might happen if an absolutely impossible situation came to pass. If there are any freshmen on our campus who feel the urge to display themselves as exponents of liberty, and who desire to throw off the sophomore yoke, a word of warning might not be amiss. These suggestions are made for the benefit of the high school "big shot" who expects to dash up with a high school record that is worth about 15 cents (they used to be worth 10 cents, but paper has gone up) per hundred, flash the said record a few times and expect to loaf four years, graduating at the end of that time with "summa cum laude." The "big shot" will be a little surprised when he finds that he is only a slightly audible "pop", and will try to be smart to bring himself into the public eye.

(Continued on page twenty)

HOW TO BE A DEVIL WITH THE WOMEN

Translated From the Egyptian

By WELLINGTON DUNFORD

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In search of material that would truly be edifying, the editorial staff finally sent that famous Egyptologist to dig around a bit and to send us a report. This manuscript, which probably dates back to the third dynasty, was sent to us, translated, with comments from the translator to be found in explanatory footnotes.*

Oh immortal Osiris, who did so well with the goddess Isis—oh Ra, king of the universe, who knowest the mystery of the female intellect—oh dark-browed Anubis, the foxy-faced, who knoweth best how to be a devil with the women¹—lend me for a moment thy vision, that I may see and interpret the wiles of man's greatest enemy, that I may communicate the knowledge to humanity. Of late the females of our nation have become brassy in the extreme, and there is some talk among the wise men of Egypt that, unless something is done, the women will be insisting that they have their rights! This can never be!

Too many of our young men have been led astray. I, for one, in a moment of weakness, was ensnared by a temptress. When I confessed my love, did she fall into my arms and whisper that she did too? No, by Seth, she presented me with a sour pomegranate!²

But now, with the fire of the gods running through my veins,³ I see all. I am also indebted to Udi-Ra Valay, the popular singer, for some of his methods.

Among the many problems which beset us is this: how shall we be able to gain entrance into the mystic chambers of the Temple?⁴ It is in the Temple that many young and beautiful ladies pine for the love that is denied them, and thus it is here that



our center of operations should be. Of a certainty, there are a few women more easily accessible, but they are usually married or as cold as Isis.

It would be fruitless to attempt to enter the Temple without first having the consent of the priests and those in authority. Impossible as that may appear, it has been done; and if the young ladies behave themselves they are granted permission to see a man twice a week, the while chaperoned by a priest and in the glare of thirty-three torches. I suggest frequent prayers that the authorities continue to believe that the young lady is behaving herself.

Now that you have the wherewithal to continue operations, bend every effort to do unto her as she would be done unto. Be romantic. Above all, gargle before each rendezvous with

Breath-O, the recognized specific for removing onions and garlic. No money was paid for this advertisement;⁵ but remember that the Pharaoh himself endorses it heartily, and his harem is full to overflowing.

The voice should be pitched low, a definite vibration of the tonsils being noticed when the best pitch is obtained. As for the general trend of conversation, choose well between three types: (a) That her eyes are like the depths of the sea, and that you wonder what color they are, (b) That her lips are like the interior of the pomegranate. This is dangerous, and is to be used only in an emergency. The most effective of all is: (c) That you have much \$\$.⁶

As for the opportunity to spirit the female away from under the nose of

(Continued on page twenty)

¹ Anubis guards the gate of Purgatory.

² This quaint old idiom is still in use, modified somewhat. The moderns say "She gave me the raspberry."

³ This was, of course, during the days B. V. (Before Valentin).

⁴ The Temple of Isis, where it was fashionable for girls to retire in seclusion and to swear off dating. However, the marriage rate among Egyptians was not hampered. Compare the Temple with Meredith, St. Mary's, Pease, etc.

⁵ At least it's better than a cartoon. O Tempos, O Moses!

⁶ The old hieroglyphic is reproduced as it was found on the original manuscript. I have never seen it before.

ELEVEN-TWENTY INTERLUDE

By AL MARTIN

"Wa—ake Forest, Frank-ton, Henson, Nawliner, Souf Hill, Petes-bug, Richmon', Wash-ton, Balt-moh, Philadelfyer, Noo Yawk bus goin' out. East Coast Stages Short Line systu—um, second bus on side. Bo—ud!"

Such is the call to action for some score or more weary travelers and Wake Foresters in varying degrees of happiness or remorse, any Saturday night at eleven-twenty. Yea, and such is the call to thrilling adventure for those who may be called gossip-eared or theme-eyed!

After the majority are inside the bus there is the usual thirty minutes delay, punctuated by consistent buzzing of the buzzer by collegiate individuals and bumping of Gladstones on collegiate heads by individuals of color. Soon the driver makes motions inferring that he has begun to think about deciding to punch tickets, which he does at his pleasure. The old lady in the front seat who is on her way to Boston to visit her grandchildren cannot, positively cannot understand why the driver takes only half her string of tickets instead of getting it all over with at once. The business-like bespectacled man of middle age on the third seat back smiles blandly and when approached asks the driver to arrange a stop-over in "Philly."

Four sleepy football men shove their tickets out automatically and re-bury their heads in the soft upholstery telling those blank, blank freshmen to stop singing. Somebody's cook from South Carolina has been accompanied to the station by her eighteen nieces and nephews, with whom she converses through the window. On the third seat back two sophomores are in a heated argument regarding the Dean of Women at a certain institution. A Rabbi from Cleveland climbs aboard, says nothing, sits down, and begins to read. By now the driver has punched all his punches. The motor is raced, a final

bark is made, the door is shut; there is a clashing of gears, and—we're off!

Swish-swishing of springs as we bump off the curbing reminds one fellow of a deflated balloon, and he tells everyone else about it. Thereupon three students laugh loudly, while the Rabbi peers over his book inquisitively. At the bumping corner we stop to chase two men off the top. One comes in and sits on the arm of a seat to tell a fellow-traveler about the time he got all the way to Forestville unfound. The cook is telling another colored woman about her *exema*.

Out at the turn lights are dimmed, much to the discomfort of the lady going to Boston. Two fellows sneak out a screw driver and painstakingly begin to remove the mirror from above their seat. Porter discovers this and at the same time sees a freshman attempting to swipe pillows from the rack overhead. One of the pillows he takes to the lady, who probably never got it in the right position to suit her. A "sky" is talking to the Rabbi now, and both seem to be happy. The business man slides down in his seat for a nap, and even the freshmen finally stop talking. By the time we hit the overhead bridge everybody is quiet except a senior who is sitting by himself, softly humming, "I Love You Truly."

For six or seven minutes all is peace and quiet. The steady hum of the tires on the pavement, the swishing of the wind in the ventilators, and the hearty beebep of the horn weave themselves into a medley of soothing qualities. Above, a wisp of a moon is playing hide and seek with elusive fragments of mist. The senior notices it and changes his tune to "Moonglow."

The peace is too much for the freshmen, however, and they soon break forth gustily—and rustily—with "Here's to Wake Forest." Thereupon several exploring sophs, patrolling juniors, and extolling seniors join in the first few lines, which is all they know, and then tell the frosh to shut up before they get

their hair cut. This naturally starts a wave of comment about previous hair cutting, and we have reached the blinker before it subsides. The Deacs go back to sleep.

Lights go on at the Theta Kappa Nu house and somebody pulls the buzzer cord. From then on the cord is pulled at each telephone pole, and the bus stops three times before it reaches the campus. Finally it heaves a great sigh at the bus corner. Everyone starts out at once; somebody knocks off the Rabbi's hat, stops to pick it up, thereby delaying traffic ten valuable seconds. At last the seats are emptied of three-fourths of their contents, amid smiles of satisfaction from through passengers.

The door is closed again, gears go into extra low, there is a static rumble, and East Coast Stages Short Line System carries on. Groups of students disappear in all directions. I often wonder how many of them realize that they have just enjoyed one of the most absorbing experiences of college life—riding the eleven-twenty!

ON THE ROCKS

First Jail Bird: What are you in for?

Second Jail Bird: Rocking my wife to sleep.

First Same: But they can't put you in here for that.

Second Ditto: But you ain't seen the size of them rocks.

— s —

BEAUX GESTE

"When I looked out of the window, Johnnie, I was glad to see you playing marbles with Billy Simpkins."

"We wuzn't playing marbles, Ma. We just had a fight, and I was helping him pick up his teeth."—Boston Beanpot.

— s —

Heavens! My husband! Quick, act like a burglar!



All they clear
Satisfy"

"To me a cigarette is the best smoke. It's a short smoke... and then again it's milder.

"I notice that you smoke Chesterfields also. I like them very much."



"I HAD A BERTH in the ninth sleeper. It was a heavy train and a cold night—snowing—and I thought about the man with his hand on the throttle. I admire and respect those men."

The Student

LITERARY
HUMOROUS



WAKE FOREST COLLEGE
SPONSORED BY ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

VOLUME LI

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NUMBER 1

LITERARY STAFF

ED GAMBRELL
WELLINGTON DUNFORD
FALK JOHNSON
THOMPSON GREENWOOD
AL MARTIN
B. G. LEONARD
JOHN MCLEOD
JAMES S. PIERROW

FRANK NORRIS
Editor

DR. H. B. JONES
Faculty Adviser

Business Manager
Not Yet Elected

ART STAFF
JOHN SUSTARE

Art Editor
JUNIUS MARTIN
J. R. BROWNING

MEMBER OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

IN CONSIDERATION

Sometimes we hear first year men lamenting their subdued state. Then we (even some few sophomores) begin to wonder about this existing "collegiate feudal state," which has as its purpose the breaking of a youthful spirit of pride and egotism. We debate in our minds the arguments pro and con. After much debate, however, we arrive at the conclusion that the freshman problem presents two types of "breaking," which must be dealt with separately: the purely heartless method, called hazing, and the milder method of "careful supervision and reproval."

The first mentioned (hazing) has long been a problem on our campus. Although the consensus of opinion is against this ruthless practice, it seems to flourish, thriving upon grudges, cowardice, and a misconceived feeling of justice. The innocent frequently suffer, where the deserving go unshorn.

As institutions grow, they put away childish things. Look at the other big five colleges in the state—is not Wake Forest the only one at which men are kept in fear of the strong arm of the so-called law of the campus.

The only weapon of the Student Council against our campus vigilance committee is a campus-wide resentment of hazing in all of its crude and cowardly forms.

Why can't we get behind Stevens (he's doing his job well) and help the council perform its object in ousting the practices our student body has acquired through its first hundred years of development.

— s —

The editor gnashes his teeth, tugs at his hair, chews at the frayed end of his necktie. But he realizes that this does no good. After hours of desperation, he decides that he will write an editorial on the spirit of coöperation with the publications on the campus.

To begin this lethargic discussion, we remind you that this publication is yours—you pay for it. Now since it belongs to you why not make it worth while to you and to the college?

Freshman class, what a start you have made—at our first staff meeting not a first year man was present. And in this issue, not a freshman has enrolled with us on these pages.

And you upperclassmen—many of you allow a little thing like laziness to stand between you and the good you may get out of putting your ideas on paper for someone else to read. Did you say you can't write? How do you know you can't? Just get out your pen and scratch down that idea you conceived before you went to sleep last night or while you were on Bible class yesterday.

If you will not write at length, bring us in that funny or queer thing the prof said. Each issue following will carry the prize short, short story. Then too, if the joke you submit wins, we have a valuable prize each issue, valued at seventy cents! Why, that's a small fortune in these parts.

Remember this: with your help on *your* magazine we may put out a good magazine. Without your aid, we leave you only to guess what this publication would be.

We are open at all times to criticism, both constructive and destructive. Drop into the office and let us hear from you!

JOE, THE ONLY GENTLEMAN I KNOW

By JAMES S. PERROW

*There was a boy I used to know,
Whose name was Smoky Joe.
His name was Jim, not Joe,
It was used to rhyme with know.*

*He had a little old brother
Who, believe me, was a curse.
He did not have a brother.
I said so to make a verse.*

*To tell the truth about him,
I really did not know him.
But I had to say I did
In order to write a poem.*

— s —

*See the happy Moron
He doesn't give a damn.
How nice to be a Moron
My God! Perhaps I am.*

— s —

TO A LADY

By JAMES S. PERROW

*I know I'll never see
Another creature half as ugly as ye.
If I did not know, I would bet my life.
That, since you can't be the devil,
You must be his wife.
I have hunted here and hunted there.
And at last decided in despair,
That other such creatures may exist,
Whom I might find if I'd persist.
But they certainly must be rare.*

— s —

*She was like a god,
The beauty of Venus,
The walk of Athene.
Her lips like the bow of Cupid,
Her eyes like two moons in the heavens.
With hair like a halo of light,
With skin as fair as new milk.
Her folk were rich as Croesus,
And to marry her were all my wish.
But I left her all alone—
She had pink toothbrush.*

I WISH

By FALK S. JOHNSON

*I wish I were a little stone
A-sitting on a sunny hill.
You know what I would do?
I'd sit there centuries
And only think of you!*

*I wish I were a comet far
Above this little earth.
You know what I would do?
I'd run into the sun
To make a show for you!*

*I wish I were a mighty sea
Right up against the land.
You know what I would do?
I'd drown the blooming world
To be alone with you!*

*But I am only what I am:
A man in love with you.
You know what I will do?
I'll court you for a year,
And then I'll marry you!*

— s —

MY ALARM CLOCK

By JAMES S. PERROW

*I hate you and I love you,
You blamed old piece of tin;
When I know I must awaken
Why must you rub it in?*

*When I rule over kings and princes,
When the greatest wealth is mine,
Why must you up and tell me
That my class begins at nine.*

*When I get a look at heaven,
When I pass St. Peter's gate
You call me to remember.
That my breakfast cannot wait.*

*But was ever there a human
Who could stand the life you live?
Would take the hell I give you
And yet tell me not a fib?*

BLACK EYES

By B. G. LEONARD, JR.

PROLOGUE

I saw the muscles of his left arm tense. His glove flicked almost imperceptibly forward. I rolled easily out of the path of the blow. But, alas for my calculation, he did not jab with his left; his right glove caught me neatly and exactly in the left eye. A mountain of swelling eyelid began to obstruct my view. Later, the eye turned black. Out of the bitterness of experience I write this essay.

* * *

A black eye is a tenacious thing. It sticks closer to one than the super detective of dime novel fame. It follows its wearer continually and conspicuously, always stealing the limelight. It is the cynosure of attention wherever it goes. Though the bearer has the figure of an Apollo and the features of your favorite movie actor, the black eye steals the show.

The term, black eye, is one which is widely used and understood, but Mr. Noah Webster takes no account of it in his most popular book. I have been at some pains to obtain an exact definition for a black eye, and I tender it to posterity: A black eye is an organ of vision, the territory in immediate proximity of which has become discolored, usually with attendant swelling, due to involuntary contact with some object which is harder than said organ of vision, whether this object be a gondola paddle or the remonstrative palm of the lady you are dating.

There are varying degrees of "blackness" to black eyes, which cannot be described in the vague progression "black, blacker, blackest." There is a qualitative series ranging from the meanest specimen, the simple purple, to the rainbow variety, which embraces all the colors of the visible spectrum. "Verily, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Such a phenomenon may be calculated to be

visible for at least eight days. By the end of this period a clever application of powder effectively conceals all traces of the erstwhile colored optic.

A black eye is the object of avid curiosity to the observer. Impolite or no, the fascinated beholder is impelled to stare at the spectacular display of discoloration. This is a manifestation of the same trait that sends the small boy scurrying after a circus parade or packs the local theatre during a free performance.

Everyone looks. The ladies look horrified—but they look. Men look reprovingly—but they look. Children look awedly—but they look. And if the unfortunate victim pauses in front of a mirror, he looks too.

Some thick-skinned and theatrical individuals, impervious to public comment, are bold enough to bear and bare the fascinating optic to the public view. Others conceal the spectacle behind a pair of dark sun glasses. Although to the dispassionate reader this expedient may appear to border upon cowardice, it might be really astonishing to learn how shy and sensitive the owner of a black eye is.

Inseparably associated with the black eye is the old doorknob story. This invention dates to antiquity and is hazily attributed to Adam. It has been used a countless number of times by each succeeding generation, always without variation. The long-suffering doorknob, which has been the scapegoat—figuratively speaking—of man's pugnacious spirits and flying fists, is still the friend and refuge of the man with the abnormally colored optic.

CONCLUSION AND ADVICE

So I commend to you who read, the doorknob. An object so deserving of poetic tribute was never so maligned by petty prose. As long-suffering as charity, it can yet stand the strain of one more untrue accusation. The doorknob has no tongue, and so can an-

swer its accusers only with an injured silence. When next you are forced to brave the public gaze with inharmoniously mismatched eyes, answer all inquiries as to the source of the discoloration with the statement, "I ran into a doorknob." The explanation is adequate; it has served for better men than you. Say it humorously, with a cynical lift of the eyebrows that hints at epic deeds. This casts an aura of mysterious romance around the ailing eye. Or, say it seriously, with a forlorn countenance. In any event, you will not be believed.

— s —

Professor (to class): There's a young man in this class making a jackass of himself. When he is finished, I'll start.—*Old Line.*

— s —

DR. GORRELL: "Boys, on this course you'll need help, and if the Lord won't help you, come to me."

DR. REID: "... he was a squirt like some of our sophomores."

DR. REID: "A person living in a college town has the privilege of observing more in two years than the person in an average town in fifteen years."

DR. REID: "Isn't that right, hm-m-m-m-m-?"

DR. BRADBURY: "Parasites are beneficial in that they aid in keeping down unemployment."

JIMMY "SCHNOZZLE" DURANTE: "I think I'll take my nose to a landscape surgeon."

GEORGE M. COHAN: "Shakespeare hasn't written any good plays lately."

— s —

Host: There are my Grandma's ashes over there.

Guest: O, so the poor soul has passed on?

Host: No, she's just too lazy to look for the ash tray.

ARCHY TURNS FRESHMAN

By AL MARTIN

(Archy, Don Marquis' famous cockroach, who climbs up each night on Don's typewriter to pass on the news—and who, of course, uses no spacing or capitals—transmigrates from bug to frosh. . .)

dear don
we agreed that for a cockroach
to go to school would be
something new in the world
and so i am here
something new in the world
and especially new at wake forest
college which is in n c and a right
swell joint but i am now what the boys here
generally call a naughty word freshman
and that is what i wanted to tell you about
the hell of it all don
i am now supposed to be a homo
sapiens but now i am a freshman and
not much homo just sap

it was terrible don not to say
atrocious the way they treated us
right off the popular bat it was
like this i came in on the choo
train and a boy met me at the choo
train sta and he hauled me and
bags to the campus but he wanted two
bits which made me unhappy then
too i didn't see the pres who
is named cookroom looking for me as
i thought he probably would be so i
was let down don but soon
a boy with a honest face took me
to a chow house named boarding club
which he asserted to outrank the mayflower
dining room but he wanted more than
two bits and i let him have it
and this made me more unhappy don

then i saw a creature which they call
a sophomore
and i asked him where was what and
he put some gold and black cloth on me
and extracted another two bits and by
this time i was getting up my ire and
i didn't ask him anything else

and in the a m there was a racket at
the weight hall and i went over and
somebody said would i register and not
knowing what that was i said all right
and i went in where a jabbering thing
called adviser and he poked me
at a registrarere and he shoved
me some questions and i said i didnt
know and he said that would have to

come in the afternoon and saturday classes
were all that were left and although i
knew not and gave not a care what
were classes i looked bright and so
did many others who were too
scared not to look bright

and then a bruiser took what was
left of my legal tender and i walked
out skeptical but dejected don

and the next day i met another sophomore
thing and it jiggled itself up and down
and said that was when you buttoned and
i said i used a zipper and that made him
mad and he told me to do it and when
i did he was very happy so when
i see one now i always do it for
somebody ought to care for them
and make them happy don

soon we went to gas attacks
which were oriental speeches
and i thought of flit in the old cockroach
days and they made me get a black
something called handbook which i think
is graft all graft because all it had was
things for me not to do and some to
do and remarks about college spirit
of which i wish i had a pint now
don because i need a stimulant as they
have now started wars which are known
as classes and i understand this
goes on indefinitely except when there
is football or dames

and i am still a naughty word freshman
and nobody cares for me and i repeat
again it is hell don pure hell
oh yes there is a seedy looking
fellow called frat man who is pretty
nice to me but i have a hunch he wants
two bits or more for his affections
so i am remorse and bitterness don
ah how i long to be a bug again
and romp with mehitable or a alley
cat like she her royal highness is
so i will close maybe definitely
a very dejected bug who thinks the whole
fresh idea is all nerts and the
same to you the same to you heigh no

(freshman) archy

BECAUSE OF A DRINK

By FALK O. JOHNSON

The "brain" of the gang was counting out the money, dividing into quarters the two hundred thousand dollar ransom on the Battell child.

"Fifty thousand snackers apiece ain't bad for three weeks' work, boys, an' we're going to all get by with it if we scatter pretty quick and if Murphy don't get on our trail."

Oscar, the snatch man of the gang, was sprawled out in one of the hotel chairs smoking a cigarette as though the whole episode was a million miles away, but he roused himself and remarked: "No, fifty grand ain't bad; the only trouble is that it might have been seventy-five grand—the old man would have stood it if you'd laid it to him."

But the "brains" was too busy counting to pay any attention to the remark. The four piles of bills grew higher and higher on the table and the satchel became emptier and emptier. All the bills were in small denominations because people handled tens and twenties and didn't think much about it. Finally the "brains" was through.

"Here's yours, Oscar. . . . What you going to carry it in?"

"A newspaper'll do," Oscar straightened up out of the chair and crushed the cigarette stub into a tray. He checked the pile carefully and then dug an old newspaper out of his coat pocket and fumbled around until he found a string. When he got through with it, it looked like a bundle of heavy shoes on the way to the shoe shop.

Still the "brains" went on: "You'd better go down first, Oscar, 'cause we don't want the bunch to go flocking down through the lobby at one time with the bundles an' satchels. Hank, Bill, an' me'll drift out later. You done a good job an' we'll get by unless somebody turns loose enough money to hire Murphy. The cops can't handle this job."

Picking up his hat from a corner table, Oscar went out, giving a loose wave when he got to the door and a "S'long. . . . See you next year in Chicago. . . . Be good—if you can."

Three days later Oscar was all set for a pleasant winter in New Orleans. He had managed to get his slice of the ransom transferred into a bank account of fifty thousand and he had a swell place to stay. Yes, Oscar was all set, and there was only one way to celebrate the event—to go over to Antonio's where they always had the best stuff and where it was fairly quiet.

By nine o'clock that night he was thumbing his empty glass around on the heavily enamelled table. The glass was perspiring and left wet circles where he placed it. He drew faces in these damp places with his hand and laughed.

"Hey, honey," he yelled at the very masculine bar-tender, a fellow by the name of Julien, "gimme some more. I ain't half started yet."

Julien brought another pint bottle and laid it on the table. "Do you want it mixed, Oscar?"

"Mixed, thunder!" Oscar was outraged. "Don't like nothing mixed. Take everything straight. Me, I like straight pals, an' straight gals, an' straight whiskies. I take things straight like thish." He traced a wobbly line across the table. Julien watched him very considerably.

Oscar deliberated a moment, then filled his glass. He stood, raised the glass tremulously, and proclaimed to all who cared to listen: "Here's to straight things, all of 'em, an' may they always be straight!" He gulped down the contents of the glass and "ah-h-hed" approvingly. "I'm a pretty good fellow, a straight fellow," he opined softly to Julien, who readily agreed with him.

It was hard for Oscar to tell, but he thought he saw two men at the

corner table. "Lishen," he told Julien confidentially as he sat down again, "I believe I'm drunk!"

"You're not, Oscar, of course you're not. Three or four glasses wouldn't make you tipsy. And besides it isn't ten o'clock yet. What made you think you were drunk, tell me."

"See those guys ovah yonder?" he whispered in utmost secrecy, "Is it one of them or is it two of them?"

"It's two of them now, Oscar."

"Oh!" he exclaimed in complete understanding, "I see now. One of 'em must have come in while I was drinking that last glass. 'Sfunny, ain't it?"

Oscar studied them a minute and then asked very seriously, rather bewildered: "You shure it's two of 'em?"

"Yes," Julien assured him, "It's two of them. Why do you keep asking?"

"I dunno. Sometimes it looks like two an' sometimes it looks like one an' sometimes it looks like three. I dunno, I dunno."

"I know what's the matter with you, Oscar—you've been working too hard. You haven't been in here in about three months and you've been off all that time working steady and hard. I can see that in your face. What you want to do is to loosen up and have a big time. Want another drink?"

"Shure," he hiccupped, "an' don't mix it, you ole fool you. I want it straight."

After pouring the glass full with what was left in the bottle, Julien took the empty bottle back to the bar, and waited on a new customer. But he came back to Oscar's table almost immediately, another full bottle in his hand which he placed within reach as he went on talking with Oscar.

"You're right, Julius," Oscar went on meditatively, "I've been putting out too much, had a big job—hie—on my hands, an' jest wore myself out

trying to turn it. But that don't help me figure out whether that guy in the corner is—is, what do you call 'em? Twins?"

"Yeah, Oscar, he's twins. Take another drink to clear up your mind and you can see for yourself."

He took the bottle that was offered him and turned it up to his glass. A lot of it spilled out on the table but Oscar drank what happened to get into the glass, a big broad grimace of ecstasy upon his face when he finished. "Yeah, honey," he exulted, "they're twinsies. I can tell that now plain."

Then he was inspired to sing. "Maybe they'll sing too!" he exclaimed brilliantly.

They did sing. They sang that one about "that little girl was a pretty little girl, and she loved me all the day through. . . ." It was supposed to have a tune like the "Three Little Pigs" but they did not seem to remember that. They leaned against the wall and sang it exuberantly. Oscar told his partner—who wasn't twinsies after all and whose name was Smith—he told him that she was a pretty little girl and that she lived in Charlesville, Iowa. And they sang it again. It was gloriously without the semblance of a tune.

Oscar was having a huge time, there was no doubt about it. Before eleven o'clock his friend was quadruplets. "Th' more th' merrier!" he remarked as the last one appeared. "We'll soon have—hic—enough for a—for a quartet—hic—naw, thash wrong—hic—for a corset—hic—thash right."

Then they got to talking about kidnapping. Mr. Smith began saying what a dastardly crime it was, and how a poor mother nearly breaks her heart, and how the poor father pulls hair out of his head, and how the cops pestered the snatchers.

Oscar agreed what a dastardly crime it was, and how the poor mother's heart broke, and how the poor father pulled out his hair, and how the cops pestered the snatchers. Oscar was eloquent about it, as a flaming social

reformer. That is, he was eloquent when he wasn't hiccuping. And he was crying too.

In fact, Oscar got so warmed up to his subject that he could't contain himself. "That Bhattell case was terrible!" he proclaimed to his friend. "The Newspapers don't know nothin'—hic—about what happened—hic—to that deah little gurl."

"Thrash right, thash right," chanted the Mr. Smith's approvingly.

"I'll tell ye what I'll do," orated Oscar lavishly from his tilted chair, "I hate these snatchers—hic—so much that I'll—hic—that I'll hire somebody to run 'em down—hic—an' jail 'em! I got th' dough in a bank—hic—out on Canal Street an' I'll give some good detective—hic—fifty thousand smack-ers to get 'em. An' I'll jest whrite—hic—a check on it now—hic!"

So rapturously and elegantly drunk was Oscar that he did what he said. Untilting his chair awkwardly, he managed, after considerable squirming and good-natured cursing, to withdraw a check-book. Finally a fountain pen was forthcoming from another pocket.

In long, looping, wobbly letters he wrote the check payable to the Murphy Detective Bureau of Chicago. "I had a run-in with them fellows—hic—and they're good—hic. They'll get those Bhattell snatchers if anybody can—hic—on this money."

"Don't bother about that," said Smith in rising, with a shiny, new pair of handcuffs in his hand. "I'm Murphy, of Chicago, as you know. We don't need your check—we'll get your money anyway."

Oscar slumped down in his seat, perturbed only by the fact that this would be his last spree for quite a while. "Somebody shaid crime don't pay. It's a lie—it's benevolensh that don't pay," he mumbled.

"Oh, pardon me," said Oscar, as he gained his feet. "Shay, do you mind if I have just one more drink? Hey Julius, fill her up jest onsh more time."

PUN THE EDITOR'S DESK

(We are not responsible for dental bills occurring from the gnashing of your teeth over our punny jokes.)

— s —

Professor (to unruly freshman): Boy, tell me, what has become of your ethics?

Freshman: Oh, sir, I traded it in long ago for a Hudson.

— s —

"Foiled!" exclaimed the candy bar as the manufacturer packed it for shipment.

— s —

With just a slight pang we foist the Poultryman's Song: "Buy a Water-fowl."—*Froth.*

— s —

Prof.: What is the meaning of vortex?

Little Abie: It's an extra cent on movies and drinks during a war.

— s —

Judge: What were you doing in the place when it was raided?

Locksmith: I was making a bolt for the door.

— s —

"I'm stork mad," said the father of fifteen children.

— s —

Teacher: Johnny, give us a sentence using the word, "torture."

Johnny: A heavy knock hit the door and he leaped from her embrace, exclaiming, "I torture husband was in Texas!"

— s —

Pittsburgh Theme Song: "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."—*Lyre.*

— s —

"Her niece is quite nice, eh!"
"Don't say 'knees is,' say 'knees are!'"—*Purple Parrot.*

— s —

"Mother is the necessity of invention," said the young maiden, as she crawled in the window at 3 a. m.

— s —

1. What's the difference between an elephant and a potsfor?
2. What's a potsfor?
1. Don't you know what a pot's for?

"What do you do when in doubt about kissing a girl?"

"Give her the benefit of the doubt."

— s —

Editor: Do you know what good clean fun is?

Reader: I'll bite—what good is it?

— s —

A motorist was helping his extremely fat victim to rise. "Couldn't you have gone around me?" growled the victim.

"Sorry," said the motorist sadly. "I wasn't sure whether I had enough gasoline."

— s —

"Shay, do you know that wooden Indian down in front of Jack's shigar store?"

"Yes."

"Well, he dunno you."

— s —

Prof.: The boys were so entranced this morning that they remained in my class all through the dinner hour.

Wife: Why didn't you wake them up?

— s —

In typing, Ed Beale misspelled a word at the end of the line, and made the erasure just after the bell rang. Frosh Hicks from Franklinton, standing near, asked Ed if the bell rang every time a word is misspelled. We nominate Hicks as the typical freshman!

— s —

Man in swimming: Are you quite sure there are no crocodiles about here?

Negro on shore: Yas, sah. De sharks done scare 'em away, sah.

— s —

AN EDITOR DESPAIRING

I think that I shall never see,
The answer to my lifelong plea:
A wit who walks and lives and
breathes,
And never writes a parody on "Trees."

— s —

Madam: There are two men standing outside watching you dress.

Madam: That's nothing. You should have seen the crowds when I was younger!



"But if I keep holding you up you'll never learn to swim."

Prof.: A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.

Frosh: That's why we all flunked.

— s —

Daisy: This dress is my bet that I've got a better figure than you.

Janey: Likewise. We'll let Julius be the judge. What do you say, Julius?

Julius: I say, all bets off!

— s —

"I shall now illustrate what I have in my mind," said the professor as he proceeded to erase the blackboard.

— s —

They were discussing the nature of love:

"To me love is peace, quiet, tranquility—" said she.

"That's not love," said he, "that's sleep."

"A funny thing happened here last week."

"What was it?"

"A farmer put a setting of rotten eggs in his incubator and when they hatched all the chickens had halitosis."

— s —

Bill: I call my girl Pearl.

Joe: Why?

Bill: Because she's neckless, fool.

— s —

"Does she paint?"

"No."

"Powder?"

"No."

"Smoke or drink?"

"No."

"Give me her name. My roommate is studying for the ministry."

— s —

"What's the difference between a snake and a flea?"

"A snake crawls on its own stomach, but a flea's not so particular."

— s —

"I just saw you kiss my sister."

"Here, keep still; put this half dollar in your pocket."

"Here's a quarter change—one price to all—that's the way I do business."

— s —

Girls, when they went out to swim

Once dressed like Mother Hubbard;

Now they have a bolder whim,

They dress more like her cupboard.

— s —

Policeman: Where are you going in such a hurry?

Student: I just bought a new textbook and I'm trying to get to class before they change the edition.—*Exchange*.

— s —

"Everybody is crazy over me," said the inmate on the first floor of the insane asylum.

— s —

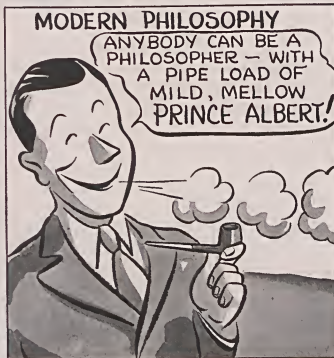
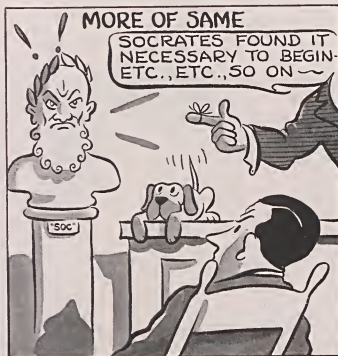
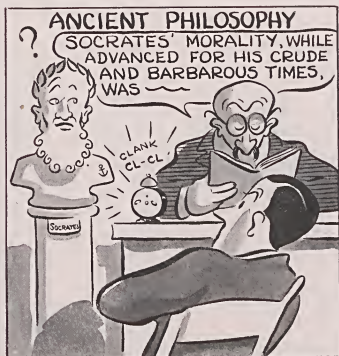
I don't see really what the Ten Commandments are for: they don't tell you what to do; only put ideas into your head.—*Owl*.

SIDDELLS STUDIO

RALEIGH, N. C.

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AFTER EVERY CLASS IT RINGS THE BELL!

PRINCE ALBERT earned its title, "The National Joy Smoke" by being a blend of the choicest, top-quality tobaccos — tobaccos from which all the "bite" is removed by a special process. That's why Prince Albert is such a cool, mild, and mellow smoke. Try it! One pipe load of Prince Albert will open up new vistas of pipe pleasure for you!

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke



"AND BY THEIR ANSWERS YE SHALL KNOW THEM"

(Collegiate Classification Chart)

According to capitations by Henry J. Lowsmith, the average grade for individual classmen are as follows, counting each yes as five:

| | |
|--------------|----|
| Frosh | 75 |
| Soph. | 50 |
| Junior | 25 |
| Senior | 0 |

1. Are you in love with the best looking girl in the world? —

2. Do you go to church? —

3. Do you think college a place of blonde co-eds, shiny roadsters, house-parties, etc., where no one studies? —

4. Does a college degree entitle you to a job? —

5. Were you a marvelous success in school back home, and have you told everyone about it? —

6. Are you going to be a "great man"? —

7. Are you in regular attendance at Meredith? —

8. Do you aspire to be an editor of one of the college publications? —

9. Do you write home at least once a week? —

10. Do you have a line (or lines)? —

11. Are you a conceited jackass? —

12. Does the most learned man on earth know what it's all about? —

13. Are you homesick? —

14. Are you without hair on your head? —

15. Do you ask girls the date of their birthdays? —

16. Do you admit that you don't speak to everyone (you'd better learn better)? —

17. Do you think most girls to be nice, innocent young things (you poor fish)? —

18. Do you know the school song?

College

is

Swell,

Say

the

Profs

And

They do

Their

Best Not

To

Make

It So



"Hic - - I didn't get - hic - the name."

19. Do you have a sore throat from yelling at the last football game?

20. Do you take a bath as often as once a week?

These questions were designed so that most seniors answer no, freshmen, yes, with sophs and juniors in between.

— s —

"Maw, kin I go out and play?"

"Not with that dirty neck."

"But, Maw, she's a nice girl."

— s —

JOIN THE "GAG OF THE MONTH" CLUB

Get in on this prize contest and let your pet "grin snatcher" win you more than just a laugh. "Ye eds" of *The Student* want to know who are really the wits of the campus this year.

Each month a snappy cellophanned box of assorted LIFE SAVERS will be awarded for the best grin getter submitted by a student. All pet jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. Their decision will be regarded as final. Also the right to publish any joke is reserved.

'37: I seem to have lost my interest in girls. I prefer the company of fellows.

Ditto: Yeah, I'm broke, too.

— s —

We had a good joke for this space, but it went the way of all good jokes—it was censored. Call by the office and we'll tell it to you.

— s —

They call him Mason Dixon because he's got the most famous line in the country.

— s —

Mary: Have a good time last night? Sorry: Yeh, but take my advice, and never slap a fellow when he's chewing tobacco.—*Red Cat*.

— s —

"Ah mean, what has you did?"

"Done shot mah wife."

"You all killed yo wife, and only in jail fo two weeks?"

"Dat's all—den I gits hung."

— s —

"What makes you think you'll be a success in college?"

"I always beat the reading time in Liberty."

Here's to God's first thought, man,
 Here's to God's second thought, woman,
 Second thoughts are always best,
 So here's to woman.

— s —

"See that girl with the red dress on over there?"

"Yes; I brought her. Why? What about her?"

"Why—er—er, nice eyelashes, don't you think?"

— s —

Co-ed: I want you to tattoo a cat on my knee.

Tattooer: Nope, it's a giraffe or nothing.—*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*

— s —

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

Parent: Yeah, but he's away at college.—*Black and Blue Jay.*

— s —

Him: I'm in love with the most wonderful, charming, exquisite, enchanting, alluring, bewitching girl in the whole world.

Her: And I like you too, Oliver.



O. K., Stupid. IF YOU think our jokes are dry—
 Read the Ads.

SUDDEN DEATH TO SMOKER'S BREATH



Two of these 'holesome, minty rings of fine
 candy make a complete disguise for any
 pipe-smoker. They take your breath away!

IF IT HASN'T A HOLE... IT ISN'T A LIFE SAVER

WHY I NEVER JOINED A SORORITY

1. I wanted to think for myself and not be led around by a bunch of sisters.
2. I never went in for women's organizations at home.
3. My fingers have grown so much I couldn't get my class ring off and people thought I was taken.
4. I didn't want a lot of fraternity boys looking in at me o'nights.
5. I had never danced with a man in my life and I didn't want to begin now.
6. Too many men were in the habit of slapping me on the back and poking me in the stomach for the comfort of the sisters.
7. I hated dormitory and having to crawl over a lot of sisters to get to bed.
8. I don't look well in sleeveless low-cut gowns.
9. I was born a male anyway.—*Orange Peel.*

— s —

AT STATE

Coach: What's his name?

Assistant: It's Schleinsteinky.

Coach: Put him on the first team.

HOW TO BE A DEVIL WITH THE WOMEN

(Continued from page seven)

the priest, I leave that to your own ingenuity—the method must be ingenious—but I recommend as romantic a method as possible. Pick her up in your arms and carry her away forcibly. If she is too heavy, carry along a strong manservant.

Granting that you have succeeded in spiriting her away, take her rowing in the Nile, choosing well your boat. Choose one that is easily overturned, and whatever happens will happen for the best. For goodness' sake don't pull that old one about a stone in your horse's hoof when you are far away from an inhabited spot. The girls of today are highly athletic, and can walk amazing distances. Be subtle. The Pharaoh, who is afraid of crocodiles and is, as a result, prejudiced against the boat method of approach, has taught his favorite steed to play dead at the sound of the expression "Izzat so?" as wives 34, 35, 90, and 101 can testify.

Be dashing. Be romantic. But remember that, in spite of reports to the contrary, the lady has wishes, so don't go too fast if you wish the best results. Be diplomatic! And remember, too, that she is probably trying as hard as you are. Selah.

Following these instructions, you should easily succeed in conquering the heart of the lady in question.⁷ The next worry is more important—how in purgatory are you going to get rid of her?

The best way is to take her to one of the mystic rites of the Greeks, who are well known as lovers. There are a number of masculine groups, preferably the society known as Phi Gamma Sigma, who will willingly take her off your hands at any of their gatherings. It is fairly easy to obtain a

platch, or temporary membership, to one of these bodies, and even easier to pass off the girl on one of the brethren. In fact, you'll be lucky to get off with losing only the girl. Never take a girl you really like.

If you decide, in spite of your natural instincts, that the girl is the one whom you wish to tie up with definitely, for better or for worse,⁸ stay away from the Greeks while she is in your company, and above all, never cease operations. Sing songs to her, playing the while upon the lute and upon the sistrum. Recite poetry of the approved type.⁹ Treat her as an equal. It flatters her.

If, of course, you are one of the misguided souls to whom the above paragraph applies, you have wasted your time reading my treatise. Men are always chasing madly after a girl until she catches up with them, and gaining a permanent hold on the affections—or at least the company—of a lady, needs no talent whatsoever on the man's part, as soon as the lady finds that it is a permanent alliance which is desired. That Boloney about treating her as an equal is only to keep up appearances, and the show of affection may be limited to the times when you are in company. Perhaps she may be more bearable, also, if you pay attention to her.

But if you are of the elect, if you belong to that group of Men, you have gained by my treatise's contents. It is very difficult to determine, however, the individual reactions of women. One can never tell what a woman will do next, and it is entirely possible that the procedure outlined in these pages will not be successful on certain types.

So if, even after reading my work and following my precepts, you succeed entirely and completely, you deserve much commendation, and I shall, upon due notice, shout the name of Ra, god of the sun, publicly in your favor.¹⁰

So proceed cautiously. If you find that you are not progressing using my method, try your own line. It may be better than mine.

IF THE WORM (OR "RAT") SHOULD TURN

(Continued from page six)

There aren't but two suggestions to make. They are:

(1) Be a good sport and take your medicine; your time will come next year.

(2) Speak to everybody you meet; this campus probably has some bigger men on it than you were in high school.

These two rules don't have to be pounded into the average freshman's head. He is, as a rule, a good sport and very congenial.

— s —

"How did you come out at the dog race? Did your dog win?"

"No, he was left at the post."—The Phoenix.

— s —

A Simile: As dark as an unchaperoned sorority dance.

— s —

Girl: I have broken my glasses. Will I have to be examined all over again?

Optician: No, only your eyes.

— s —

Suitor: Sir, I came to ask you for your daughter's hand.

Pa: And I am not giving handouts.

— s —

She: What kind of a tree is that?
He: A fig tree.

She: Oh, I thought the leaves were larger.

— s —

Taxi Driver: My, what a clutch!

Voice from the Rear: Say you—watch the road. This is none of your business.

— s —

"Honey, will yo' all marry me?"
"Why, this is all so southern!"

— s —

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

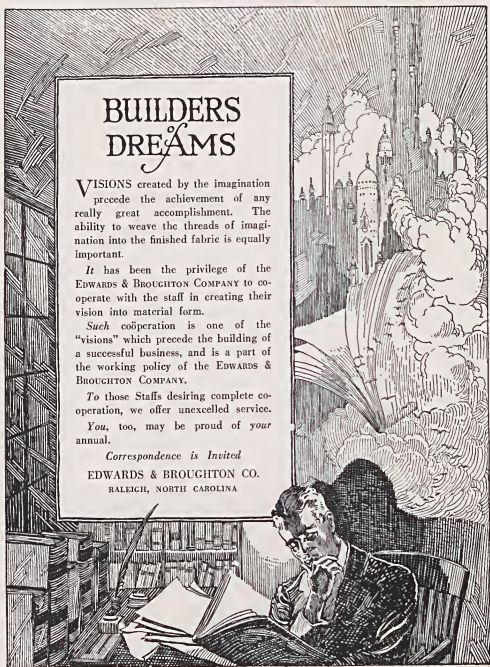
If all the freshmen at Wake Forest were placed side by side at a banquet table, they would reach.

⁷ The mere words, "be diplomatic" are not sufficient. I tried to be diplomatic with a sheik's daughter, Hafeez Sahara, and she certainly raised sand!

⁸ Even our present ritual does not include "for good."

⁹ Research informs me that the favorite poem under these circumstances was, "Bakshesh, bakshesh, have you any wool?"

¹⁰ This is very interesting. It shows the origin of the expression, "Fifteen Ra's!"



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The clean center leaves are the mildest leaves
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The Wake Forest Student

VOL. LI

NO. II

MED-LAW NUMBER



NOVEMBER, 1934



**WHEN YOU FEEL
"ALL IN" —**

CRAWFORD BURTON, gentleman rider, twice winner of the Maryland Hunt Cup, dean of the strenuous sport of steeplechase riding... a Camelsmoker. Everyone is subject to strain. Hence the importance to people in every walk of life of what Mr. Burton says below about Camels.



**GET A
LIFT
WITH A
CAMEL!**

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HAVE YOU TRIED THIS ENJOYABLE WAY OF HEIGHTENING ENERGY?

As this magazine goes to press, reports pour in from all parts of the country... showing that thousands of smokers are turning to Camels... and that they do "get a lift with a Camel."

Here's a typical experience. Mr. Crawford Burton, the famous American steeplechase rider, is speaking:

"Whether I'm tired from riding a hard race or from the pressure and tension of a crowded business day, I feel refreshed and restored just as soon as I get a chance to smoke a Camel. So I'm a pretty in-

cessant smoker, not only because Camels give me a 'lift' in energy, but because they *taste so good!* And never yet have Camels upset my nerves."

You have heard the experience of others. Science tells us that Camel's "energizing effect" has been fully confirmed.

So try Camels yourself. You can smoke as many as you like. For Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. They never taste flat... never get on your nerves.

ALL TOBACCO MEN KNOW:

"Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand."



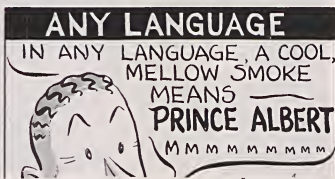
**Camel's costlier Tobaccos
never get on your Nerves**



COLLEGE STUDENT. "When mental fatigue sets in," says John Birgel, "I just smoke another Camel and soon have the energy to concentrate again."



REX BEACH, famous sportsman, says: "When I've gotten a big game fish landed I light a Camel, and feel as good as new."



2. Trunk lid will automatically
slam and remain permanently locked.

My First Ambition.....14
Bull Sessions.....14

Did you ever hear of the New Haven
trapper who skinned a raccoon and
found a Yale man inside?

She found out his teeth were false
when it all came out in the conversa-
tion.

DR. GULLEY CRACKS WISE
"Tis said that." When ignorance
is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise. "But when
ignorance is otherwise, 'tis folly to be
otherwise."

Med Student (appearing with date
at hotel for dancing): Is this a re-
spectable place?

Head Waiter: Yes, but come in
anyhow.

HUMOR

Pages.....1, 18, 20

A colored boy was strolling through
a cemetery reading the inscriptions on
the tombstones. He came to one which
read, "Not dead, but sleeping."

Scratching his head, the negro re-
marked, "He sure ain't foolin' nobody
but himself."—*Exchange*.

Dr. Vann's Experiences as an Intern
CENSORED

Nurse (in insane asylum): There is
a man outside who wants to know if
we have lost any male inmates.

Doctor: Why?

Nurse: He says that some one has
run off with his wife.—*Annapolis Log*.

Except for the censor, we could
preach what we practice.—*Punch
Bowl*.

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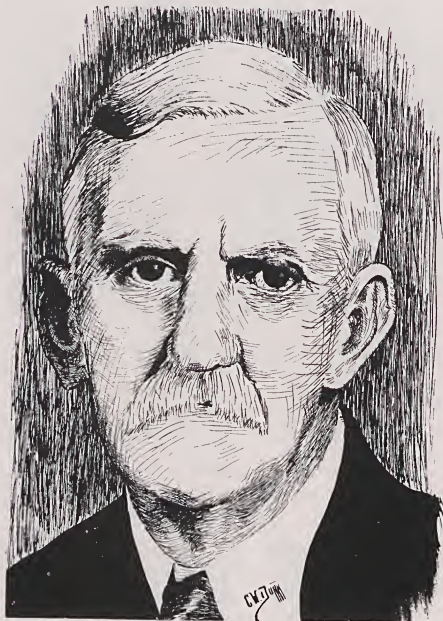
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RALEIGH

HOW MUCH DO WE HAVE TO BEG YOU—BE A SUP-PORT

FOSTER PARENT OF THE LAW SCHOOL—DR. GULLEY

By ED GAMBRELL



N. Y. Gulley

Perhaps the one man who has done the most in the advancement of Wake Forest College in the last forty years has been the venerable Dr. Needham Yancey Gulley, dean and professor of the Wake Forest School of Law. Dr. Gulley, without a peer in the teaching of law, has taught more men prominent in the political affairs of North

Carolina than any other professor of law.

In 1893 the board of trustees of the heretofore solely academic Wake Forest College made provisions for the establishment of a school of law. This law school was advertised to begin in the fall of 1893 with N. Y. Gulley, prominent Franklin County lawyer

and Wake Forest alumnus, as its professor. But the school failed to start, for not one student appeared during the whole year. Not to be defeated by the failure of his first attempt, Lawyer Gulley traveled once a week to Wake Forest College from Franklinton in a buggy pulled by a sorrell nag, and gave a free lecture on some point of law, hoping to interest enough students in the profession to start a school of law the next year.

Lawyer Gulley's efforts were poorly rewarded—only one student appeared in the summer of 1894. This one student was J. H. Kerr, who at the present is a representative of the second North Carolina Congressional district in the United States Congress. Twice a week Professor Gulley came from Franklinton to instruct him. In the fall of the same year twelve students enrolled in the Wake Forest School of Law, and Professor Gulley was employed as a regular teacher. For the next ten years the law school grew rapidly in Professor Gulley's animating care, and another professor was added to aid him. The school has continued to grow until at present it has well over eighty students with four professors and two librarians.

Very prominent in Dr. Gulley's teaching is his purely imaginary Brendel Bull Ben, who is as immortal to the Wake Forest School of Law as its creator. To those who don't know Dr. Gulley, Brendel Bull Ben may be unknown or vaguely associated with Dr. Gulley. Brendel Bull Ben is a representative of all personal property in Professor Gulley's teaching, whether it be a cigar butt or a freight train. Wit and wisdom, dry and rich, play an important part in his teaching; he seldom passes up the opportunity for a good joke.

Dr. Gulley was born on a farm in the "State" of Johnston, as he calls it, three miles east of Clayton on June

(Continued on page twenty)

FOSTER PARENT OF THE MEDICAL SCHOOL—DR. KITCHIN

A man highly respected and honored by the brothers in his profession is the man who has brought order out of a chaotic med school—Thurman D. Kitchin, Dean of Medicine and President of Wake Forest College. It is he who supervises the work of men who are striving for a goal, which goal possibly requires the most grit and the hardest work demanded by any professional training. It is in his classes that the "would-be doctor" gets his first real concepts of the work of a physician—his problems, his obligations, and his opportunities.

Such a man may truly be called the Foster-Parent of our Med School. This point may be clearly seen in the history of a med school which began in 1902 with three students. Dr. Kitchin was a member of the class of 1903-04, after which he received his degree from Jefferson Medical College. In 1917 he returned to Wake Forest as professor of physiology and pharmacology.

For several years prior to 1917 there was a great deal of confusion in the School of Medicine. There was no great deal of success crowning the efforts of those who directed affairs in the fourth floor of the Alumni Building, where the school then held its classes. Since 1919, however, Dr. Kitchin has been dean, and since 1919 the former confusion has been succeeded by a state of affairs which have enabled the school to rate with the best of junior medical colleges.

Today the finished products of our med school stand well on the State Board examination. In 1928 out of one hundred and forty-three applicants to the Board, there were twenty-four Wake Forest men. Of these twenty-four men, two tied for highest grade, another tied for second place and still another got third place. Such a record has never been challenged.

Junior med schools generally expe-

rience a great deal of difficulty in placing their men in the larger schools of the country. However, this is a problem which our dean is not confronted with. He is zealous of the fact that a man that he recommends to a senior medical college "must have the stuff." In view of this fact "his" men seldom experience difficulty and his recommendations stand good with the deans of Penn Medical School, John Hopkins, Jefferson and others.

Dr. Kitchin does not consider his being Vice President of the Association of American Medical Colleges and his acting on its executive council so much a personal honor as the recognition of the Wake Forest Medical School among the foremost medical colleges of the country. He has also served as president of the North Carolina Medical Association and is a Fellow of the American College of Physicians.



Dr. Thurman D. Kitchin

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

By ED GAMBRELL

(A Barbarous Parody on Shakespeare in General in One Act)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

CLIPPUS, leading hair-cutter.

AMBITIO, any ambitious freshman.

SHEARIO

SHAVUM

BUSTERHEAD

followers of Clippus.

SCENE I. One night under the shade of a magnolia.
Clippus:

Friends, hair-cutters, country boys, lend me your shears;
We come to poll a freshman, not to haze him.

The good he does is not with us;

His evil will be interred with his hair;

So let it be with this freshman; your noble perceptions

Hath told you this frosh is ambitious;

And it is so, it is a grievous fault,

And grievously will we answereth it

Here under the shades of night, outside or in.

This certain frosh may be an honorable man;

So are they all, all honorable men—

Come I to talk of shearing this green, green frosh;

He is my college mate, a crust to me;

But ye all sayeth he was ambitious;

And ye all are honorable men.

Ye hath brought much hair from off the domes

Of frosh and upperclassmen at my will.

When that these clipped hath cried, we all have laughed:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

Our hearts are in this freshman's curly locks,

And we'll not pause till they come back to us.

Sheario: Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Shavum: If then consider rightly of the matter.

Busterhead: So quickly, slyly, let us steal onto his room

And put his head in shining, bald condition.

(They slip off stage on a banana peel. Sheario falls

and Busterhead walks over him, but that's all right for

Busterhead is used to walking on heels (as in Heil Hitler!).)

SCENE II. A boudoir scene: the usual dishevelment of
a collegian's room.

(The shades of night are being drawn. Ambitio, a smart,
ambitious freshman, puts on his flannel nightgown, writes
in his diary, brushes his teeth, looks at his girl's picture,
sets the alarm clock, forgets to lock his door, picks up
several Grade A papers proudly, sets them down, and turns
off the light. The moonshine flows in the window, filling
the room about knee deep in its nocturnal light. Ambitio
is heard as he gets in bed.)

Ambitio:

"Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care;

The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath;

Balm of hurt minds; great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast." Come hither, Morpheus,

Into your arms I'll trust myself till early morn;

Oh let me dream sweet dreams to sooth my soul;

Oh, let me be just Romeo, and I

Will pay for all that dear, sweet Juliet;

She is my lady, O, she is my dove,

And I would sing and play my uke beneath

Her balcony; I'll be her pride and joy—

The apple of her eye.

And so to sleep,

I wander on the rolling sea of Nod

Till ole Sol claims me from my dreams.

(Ambitio snores away; it's a wonder he doesn't wake him-
self. Voices are heard, the door opens, Clippus and his
gang come in.)

Clippus:

All the school's a rage

And all the men and freshmen merely players;

They have their hair and they don't have their hair,

And one of us in time cuts many heads,

His acts being four or five heads of curly hair.

Sheario:

To be or not to be: that is no question;

For it isn't nobler in the mind to suffer

The wounds and ambition of outrageous freshmen,

Than to take shears against this fresh, green bunch

And by some clipping change them very quickly.

Busterhead:

Haste. Haste. Dear men, no longer let us idle;

Out, O out, dear Clippus with the clippers;

Let the fun begin!

Clippus:

Busterhead's right,

The time is ripe to rob this pretty head

Its curly locks, its toned, jet-black pride.

We'll bind and gag him; then begin

To clip away his unsuspecting mane.

(The group gathers around the bed like a bunch of flow-
ers; then the clippers go after poor Ambitio's hair like
a cow's tongue goes out after grass. Ambitio awakens.)

Ambitio:

Hold, O hold, me not so tight dear one;

O, Juliet, say Juliet, dream I not?

Methinks not so; why you're not Juliet!

Say, let me go; what ho, my hair doth leave me.

The quality of mercy is now disdained,

You riseth as a fiery smoke from hell

Upon my hair above: 'tis being cut;

It maketh too unhappy I that gives it;

Your mightiest holdeth me down: Bald heads become

The slick, bare tops better than my hairy dome;

Your scissors show the force of temporal power,
And all is snips and clips and clips and snips,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of freshmen;
But mercy is above the scissored way;
It is enthroned in the hearts of a very few.
If this is justice, I pray for mercy;
Spake have I all in vain to save my hair—
My deeds upon my head! I crave the law!
Busterhead:

There is a time in the life of many freshmen
When taken by a gang of daring snippers
That they are sheared to shining baldness.
(A dull thud ends Ambitio's wriggling and talking.)

Clippus:
Peace, be still, you crazy sap;
Just go ahead and take your nap;
All we're doing is cutting your hair,
So don't be shocked if your head is bare.

Shearior: 'Tis done, well done, my mates, now we'll depart.
Shavum: Another victim to our long, long list.
Clippus:

Come men, let's go, let's haste, the trick is done;
We've scalped him well and his ambition's dead—
Died with his hair. Let him lie, he'll wake anon.
(Exit)

SCENE III. Same as in II.

(Ambitio, dejected, has just completed the finishing touches, such as shaving, on a rather crude job of the hair-cutting. Putting his hands on his white shining crown as though it couldn't be his, he made ready to return to the mythical arms of Morpheus or Juliet, whichever it was. Ambitio sits on the side of his bed, holding his head to keep it from falling; the last time he let go of it his hair fell so he isn't taking any chances.)

Ambitio:
Old Sampson's strength went with his hair, but stay
O, strength in me, although my hair is gone.
O! 'shining, hairless head, an ivory knob;
The reaping of your crop has been well done.
(Picking up a few strands of hair and holding them reverently.)

Asleep? What dead, my love? O, dainty duck,
O dear, O Susie make mourn, my hair is shorn.
O wavy shiny locks that once my head
Did cover; why leave you me so bald?
Well did you warm my head and help my looks,
But villainous snippers did cut we two asunder.
But why should I weep or why should I moan;
The milk is spilled, but feed the cow more grass
And she will give more milk, and I will raise
Another head of hair. O, sprout ye forth,
O baby stubble, on my head high skyward.
Hair raising stories will I read in noble
Effort to reforestate my roof.
Could all the world's hair raiser
Raise some hair upon this knob?

Curtain.

A MELODRAMA IN THREE SCENES

By H. SMITH

PLACE: Library.

TIME: Sunday afternoon library hours—from 3:00 to 3:15.

Characters

The Victim—a student.

The Librarian—a student who takes himself seriously.

Others—Library Talker—Outers, etc.

SCENE I

Victim: How about a book off the Phizoangelic shelf?

Librarian: I'm sorry (?), but Professor What Have You says that those books are not to go out of the library.

Victim: But a quiz tomorrow and I haven't the least idea what the altitude of the Bovacs was toward tscholvemetry. (He's on his knees now). Be a good egg and let me get the book. Please. (Tears and sobs.) I've been flunking that course and this is my last chance. (He's swooning.)

Librarian: Sorry. Come back tomorrow morning and you may read it in the library. (Victim pulls himself together and drags himself to his room.)

SCENE II

PLACE: The Library.

TIME: The next morning.

Victim: I'd like to get that book off the Phizoangelic shelf.

Librarian: Sign here. This book is not to be taken out of the library.

Victim: Thanks. (To himself.) At last, I may cram a minute for this quiz. (He reads to himself): "The cause of the Bovacetic antagonism toward tscholvemetry was a feeling that . . . (In comes the usual flood of between class readers.)

Library Talker-Outers: No, I don't have my Greek. See, I had a service yesterday to take care of. Oh, the wife and children—they are fine, thank you. . . B-z-z-z . . . and then she says to me, she says, I think you are . . . B-z-z-z . . . Go the Meredith social? Why sure . . . (and so on for five minutes, ten minutes, an hour. Then Victim slams the book down and makes his exit at the library door).

SCENE III

PLACE: Victim's Room.

TIME: A minute after exit from library.

Victim: (Madly tearing closet door open and reaching for his gat). So much is all right, but too much is . . . well just too much.

Bang: (Poor victim tumbles to the floor with a little red hole in his sideburns. He doesn't know a bit less than he did before death about the attitude of the Bovacs concerning tscholvemetry.)

MY PRESPECTIVE

By WALDO CHEEK (Law Student)

There comes a time in the lives of even the most carefree when they pause and consider the future. What the young man sees ahead is usually very dim; he has been filled to the brim and running over with advice from his elders, but after all, he has to see for himself before he is at all satisfied. All the general statements concerning the great opportunities which lie just ahead fade away and he searches about for something solid and definite. "What will be my state immediately following graduation?" he may ask himself. Or, "How will I be faring during the first year or the first two years?" These are staggering questions and are sometimes rather bothersome when they come to our minds during some quiet moment after the work of the day is done or perhaps still left undone.

And the law student, though he may be classed as the laziest and most easy-going of all, is not the last to turn his attention to these most serious strains.

What is the future of the young law student?

Now it might seem more proper for some veteran lawyer or some older person of experience to finish this discussion; but, since none of us *know* the future, why is it not just as likely that a young man should solve the enigma as an older one? None of us know just what will be the future of any particular individual. Not infrequently some of the poorest prospects turn out to accomplish most in the outside world. But I am a strong believer in the maxim, "Honest effort is always well repaid," and believe that if the embryo-barristers will develop certain qualities—long since proved to be good in any profession—they as a class may be sure of success.

Honesty should characterize the life of every young man—most especially that of the lawyer. Why just the other day in the lobby of one of the state's largest hotels one of two business men engaged in a leisurely after-dinner

discussion was heard to say, "I tell you I found a gem the other day—a lawyer I can trust. I do not have much faith in lawyers, but I have at last found one in whom I have a great deal of confidence, and I am almost as well pleased as if I had found an angel." That lawyer will always have one ardent supporter in that client just because he gave him a square deal.

I maintain and truly believe that an honest-to-goodness Christian lawyer can do more for the good of humanity than a good preacher. Does he not come in contact with the people who are in trouble—the wrongdoers? They may not go to church, but they do not hesitate to call on the lawyer for advice. And they will listen to what he says, too. Is this not a glorious opportunity for him to set them on the right track—throw out something that may give them a spark of hope and some understanding of the ideal purposes of this life?

Should not the greatest aim of every man be to make this world a better place in which to live—to make it easier for this big human family to live together and live more abundantly? But how does the lawyer fit into this? All our relationships one with another form one great pyramid which is climaxed with the word *government*. With the word used in this sense the lawyer is a government official. It rests upon his shoulders to see that each gets justice. To a great extent the lawyers are the ones who make our laws, and they as a profession are the ones who administer them. What a great calling to be able to be instrumental in seeing that everybody gets justice.

Above all a lawyer should be loyal—loyal to the people who trust him so whole-heartedly. There is perhaps no trust more sacred than that which a client places in his attorney and to betray this trust is worse than awful. Yet how often do we hear accusations of lawyers being "bought over" and

expressions of contempt for the whole profession.

Likewise he should be loyal to what he knows to be the right. He should be guided by the Golden Rule; and, armed with the satisfaction of consecrated service, should go forward unafraid to do the right regardless of the apparent immediate consequences. All will agree that in terms of a lifetime the right always wins. Wrongdoers think only of the immediate. They do not stop to realize that there is more lasting satisfaction in *having done* the right than there is temporary pleasure in *doing* the wrong.

It is well to consider the outlook of the law profession from a material standpoint, for, after all, we have to live, and it takes money to do that. But is not the greatest problem now facing the legal profession the problem of cleaning up that profession and winning for it a more respectable position in the eyes of the world? It is well for us to consider our own individual futures, but it is more important that we as young lawyers should determine within our own souls to do our best to add dignity and respect to our chosen profession and to use our influence to gain for it a high regard in the minds of those who now are its most ardent critics.

Whatever the minor details in each individual case may be, there is one thing about which we can be fairly certain. That is that if a young man, armed with the proper knowledge which he should get in a law school so reputable as Wake Forest, molds his life according to the above suggestions and is ever trying to conform to the broader aims of life, these minor details will take care of themselves.

In my opinion, if the young lawyer goes forth armed with the gem of good character and seeks honestly and faithfully to do his part in helping humanity and in making the world a better place, he will not be lacking in clients during this life nor in favor of God in the one to come.

MY PRESPECTIVE

By A MED STUDENT

"So you're making a doctor? That's mighty fine, mighty fine. There's no man in the world so happy as a doctor, I reckon. But you know it's a long, hard road to travel."

The med student grits his teeth and manages to smile out a "Thank you." How well does he know that it's a "long, hard road to travel." In the first place, if he knows enough about medicine to justify his desire to become a doctor, he knows that it's no easy task. All his pre-med days he has seen those bent figures scurry across the campus carrying bones, massive books, and with their eyes encircled by dark spots. Then too, if he is already in, how well does he know that he's not having an easy time of it.

Sometimes we look at our fellow med students and wonder why in the world they decided to take medicine—sometimes I even wonder why I started into such a field. The doctors say that there is no lucrative practicing now 'a days, but have you ever seen a doctor plum broke? Of course it is a long road, but if a fellow is greatly interested, should he not be happy studying medicine even for four, six, or ten years? Conceded that it's a hard road, but who ever got anything worth while without sweating?

There are even more difficulties to be overcome than those lying on the surface. In the first place, there is that old bothersome problem of love. Yes, this sounds silly, but see this picture as we see it: a fellow is plodding along in need of a great deal of sympathy. Then it happens—he falls, and falls hard, and the logical thing is marriage. Six years is a long time to ask a girl to wait, but few of us could afford marriage at present. But in med school a fellow doesn't have a great deal of time to devote to his amoretations—only a letter once or twice a week. Then maybe the girl doesn't appreciate his lack of time, resulting in total loss of the girl.

Then too there's the problem of finances which most of us are confronted with. We'll have to borrow at least three, four, or five thousand before we may hang out our shingle, and oh, what an expensive shingle it is. A question like this presents itself to some of us: "My parents are getting old. Should I draw on them so heavily? And there are my brothers and sisters who may be deprived of what's coming to them at the expense of my M.D."

Along with these problems comes the long hours of study, with which most people are acquainted. At first the assignments appear to be impossibilities. Then the hours of study are begun, after seven hours of daily class routine. Seven o'clock rolls by, then nine, eleven, and finally, at about one o'clock, we finally feel satisfied about the preparation, and trudge off to bed for a bit of "shut eye."

As a med student I have observed gross changes in the attitudes and philosophy of myself as well as of my fellow trudgers. Some people (usually academic persons) say that we change our ideas about religion and become hard. But who wouldn't—we cut up lower animals in pre-med days and then cut up human beings in first year med without observing any appreciable difference between the two as far as gross structure is concerned.

Now I come to the question I was asked to answer herein: Why do I wish to become a doctor, and what is my outlook as far as practicing is concerned? First of all, I have envied and admired the family doctor as long as I recall—I remember him as the man who could "make me well." Then too, if this were my diary I could say that my sympathetic nature urges me to help one who needs the kind of help I'll be able to give in a half-decade or so. Lastly, it's a good profession—enough collection to live comfortably along with the esteem and

admiration of a wide group of patients.

In spite of the time honored and discouraging points of which we are constantly being reminded either by word or by experience, I think the study of medicine is O. K., and I'm satisfied. But if you aren't especially "het up" over being a medico, I would advise that you steer clear of the new med building. The way is too long and hard a road for a fellow to travel who isn't exceedingly desirous of annexing an M.D. to his name.

— s —

THE DOCTOR'S AIM

(*Sir James Simpson said these words in addressing one of his medical classes.*)

"Your aim is as far as possible to alleviate human suffering and to lengthen out human existence. Your ambition is to gladden as well as to prolong the course of human life by warding off disease as the greatest of mortal evils; and restoring health, and even at times reason itself, as the greatest of mortal blessings. . . . If you follow these, the noble objects of your profession, in a proper spirit of love and kindness to your race, the pure light of benevolence will shed around the path of your toils and labors the brightness and beauty that will ever cheer you onward and keep your steps from being weary in well doing; . . . while if you practice the art that you profess with a cold-hearted view to its results, merely as a matter of lucre and trade, your course will be as dark and miserable as that low and groveling love that dictates it."

(Taken from *Sir James Simpson* by Laing Gordon.)

THE QUACKS AND THE QUIDNUNC

By DR. BENJAMIN F. SLEDD

*A doctor stood beside my bed,
I dreamed last night—and shook his head,
And in his wise slow way he said:
"Your system needs the vitamins
Of cabbage stalks and turnip greens
And Boston's slimy pork-and-beans."
And straight I bought a knife and fork
And went to sawing short my pork
And splitting fine each bean;*

*But daily grew more lank and lean.
And in another doctor came,
Unscrewed my bolts and pins,
And took apart my shacklin' frame
And sorted all my outs and ins.
Your system needs the vitamins
Of rusty rails and tarnished tins."
And iron now is all my diet,
Till all my blood is in a riot;
And all my insides turned to metal,
With pot forever scolding kettle.*

*And in another doctor came,
And rapped my ribs
And knapped my nibs
And jammed my jibs.
(Reader, don't give a Boston bean,
If you don't know what these may mean
And where the same may be:
You're no more ignorant than he.)
But now he cried, "It is a shame!
Your system needs the vitamins
That only grow upon the vines
And in the malted grain.
Bourbon or Scotch is what you need;
A gill or more at every feed,
And in between each table scene
A pint of beer or good red wines."*

*But here I woke; and, oh, the pain
To know that I have dreamed in vain!*

LAWYER

By JAMES S. PERROW

*Truly he has great ambition.
He works and sees the day ahead
When he will be a politician
And get the state more in the red.
He finds the ways within the law
To send to jail both you and me;
About lawyers people say "Faugh,
A lawyer my son will never be."
He hopes the day will come to pass
When he will hold a senate seat
But first through many years he'll pass
When he won't have enough to eat.
We wish you luck, lawyer man,
More power to your gas attack;
Place this motto in justice's weighing pan,
"A man's a man for 'a that."*

— s —

LATE AUTUMN

By FALK S. JOHNSON

*Silence, all is silent
Save the click of leaves upon the laden earth,
The crying of a heavy-winged and irate brood of
crows,
The listless raspings of the wind through naked limbs,
The crash of hungered deer in brittle underbrush,
And sounds that beat through minds as Nature kneels
awhile to Death—
Silence, all is silent. . . .*

— s —

THE SPIRIT AND THE WORM

By GERALD G. GRUBB

*Two forms I envy in the realm of creation:
The seraphic spirit who may dash
In rapture with a candle-moth flash
Into the flaming essence of infinite God,
And give himself as a votive sublimation;
The other—the worm that blindly crawls in the earth,
With no disturbing notions of God,
And feeling no kindred but the clod,
Content with its slime-laden haven in the sod,
Untouched by the mysteries of death and of birth.
But mortal am I, neither worm nor the other,
Unable to soar in infinite lay,
Unwilling to bore in finite clay,
Striving to change my sod to the image of God,
Claiming now the spirit, now the worm as brother.*

I'm no dirt farmer
but I was brought up on a
tobacco farm and I know
mild ripe tobacco...
have a Chesterfield

*Down where tobacco
is grown folks say . . .*

"It's no wonder that so many people
smoke Chesterfield cigarettes.

"To begin with they buy mild ripe
tobacco . . . and then they age it.

"It costs a lot of money . . . but
it's the one way to make a milder, bet-
ter-tasting cigarette."



BY WAY OF PASSING

By AL MARTIN

(For the benefit of those who think the State game looked like a story-book game)

The Red Thunderbolt was plenty worried. Through a sticky fog of steam and sweat his befuddled mind groped for ideas as he morosely sat on the locker-room bench. Funny, he sat on that same bench five years ago and was plenty worried, too. But that time he came through. That time he made All-Conference and the Overbury Hall of Fame by tearing up a mighty State line to win the championship for Overbury. That time the ideas came and worked. But now—well, there was nothing to do—nothing to do but pray. The Red Thunderbolt did this as best he knew how. Then he called the squad together for a last word.

"Well, men, I've done the best I can. What will happen at State tomorrow now depends on you. It's no use to say I'm betting on you and expecting you to come through. But you know the State team as well as I do. . . . Those new plays looked a little better today. Just remember not to lose your heads and try something foolish. We've got to play defensive ball most of the way. . . . Go home and get a good rest. The bus leaves at twelve-thirty in the morning. That's all."

With that thirty huskies filed out into the cold and left Coach John Robert "Red Thunderbolt" Marker alone with his Assistant and his thoughts. Pat didn't offer many suggestions, but mostly agreed that it depended on eleven bunches of brawn, who were liable to do most anything, to win the State game—the game which meant infinitely more to The Red Thunderbolt than anyone ever knew. . . . Soon Pat wandered off, too, and the coach continued his thoughts.

First of all, there was his kid brother. Would he play tomorrow or not? Pat knew and he knew that Bruce Marker was the best field marshal on the squad. But there had been

talk, even threats, of favoritism. The coach's brother playing the quarterback position . . . pretty soft! Somebody said something about a petition. . . . Then there was the Board. The Board had met the other day. The Board had gotten around to athletics. Somebody mentioned the coaching staff. The season so far had been bad. There was no criticism last year, when The Red Thunderbolt had been called in at the last minute from a high school position to take over the direction of the Overbury Lions on which he had won his own collegiate fame. Nobody had fussed about a poor season then. It was expected, because of the new system and the new staff. But this year it was different. Overbury, rated high in the state dailies, had gone down abominably to a prancing University eleven. They had barely nosed out Agate Juniors, one of the weakest little clubs in the section. Yet Overbury was supposed to have the material. . . . Naturally, the Board saw the negro in the woodpile. The Red Thunderbolt just couldn't coach as he had played. The new contract—well, maybe the State game could definitely decide that.

Then, and then there was Marion. Ever since he first stepped on her toes at his freshman Pledge Dance The Red Thunderbolt had been hopelessly in love with Marion. What is more, she had said "yes" two months before fall training. The only thing that stood in the way was a little matter of finance—and a sure job. Otherwise, well, Marion would wait—sure, she would wait. . . .

The Red Thunderbolt kept on praying as best he knew how.

Down in three-twenty Johnson Hall there was a bull session. Pipes and cigarettes vied with cigars and bottles for predominance in a dense block of hum and haw. Some fifteen sons of the Overbury Gold and Black were in

conference lengthy and eventful. What about the game? Two touchdowns for State or a complete riot? Or, maybe, a lucky tie like last year's and the year before? Who'd start in the backfield? Would Coach run in his darling brother? He didn't have the guts! Somebody had said that the Coach would lose his job if he didn't win this game. Naw, that couldn't be so. Coach was a good egg. He'd just had a little tough luck. Still, Overbury was supposed to be set this year. Wonder who they'd get? Looked like Overbury couldn't keep a coach! Say, bet you even money on tomorrow's game. Fool, huh? But I maintain you can't ever tell about a game. . . . Well, see you tomorrow night at State!

* * *

All the elements of a real battle were present in the typical crowd that thronged the State's stadium that Saturday night. From Overbury had come ninety-five per cent of its student body to yell and hope its Lions to success. From all over the state had come sons and daughters of both schools to see the yearly grudge battle. From State had come the population *en masse* to see, for the first time in three years, the Fighting Panthers swallow up the Gold and Black. From the very air itself came a tingling excitement which only true football can bring. The stage was set.

Five minutes before the opening kickoff thirty trim Gold and Black Lions danced onto the field as the east stands cut loose with bedlam. Then half a hundred blood-red Panthers swarmed in from the west and all creation rang forth their praises. Then a hush. The lineup.

" . . . and for Overbury, Thornton at end, Reese at center. . . . Judson at full. . . . Swartz at quarter. . . ." A humming wave of comment broke out over the stands. The Red Thunderbolt was not playing his brother Bruce.

... Tough break for the kid. ... Wait! There goes the kickoff!

Overbury received on the twenty-five and Judson crisscrossed down to the forty-five. The Lions had gotten the first break. A spinner play through center picked up two and a sweep around left end made it third and three. Huddle. Swartz to Thornton. Lineup. Snap. Swartz drifted back. Thornton sped down the sidelines, stretched out his arms, and pulled in a bullet shot just as he was knocked over the line. Pass complete! First down, thirteen yards from goal! But State holds. Two line backs gained only one apiece, and a pass is knocked down. Field goal? Judson dropped back. ... Swartz holds a dull thud ... and—no good!

So ended the Overbury first-quarter threat. Now it was State's turn. But the Panthers could no nothing more than exchange punts and keep the ball in their territory, most of the time.

At the opening of the second quarter State completed a pass to the Overbury thirty-seven. Then they began a hard, powerful march, in spite of "Hold that line!" from Lion supporters. Finally they completed a pass from the eight yard line and drew first blood. The try for extra point failed. Red-tagged yellers rose in praise as the teams lined up again for kickoff. Overbury received and started a drive of their own. Play after play went through a struggling Panther line, until finally the pigskin rested on the State twenty-four. But there the Red held again, and Swartz kicked out on the two yard stripe. The Panther fullback attempted to kick and—it was blocked! A thousand screaming Lions went crazy. Overbury had its chance. Three times it bored into a stone wall and got nary a thing. But on the fourth Judson plowed under a tangled mass of legs and leather and emerged on the other side. Touchdown! Again pandemonium broke loose among an already hectic crowd. Would the extra point be good? Judson again measured the distance, stood for a moment, and let go his placement. No good. The crowd sighed. Another tie.

* * *

Nobody knows what The Red Thunderbolt had to say at the half. Nobody knows how many bets were made among drunks and otherwise. But down on the second row, fifty-yard line, sat a very anxious little bit of femininity. It got up, stretched, looked around wistfully, and finally broke down to the Overbury bench and awaited with a smile the return of the Lions. Marion was on the bench this half. ...

The third quarter was one of those weary seesaw affairs which contain a lot of football but no thrills. Both teams were determined that the other should not score again ... not in this man's game. And both, it seemed, would be right.

Late in the fourth, however, fireworks broke out. Holding the ball on their own eight-yard line. The Lions fumbled. A leaping Panther smothered the ball, and State had its big break. Completely baffled, the Gold and Black was unable to stop the threat. State plunged over ... twelve and six. The crowd held its breath for a space as the try for extra point failed, then the stadium shook again as State rooters realized that in all probability they had won the first Overbury game in three years. ...

Down on the bench The Red Thunderbolt held his crimson locks in his grimy hands and stopped thinking. He didn't look at Marion. There was no use. Eleven bunches of brawn who might do anything had fumbled their way into defeat and him out of a job and a wife. It was just one of those things. ... He was interrupted by a tap on the shoulder. Bruce. He was jabbering about going in. Guess he might as well send him now. Who cared what the campus thought? Bruce could play ball just as well as Swartz. Try passing? Try anything, but don't lose your head. When you get in dangerous territory, quit. One touchdown sounds better than two for State. Yeah, go on in.

The east stands hummed again as the fresh Gold and Black figure dashed onto the field. Coach's brother was going in. Big hand for Swartz. ...

Out there on the gridiron it looked

as if State were going to get another one in spite of all. Down and down the field it marched, on to the twenty-five yard line of the Lions. Then a pass—intercepted! Overbury's ball, three minutes to play, eighty-five yards to go.

The Red Thunderbolt started. The kid was going to pass. Pass on his fifteen. Well, again he'd have to leave it to praying. If State should intercept he would be called the dumbest coach in the country for passing in dangerous territory. No matter that he'd told the Kid *not* to pass. But if the Kid made it good—well, maybe they'd believe him about the Kid. ...

There was the snap, and twenty-two men spread out over the field. The Kid hesitated, glanced hastily about, and shot a streaking sphere toward an Overbury Lion over at the east side near the fifty. Desperately the Lion lurched forward ... he couldn't get it ... then, smack! he was slapped down by an anxious State men. The ball rolled off the field. The referee raised his hand. ... Pass complete! Interference!

Hell itself shouted forth from the east stands as they cried, pleaded, begged for the touchdown. And the Kid passed again ... a thing of beauty, straight to Thornton on the ten, who ran to the five. A quick lineup ... again the Kid passed ... again Thornton tucked it in ... and again the world went crazy ... twelve-twelve ... a hush ... Judson coolly measured the distance ... the Kid holding ... the thud ... smack through the middle of the uprights! ...

* * *

Well, the game is history now. Every loyal son of Overbury will be telling his grandchildren about it, if he lives, fifty years from now. But there are one or two details which only a few on the inside remember about that game and its outcome. One is that The Red Thunderbolt was the following week given a four-year contract. Another is that the Kid made all-state the following year. Another is that because of that game there is now a little red cottage and a Little Thunderbolt—all by way of passing. ...

BULL SESSION

By CHARLES W. DUNN

College in a social institution. Graduates hardly ever look back on their Alma Mater as the place where they attempted to learn the principles of economics or psychology. They look back on it as the place where they spent their gayest moments, the place where they made valuable contacts, the place where they learned many practical lessons not to be found in textbooks.

The boy in college now becomes intimately associated with a wide range of students whose ideas are quite different from his own. It is this fellowship and the exchanging of ideas that makes college life so interesting and profitable.

The greatest medium in college life through which ideas are exchanged and ideals are weighed is the "bull session." A bull session is any gathering of boys on the corner, in the pool-room, in the drug store, in the post-office, or in the dormitory rooms, to talk or "bull" on the topics of the day. The rooms are the favorite places for such meetings—especially the rooms in which an attempt is being made to study. The best sessions are those that start late in the evening—about eleven o'clock—when, one by one, pajamas-clad boys wander into the room and drop on a bed, a chair, or a table and start talking. After a while, as others continue to drop in, the room becomes filled with boys and smoke—and "bull."

The conversation may turn on a fellow-student who will be raked over the coals or set on a pedestal in a fashion characteristic of boys discussing their associates. One thing leads to another. Anything is discussed—professors, moving pictures, careers, radio programs, religion, clothes, football, and sex.

Some writer has described bull sessions as interminable bickerings which undergraduates substitute for intelligent conversation. I do not agree with him. The bull sessions are as inevitable in college life as classes, and they

are, I think, essential to a college education. These discussions consisting of exchanges of ideas on widely varied subjects between boys of different environments, are the means of making college a valuable preparation for life. Sometimes the conversation reaches a highly intellectual level; sometimes it is downright vulgar, but no matter what the subject is, the discussion is frank, and sincerity is necessary if an exchange of ideas is to be beneficial. These sessions of bull have that advantage over the classroom, because there are too many conditions which enter in to allow a free and unrestrained discussion between the professor and the student.

—s—

EDITORS MUST BE BORN

We are temporarily resigning our editorial desk in favor of the Kansas school boy who offers the following comment:

"I don't know how newspapers and magazines got into the world, and I think God does, but he ain't got nothing to say about these in the Bible. I think the editor is the missing link we read of, and that he stayed in business until after the flood, came out and wrote things up, and has been kept busy ever since. If the editor makes a mistake, folks say he ought to be hung; but if the doctor makes mistakes, he buries them and people don't say nothing because they can't read Latin. When the editor makes a mistake, there is a big lawsuit and swearing and a big fuss; but if the doctor makes one, there is a funeral with flowers and perfect silence. A doctor can use a word a yard long without him or any one else knowing what it means; but if the editor uses one, he has to spell it. If the doctor goes to see another man's wife, he charges for the visit, but if the editor goes, he gets a charge of buckshot. Any college can make doctors to order, but editors have to be born.—*The American Farmer.*

MY FIRST AMBITION

By HUGH JOHNSON, JR.

My first ambition was to become a doctor—an iron-nerved surgeon, smoking a long cigar and smelling like ether. Always picturing myself in a white coat with a mask over my face, I found great delight in dissecting bugs and grasshoppers. I imagined that I was one of the world's leading surgeons and that my practice was unlimited.

Upon entering high school I was confronted with Latin, one of the fundamentals of the study of medicine. A year of long, hard study followed and I was then ready for "Caesar's Gallie Wars." Six weeks at war with Caesar and I was ready to surrender. Conjugations and declensions had me baffled.

However, I still clung to my first ambition and determined to become a doctor. This determination became a thing of the past during my first week at Wake Forest. I have a friend who is a medical student in our school, and it was through him that this change of mind came about.

One day he suggested going over to the Medical Building and looking at the "stiffs." Being interested in medicine, I was anxious to take advantage of this opportunity of seeing just how the medical students go about dissecting the bodies.

At the very time that I visited the "med" building the students were having a considerable amount of difficulty with a "stiff" that did not seem to be so well preserved. The odor of the embalming fluid is enough to make the strong grow weak, but the odor of this particular negro was enough to make the staunchest stomach become uncertain. It was necessary for me to retire from the room immediately. However, this was not the last of the "stiffs" for it was impossible for me to eat any form of meat for several days afterward.

During my three weeks at Wake Forest I have become convinced of the fact that it would be more advisable for me to prepare for the ministry rather than to study medicine.

TO THE DOCTOR

By J. A. McLEOD, Jr.

We admire, respect, look up to you, doctor,
 Most needed, most helpful, kind benefactor.
 And could we but realize the hell that you've stood
 We'd gladly pay up when you've rendered your good.
 So look back of the curtain, my Christian friend,
 And see what he's done to attain the one end
 That he's lived for, dreamed for, all of his life.
 He's sweated and sworn, and he's sat up late;
 He's weary and worn, and he's lost in weight;
 He's nervous and sleepy, red under the eyes;
 Yet nearer and nearer his goal does he rise.
 He's carved on corpses, both pickled and froze,
 And he keeps right on when they decompose
 And set up a stink you can smell for a mile.
 But he keeps diggin' in and carves with a smile.
 He studies each muscle, each nerve and each bone
 And keeps on studying 'til everything's known.
 And it looks like the man will crack from the strain
 Of trying to cram all that stuff in his brain.
 We're tempted to smile when he passes so pale
 With a whitened backbone slung by the tail;
 Or a skull that grins empty when we pass
 Like an ape over-dosed with laughing gas;
 Or maybe a leathery, dried, pickled arm,
 That has lost its once-possible youthful charm



"But Judge, can I help it if I misinterpreted Dr. Gulley's law notes?"



Week-ends are hard on the Medicos

In the rank and putrid formaldehyde vat;
 Or a once-grey-tabby, now "bony-fied" cat.
 But after the work in anatomy's done
 He starts over again; the goal is half won.
 He studies diseases, their cause and their cure;
 Learns everything clearly; leaves nothing obscure.
 He looks at the measles, the mumps, and the croup,
 The toe itch, lumbago, and the shoulder droop,
 And dandruff, and ear-ache, and stomach-ache too,
 Angina pectoris, and then at the flu,
 At nervous breakdowns, delirium tremens,
 The colic, and other internal demons
 That cause the misery, aching and ailing,
 That sets us to howling, squalling, and wailing.
 Then he looks at cholera morbus, and hives,
 And he figures out how he will save our lives.
 He studies sore throat and tuberculosis,
 Pink tooth brush, blood pressure, and halitosis,
 The "shivering willies" and then colitis,
 And many more things that always excite us;
 Feet that are flat, and St. Vitus's clog,
 And most everything else in the catalogue,
 Typhoid, yellow jaundice, and minds depraved.
 Then seeks the cure, that human lives might be saved.
 Oh, he's worked like the devil for eight long years,
 But the end is near, and his degree appears.
 And so, we respect, look up to you, doctor,
 Most needed, most helpful, kind benefactor.
 And now that we realize the hell that you've stood
 We'll gladly pay up when you've rendered your good.

AT THE END OF A PERFECT SMOKE



When you lay down your cigarette,
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away the burn and leave only the
yearn . . . for another cigarette.

THRILL YOUR TASTE WITH SPEAR-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS...THEY'RE NEW



"GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!"

DON'T BE PROUD—TELL THEM WHERE YOU SAW THEIR AD

Castle Highlights

Brother Whitacre down at the Castle Theatre has booked some corking good films for us since school started. Many students have been looking for a let-up, expecting to see said manager slip us some of those ancient, pre-war talkies (Cheaper booking. More money for him, saps!), but he has broke it off in us by consistently bringing us nothing but the best.

We can look forward to seeing some real hits between now and the Christmas holidays—good ole holidays—and you can take our word for it. Doubters? Okay, wise guys, cast your blinkers down lower.

Suppose we start with "FLIRTATION WALK," starring Dick Powell and Ruby (Mrs. Al Jolson) Keeler who long ago became the screen's most popular couple. It's a story of an enlisted private in the army—good ole army—who falls in love with a girl that is utterly beyond his reach. But was she? The boy refusing to be "hawked" secured an appointment to West Point—good ole West Point—. And . . . well, we'll let you see for yourself whether or not he wins the girl. The picture introduces four songs that are sure-fire hits. You don't want to miss this "Military Musical."

It is a far cry from grim old West Point to the gay Broadway of today—good ole Broadway! And that's where RKO takes us for the locale of their great hit, "NIGHT AND DAY," adapted from the sensational stage show of the same name. (The movies did add another "e" to Divorcee.) Take this here "GAY DIVORCEE", for instance. You all (it's the South in me) remember a haunting melody from the stage show that has outlived countless hundreds of humdrum tunes that we hear for a week or so and then forget. Ye olde Lombardo thinks it the finest love song ever written. Still don't remember? Geeze guy (Northbound). We quit. . .

The song is entitled "Night and Day" and it is revived in the movie production, and with it is introduced a new song and a daring new dance that was not featured in the stage production. The new song and dance goes under the monicker of "The Continental". Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire who did the "Carloea" so well in "Flying Down to Rio" dance the "Continental" to perfection in the show.

But the producers didn't stop there. They must have figured that the picture needed still more S.A. (Student Appeal) so they crammed it full of blondes, brunettes, redheads, and . . . Whew! Our only books were women's looks. Books. . . Books. . . Books. . .

Finally, there is a picture coming that your struggling writer has more sense than to attempt to "press agent". Sufficient to say that one of the movie critics on a large New York daily said this about Fox's "CARAVAN":

"The picture no artist could paint. . . For no artist, however great, could capture the fascinating music, the frenzied dancing, the tempestuous romance, the gay turbulence of the countless crowds in 'CARAVAN'. Even the screen with all its magic has never attained anything like it."

"CARAVAN" features Loretta Young—good ole Loretta—, Jean Parker, Charles Boyer, Phillip Holmes, Louise Fazenda, Aubrey Smith, and Noah Beery. And the great songs for the production were written by the peer of American talkie song writers—Gus Kahn.

If there has ever been a real screen story about the Gypsies, it has stayed off the beaten track. I have never heard of it. So, it seems that here is a story that is distinctly different from the ordinary "find, fool and forget 'em" pictures that we are so accustomed to seeing. Fox has captured all the glamour and romance that we associate with the nomadic gypsies. It is a great show!

WAR POETRY

By FALK S. JOHNSON

(This month is the time in which one is reminded of the war of 1914-18 with all its horrors. . . . Peace movements, such as they are, are usually begun in November. Many colleges have a student body organized into a union whose motto is, "We Shall Not Fight." There is no such organization on our campus. In this poetry are found word pictures which may give birth to a desire for such an organization.)

— s —

THE WAR WHEN I WAS YOUNG

By FALK S. JOHNSON

The war I don't recall so very well,
But trains came in at eight and four,
And as around the curfew we heard their bell,
My mother called me to the door.
The war I don't recall so very well,
But she would say, "Now run, my dear,
And hurry for the mail. My son—he fell
Since last we heard of him I fear."
I don't recall the war so very well,
But then my mother grew so pale,
And when at eight and four I heard the bell
She did not send me for the mail.

— s —

THE PEACE WE WON

By FALK S. JOHNSON

We fight the war to end all war,
We wallow deep in blood and mud,
We breathe the stench of carrion
That yesterday was friendly and alive.
cal price of \$4.

war,
ills,

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WE SHALL NOT FIGHT

By FALK S. JOHNSON

We shall not fight—
We have no hate, no grudge
That calls for war and blood.
We shall not fight—
We need not praise from lads
Who speak in school of war.
We shall not fight—
We need not have dead monuments
Erected at our moulding feet.
We shall not fight—
There's naught to gain
And all to lose by war.

— s —

WAR

By FALK S. JOHNSON

Yes, war's a tragic thing—
It reddens mothers' eyes;
It digs a thousand graves
For youth that, fighting, dies;
In man his soul depraves
And madly wrecks each life
In foolish, futile strife.
Yes, war's a tragic thing—
But not as you suppose:
Not death, for all must die;
Not death, for Christ arose;
Not death, though mothers cry,
But training men to kill
Is not our Father's will.

— s —

LOOK NOT THIS WAY

By FALK S. JOHNSON

Look not this way, ye men in Flanders field,
For sons, and younger brothers too, will die
In hellish war ye sought from them to shield,
And they, misspent, will soon beside you lie.
Look not this way, ye parents without sons,
For lads like yours, nice lads, already speed
To lay themselves on altars made of guns;
Their blood unplucked and soulless flows to feed.
Look not this way, ye men of God and good,
For Satan found a fiendish glee in death
At hard Verdun, the Marne, and Argonne wood
And wants again to take men's life and breath.
With all our hearts and souls this plea we pray:
Oh God, look not this way, look not this way.



"Just one of the Bones boys!"

If your gal tells you that you mustn't see her any more, be nonchalant—and don't go back.—*Green Gander.*

— s —

"I know," said the little violet, "the stalk brought me."—*Siren.*

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B. I. TART, JR., Agent

Visitor at Frat House: Say, buddy, where are the showers? I want to take a bath.

Pledge: Sorry, sir, I don't know; I've only been here a semester.—*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*

A student of U. of Miss. handed in the following as the principal parts of any Latin verb:

Slippeo, shipeve, falli, bumpus.

The returned paper contained the following correction: Falio, faileve, funeto, suspendum.

— s —

They had been sitting in the swing in the moonlight, alone. No word broke the stillness for half an hour, until—

"Suppose you had money," she said, "what would you do?"

He threw out his chest in all the glory of young manhood.

"I'd travel," he said.

He felt her warm young hand slide into his. When he looked up, she had gone.

In his hand lay a nickel.—*Lehigh Burr.*

— s —

If you say of yourself, "I lie," and in so saying tell the truth, you lie; if you say "I lie," and in so saying tell a lie, you tell the truth.

— s —

"Who's that awful-lookin' femme in blue over there by the orchestra?"

"That's my aunt."

"Oh, I don't mean her. I mean that horrible one who looks as if she had on a fake face."

"She's my sister."

"Boy, she sure can dance."—*Pointer.*

He: There's just one objection to this canoe and that is that if you try to kiss a girl in it there's a great danger of upsetting it.

She: I can swim.

— s —

"Ah cherie—je t'adore."

"Aw shut the door yourself—you opened it."—*Lehigh Burr.*

— s —

"Every guy in town is like me."

Mrs. Loretta Young—good ole Loretta—, s. Boyer, Phillip Holmes, Louise Fazenda, Coah Beery. And the great songs for the litten by the peer of American talkie song

seen a real screen story about the Gypsies, a benten track. I have never heard of it. re is story that is distinctly different from fool and forget 'em" pictures that we are celing. Fox has captured all the glamour ve associate with the nomadic gypsies. It

YOU ALL TELL 'EM THEIR STUDENT AD DID IT—YOU ALL

"Toxey, do you know the name of the human digestive tract?"

"Alimentary, Dr. Vann, alimentary."

— s —

Joe College: All that I wear, and all that I hope to wear, I owe to my roommate.

— s —

Imagine my embarrassment—seasick and had the lockjaw.

— s —

Street Car Conductor: How old are you, little girl?

Little Boston Girl: If the corporation doesn't object, I'd prefer to pay full fare and keep my own statistics.—
Beanpot.

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"REACHING FOR A LUCKY."

BE A WINCHELL AND TELL—"IT WAS IN THE STUDENT"

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page two)

suggestions to our ever-open ears? Why, you look as if you think we take offense, or that we are going to conform our editorial policy to your expressed wishes.

But we just laugh and laugh, because we know we can't please everybody. The editor of *The Saturday Evening Post* once heard a reader say that he enjoyed every page of a certain issue. The editor then apologized for the issue, stating that when a reader is pleased with the whole table of contents, then the issue is not well balanced. Thus, having a theory backed by so prominent an editor, you may influence us but you can't scorch us.

— s —

FOSTER PARENT OF THE
LAW SCHOOL

(Continued from page four)

3, 1855. During the Civil War and all of its horrors he passed his early youth. His home was right in the line of Sherman's march and a skirmish between Sherman and Johnson took place near his home. The northern troops either confiscated or destroyed everything in his home. "We had nothing to eat, nothing to cook it in, and nothing to eat it out of," he jocularly reminisces. And it was in those trying days of reconstruction that he grew up.

In the June of 1879 Dr. Gulley graduated from Wake Forest with honors, receiving his Master's degree. Soon after graduation he married Alice Wingate, daughter of the college president, terminating a beautiful courtship. Here is the story of his romance as told to me: Needham Yancey Gulley, having an eye for the beautiful, soon after entering college spotted Alice and immediately found himself deeply and insanely in love with her. She didn't think badly of him and most of his evenings from then on were spent in Dr. Wingate's parlor. All of his romance, however, failed to pull down his high scholastic

standing, for he graduated with high honors.

Dr. Gulley, a great teacher and sage of law, is also a true friend to every student. He has a big sympathy for students, and takes a fatherly interest in those whom he knows. He has the greatest of faith in the younger generation, and says that it has a much greater opportunity for better development than past generations. "The present generation is different than former generations," he states, "but there is possibly more manhood and womanhood in it, though customs have radically changed."

This great teacher and Christian gentleman demands the greatest respect of all that know him. The School of Law is extremely fortunate in having Dr. Gulley as its dean, professor, and creator; Wake Forest College is graciously honored in having this great man on its faculty; and North Carolina is certainly favored in having this great Christian teacher and citizen to train many of its political leaders.

— s —

"You hoid me—no more gin to-night. Do yer wanna grow up and be a college publication man?"—*Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket*.

— s —

"And are you secretly married to her?"

"No, she knows it."

— s —

Spinster: There's a villain pursuing me.

Second Same: I'll attend to him!

First Ditto: Oh, no, you won't—he's chasing me!—*Skipper*.

— s —

Teacher: Willie, what is an adult?

Willie: An adult is one that has stopped growing except in the middle.—*Battalion*.

— s —

"Do they make false eyes out of glass?"

"Certainly. How else could you see through them?"—*Princeton Tiger*.

IMPROVE YOUR VOCABULARY

By JACK HUTCHINS

A doorknob is something a revolving door goes around without.

A house party is something a frat has to forget the bad marks they make on exams.

A pencil is a thing you write with if you don't have a pen, and if you don't have any ink for it.

An editor is a man who reads what you write and if he likes it, it doesn't pass the board of censors, and if he doesn't like it, it doesn't pass anyway.

A library is a place where you can't get books out, but you can (?) read them in the library.

An "meanie" is a person who is stingy in giving football game passes to big shots on the campus like me.

A football player is something that has hair on its chest. It also has a two day beard and a gentle (?) smile (?).

A cobble stone street is one people would rather it were asphalt than.

— s —

Hen: Where did you get those trousers, Ben? They fit you like a glove.

Ben: That's just why I'm kicking about them; they should fit like trousers.—*Lafayette Lyre*.

— s —

Here's to the present day culture—which doesn't care about your English if your Scotch is all right.

— s —

Dr. Brad: Don't you know there are germs in kissing?

"Pal" Wilder: Say, when I kiss I kiss hard enough to kill the germs.

— s —

After casually glancing at several passing rumble-seat activities, we can vouch for the Freedom of the Press.

— s —

"I know how to settle this unemployment problem," said the club wag. "If we put all the men of the world on one island, and all the women on another, we'd have everybody busy in no time."

"Well, what would they be doing?" "Why, boat-building."

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FATIGUE..**

AFTER A HARD GAME....

"Cliff" Montgomery

Famous quarterback! Now starring with the Brooklyn Dodgers. "Cliff" says: "After a game, the first thing I do in the locker room is to light up a Camel—get a swell 'lift'—and in a short time I feel 100% again—Camels don't interfere with healthy nerves."



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EXPLORER

Capt. R. Stuart Murray, F.R.G.S., says: "I was in Honduras 10 months. Fortunately I had plenty of Camels. They always give me a 'pick-up' in energy. I prefer Camel's flavor, too. They never upset my nerves."



LAW STUDENT

F. R. O'Neil, '37, says: "I try to avoid overdoing, and part of my program is smoking Camels. There's enjoyment in Camels. They give me a delightful 'lift.' I smoke them constantly and they never bother my nerves."



SPORTS WRITER

Pat Robinson of INS—always on the jump. Of course he gets tired! But—"I find Camels restore my pep," Pat says. "I smoke at least two packs a day, and they never interfere with my nerves."

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Small Boy: Maw and Paw had an awful time getting married. Maw wouldn't marry Paw when he was drunk, and Paw wouldn't marry Maw when he was sober.—*Drexlerd.*

— s —

Frosh: I love her, although she isn't pretty. She has that indefinable something.

Soph: Sure, I know. My girl's Dad is rich, too.

— s —

Golf pro: Tee the ball.

Pupil: Sure I see it, but why the baby talk?

— s —

The professor was trying to teach his math classes how to read Roman numerals, so he wrote "LXXX" on the board and asked a freshman co-ed to tell him what it meant.

"Love and kisses," she replied demurely.

— s —

Here's to love, the only fire against which there is no insurance.

— s —

SUMMARY

"My sweetheart," he sighed

"Is delicious,"

And he swore

By all the skies

To

Be

True.

"My bride," he sighed

"Is capricious."

And he swore

By all the skies

To

Be

True.

"My wife," he sighed,

"Is suspicious."

And he swore

By

All

The

Skies.

—Showme.

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*bit;
ave died.*

*n;
n hour;
for soon,
r.*

*ly read
side
ny head
t men have died.*

*Four men turn a
Hoot mon!*

*One man has leg
Very comfortable
Prof. envies the n*

*Class ends—
Young man gets i*

*Folds note—
Addresses envelop
Sighs—
Goes to lunch!*

During the Christmas examination, a question in one of the courses was "what causes a depression?" One of the students on pro wrote "God knows! I don't. Merry Christmas!"

When the examination paper came back he found the professor's notation, "God gets 100. You get zero. Happy New Year!"

— s —

Boy: Who was that football player I seen you with last night?

Girl: That won't no football player; he fell in a sausage grinder.

— s —

Sophomore: What is your greatest ambition, mister?

Freshman: To die one year sooner than you, sir.

Sophomore: What is your reason for that?

Freshman: So I will be a sophomore in hell when you get there, sir.—*Texas Ranger.*

— s —

"I told her I was knee deep in love with her."

"Yes? What was her comeback?"

"She promised to keep me on her wading list."—*Log.*

— s —

After seeing Mae West's new picture, we realize more than ever that her theme song should be, "*Hippy* days are here again."

— s —

Son: Why has Marjorie never gone with Santa Claus, Pop?

Pop: Because there ain't no Santa Claus, Son.

— s —

Then there was the guy who was so weak he couldn't spit over his chin—but after trying Smith's vitality pills, he claimed he could spit all over it.

— s —

Don't you always pity a girl who is frightened in the dark?

Yeah, I can't help feeling for her.

The Student

DECEMBER, 1934

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The nearness of the holidays only reminds us of the nearness of the end of the first semester, with all the trials and tribulations which immediately precede the recording of semester credits. We know that during our two weeks at home we will forget most of that which we have struggled all fall to learn. Then that first week after holidays—oh, what a nightmare that will be. There should be some means of avoiding this situation.

There is a means of escape—the quarter system. In comparison with our semester system, its many advantages are clearly seen.

Under our present system, the first semester is riddled by interruptions—football, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. Then too, from September to January is a long time to remember facts which have been carefully stowed away for exams.

The quarter system affords deeper concentration. Since the number of courses carried are reduced, the hours on each course are increased—the student does not have so scattered a field of thought.

Why do men frequently drop out of school before the completion of semester work? It's that same old problem with which all college men are familiar. I smoke them easy and they never r my nerves."

for debate. We are really in favor of changing to quarters. Think it over, and let us know your stand on this question!

We have two whole weeks in which to raise Cain, read, visit, catch up on work, or otherwise pass the time according to our individual tastes. Some of us go "way up north," some "way down south"; some of us go home to a large city, others to the most rural residence. But no matter who we are, or where we are going, we are *going home for Christmas*, and the folks will be glad to see us.

It is we who will determine what kind of faces the professors look into on January second, and our last day or two at home will determine what kind of start will be made on those fateful reviews. With this thought in mind, we are determined to "throw a big one" during the holidays, but to be ready for the morning of January 2, 1935.



*Camel
Tobacco*

MY HEART IS A LYRE

By GERALD G. GRUBB

*My heart is a lyre
Made true and entire
By the Master's hand
For the touch of thy hand.
The living strands
Yearn for thy hands
With a holy desire,
Should you choose to play
My chords would sway
The dance of the priestly seven;
My tones would cause
The stars to pause
And fire the hearts of those in heaven
With bold scaphic lay.
Only a touch of thine
Can strike the fire
Of mad desire—
Of wild desire—
From this harp entire,
This living lyre,
This heart of mine!*

— s —

MY DREAM OF DEATH

By FALK S. JOHNSON

(This poem is a versification of the story, *The Good Day*, which appears elsewhere in this issue.)

*Today when I awoke I had a dream:
Before the sun should set into the west
That I should leave my life's slow sullen stream
And move to Heaven high. And it was best.*

*I was not startled not amazed, for it
Was as a goal attained that satisfied.
I clothed myself and stood to smile a bit;
It seemed a natural thing—all men have died.*

*I hoed into the rich, black soil till noon;
I lunched and talked with Ella for an hour;
Then went upstairs to love my books, for soon,
I knew, I'd go as snow before a shower.*

*It was not hard for me to do. I humbly read
My simple creed and laid the Book aside
That I might place upon my chest my head
And fold my hands. For thus great men have died.*

A DISILLUSIONMENT

By RYBURN T. STANCL

*'Twould seem as though it had a lone and dreary life,
This shining sphere, the moon, up there so much alone.
Forsooth, it has no task, no work, no goal ahead;
A lonely frozen mass for suns to shine upon!*

*It gains its glory from another world afar
And only passes on a brilliance not its own.
Alas, the beauty of its mystery now is gone;
Instead, a cold, volcanic face is looked upon.*

*Why then do poets sing their songs of fairest praise
And stir emotions long forgotten in the soul?
And why do lovers pause within its mellow glow
To whisper precious thoughts so pretty, yet so old?*

*Because the moon is but a mirror to the soul
And thus reflects a sacred message not its own;
And timid souls, afraid to whisper words of love
Impart them to the mellow moon, who makes it known.*

— s —

IT HAPPENED IN ENGLISH THREE

By DANIELSON

Prof. sits on back of chair—
Balancees on back of chair—
Chair gives way—
Prof. hits floor—
Class is in an uproar—
Prof. gets up smiling, saying: "One should practice
aerobatic stunts before one performs."

Note passed from rear of class—
Four men pass note—
Prof. sees note, gets off tune—
Prof. says something about note—
Four men turn a guilty red—
Hoot mon!

One man has leg propped on desk arm—
Very comfortable position with head on knee—
Prof. envies the man.

Class ends—
Young man gets up—
Folds note—
Addresses envelope—
Sighs—
Goes to lunch!

TO ME, CHRISTMAS IS



DR. J. W. LYNCH . . .

At this season my bleached thoughts make holy pilgrimage to The Cradle. A cradle may be had for fifty cents—an oyster shell that conceals the pearl. The little expectant stockings hanging by our firesides Christmas Eve night are of more consequence to the world than all strong boxes of the moneyed kings. The tiny, awkward and untutored hands weave into our soul some golden thread of sentiment, some ray of unselfish joy, some masterful purpose, some heavenly tie. This is especially true of the Christmas cradle. Omnipotence was compressed into it. It held the heart of God and all potential good in man. It begets love, trust, humility, charity and all the graces of the Kingdom. It has made a Milky Way of Hope through the ages. It lines many a humble home with the gold of love. It puts a drain pipe of sympathy in millions of hearts and draws off their selfishness. It is the genesis of the "Palace of Peace" and the predestined destroyer of Gibraltors and Dreadnoughts. Its softening influence extends even to our dumb brothers and there is relation between the manger-cradle and societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

Around the cradle no unseemly revelings were held, no peace-disturbing explosions profaned the Holy Night, no drunken men poisoned the air with polluted breath; but instead an emissary star looked down, angels sang, shepherds rejoiced, old people worshipped, wise men bestowed gifts, while over the God-child's face a good mother crooned.

"Fats" Voss: . . . a period in which all you can hear is "Jingle Bells," "Silent Night," etc., and I always was especially fond of good old yuletide music.

Average Student: . . . a short reprieve from the toils and troubles of college. It gives me a chance to catch up on my courtin' and my sleep. Of course it's nice to be with the home-folks, too. And don't forget the change from boarding house to home cooking—oh boy, oh boy. . . .

Dave Holton: . . . a holiday season, along with the time of the birth of Christ. But the biggest thing I can think about is that by then my football days will be over. But cheer up, Dave, you can tune in on the Rose Bowl game during the holidays.

Co-Ed: . . . a short time in which I won't have to look at boys all the time. I'm so tired of seeing boys all the time—tall boys, short boys, ugly boys, but no longer do I see any good-looking boys.

Tom Greenwood: . . . two whole weeks in which I don't get a chance to rake my staff out and to put out a paper. I always get tired of holidays before they are over—I'm thinking of all the news that could be happening if school were going on during the holidays.

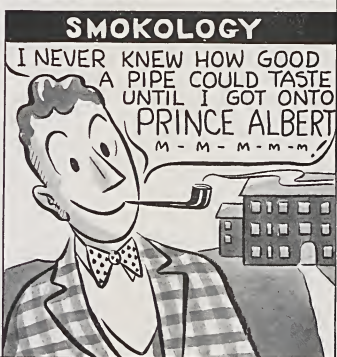
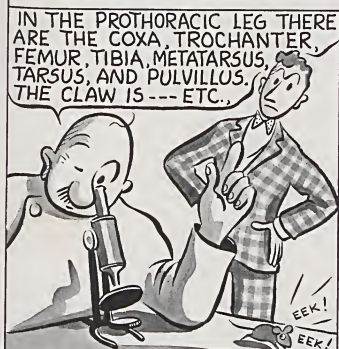
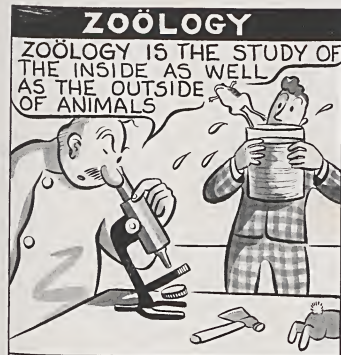
Meredith Girl: . . . a reminder of the true meaning of Christmas itself. But looking forward to Christmas is the best part—during Christmas I sing carols instead of the prisoners' song.

Laundry Collector (colored, eleven years old): . . . when Santa Claus come and see me and when my ma and papa gets drunk and we all has a big time.

Med. Student: . . . a chance to catch up on my work and to see how it feels again to have a bit of leisure time.

Miss Vauss (college nurse): . . . a season when everybody piles into the infirmary with colds, flu, etc. And after Christmas there are always overworked stomachs and a case or two of the gout.

Professor: . . . an ideal season in which to play golf, especially if it doesn't snow.



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PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke



THERE AIN'T NO SANTA CLAUS

A Good Old-Fashioned Melodrama Without Music. It's the Acme of Hackneyed Triteness

By ED GAMBRELL

Handsome Harry, gridiron hero of multiple proportions, is seen weaving in and out of the seething mass of humanity upon the main thoroughfare of the metropolis. Quick as a rabbit he comes to a standstill before the portals of a tall, massive companion of the clouds. Helpless screams issue forth from the skyward roof of the structure.

Pricking his ears, our hero, without hesitation, recognizes the distressing cries of Wholesome Hattie, his erstwhile fiancée.

"Time and tide wait for no man!" he manfully quotes. "My own Wholesome Hattie, the handiwork of heaven, is in distressing circumstances. Oh, say not so!" But Handsome Harry, proud victor of many pugilistic encounters and gridiron hero that he is, summoned his physical prowess and is off to the rescue of the darling of his heart!

Heaving his chest, Handsome Harry, playful pugilist and genie of the gridiron, crosses the threshold and disappears from view, going manfully upward, leaving fifty flights of stairs in his wake. As swift as a hare he ascends, tripping the light fantastic.

While our hero is rushing violently to the help of Wholesome Hattie, Foilem Fannigan, vehement viper, and his able but villainous partners in crime are torturing our heroine. Nature has been good to Wholesome Hattie; she is a veritable daughter of Venus, a veritable gem of beauty. She is slumped, scared as a rat and crying like a baby, in a corner of Foilem Fannigan's business headquarters on the fiftieth story. Her raven tresses are in a disheveled state of condition; a badly torn dress drapes her shivering, willowy form; her beautiful face with its ruby lips, sky-blue eyes, and lily complexion bears the marks of her deep humiliation and long suffering in the hands of Foilem Fannigan and his colleagues.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughs the villain, twirling his thin black mustache, "One way or another, you'll marry me; I'll stop at nothing! Ha, ha, ha!"

Our heroine, innocent as a lamb, trembles and cries in her distress, "Oh, no! no! a thousand times no! I'll not marry you on my life! Oh, you heathen wretch, you vehement viper, if my Handsome Harry were only here, he would kill you to death; he would wreak justice!"

And then she breaks down in a flood of tears. Handsome Harry is conspicuous by his absence.

But puffing like an engine, Handsome Harry arrives at his destination, the office of Foilem Fannigan, as the villain is stealthily, step by step, approaching our helpless heroine. Violently our hero shakes the door; it is locked.

"Behind closed doors!" he yells. "Foilem Fannigan, you're viper, your doom is sealed!"

"Help! Help! Dear one. Help!" screams Wholesome Hattie.

"Ha, ha, ha!" the villain's wicked laugh penetrates the tumultuous atmosphere, as he comes closer and closer to his victim.

This is the last straw! Handsome Harry, in all his maddened fury, jerks the sturdy door from its hinges and casts it through the side of the building. The villain's evil schemes are nipped in the bud.

"Blood is thicker than water!" the villains are informed. "You toothless maids shall never render another dastardly deed!"

"Ha! Ha! two heads are better than one and there are eight of us! At him!" cries the head scoundrel with chilled breath.

Handsome Harry, pugilistic Pegasus, becomes a rising tide of flying fists as he whips himself into condition. Taking on all eight of his enemies, he rains blows hither and thither upon his opposition—and when it rains it pours. Harry doesn't know his own strength—and ignorance is bliss. The seemingly overwhelming opposition, doomed for

disappointment, comes to the sudden realization that Handsome Harry is a superman.

"Out of the window you will go!" yells our hard-hitting hero as he grabs Foilem Fannigan, who is squealing like a pig, and launches him into eternity.

A dull thud is heard fifty floors below and Harry resumes play in a most vicious manner. Green with envy at Handsome Harry's muscular ability, the angry mob attacks him once more. With clock-like precision our hero delivers his opponents involuntarily into the arms of Morpheus and then throws them out the window to a horrible fate, a dull thud way below.

His task keeps him busy as a bee, but he works like a Trojan and thinks his task is done, when another gang rushes down upon him. With fiery eloquence Handsome Harry gives them due warning, but 'tis all to no avail. Rising to the situation, our hero proves able to cope with it. Time and time again, in the twinkling of an eye, our hero gives a scoundrel the sound thrashing he deserves and throws him out the window.

A knife is drawn on Handsome Harry, but "fingers were made before knives and forks," he asserts, and tears the mongrel apart, throwing him out the window to parts unknown. Mob after mob of hoodlums appear upon the scene of the fray and throw themselves upon Handsome Harry.

"Variety is the spice of life," philosophies our daring young hero as he takes on large, small, big, little, short, long, fat, thin, ugly, pretty, boisterous, reticent, strong, weak, etc., misdeameants of all sizes, shapes, weights, etc. He becomes virtually a pair of flying fists, his powerful, untiring biceps heeding his every command. His efficiency improves each shining hour.

As the shades of night are falling the last hoodlum is sent to an untimely death, his well-deserved fate. Handsome Harry has made hay while the sun was shining and has proved to be a foeman worthy of his steel.

Our exhausted heroine, spell-bound, gazes upon Handsome Harry in fond admiration and with worshipful eyes, regarding his deeds as no less than miraculous. A moment of breathless silence intervenes. Then our brave hero, tried and true, no worse for the wear and tear of the preceding exercise, gathers Wholesome Hattie's lithe figure into his brawny arms and seats her upon a downy couch.

He makes a well-earned remark, "none but the brave deserve the fair." After a brief pause he explains in bated-breath, "It wasn't so much the heat as the humidity."

Handsome Harry, now that Foilem Fannigan and his vicious vipers have been properly disposed of, is monarch of all that he surveys as he looks down at Wholesome Hattie, his true love. The happy couple remain long in silence, too full for utterance. Ain't love grand.

"Dear one, you came just in the nick of time," Wholesome Hattie whispers softly, caressing his curly locks. "I know now that you weren't after the almighty dollar when you asked for my wealthy hand. You have been a howling success; you have climbed the ladder of success. You have been, indeed, the man of the hour, and I shake to think of the fate from which you saved me. Gee! but you're sweet as sugar, and as playful as a puppy."

The day is now dead, and the moonlight filters in through fleecy clouds from on high. Silence reigns supreme.

Handsome Harry usurps the throne of silence, "Wholesome Hattie, flower of my heart, will you be my bonnie bride?" (What could be more trite?)

Wholesome Hattie sweetly gives her accustomed reply, a pungent "NO." And then she vindicated herself by saying, "I wish to be fonder of you, if possible, and absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Resigned to his cruel fate, Wholesome Harry bows his hoary head and retorts in boyish disappointment, "'Tis a bitter cup, but I knew all the time there wasn't no Santa Clause!"

—And so they lived happily ever after.

I WENT OUT FOR OLD GOLD AND BLACK

By THOMPSON GREENWOOD

The first article I wrote for the *Old Gold and Black* was terrible. It was concerned with the ex-annual cake race, and appeared in the second issue of the paper in the fall of 1931.

I wrote it about ten times before being satisfied. The editor, evidently a little harder to please than the reporter, made five more drafts, and the masterpiece was ready for press.

The paper appeared on time in those days, and I caught the first issue early Saturday morning. Hurriedly I turned to the sports page in an effort to find the article. Some time it took to find my contribution to the Wake Forest weekly. But I did not give up. Bravely I searched. In despair, two freshmen were called upon to assist me in the hunt. Now here's where I spring a surprise: we found it—tucked neatly in as a filler for the front page! The article was headed "Annual Cake Race To Be Run Next Saturday." I have often been glad that the honorable editor (editors are always honorable) used "Cake Race" in the headline, for otherwise I would never have known that was the article I had worked on so hard a few days previously. Taking these papers, I plainly marked the writup so there could be no mistake, "By Thompson Greenwood."

What do you think I did? What would you have done in such a case? Well, I did just what you or anyone else of my calibre would have done under similar circumstances. I quietly went about gathering *Old Gold and Blacks*. This was a very difficult task, as there were none in the waste cans in those days. Finally, however, I had sufficient copies for the even dozen families in Jonesville.

After a few dollars for postage, a bottle of glue, a hundred wrappers, and a half-bottle of ink had gone wherever these things go, the papers were ready to be mailed. Copies were sent to my home town, our high school, and all close relatives.

One to a wayward third cousin in

Peoria was returned marked "uncalled for." I was a little inclined to agree with the idea set forth by the red stamp. There *wasn't* any use of sending an *Old Gold and Black* away out there. It was wholly uncalled for. Of course I hated that it came back, but my "piece," as they referred to it at home, was read in the high school chapel Monday morning, so that ameliorated matters to a great extent.

Now, "The Romance of My First Article" or "How I Became a Collegiate Journalist" has been exaggerated, but a little lace was needed here and there to make it interesting. And after all, I am a newspaperman and not a preacher.

I was proud of that article. It was not so good, but with the help of Hugh Stroupe and Hoke Norris, *freres aux armes*, the manuscript reached the printer, the readers, and the quasi-critics—a la George Jean Nathan—in good form.

I was out for football that year and was doing pretty good, I think, for the coach called me by my first name. Being rather large for my age, six feet, one hundred eighty, I had no doubt that I would bloom into one of the mightiest tackles in the gridiron history of the state.

The week after that first writup appeared, our freshman team scrimmaged the varsity. I was sent in at the half. The ball was snapped, and Dunc Wilson was coming like a bat out of Hades toward my side of the line, towards me! Dunc was always a glutton for punishment. I made the tackle all right, but I have thought about it since. I hardly think the coach could have been exactly satisfied, for the man whom I had hit so hard kept "knee-highing" it on up the field, just carrying on—as if I had never touched him.

I lay there in the damp earth, it being muddy that day, and thought to myself, "Greenwood, it takes training for this sort of thing, and you haven't had it.

(Continued on page sixteen)

There are few of you who have visited my home, and it is for your benefit that this article is written. I am supposing that you are passing through Rio and that I am to be your guide during your brief visit.

As you approach Rio, the capital of Brazil, you doubtless observe its rare beauty. It is one of the few spots in the world where nature has put forth her best efforts to captivate. The lofty mountains completely surrounding the city and the bay, reaching down to the sea and forming a pathway to the clouds above, have earned for Rio the title of Queen of the Harbors. From afar the mountains appear as a sleeping giant, the symbol of Rio's mighty power. It would be impossible for an army to cross these mountains and invade Rio, and the mightiest navy in the world would find it difficult to enter the narrow channel, protected on both sides by indestructible masses of granite and surrounded by several man-made forts. If Rio is to be taken, it must be taken by air, and even then three slender shafts of stone project from their surroundings and point to One who will not forsake Rio. They are known as "Dedos de Deus" or "The Fingers of God".

As your steamer glides smoothly through the placid waters of the bay to the docks you have a chance to admire the beauty of Rio as a whole. On the right you will see the "Fingers of God" completely enveloped in a veil of blue haze; to the left is the "Hunchback," upholding its gigantic figure of Christ as a symbol of the good will and peace of the country. Now you are safely at the dock, and the ship is being securely moored to the pier.

As you reach the foot of the gang-plank a group of "would-be guides" take you by storm. You will enjoy listening to their broken English, as the manner in which they coin an English word from a similar one in Portuguese is very interesting. But we must hurry on with our sight-seeing expedition if we hope to see much of the city. We pass through the custom-house, where, in a leisurely manner

characteristic of the country, your passport is carefully checked. Once through the gates you are rushed by a group of men who will gladly carry your trunks anywhere in the city for thirty cents.

We are now on the Avenida Rio Branco, the main street of Rio. The first building that we notice is the "Edificio da Noite." This is the home of the largest afternoon newspaper in the country, and is the tallest building in Brazil. One of the very first things to which your attention is drawn is the sidewalks, made up of many small pieces of marble and granite set in mosaic designs. As we stroll down the avenue we notice many souvenir shops. Naturally you stop, for all American visitors must have something to show the people back in "Missouri" where verbal statements do not suffice. The souvenir which you will pick out will probably be a beautiful tray made entirely of butterfly wings. As you look at it, the color will change from a scintillating blue to a deep green and finally to a brown. These butterflies having blue wings are natives of Brazil and are not to be found anywhere else in the world. You may purchase pictures, rings, necklaces, trays, powder-boxes and scarf-pins made of the wings.

Near the center of the avenue there are many drug stores with awnings stretching out over the sidewalks. It is here under these awnings that the elite stop for a cold drink of beer, champagne, tea or other appetizing beverages. Personally I prefer a glass of cold, sweet, foamy cocoanut juice.

We now cross "Rua do Ouvidor," the Wall Street of Rio. All of the money in the country will at one time or another pass through this street, a narrow one, dingy and dirty in appearance.

Now we are nearing the other end of the main street, and on every side we are surrounded by old and impressive

buildings. On our right is the famous "Theatro Municipal" where the fashionable assemble to hear the musical celebrities from all parts of the earth. Across the street is the "Bibliotheca Nacional" where you will find anything you wish to read. Just above the library is the Academy of Fine Arts and Letters where all of the great scholars gather for a "general bull-session." It is deemed one of the greatest honors in the country to be a member of this group. In front of us at the end of the street is the Monroe Palace, a gift from the United States.

We now take a taxi, for it is impossible to cover all of Rio in any other way. It is an American car, for no automobiles are manufactured in Brazil. Henry Ford is a great friend of the Brazilians, and so we naturally ride in a Ford or a Lincoln.

We drive down the "Avenida Beira Mar," a beautiful roadway skirting the bay and the ocean for some thirty miles. This is the best residential district of Rio, and as we drive along we see many stately mansions and picturesque beaches. The tall building on our left, perched on top of a small hill and overlooking the harbor, is the "Hotel Gloria" one of the most modern hotels in South America. The big palace on the right is the home of the President. On its roof there are many eagles, and for that reason it is called "Palacio das Agias." Its beautiful gardens stretch to the boat-landing just off Flamengo beach. That small house on the right is the American Embassy. The large marble castle on the left is the most beautiful home in Brazil. Constructed entirely of native multi-colored marble, its beauty is known the world over, yet no one lives in it, for on the day when it was completed a witch told the owner that he would surely die if he moved into that house. He has never entered it. The

RIO, M

By H. M.

(Herein Mr. Baker proudly describes his home generated, he says he prefers living in Rio won't blame him)

RIO BAKER

us. To prove that this description is not exaggerated in living in America. Read this and you will know for his choice.)

Large buildings on the top of the hill are the buildings of the Rockefeller Foundation for Medical Research, and to that great institution many of us owe our lives because of the service it rendered during the last yellow fever epidemic.

Next we reach the Armory, where we take the car to Sugar Loaf Mountain. The car is a small box-like affair hanging from a cable, and naturally you are wondering what would happen if the cable should break on your way up. If it breaks you will be plunged a thousand feet to the center of a virgin forest. From Sugar Loaf Mountain we are able to secure a good view of the city. On one side is the ocean; on the other is the harbor stretching inland for forty miles and dotted by myriads of small craft; before us and behind us are the mountains. The place where we stand may be called "Suicide Leap"—each year many jump from the precipice.

Now we are once more on *terra firma*—and it is with a feeling of relief that we enter our automobile. Passing through a long tunnel, we emerge outside the protecting circle of mountains and face the Atlantic Ocean. We are now skirting the most beautiful beach in Rio, which is also the most dangerous one. At least one person a day is engulfed by the green waters of the Atlantic along Copacabana Beach. The big granite structure on the right, that one with the large porch, is the "Hotel Atlantico" which you saw in "Flying Down to Rio." It is undoubtedly the greatest casino this side of Monte Carlo, and is also one of the best hotels in South America. The transport which you see coming up the beach is one of the Pan American Airway planes, which leave Rio every eight days for Miami.

Here we are in the Ipanema and Gave districts of Rio de Janeiro. Where the fashionable country clubs are to be

found. Here is the Jockey Club, where small fortunes are made and lost each Sunday afternoon on the best race track in South America.

Once more we find ourselves in the city proper. The houses are made of brick or stone, for termites prevent the use of wood in homes. Chimneys are unnecessary, as the weather is pleasant the year round. Here we are at the steps of the Capitol, and you notice the striking resemblance to our own Capitol in Washington. Inside, the members of the legislative bodies are having just as good a time as ours do in Washington. We pause here to study the people and notice some of their peculiarities. As we look at the throng that is flowing by the Capitol in a steady stream we notice that every type of society is represented. Some of the poorer class are standing around in groups talking to some prominent man, or perhaps a member of the ancient Brazilian royalty. They are all good friends, and there is no ill feeling between the different classes of people. The black is equal to the white in every respect and racial intermarriage is practiced everywhere. We accost a man of friendly appearance and engage him in conversation. Much to our surprise he knows English very well. You ask him about the people; he tells you quite frankly that they are easy going, indolent people. He continues to talk, for the Brazilians are ever fond of talking, and from him you learn that the real Brazilian has brown skin, dark eyes, and pitch-black hair. A blond, he says, is despised in Brazil because there are no natural blondes.

A Brazilian had rather tell a lie anytime than the truth. And he is never happier than when he is fooling a foreigner. The morals of the people, he says, are no worse than those of the

United States, and with that statement he breaks down one of your firmest convictions about the natives. He tells us that eighty per cent of the natives can neither read nor write. In answering your question about the diseases prevalent in the country he states that yellow fever, yaws, leprosy and consumption are all prevalent. He reminds you of the fact that in the city of Rio alone, four persons die every hour from tuberculosis. He calls your attention to the beggars; some have leprosy, others are blind, yet a great number are not sick at all. He tells you that all persons born in the city of Rio are called Cariocas. Finally we break away from him and head for the nearest hotel; it is dark and you must be on board in a short while.

After dinner we visit the largest cathedral in Rio, which is modeled after St. Peter's in Rome. Inside there are many people praying to the numerous saints. As you look down the nave you can not fail to be impressed the majestic beauty of the marble columns reaching far up to the exquisitely built ceiling. At the end of the nave is the altar resplendent in its adornments of gold and silver; on the left is the pulpit where the priest is delivering a sermon in Latin. We take a seat in the back pew where we may escape observation and at the same time see all that is happening. In the far corner of the auditorium a woman is praying to the statue of St. Peter and counting patiently the beads of her rosary—for each bead she says a prayer. Everywhere there is a spirit of worship and one cannot escape feeling the presence of God. The sermon is over, and the organ softly plays the introduction to Schubert's "Ave Maria." An unseen choir behind the altar pours out its melodious tones to drift through the nave and finally fade out.

From the church we go to the dock, arriving just in time, for the first warning has already been sounded. Soon you are once more gliding

(Continued on page sixteen)

THE GOOD DAY

By FALK S. JOHNSON

Jason waked very slowly that morning. At first there were only dim light spots—intangible, ethereal splotches—and then there were some vague, infinite impressions entangled in them. Somehow he did not know what they were. Later in the morning when he remembered them, he thought of them as white sheens of cloud drifting on and on across an endless level of untracked snow with the moon shining upon the loveliness. And after those indefinite impressions came thoughts that seemed to pass away as clouds and snow pass before a warm sun and a soft wind. These thoughts were at first as far off as distant mountain ridges against moonlit heavens, and they were as indistinct. Then they rushed vividly to him as though he were falling through a clear stratosphere to earth. The impact was not dreadful; it was only a presentment that he was to die that day. He was curious to recall that most people would have been startled by such a presentment, but to Jason it seemed natural; it seemed to be a matter as casual as closing his eyes and going back to sleep. That was not a bad thing—just to die.

Consciously he opened his eyes. The windows were before him, and through them the sun was laying a golden plank across the foot of his bed. White curtains were fanning softly in the morning breeze, and he saw that the bureau by the windows was clean and neat. Everything seemed good—as it ought to be.

Yes, it was a little strange that intuition should announce as he awoke that he was to die before the end of the day, but everything seemed all right; everything seemed good. Why, there was Martha downstairs getting breakfast, and Martha had always been a good daughter. She was still good, there in the kitchen cooking breakfast for him.

Then he recalled that he was to get up so that he might feed his chickens

before breakfast. He ought to have enough time to feed them, he calculated easily. Crawling out of bed, he stood on the rug for a moment. He was feeling all right, was feeling better than he had felt since the spell of a couple of weeks before. The beauty of things seemed to brace him, the happiness of things seemed to stimulate him, and he felt vigorous.

A few minutes later he passed through the kitchen that was filled with the pungent aroma of ham. The odor took hold of him, and he said:

"Thank God, Martha, seventy-four years haven't dulled my appetite. I could eat the ham and the hog too! It's great to be that way, isn't it?"

"Yes, Papa, it is. I'm glad you feel so well this morning."

He passed on out to the back porch, and she heard him fumbling around getting the chicken feed together.

Pure white chickens, vivid upon the green grass, and a white-headed old man throwing feed to them formed a pretty picture which that spring morning framed with long, fingering shadows. The sun, level with his eyes to the horizon, tintured everything with an unspeakable brilliance. The white head bent toward the white fowls, the pink, soft lips murmuring at them as a grand patriarch would murmur to the adoring children at his feet, the chickens' eager peckings and flappings and noises that bespoke that their pleasant hunger was being satisfied—it was an elevating scene for such a fine, fresh day.

Jason pattered about, filling their water troughs, peeping into coops where sitting hens spread themselves in mock terror over their tumbling, white youngsters. . . .

At breakfast Martha told him of a women's meeting that she was to attend the next day.

"Yes, Mrs. Alexander would be delighted to have you, Papa. It is the historical association, you know, and

they never tire of your Civil War anecdotes. Last night after you went upstairs Mrs. Alexander called me over the phone and told me that you should be there by all means. It is sad, perhaps, but you know that there are not so many Confederates left now; not as many as there were, and the ladies are eager to hear you again. They thoroughly enjoy you, Papa. They do."

"I am glad that they like what I have to say, Martha, because I enjoy talking to them too." A look appeared in his eyes, a look that seemed to be directed at distant hills against a moonlit heaven. He was looking in his mind back to the years of his youth. "Certainly, Martha, I will be glad to talk to them. I was thinking only yesterday that at Shiloh the Confederates did exceptionally well. It will do me good to mention it to them."

Until it became too warm Jason worked in the chicken yard. He fondled the fluffy little biddies and watched with amusement the expanding fear of their mothers. Somehow it did not seem that he was too old to live. He enjoyed things, he was happy, and he could not believe that it was his day. There was no strain, no toil, nothing to worry him. In fact he felt alert, was keen in every pleasure, was still drinking deep and fast from the cup that life held before him. The fluid seemed thick, tasty, delightful, and he wanted to continue to drink. But it would be all right.

When the ground began reflecting the heat waves about him and his head became a little hot and things began to swim a little before him, he put his hands over his eyes as a shield and moved across the yard to the house.

Martha was on the shady front porch, sewing on a table-set that was to be her present at her niece's wedding. It was nice and cool on the front porch, for they were always protected from the sun by a fig-leaved runner that thickly covered the trellis and

seemed to exude an enlivening chill to the porch.

Martha went into the house to get the paper for him so that he might sit, as he had for forty-one years in a leather chair that was his favorite, and read. It was good to be living like that, no strain, no toil, no worry. But it would be all right.

They talked occasionally. There had been a good rain the night before and it made everything seem fresh and plush. The wheat would grow better because it had rained. Rain was good for wheat. Rain from heaven was good for everything.

Frank would come in the afternoon and hoe the garden. Frank was a nice fellow, a really nice fellow, and he was to marry a fine girl too. They would make a good couple. They would get along together splendidly. Everything seemed all right.

Interrupting his thoughts Martha told him that Frank had hurt his finger with an axe. Frank? Who was he? Oh yes, that was Ella's second boy, the one that would hoe their garden that evening, and he had cut his finger with an axe. But he would be well soon. Nature was a great thing, wasn't it? If there was a wound, nature would heal it. No, Frank did not have to worry, he was still young. . . .

The shadow of the house crept closer and closer to the porch as the sun rose higher over the house into the skies that had been washed clean the night before. Martha rose and went into the kitchen, and Jason could hear her fussing good-naturedly with the pots and pans. Dinner would be ready in a little while. Dinner would be ready in a little while.

Farther down the road from the house he heard children yelling, and running, and whistling, and skipping, and calling. They seemed happy and without care. The world seemed happy, but Frank had hurt his finger with an axe.

After dinner Frank came to work in the garden. Before Jason went to sleep he could hear him outside hoe-

ing. Jason always rested after dinner. Not that he felt tired, he never felt better in his life. But always he rested after dinner, and often he went to sleep.

About three o'clock he rose and went again to the porch where he sat, rocking gently. Martha had driven down town for some groceries, and Frank was still in the garden hoeing. Frank was a good boy, and he was to marry a good girl, too. They would make a fine couple. It was strange, he thought, that he should recall that, for he had mentioned it to Martha that morning. Maybe it was his old age, maybe he was approaching the end of the day. It would be all right with him, for the world seemed good, and everything seemed good.

But Martha, what would she do when he was gone? What would she do tomorrow? Really, he would not mind going . . . but she would be left all alone in the house . . . there would be the chickens to care for. . . . But most of all there would be the loneliness . . . loneliness.

Yes, Frank had cut his finger. Frank was Ella's second boy and had cut his finger; but nature was a great thing, it would heal wounds. Yes, Martha would get over his going. Nature was a splendid thing; everything was all right.

Jason was annoyed at himself. It irritated him how things kept running through his mind. They ran through there over and over, they kept repeating themselves. Maybe that was because he was old. He was old—seventy-four. There were only a few of the Confederates left now, there were only a few remaining who knew the glories of Shiloh, there were only a few of them now who had been there and done exceptionally well. He must mention that tomorrow at the woman's meeting. It would be fine to tell about Shiloh again.

He moved restlessly in his old chair. Wouldn't things stop running over and over in his mind? Wouldn't they stop?

A little later Frank came by the

porch and talked a while. Jason told him that he was a good fellow and that he was going to marry a fine girl and that they would make a happy couple. He mentioned these things naturally, without effort. And he told Frank to look after the chickens for him when he was gone. Jason said that Frank could have them when he died. Frank was such a splendid young fellow.

And how was Frank's finger healing? Not much? That was too bad, for nature was a great healer, and it was all right as long as he was young.

At supper Jason did not talk much to Martha. He just sat there in the kitchen and ate quietly and watched the shadows lengthen toward the east as the sun sank toward the west. Martha was a little concerned about him, but he had been silent like that before. There was nothing unusual, and he would come out all right. He would speak tomorrow on the Confederates at Shiloh.

The McClarens came over about dark and sat on the porch and talked. There had been a fair in Glenville the last week, a good old-fashioned agricultural and poultry fair. Jason told them that he had not missed a fair in forty-five years, that he was going to get a record in fair attendance before he quit, that he was going to attend fifty times in a row. And not only that, he told them brightly, but that he had got at least one first prize in the poultry contests every time but one. And what was more, he declaimed with surprising force, he had a rooster, a white rooster in the yard now, that was the best one he had ever had.

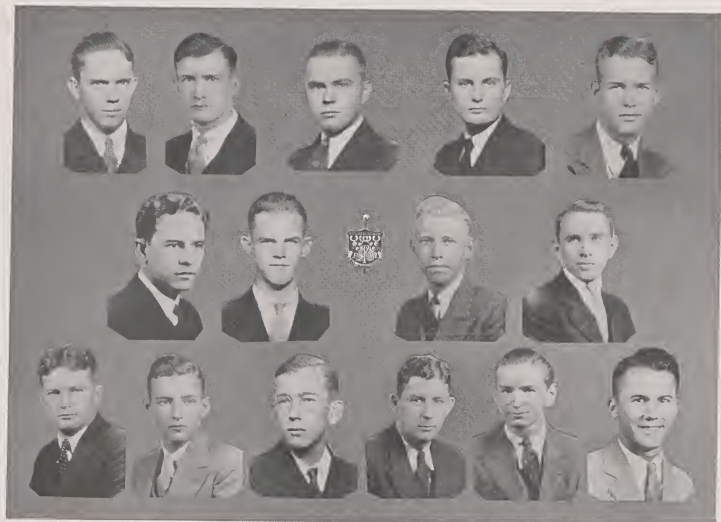
"And I have had some good ones too. Some dandies!" he boasted proudly.

It did not occur to Martha that he was trying to justify his life, but rather that he was more active that night than he had been for months.

After this outburst they were silent for the most part. The sounds of dogs yelping across the fields floated through the vines on the porch trellis

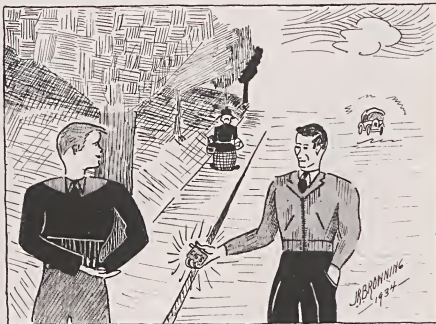
(Continued on page sixteen)

By Right of Leadership



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MEMBERSHIP in the Golden Bough is a recognition by the faculty and students of distinction as the highest type of scholar, efficient leader, and Christian gentleman. The Golden Bough has as its purpose the perpetuation of the high standard of leadership, Christian character and scholarship characteristic of Wake Forest College. Membership in the organization is an opportunity and an obligation to contribute in an organized way to the life of the college and to uphold its noble traditions and ideals.



"You keep 'em—Save th' wear 'n tear on my pocket."

CONSTITUTION OF COLLEGIATE PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

By H. SMITH, Chief Codifer

We feel that there are some few things in the life of a student which cause him much misery, some of which might be avoided with this in mind.

Our aim is inasmuch as possible to:

1. Encourage the practice of "dutching" between male and female.

(Join this month, and don't spend your board check on your girl—why not let her owe some board too?)

2. To establish a protection for tuxedo-lender outers (viz, no tux shall be loaned by members for less than \$1.00 plus charges for pressing, plus tax, plus compensation for holes made by discarded tobacco in cigarette form, plus charges for odor of alcohol).

3. Elevate the morale of the campus by reading *Whiz-Bang* and *Ballyhoo* instead of spending time in those terrible, terrible (bad, in fact) bull sessions.

4. Prevent the habitual cigarette bumner from leading a happy existence from so lucrative and so crummy a practice by publishing each month a list of the foremost "demand hander-outers." This month the initials will

suffice: E. F., J. M., "F." S., B. S., etc., etc.

5. Bring about a feeling of an over-exaggerated athleticism to be expressed in a tar and feathering, along with the time honored riding out of town on a pole, to be enacted each morning at sunrise. The victim of these escapades is to be the man who most clearly makes an ass out of himself through egotism, bragging, snobbing, or otherwise attaining those lowly levels of asininity.

6. Provide "Join the Navy" posters for the benefit and consolation of those who, in moments of despair (or at all moments) feel that they are about to flunk out of school.

7. We, the "drawer up-ers" of this code, after much research, have discovered a fine fellow at State and a fine fellow at Duke. Upon making this discovery, we feel that these two neighbor institutions are misunderstood, and that a more friendly relationship should be had between us and these two schools. To further this friendly relationship, we will give you the address of the fellow at State and of the fellow at Duke (See the head codifer for addresses).

GET JEWELRY WITH THE COLLEGE SEAL

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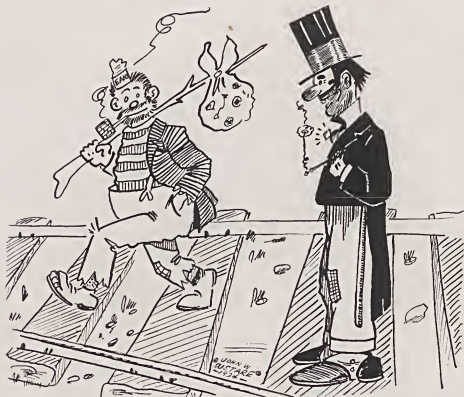


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our choice of patterns and colors in
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will meet your approval.

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MERRY CHRISTMAS



"Wait and bum with me. All we Wake Forest boys bum home Christmas."

M. D.: What's the technical name for snoring?

Wise Guy: Shoot music.

— s —

"This match won't light!"

"Thash funny. It lit all right a few minutes ago."

— s —

There is a Junior co-ed who is her own chaperon—you ought to see her face.

Waiter: What will you two gentlemen have?

1st: Paradise.

2nd: Grape-Juice.

1st: What?

2nd: Grape-Juice.

1st: What's the matter, are you sick?

2nd: You heard me, Grape-Juice.

(Second round)

Waiter: You wish something else, gentlemen?

1st: Another Paradise.

2nd: 'Nother Grape-Juice.

1st: Good Lord, man.

(Third round)

Waiter: And again, gentlemen?

1st: Still another Paradise—a strong one.

2nd: Sh'till 'nother Grape-Juishh.

1st: Say, what kind of Grape-Juice is that?

2nd: Sh'gud sh'tuff.

(Fourth round)

Waiter: Gentlemen?

2nd: Lishen waiter, ol' boy, jush wumore Grape-J-Juicsh-h.

1st: Make it two.—Voo Doo.

FAMOUS GOLFERS

Walter Raleigh, who was forever in the ruff.

Sir Galahad, who won the Grail Cup.

Magellan, who went around in 1591.

Samson, who couldn't break away from the links.

Gen. Putnam, who beat Howe out at the Bunker.

Sam Adams, who staged the Boston tee party.

Brutus, who made a whole in one. (This record has been tied by several senators.)—Purple Parrot.

— s —

Wise Guy: What is the most deadly fluid?

Chemical Student: Potassium cyanide, because you're dead as soon as it touches you.

Wise Guy: Wrong; embalming fluid; you're dead before it touches you.—Exchange.

— s —

2-c: Did you ever taste "harricane" whiskey?

1-c: Certainly not. Anybody who can't swallow fast enough to keep from tasting it has no business trying to drink it.

— s —

I TOO AM A GREAT MAN

Alexander Pope was a hunchback . . . Julius Caesar was subject to epileptic fits . . . Dr. Samuel Johnson was partially blind . . . Steinmetz was a dwarf . . . Beethoven was deaf . . . Carlyle was dyspeptic . . . Francis Thompson was tubercular . . . Charles Darwin was neuropathic . . . Milton was totally blind . . . Lamb was insane more than half of the time . . . Byron had a clubfoot . . . Keats had tuberculosis . . . Gibbon suffered from a hydrocele . . . Chopin suffered from an incurable disease . . . Alfred the Great was a victim of a life-long intestinal disease . . . U. S. Grant had cancer . . . Coolidge suffered from chronic asthma . . . And I have athletes foot. . .

Tom's is the Hangout

CANDIES

SODAS

TOM'S

SANDWICHES

MAGAZINES

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Tom's is the Hangout

Castle Highlights

Ye Olde Castle takes a great big breath and jumps right into the spirit of the New Year (good old New Year!) by booking us the best pictures virtually before they are out of the Hollywood drying rooms. So you guys can't go home Christmas and then come back and squak for a month or two about having already seen every picture that Whit is going to bring here. No sir! Them days are gone.

After a giddy two weeks of wine, women, and whatnot, we will return to Wake Forest to be greeted by none other than Greta. Yawsuh, Greta Garbo, in "THE PAINTED VEIL" is booked for us as the first picture to be shown in the Castle in 1935. This MGM hit concerns the story of Walter Fane, an English doctor in China, who is too busy saving the lives of cholera-stricken Chinese to pay any attention to Katrin, his wife. When she succumbs to the affections of a philanthropic American, Fane forces her to accompany him into interior China where he labors to eradicate the cholera scourge. This is his idea of revenge, and the story works up to a great climax from this point. The unfaithful wife is, of course, played by Garbo, who is assisted by an able cast including Herbert Marshall, Warner Oland, and George Brent. The fact that Greta Garbo is playing the lead role is enough to assure the most discriminating.

You know, Americans are prone to believe that all American actresses are superficial little dolls entirely lacking in that one great essential—glamor. But there is one gal from these here United States that can stack right up with Marlene Dietrich and Ann Sten any day in the week and she comes from good old Chicago. Myrna Loy has won for herself a commanding place in the roll of great actresses. Her latest hit will be projected upon the screen of the Castle a few days after we return for the grind "EVELYN PRENTICE."

John Prentice, a successful criminal lawyer, played by suave William Powell, is defending Judith Wilson, played by Isabel Jewell, on a murder charge, when he suddenly realizes that circumstantial evidence seems to indicate that his wife, Evelyn killed the man for whose murder Judith has been charged. Stunned by this amazing situation, Prentice, who has come into possession of the dead man's diary, questions his wife on circumstantial facts which seems to involve her completely. Just place yourself in William Powell's place and try to imagine what you would do. At this point the picture takes a freak turn and ... well ... you see for yourself. ...

The third in the series of hits which we will be seeing after the holidays will be "THE MERRY WIDOW" starring Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. This MGM musical extravaganza is adapted from the stage production of the same name. The producers have varied little from the original production, and those of you who saw the original hit will have no difficulty in recognizing its counterpart on the screen. Most cinema adaptations of stage hits are so hushed up that even the author wouldn't know his own work, but judging from the praise that "THE MERRY WIDOW" is receiving from the hard-boiled dramatic critics in New York it must truly be great ... we refer you to LIBERTY....

Whit's Christmas present to us—A NEW \$250 BEADED SCREEN to be installed during the holidays will eliminate

that murky yellow glare and give us pictures upon a spotless white screen without the least trace of glare. Progress ... In Wake Forest. ...

Whit thanks you for your support this year ... wishes you a Merry Christmas ... and Underwood ... and your feeble columnist ... Merry Christmas.

A great collegiate favorite ... Boston's Miss Katherine Hepburn ... she of the angular frame ... but she packs a wallop ... Whit has her latest picture booked ... "LITTLE MINISTER" ... written by Sir James (Peter Pan) Barrie ... it promises to parallel "LITTLE WOMEN" in success ... Hepburn ... Mmmmm. ...

Another great one ... "BROADWAY BILL" ... Warner Baxter ... Myrna Loy ... What a story ... a man ... a girl ... a horse.

Not all yet ... Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy ... aente laughitis ... "BABES IN TOYLAND" ... need a laugh, too ... exams ... cram ... blunk. ...



SONNET TO A LADY

By B. G. LEONARD, JR.

*My heart was like a harp on which you played,
With practiced fingers, melodies of mood
As you desired. And when you gently wooed
The strings, the soothing melody layed
The doubt and hurt of love. When you displayed
Your talent, I responded as you would:
To joy or pain, to love, to bad or good.
By long abuse your talent now is stayed.
I knew no mastery except your hand,
The touch that ever waked a sure response:
Untouched, the melody could only wane
At your neglect. Now conquered your command
By pride a wounded spirit can ensconce,
And your attempts arouse no chords, but pain.*

THE GOOD DAY

(Continued from page eleven)

and on to them. The frogs were having a medley of gurglings down in the pasture, and the crickets were making a lot of noise too. There must have been millions of those chirping insects up in the trees, millions of them making such a noise. That was nature. That night it was so thick, so tangible, and so real that he felt as though it were a heady drink for the soul—an exhilarating and intoxicating drink.

Once, in spite of the glories of the night, Jason's breathing grew heavy. Martha spoke to him, but he did not answer. He was dozing.

Later they awoke him, and after the McClarens had gone he went upstairs to his room. The sounds of the hounds, of the frogs, and of the insects—though they came in full blast at his open window—were afar in his mind. He turned on his light, went to the table and slowly withdrew a Bible from the books that lined the back shelf.

There were murmurings about Shiloh . . . Frank's cut hand . . . a prize-winning rooster . . . and Martha as he fumbled his way to the chair. Opening the Bible without care to the passage, he began reading softly to himself:

"I go to prepare a place. . . I will come again. . . In my Father's house there are many mansions. . . I would have told you. . ."

Jason was nearly asleep when he closed the book of his simple creed and let it slide to his lap that his hands might be folded across his chest. And

then he closed his eyes and went to sleep.

The electric light above him burned all through the night. Martha turned it out the next morning when she came upstairs.

I WENT OUT FOR OLD GOLD AND BLACK

(Continued from page seven)

As a football player you would make an excellent newspaperman."

I wrote another article that night.

(This was written hurriedly, and is unique in that it is two drafts in one: first and last. With the editor's consent it will be continued.)

(To be continued)

RIO, MY RIO

(Continued from page nine)

smoothly through the rippling waters of the bay, seeing Rio de Janeiro in its millions of lights. As your ship passes the giant portals of the harbor and you are once more on the Atlantic, the mammoth statue of Christ beautifully illuminated, says to you: "Bon Voyage and Come Again." And you will.

Auto Salesman: Yes, sir, and this car has floating power.

Prospect: Humph, that's nothing. So has Ivory soap.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Am I the first girl you ever loved?
No baby, but I'm harder to please than I used to be.

JOKE CONTEST

Charles Welfare Wins the Handsome Box of Life Savers This Month
With This Prize Joke:

Then there's the co-ed who goes out every Saturday night sowing wild oats—and on Sunday morning goes to church to pray for crop failures.

Bring your pet joke by, even if your roommate won't laugh at it every day—what do you expect of your roommate, anyway? Remember, fourteen packs of Life Savers will kill lots of halitosis. So hand in a joke for your girl's sake!

Nut: I can tell the age of a chicken by the teeth.

Donut: Naw, a chicken ain't got no teeth.

Nut: Yeah, but I have.

Some one remarked that goldfish have provided inspiration for three modern poets and all this time we imagined that goldfish were such harmless creatures.

The bride's little brother gave her away. He stood up in the middle of the ceremony and yelled: "Hurrah, Annie, you've got him at last."

Mr. and Mrs. Noah were busy christening the new-comers in the ark.
Mr.: What will we call this specimen, honey?

Mrs.: Let's call it a rabbit, dearie.

Mr.: Why rabbit, sweet?

Mrs.: It looks like a rabbit more than anything else, darling.

"Doesn't that girl over there look like Helen Black?"

"I wouldn't call that dress black."
—*Ranger.*

Co-ed: I've been asked to get married several times.

He: Who asked you?

Co-ed: Mother and father.

I
Midnight. . . Moonlight. . . Silence. . . From shadows . . . a man . . . another man . . . a shot . . . a thud . . . flight . . . flight. . .

II
Dawn . . . sun-glory . . . the murderer . . . his lover . . . loving. . . Happy—apprehensive . . . whispering . . . kissing. . .

III
A capture . . . jail-days . . . trial . . . sentence . . . death. . .

IV
Fragrant flowers . . . green grass . . . soft sunshine. . . And a grave . . . a woman now old. . . Tears meeting dew. . . Loneliness. . . An emptiness. . .

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Wishes each and
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VERY
MERRY CHRISTMAS

and a

HAPPY NEW YEAR



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*A man and his wife
who had just returned from a
round-the-world cruise spoke of
Chesterfield as "an international
cigarette."*

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... that Chesterfield Cigarettes are on sale in 86 countries all over the world.

It means something that Chesterfields may be purchased on nearly all ships and at almost every port.

It means that for a cigarette to enjoy such popularity, it must have merit. We do our level best to make Chesterfield as good a cigarette as can be made.

*Smokers say...
in almost every language*

they Satisfy

Above—Vacuum tin of 50
—air tight—water tight—
fully protected even if sub-
merged in water.

Packages of 20 wrapped in
Du Pont No. 300 Cello-
phane—the best made.

The Wake Forest Student

VOLUME LI

NUMBER 4



FEBRUARY 1935

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Fellow Students, We Appreciate Your Patronage

Cloth is now being made from bananas. That should make a nice little thing to slip on when you're in a hurry.
—Purple Parrot.

— s —

Warden: I'm happy to inform you that the governor has pardoned you from hanging.

Prisoner 17299: Ah, no noose is good news.—Annapolis Log.

— s —

Poet: Stripped of their beautiful leaves, the trees are bare.

Second Idiot: No wonder the corn is shocked.

— s —

Jimmie Thomas: Ma, what's the idea makin' me sleep on the mantel-piece every night?

Mother: Hush, sonny, you only have to sleep there two more weeks, and then your picture will be in "Believe it or Not."

— s —

Wife (angrily to her drunken husband): I suppose you expect me to believe you came straight home from the office.

He: Sure I did; (hic) I came home just like the crow flies.

She: So I see. Stopping frequently for a little corn.—Owl.

— s —

Arabella: A drunk man proposed to me last night.

Agatha: Ho, ho, pardon me, but it's so funny—a man proposing to an old maid like you.

Arabella: Just a minute, Agatha. I'll have you understand I'm no longer an old maid.—Aggravator.

— s —

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI-FLU

A bunch of germs were hitting it up
In the bronchial saloon;
Two bugs in the edge of the larynx
Were jazzing a rag-time tune.

Back in the teeth, in a solo game,
Sat dangerous Ack-Kerchoo;
And watching his pulse was his light
of love—

The lady that's known as Flu.

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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

FEBRUARY, 1935

Entered as second class mail matter at the post office at Wake Forest, N. C., 11 January, 1932, under Act of Congress of 3 March, 1879. Published six times during the college year by the students of Wake Forest College and sponsored by the English Department.

Twenty-five cents the copy or two dollars per year. The contents of this magazine must not be reprinted without permission.

The doctor was questioning the new nurse about her latest patient.

"Have you kept a chart of his progress?" he inquired.

The nurse blushing replied, "No, but I can show you my diary."

— s —

A passenger on a southern train, looking under his berth one morning, found one black shoe and one tan, and summoned the porter.

The porter scratched his head in bewilderment.

"Well, if dat don't beat all!" he said. "Dat's de second time dis mawnin' dat mistake's happened."

— s —

"Can you tell me what was Coleridge's last poem?"

"Kubla Khan."

"Where can I find him?"

— s —

"Writing home?"

"Yeah."

"Mind making a carbon?"

— s —

Desperate Suitor: Say, I'll give you a quarter for a look of your sister's hair.

Commercially-minded little brother: Make it a dollar and I'll get you the whole bunch. I know where she hangs it.

— s —

"Where d'ja get the black eye?"

"In the war."

"What war?"

"The boudoir."

— s —

The young girl came in to kiss her mother good-night. As this function was being performed, the mother agitated her nose in rabbit-like fashion. Then she asked:

"Have you been drinking?"

"No."

"Your breath smells of liquor."

"Oh that's because I just kissed Dad good-night."

"What do you mean? Your father doesn't drink."

"But the ice-man does, and he spends a lot of time with the French maid."

Tiger.

The Student

FEBRUARY, 1935

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Member of the North Carolina Collegiate Press Association

"The boys don't walk as much as they once did. Why I remember when that railroad and this highway were literally swarming with boys—it was a habit with them to promenade and sing after supper," says Mr. White, local business man.

Just what do these words mean? Certainly we aren't any more rushed for time than were our predecessors on the campus. Surely we aren't all provided with big black motors (as the Hollywood version of college life would have us) in which to breeze about in the twilight. We resent the thought that we are getting to be sissies or softies, who prefer to laze about the room instead of feasting on God's own fresh air.

Mr. White's comment is signal of the decadence of various customs which are characteristic of that indefinite something usually termed "school

spirit." We do not insinuate that Wake Forest is losing all her individuality, her essential points which have made for her the enviable record she has made. No, not *all*. But we are beginning to resemble university students, and do not all who are concerned with Wake Forest resent the idea of her becoming a "big college." Yes, even we, who are here during what seems to be her transition point, frown at the thought.

It is with somewhat of a pang that we pass by every other freshman, who proceeds on his way without the "good ole" customary "howdy"! What ails all those guys anyway. We usually bellow out a "hi," accompanied by a glare. But they aren't perturbed a bit. We have one particular frosh in mind, who is a . . . but we'll just skip it, since anger and ink don't look so well when mixed.

Hats off to Sam Smith and his gang! They are the last of the old gang who enjoyed the balmng effects of harmonizing. Sometimes their tunes carry half way across the campus. But are we there on the campus to lend an ear? No, we are at the theater or in Raleigh (which are both found to be excellent places to go, but we contend that dormitory life is the biggest part of a college education).

And after reading the above you may ask what we think of the reading situation on the campus. Frankly, we don't think. There is a *small group*, made up of men who read consistently. There is a *mob*, whose members confess that they have never read a book which wasn't required, and they haven't read some books which were required of them. They think that the motto, "It's a great life if you don't weaken," refers to the eyes.

(Continued on page twenty)

*My face is blue, and my eyes are red,
There's a humming and a pounding in my head.
I dream bad dreams of the years gone by;
I see the armies that raised to the sky
The fame and culture of ancient Rome;
I see old Greece when she was the home
Of philosophy, arts, and letters.
I awake with a start; they're only dreams,
Yet living and true and real it seems.
I've lived it all in my history books,
And that accounts for my woebegone looks.*

*I saw man when he was covered with hair
And hung by his tail, suspended in air,
Carefree, without troubles amounting to much;
Not bothered with stocks and bonds and such.
No gold standard he had; depressions were rare;
No gas bills to pay and make him swear;
Those was the days when men were men;
Wives didn't henpeck husbands then;
Domestic life was a life of ease,
And there weren't such things as four o'clock teas.
No trombone players ever roomed upstairs;
The next-door neighbor didn't put on airs.*



*No traveling salesmen (those scheming plotters)
To molest or bother the numerous daughters;
No insurance agent or sellers of bonds,
No skinny, gold-digging, six-foot blonds,
No gentle grafters with bricks of gold
That skipped the country when the bricks were sold;
None of these things ever bothered man any;
His life was simple yet filled with plenty.*

*But man didn't want to remain a brute,
So he put on pants—began to evolve.
How do I know? I've seen it all,
From the Garden of Eden to the Empire's fall,
From then until now I've lived it through,
And the facts I give are stated true.*

*I've argued, pore-wowed, and cussed with the Greek;
I heard old Demosthenes get up and speak
On the sales tax, poll tax, and shortage in wheat,
And the graft going on at the county seat.
I helped Pythagoras work out his math;
I soaked for hours in the public bath;
I've talked philosophy with Socrates;
I've sobered old Plato after his spears;
Sappho and I took our whiskey straight;
I saw Pericles buried in state.*

STUDENT'S LAMENT

By J. A. McLEOD, JR.



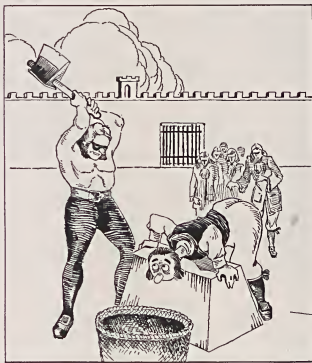
A lot of these folks in history's parades
Were nothing but bums, tramps, and renegades.
Most of 'em played checkers and loafed all the time
And would die before they'd earn an honest dime.
Homer edited the Daily News
And wrote his two classics when he had the blues;
His best style was that of limerick and joke,
And he wrote most of these among clouds of smoke
That issued from the bowl of a deadly cob pipe.
He wrote his own sport page, and set his own type.
But the curtain was pulled; Greece left the stage;
Then Rome came on to fill the next page.

Aeneas landed the ninth of June,
About three o'clock in the afternoon.
He beached his tender and staked his claim;
Hoisted his flag in his country's name.
And he built his city and called her Rome,
Married a country girl, set up a home.

I stood to one side and watched it all—
The kingdom's rise, its resounding fall.
On a rail they rode the king out of town
In a coat of tar and a feathered gown.
Lucretia's honor was avenged at last,
And a Roman king was a thing of the past.

A meeting was called; they worked out a plan;
A republic was formed; the graft began.
The senate was made up of scalawags,
Scum, bums, and gamblers with carpet-bags,
Who lobbied and log-rolled and bought up votes,
Whose morals were almost good as a goat's.
The leather-lunged soap-box orator came,
And harangued the crowd in the country's name—
The country was doomed; he'd save it or bust,
Or he'd give his life if he thought that he must.
The people would listen and make remarks:
"Give him a statue in one of the parks!"
Or, "My, ain't he grand! I knowed all the while
That he'd be a great man. Ain't he got style!"

And the gale blew on in a steady stream;
I pinched myself; no, it wasn't a dream.
It was real, too real, and I saw it all
From man's beginning to the empire's fall.
The books aren't right; they're off the tracks.
But I know the truth and I state the facts.





"And she clung to me like a leech. . . ."

DEAR COMMITTEE

By WELLINGTON DUNFORD

General Delivery
Wake Forest, N. C.
November 22, 1934

The Faculty Committee on Absences and Tardies
Wake Forest College
Wake Forest, N. C.

Dear Committee:

Last night Ed Martin, a soph this year, you know, told me that I'd catch merry hail columbia if I didn't do something about all my absences and tardies to my eight-tens. I suppose you've been worrying about me a lot, on account of this being my freshman year and I've already took more tardies than Professor Grubb in particular dislikes. So Ed told me I ought to write to you and straighten things out.

I guess you think it's pernicious the way I've been sleeping in the morning, and that you somehow get the idea I'm messing around too much with wine and the fair sex and singing. Well, you got the wrong slant. I can't sing a note. And I ain't been being no playboy, neither. I been representing Wake Forest College in Louisburg and Neuse Falls and places.

Now I guess you know my Pa. If you do you know I wouldn't do nothing outen the way. My Pa is Nebuchadnezzar Hankins whose middle initial is Q, but he doesn't like people to know it. He graduated from law school here in 1909, and now he's sole owner and general manager and head bill collector of and for the Hankins Bros. Hay, Feed, Seed, Grocery, Drug, and General store down in Hankins Corners which is in the Eastern corner of Edgecomb County and is named after my Pa's great grandpappy, old Nehemiah Lamentations Hankins. The Hankins Bros. Et Cetera Store is named directly after my Pa, only there ain't any Bros., which stands for Brothers. Pa just says it sounds more beneficent to say Bros. on account of it makes people think there ain't a monopoly.

And Pa says that he owes it all to Wake Forest College and the fact that one of my uncles on my maternal mother's side had the store and died. Pa ain't doing so well with the store, except in the coal dept. and the musical instrument dept. because nobody except the Hankins Corners Rhythm Manias and old Mrs. Jenkins who has got rheumatism and is scared of the cold has come in the store since last Valentine's day, but Pa ain't the kind of feller to get discouraged and it ain't his fault anyway. He gave Mr. Memory, that feller who educates people, twelve dollars and twenty-three cents on a new administration bldg. or dromedary or something. So you see he's public-spirited.

But I guess I strayed away from my object in writing.

Let me tell you about this absence and tardy business. It all started that night when Bill came around to my domicile and so did Isaac McCarthy from Bunn Level who knew I could make various and seemly and interesting noises on a gittar. And they would around and all of us played some and Bill said would I consider playing with Rhythm Reginald's ork in Louisburg and places. And I said yes I would and so I did.

I went on over to Louisburg to play with Rhythm Reginald and I took my old banjo which has got three strings and I play a couple of pieces on it and get along fairly good even if Alabama Jubilee and Chinese Breakdown wasn't on the menu.

But right after the first piece which was Stars Fell on Alabama little Reginald, who is the joy and apple of his Pa's eye, turned to me and said disgusting and dyspeptic things about him not being able to hear me playing. I almost told him if he wouldn't play so loud on them censored drums he'd hear me with out straining his aurifical nerve, but just about then his Pa came out from behind a piano and said Reginald was right and he gave me a gittar which has six strings and is made out of galvanized iron and white pine and weighs a ton and is as cold as a tin roof in sweet-potater digging time.

So I told Reggie's Pa what did he think I was anyway, a expert, and he said that was what he hired me for and I said okay I'd give it a whiz anyway even if it did have twice as many strings as my Sears and Roe and Buck banjo. And Bill showed me how to play some cords and Bill is what they call a profess because he went to nine fiddlers conventions in the last year and won nine first prizes so I learnt quick and I can play near as good as Bill now and it took him three years to win the first prize.

And it was that same night that I found out I was representing Wake Forest College's institute of Christian eddification because just about time we play the piece called Dinah Is There Anyone Finer along comes a very seemly and interesting and well-made young lady from Raleigh who says to me am I from Wake Forest. And I immediately unvaied my frat pin and I said yes I was and I was proud of it and she would be too because Wake Forest is a very estimable place to be from. If that ain't representing Wake Forest I don't know what it is. And somehow or other she found out I was a frosh and when I ask her how she knew she says she is a detectives daughter named Sherlock Homes.

So I said to her I was very glad to meet her Miss Homes and told her I had heard tell of her Pa. If that ain't putting on the dog I don't know what. And I said I'd write her a letter and she said she was going to school at a place called Dix Hill which must be a swell place because everybody tells

me I ought to take a course there. And she said if I wrote to her somebody from the college would come over and get me. Now you know that is a very fine thing, but they don't do it at Meredith. They don't discourage you at Dix Hill like they do at Meredith. So I said yes I'd be sure to write but I ain't done it yet. I ain't going to because it wouldn't be fair to Nancy Mariah who is my affianced girl-friend in Hankins Corners. You see, dear Committee, I am a man of unapproachable and disestablished morals.

And you might say I am a connoisseur of the most delicate in life, too. We went over to Louisburg a lot but for a good while nothing happened. The thing that shows my connoisseurness was on the night when I went over to Neuse to play with the hill-billy band, which is right up my alley. It wasn't a dance exactly but a party, and when I walked in the door everybody was taking turns kissing each other, and they weren't all second cousins or anything. It is a very queer custom, so I didn't join in immediately. I am a man of reticence, and besides the girls didn't look so good.

But pretty soon I saw a gal named Mary who I had missed in my first casual surveillance and I began talking with her. She said she didn't approve of the custom and she liked a moon and a distant cow-shed in the distance when any embracing was to be done. I am a man of reticence, but in some cases discussion is the best part of value, and I was just suggesting a tour of the countryside and I felt sure there was a barn at a distance from somewhere not far off, when along came a guy who hadn't shaved for three months come next Thanksgiving and his face looked like a field of where there used to be corn in December, and he asked me did I want a drink of water. I was thirsty, anyway, so I went. He showed me a corner where there was about five bushels of assorted firearmery and said casually like that Neuse men are the best aimers in Wake County and surrounding territory.

The way I avoided Mary the rest of the night is a credit to Wake Forest College.

Now I guess you are rather worried about how I slept right on through three classes one Monday morning. If you, dear Committee, have ever been a young feller you will vote simultaneously that I had plenty of reason. No, I guess I was wrong about it being Monday and it must have been Wed. or Fri., but that's immaterial. The idea is I went over to Louisburg the night before that day and played until everybody left the dance and two more pieces after that because the ork boys had tucked some girls. I more or less had my choice of two girls, meaning the ones James Fenimore Hicks and Isaac McCarthy from Bunn Level brought along. Now I didn't want to dance with Mr. McCarthy's girl because he is what they call a giggle and of course she is the kind of girls who look at themself eighty-three times every day in the mirror and get disappointed every time because they ain't changed none, and when they get ready to entertain gentleman boy-friends they spray themselves with oh dee boloney out of a Flit Sprayer. But Mr. Hicks girl

was the one named Mary who nearly increased my weight four ounces worth of lead in Neuse but didn't quite.

You see Mr. Hicks is a particular friend of mind, on account of it being his party I went to and played at and nearly got hurt during, so he pretended very subtle and surreptitious that he was going off to see somebody about something which he didn't say definitely what it was.

So I went and danced with Mary and told her she was very light on her feet only I meant mine but you know how it is. And in a minute everybody got tired playing that piece about Dinah which I mentioned before, so we went out to the car and she clang to me like a leech, as they say. And when we inserted ourselves in the car, which made use very crowded because there was eight of us and the car was made for five and the front seat was really two little seats. We hadn't covered more than a couple of miles when Mary got tired of sitting in both seats and decided to contemplate her affections on me and asked my admission to let her occupy my lap. Dear Committee, what would you have done in a case like that? So did I, and about the city limitations of Wake Forest some wise guy who knew I came from a city where there was three filling stations, one of them being a department of Pa's store, said Mary he's a city slicker and you better watch your step, but Mary told him heck she'd met city fellers before and she thought I was very nice and I learned later that Mr. Hicks went on a bender that night after he got home. Any way, I gave her a good impression of Wake Forest College, which is the main thing anyway because Wake Forest is the best college in the world and I think the Faculty Committee on Absencies and Tardies is the best part of Wake Forest College.

So you see I have been upholding the miraculous and vicarious glory of Alma Mater instead of going off at night and spending my board money in the slot machine like so many boys do, and it is really necessary and vitally and fatally important for me to get some money by hook or crook or playing in Rhythm Reginald's ork, which means orchestra if you don't know the meaning of the vulgarnacular. Otherwise, unless somebody besides Mrs. Jenkins and the Rhythm Maniacs buy stuff from my Pa, I won't have enough money to go to law school and I won't know how to run the store when Pa kicks off. And if you take off any of my honor points it will take me so long to get through college that I don't know what.

So I hope you will take all this into account and disperse with my absencies because I need the honor points and the money very much.

Hoping that you are well, regularly paid because I understand that being a teacher brings in less of the filthy laquer than buying a twenty-five-cent two-bit pair of dark glasses and a ten-cent tin cup and standing on a corner, and that I won't miss any honor points on my next report.

Yours Truly,

Uriah Aminadab Hankins.

ON A SUN DIAL

By B. G. LEONARD, JR.

One day I stopped to examine the sundial in the center of our campus. I had been aware of its existence, but in the bustle of daily activities had never given it more than a casual glance. On this particular day, however, I welcomed the opportunity for examining even so commonplace an object as a sundial. The uncouth idleness of a holiday had produced a state of consciousness half peaceful and half bored, more conducive to meditation than to action.

The sundial is a graduated metal disk upon which are inscribed the hours of the day. A metal pointer inclined to the horizon at an angle of forty-five degrees is placed at the center of the device, which occupies a horizontal position at the top of a pedestal. This pointer must be aimed along an imaginary physical line running directly northward. When the rays of the sun are intercepted by the pointer a shadow is cast upon the dial, indicating the hour of the day.

What would happen, I mused, should the dial become so turned that the pointer no longer designates the true north? I grasped the plate and attempted to turn it, but the builder had arranged for such a contingency; my efforts produced no change in the position of the dial. Inherent in the construction of the sundial is the recognition of the existence of certain natural laws and the consideration that the demands of these laws must meet. A sundial that is not placed in proper relation with the physical world or by some phenomenon has become deflected from the proper relation cannot indicate the correct time.

How inexorable a destiny! What monotony of existence! Day after day, night after night, observed or unnoticed, the pointer marks a line which has as its ultimate goal the north star. Like Atlas, the mythological giant who supported the sky upon his shoulders, the sundial is placed in a position that brooks no respite. It is well that the

sundial is constructed of inanimate, senseless materials. Could the human spirit endure this ordeal of unmodified sameness? Would not this constancy of function soon become intolerable? Man's spirit cries out for freedom; even the trammels of convention are irritating.

Yet as I stood there the realization crept upon me that the sundial might be considered to be a material parallel of the truly mystical spirit in man. As the sundial is pointed toward the north star there is an inner something in the soul of man which points unceasingly toward the Divine Creator and Controller of the Universe. As the sundial is unvarying, so is this inner emotion constant. The fog may descend on the material timepiece and obscure it; the clouds of materialism may obscure the spiritual indicator. The elements may rage against the sundial without changing its fixity of direction. Doubt may harass faith, but leave that faith unchanged.

I paused in my meditation. I had associated with this simple device, once employed by medieval man to reckon the hour, with the profound cleaving of man's spirit to the eternal truth and goodness. Yet, where was the assurance that the instrument before me was correctly aligned? In neither the scene about me nor above the distant horizon was there evidence that the dial before me was a true indicator of direction. Perplexed, I turned away.

When darkness had come I returned and, kneeling sighted over the pointer out into the star-studded dome of the sky above. High above the horizon, infinitely removed, in the direct line of my vision I observed a brilliant star. Polaris, the north star, aloof in the heavens, true as truth itself, bore mute testimony that the sundial was correct.

As I walked away I realized more fully that there are lessons all about us to be learned by him who will but hear and see.

"This is so sodden," said the girl to the proposing drunk.

— s —

"The Doctor's here, sir."

"I can't see him.—Tell him I'm sick."

— s —

It wasn't liquor that killed old Ben; Nor women that stopped his breath— 'Twas an Austin somebody drove up his leg

And tickled old Ben to death.—*Rammer Jammer.*

— s —

King Arthur—"How much'll you take for this suit of armor, Lance?"

Lancelot—"Three cents an ounce, Art. It's first class mail."

— s —

If a boy does well in college, it's heredity; if he fails, it's his own fault.

— s —

SHOCKING

Condemned Prisoner: "How about getting me some books to read?"

Guard: "Sure, would you like a newspaper, too?"

Prisoner: "No, the warden will take care of the current events."—*Wiseconsin Octopus.*

— s —

Girls who act sophisticated

Are usually the last ones mated.

—Widow.

— s —

She had no principle; but oh, how she drew interest.

— s —

"The quickest way to take the starch out of a man who is allwuss blaming himself, is to agree with him," said Josh Billings. "This aint what he is looking for."

THE JUDGE USES PSYCHOLOGY

By F. D. HEMPHILL

Most of the boys were watching Judge Crawford and Lew Collins play checkers when I strolled into the hardware store owned and operated by Lew himself, that is to hear him tell it, but Sam Lakewood owns it under mortgage, and Lew's son does what operating there is to do. Now when I say that most of the boys were watching the game I was exactly right, for Lew and the Judge have been playing checkers for nigh on to forty years, and no one else in the village could hold either one of them a light, so to speak, with a checker board. Lew had been getting the best of the Judge most all winter, and the Judge had put out the word that tonight he was going to beat Lew four best out of seven, and he had backed it up with his fine race horse. Lew, not to be out done, had bet his best milk cow. Some of the boys had bet their dough on the Judge, but most of them were banking on Lew to repeat his previous victories. I had enough confidence in Lew's playing that I had bet my eleven inch beard that I had been growing for the last seventeen years on him. Well, the little village was all worked up to a fever pitch tonight, and as a result the women were keeping the home fires burning tonight or they didn't have a fire.

Well, as I was saying, everybody was watching the playing when I walked in. The playing had just started, but I could tell from the grin that spread over Lew's face that the Judge was in a hole already. I was warming myself at the stove before giving my full attention to the game when my eyes happened to fall on a stranger. There was nothing particularly interesting about him so much except he had the most pathetic countenance that I ever hope to scrutinize. The expression on his face will haunt me as long as I live. He seemed to me to be a man suffering the miseries of The Lower Regions, and all the tormenting fears that go with it, while existing here in the flesh. Surely,

thought I to myself, this man's conscience is lashing him for some crime he has committed in the past.

Having by this time thawed out the worst of the cold in my legs and feet I turned to the game and momentarily forgot the stranger, but the next time I glanced at him, he was sitting there with his chin cupped in his hands and appeared to be unconscious of all his surroundings. The door opened and I looked quickly to see who it was, for I fully expected it to be the Sheriff coming after this Stranger, but it was only Mack Hollifield coming in late on account of having a hard time getting away from his better half. And I could tell from the way he was puffing and blowing he had made time once he had got started. The stranger took no notice of Mack coming in, or so far as that goes, in the game either, but set there hunched over before the stove. Presently his lips began to quiver and two tears large as horse apples rolled down his cheeks. He took a large handkerchief from his pocket and brushed them off, blew his nose like a trumpet into the handkerchief, and still appeared to be unmindful of any one watching him. And of a truth no one but me was even glancing his way, for all eyes were on the game. About that time Lew let a big yell and wiped the Judge's last four men off the board with one jump. They started the second game and it ended almost like the first. So did the third, as for that matter. Most of us male citizens that had bet on Lew were feeling somewhat elated. I was satisfied that I would get Joe White's best bird dog and would get to keep my beard besides. About this time The Judge called time out for a little dram as he called it, when again my attention turned to the stranger, who up to this time had not spoken a word. Feeling pretty good I walked over to him and said, "Mister, you appear to me as a man in deep dis-

tress, and I for one would be glad to help you if possible."

"There is no way in which any one can help me," was his doleful reply.

"But surely we can," I said. "Tell us about your troubles and let's see if we can't help you."

He seemed kinda reluctant to confide in us, seeing that we were all strangers, but after a little coaxing he opened up and told us such an amazing story and told it so pathetically that even Lew and the Judge forgot their rivalry and sat there with their mouths open.

"I grow up," he said, "with a boy of my own age who lived on a farm joining ours. He and I played together, and as boys will do we fought together. We both attended the same school and both went out for the ball teams together. I made the first string in both baseball and football, while he failed to make either one. He hated it of course, but still he was friendly to me as ever. I finished school with some honors while he failed to pass his exams. Still he and I were friends, but not as great chums as we had been in times past. As luck would have it we both fell in love with the same girl, but he won her. After that he was much friendlier to me and began to be in better spirits. As time passed we were found to be on opposite sides on many issues. He finally became an enemy to me and sought every opportunity to discomfort me. Once in particular we both ran for Sheriff on opposite tickets, or parties, whichever you call it, and I was elected. Not long afterwards I was forced to lock him up in the cooler one night while he was drunk, but the next morning I turned him loose and told him to go home and let whiskey alone. He cursed something awful and threatened to get even with me. When my term of office was out I returned to my farm. He kept dabbling in politics until he was finally elected to the office of County Judge. This put him in high spirits, and he

boasted to me one day that he was biding his time and just waiting for me to be brought up before him. He said he would give me all the law allowed. The sheriff was a crony of his, and he had high hopes of getting me on some petty misdemeanor, but I kept in my own place and never offended anyone. As time passed he became very bitter and despondent and would not speak to me when we met. I tried to be friendly to him as ever, for I had nothing against him. When he came up for reflection he was defeated and the next day took his life with a six-shooter."

Lew seemed mighty impressed with his story, as indeed did everybody else, including myself. I thought I would cheer him up a bit, so I said, "Well, as far as I can see I don't see as you have anything to worry about; you did your duty, so cheer up and have a drink with us and forget your troubles." "Well, you can't see far enough," he replied. "And I did not do my duty either or my friend would be living today. I am the cause of him committing suicide."

"How come you are the cause?" I retorted.

He cast those sorrowful eyes up at me and looked me over before he replied. "If I had done my duty I would have got drunk or perpetrated some other trivial infraction of the law and let him put me in jail for a month or so in order that he might have had his so-called revenge. If I had done that he would have been satisfied and living today. As it is his blood is on my hands. I haven't seen one moment's rest or slept a single night without him haunting me in my dreams."

Well, the stranger's tale took the life out of everybody, and it took quite a bit of Zeb Crompton's corn whiskey to stir it up again. Finally Lew up and said, "Well, stranger I agree with you. You ought to have given him a chance to get even with you. But that is neither here nor there. Let's get back to the game, Judge." After this I noticed Lew kept

looking at the Judge with a queer expression on his face, and once his lips quivered, but I thought nothing of it at the time. The Judge won the first game easily, and took the second on a bonehead play of Lew's. Us citizens that were backing Lew began to stir uneasily in our seats, while the boys that were backing the Judge were crowding around the players, confident now that at least, with the score at three-two, their champion had a fighting chance. Lew lost the third straight game by a hair and a groan went up from quite a few fellows. Everybody crowded around now to see how the final game would come out. In just a few minutes the Judge slipped up a man for Lew to jump, and he in turn took three of Lew's men. Lew gave up then and there. So the Judge had made good his boast and for once beat Lew after Lew had beaten him many, many times. After much arguing and discussion the boys began to pay off their debts, and as Tom Thompson had his barber shop in the rear of the store I let him cut off my beard, much to Joe White's satisfaction and delight. Pretty soon some one mentioned the stranger, and we began to look for him, but he was gone. He had slipped out in the excitement after the game and no one had noticed his going. I walked down the street with the Judge as far as I went his way, after the debts were all paid. He was in high glee.

"Judge," I said, "I want to ask you a question. How come you to win four games straight tonight after Lew had beat the socks off of you in the first three games? And as far as that matter goes, he has been beating you all winter."

The Judge threw back his head and laughed heartily and said, "Just a bit of psychology, old pal, just a bit of psychology."

"Don't see any psychology in it," I replied.

"How did you like the stranger's story?" he asked.

"Oh, it was pathetic," I answered, "but I fail to see any connection be-

tween it and you winning off of Lew Collins tonight."

"Well, it's this way. You see, I gave him a lift on my way back from the county seat this evening, and I gave him five dollars to tell that trumped up story tonight for Lew's personal benefit. That is where the psychology comes in, my friend. You know how keyed-up Lew is—likes to sympathize too well."

John Yeager: "My girl is divine."

Jack Van Gundy: "Yours may be de vine, but mine is de berries."

Hint to those whose Scotch friends like to call about supper time: Serve sponge cake.

"Going around with a woman a lot keeps you young."

"How come?"

"I started in going around with them four years ago when I was a freshman, and I'm still a freshman."

Two little worms were digging.

Two little worms were digging in earnest.

Two little worms were digging in dead earnest.

Poor Ernest!—*Exchange*.

"There ain't a hotel here," he said, "but you can sleep with the station agent."

"Sir," she exclaimed, "I'll have you know that I am a lady."

"That's all right," drawled the old man. "So is the station agent."—*Log*.

TO THE ALARM CLOCK

(On being awakened by one, if not a dozen.)

By ED GAMBRELL

You foul and vile and fiendish thing,
 You curse yourself because you ring;
 At any time
 Too early every class-day morn
 When I'm in dreams you toot your horn,
 A clanking chime.

You're like the cocks that never know
 Nor care how soon they start to crow.
 In clanging notes
 Your discord rends the air—
 A ding-a-linging brazen blare—
 In cursed rotes.

No charming note escapes your bell;
 No minuet or Lydian swell
 Is heard from you;
 But noise alarming finds its place
 Behind the numerals on your face
 In wild halloo!

You wake me from my sleep and dreams
 And fill my mind with evil schemes
 To quiet your ding.
 You ought to have an opiate
 Or something to annihilate
 Your rousing ring!

But you belong to several boys
 Who choose to wake to your vile noise,
 Too loud and bold;
 I know that I should be content,
 For after all you're innocent
 Lifeless and cold.

—But I'll get a bomb and then turn Red
 And when you ring, crawl out of bed
 Prepared to kill.
 I'll set my bomb beneath your shell
 And blast your clanking frame to . . . pieces—
 So peace, be still!



THERE AIN'T NO HOT WATER

By B. G. LEONARD

How many centuries have elapsed since one of our primordial ancestors, wandering in winter by the bank of a stream, missed his footing and plunged into the water, inadvertently taking the father of all cold baths? Imagine, if you can, the prehistoric imprecations that rent the air. As he clambered from the icy water, his hair plastered to his skull and his clothing of skin clinging to his body, he was the picture of wretchedness. While returning to his cave he probably bemoaned his misfortune. Presently, however, the pores of his skin having closed, the sensation of cold disappeared and a feeling of warmth and vigor swept over him. Visualize him in the campfire circle that night with the ruddy glow of health in his cheeks and an unaccustomed cleanliness in his countenance, as he recounted his experience to his unwashed companions and expounded upon the merits of cold-bathing.

How long has it been, O Reader, since you strolled nonchalantly into the shower-room, twirled the faucet marked "hot," and beat a hasty retreat from the torrent of cold water that emerged? Did you not stand at arm's length away from the stream and test the temperature from time to time with a cautious finger? And when forced at last to the bitter realization that there was no warm water to be had, did you not heap maledictions upon the head of the janitor as you began reluctantly to throw handfuls of water upon yourself? As you seated yourself at the dinner table you remarked casually but with some pride to your neighbor on the right, "took a cold bath today." Oh, yes, you did. So far has civilization advanced.

When you walk blithely into a shower-room and no carefree chorus greets your ear; when one of the bathers turns toward you with the glint of rueful humor in his eye, then be-

ware, for in all probability he is about to utter the fateful words: "there ain't no hot water!"

You may have just received a check from home. Perhaps the last train brought you a letter from your best girl. What if that sophomore *did* pay you that almost forgotten quarter he had owed you since last May? I will even concede that you passed that English examination. Nevertheless, if you can march smiling into that stream of frigid water, you may have the silver plated tomato can, Gunga Din.

You rage. You fume. You wait long minutes hoping with the hope that springs eternal for warm water to flow forth, even when you know that would constitute at least a minor miracle. Fitfully you throw small quantities of the cold water upon yourself, shrinking from the contact the while. You cast one last despairing glance at the shower, breathe deeply, and charge into the midst of the stream. The icy shock hurls you backward. If the gentleman occupying the shower next to yours remarks, "It'll make a man out of you," you dolefully append, "—if it doesn't kill you." You advance again into the cold water, and find that you are becoming adapted to it. It is, then, with a feeling of genuine good humor that you greet the approach of the next would-be bather with the legend, "There ain't no hot water."

The taking of a cold bath is an experience to quell the spirits of the most confirmed optimist, but once the act is accomplished it is recalled in terms with which is associated a slight tinge of romance. Who knows but that in the days to come, when each of us has at his disposal a shower bath with an infallible supply of hot water (if dreams come true) we shall sigh for the "good old days" when we endured cold baths with Spartan resolution.

THE LAST LAUGH

She: Now before we start this ride, I want to tell you that I don't smoke, drink, or flirt, I visit no wayside inns, and I expect to be back by 10 o'clock.

He: You're mistaken.

She: You mean that I do any of those things?

He: No, I mean about starting for this ride.—*Black and Blue Jay.*

— s —

Pecans are nuts;
Cigars have butts;
Violins are guts;
Our auto's in ruts;
I end with two tuts—
Tut! tut!

— s —

There was once at the court of Frederick the Great of Prussia an Englishman with an amazing memory. One day Voltaire was due to read to Frederick a new poem in his honor. Frederick arranged that the Englishman should be able to overhear it from the next room.

Voltaire arrived and read out his masterpiece—an ode of great length.

"Very nice," said Frederick, "but of course I have heard it before."

At this point the Englishman wandered casually in and was asked if he had ever heard a poem beginning so-and-so.

To Voltaire's horror, the Englishman took up the line and went on reciting word for word the poem Voltaire had just read. Anguished, Voltaire tore his manuscript to pieces. Then, the joke being explained, the Englishman had to dictate the poem again to Voltaire.

— s —

GARDEN LOVE

"Do you carrot all for me
My heart beats for you;
With your turnip nose
And your radish hair
You are a peach—
Lettuce marry;
We'd make a swell pear."



"And I come from one of the best families in North Carolina."

"Yeah, but I don't need you for breeding purposes!"

1st Kangaroo: "Annabelle, where's the baby?"

2nd Kangaroo: "My goodness, I've had my pocket picked."—*Syracuse Orange Peel.*

— s —

JUST A HAMBURGER STAND

The banks aren't serving chili,
We don't cash checks.

— s —

"Well," exclaimed the lady as she nervously stroked her bulging neck, "when yo' goitre growth, ya' goitre growth."
—*Owl.*

— s —

And the firefly said as he flew away, "So long, I gotta' glow."—*Owl.*

— s —

"My wife came from a large family."

"My wife brought hers with her."

— s —

Mr. Ferris: "I don't like to see our daughter lighting cigarettes."

Mrs. Ferris: "Oh, don't be old-fashioned."

Mr. Ferris: "It isn't that. Nanine is too young to be playing with matches."—*Log.*

— s —

Judge: So you admit, do you, that you accompanied these gangsters on their pineapple-tossing expeditions?

Prisoner: Yeah, I guess I was just a boom companion.

SOMETHING TO BLOW ABOUT

Two students were working for the Student Aid under the Federal appropriation. They were assigned to the same job—one, experienced in this work, as the boss; and the other, new on the job, as his assistant. They had a job cleaning brick.

"Say," said the assistant, "do I get paid by time?"

"Sure, you dumb cluck!" was the reply.

"But I haven't done anything."

The old hand surveyed his companion, looked at him with contempt, and then slowly lit a cigarette.

"You are supposed to help me, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes."

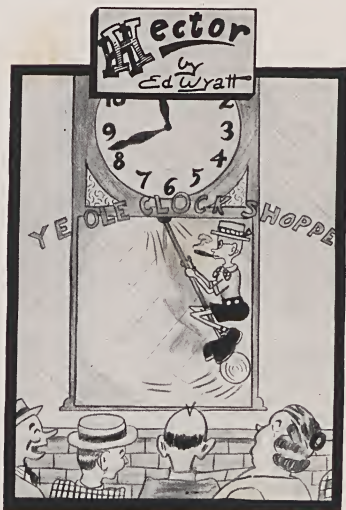
"Well, then," he said, holding out the match, "if you have to be so conscientious, blow this out."

— s —

"It's your fault I flunked that quiz. Remember I asked you how many people there are in the world?"

"Sure."

"Well, a heckuva' lot wasn't the answer."



Nature is wonderful! A million years ago she didn't know we were going to wear spectacles, yet look at the way she placed our ears.—*Log*.

— s —

According to the well known Walter Winchell, times are so tight that autograph hounds are only asking for initials.—*Skipper*.

— s —

"Did you hear what happened to the cow that ate Kentucky blue grass?"

"No."

"Mood indigo."—*Phoenix*.

— s —

Bellhop (after guest has rung for ten minutes): Did you ring, sir?

Guest: Hell, no, I was tolling, I thought you were dead.—*Beanpot*.

— s —

And then there is the question of what Mahatma Gandhi would have done if he were in Sir Walter's shoes at the rescue of Queen Elizabeth from the mud puddle.—*Widow*.

— s —

Student: What are your terms for students?

Landlady: I generally call them dead beats and bums.—*Skipper*.

— s —

Bankruptcy is the act of putting one's money in one's coat and giving one's pants to one's creditors.—*Punch Bowl*

— s —

"Will we ever have a woman president?"

"Of course not! A president has to be over thirty-five years of age."

— s —

Chloe: What you all calls it when a gal gits married three times—bigotry?

Mose: Lawd, no, chile, dat's when a gal gits married twice. When she gits married three times dat's trigonometry.

— s —

He: I'm coming in. How can I get this door open?

She: The key is under the mat, but please don't come in.

Girl Friend: I want you just to forget that I told you I didn't mean what I said about not taking back my refusal the other day to change my mind. I've been thinking it all over and I've decided if you say what I told him the other day about not telling me about that—after all I've decided that I was wrong in the first place.

Holton: Ah now, Lizzie, you don't tell me!

— s —

"Barber" Chandler: Your hair is getting grey, sir.

Customer: Yes, I'm not surprised at that; hurry up.

— s —

Soph: Lend me a dollar and I will be forever indebted to you.

Frosh: Yes, I'm afraid so.

— s —

He: If I were to kiss you on the forehead, what would you do?

She: Why, I'd call you down of course.

— s —

2-c: Every time I kiss you it makes me a better man.

O. A. O.: Well, you don't have to try to get to Heaven in one night.—*Log*.

— s —

He mumbled a few words in church And he was married.

He mumbled a few words in his sleep And he was divorced.—*Orange Peel*.

— s —

Cop: Madam, didn't you see me hold up my hand?

Lady Driver: I did not.

Cop: Didn't you hear me blow my whistle?

Lady Driver: I didn't.

Cop: Well, I guess I might as well go home. I don't seem to be doing much good here.—*Princeton Tiger*.

— s —

Hussy: What shall I do? Bob has been under water for twenty minutes.

Second Creature: Let's go home. I wouldn't wait any longer for any man.

She (after a quarrel): Leave this house. I never want to see you again. Go this instant.

He: I have one last request to make before I go.

She (sweetly, oh very sweetly): Well, what is it?

He (brutally): Before I leave forever, would you mind getting off my lap?—*Dodo*.

— s —

Gish: At last I've passed history.

Fish: Honestly?

Gish: Don't be so inquisitive.

— s —

Darling, am I the first man you ever loved?

Yes, Reginald, all the others were fraternity boys.—*Kablegram*.

— s —

Two doctors were busily engaged in performing an operation. A young interne came in and said, "May I cut in?"

— s —

Then there was the co-ed who was so dumb she thought assets were little donkeys.

— s —

First Fraternity Man: Say, Jim, I wonder if I could borrow that blue necktie of yours?

Second Loafer: What's the matter? Couldn't you find it?

— s —

"Porter, get me another glass of ice water."

"Sorry, suh, but if I takes any mo' ice dat corpse in the baggage car ain't agoin' ta keep."

— s —

In these times of depression, the best luck a person can have is not to be born, but that seldom happens to anyone.—*Yowl*.

— s —

And then there was the girl who was heard to complain, "I wish my boy friend had as much money as he thinks I think he has."

— s —

I'm a little prairie flower,
Growing wilder every hour.
Nobody tries to cultivate me.
I stink.

Castle Highlights

Ye olde Castle has been keeping step with the Raleigh theatres since the New Year, and students over here are privileged to see pictures just as soon as Raleigh patrons. Many favorable comments have been heard concerning the quality of the pictures now being shown at the Castle. Pictures such as "The Count of Monte Cristo," "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," and "Kid Million." Due to the fact that there is only one theatre in town, booking prices are much lower, and Mr. Whitcare can bring these new pictures to Wake Forest even though the number of patrons seeing them are comparatively few. If there were two theatres in Wake Forest, booking prices would go up, and unless one of the shows played to packed houses every day, it would be impossible for either of the theatres to bring new pictures here.

Looking over bookings for the Castle in the next few weeks, we can find such outstanding bits as "Folies Bergeres" featuring Maurice Chevalier and Ann Sothern. This picture contains all the spice, and humor, and beautiful girls that one finds in the original productions staged annually in Paris. At the present, this picture is playing before record crowds on Broadway.

Everyone who has seen David Copperfield waxes enthusiastic over the merits of this famous classic. We will be able to see it shortly at the Castle. With a cast of over 65 stars, it is small wonder that movie fans are so lavish in their praise. MGM spared no expense in filming this epic picture, and their efforts have not gone for naught, because the picture is one of beauty and charm—one that will linger in the memory of those who see it.

Finally, Brother Whitcare is bringing here a picture that received four stars in Liberty and "double-A" ratings in Judge, Life, Vanity Fair, and other magazines. Like many of the recent screen successes the picture is historical in nature, and is based on the life of one of the most romantic and adventurous figures in English history. "Clive of India."

Sir Robert Clive! Stripped of fortune, of honor, of love—yet he was Clive, Conqueror of India . . . treasure house of the world!

His flaming sword crushed India . . . and the heart of the woman he loved. . . .

See: An Indian ruler's human chessboard . . . with beauties as pawns . . . and with Death to the losers. . . .

See: Clive's "mad" army avenge the massacre of "The Black Hole of Calcutta!"

See: The charge of the battle elephants . . . strange warriors in history . . . in the mighty conflict at Plassey!

The management of the Castle sincerely believes this to be one of the epic films of all time, and cordially invites every member of the student body to avail himself of the opportunity of seeing this wonder film. . . .

To get away from pictures. . . . We have been seeing some excellent stage shows lately . . . only one that wasn't liked . . . made up for that the following week with a fine show. . . .

Going to see how students like minstrel shows. . . . Van Arman's Honey Boy Minstrels have been booked for the latter part of this month. . . . see a real professional troupe put on a minstrel show that will make you tingle to your very toes . . . something . . . new . . . and different. . . .

And the BIG NEWS. . . . Whit is trying to book GENE AUSTIN, OLSEN AND JOHNSON, and a bevy of beautiful girls for a day's engagement at the Castle . . . probably right after Easter . . . contract hasn't been signed yet . . . but Whit is anxious to bring this real "Big Time" show to Wake Forest. . . .

It takes a man with some get-up about him to do a thing like that. . . . who ever heard of Gene Austin playing a town the size of Wake Forest . . . for that matter who ever heard of a town the size of Wake Forest getting the pictures and the stage shows we get . . . This isn't idle talk, gentlemen . . . Think it over.

For a nominal amount students may rent the latest and most attractive books at

HOLDING'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY

(In Holding's Drug Store)

Among the best sellers on our shelves:

"HEAVEN'S MY DESTINATION"

"SO RED THE ROSE"

"GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS"

Fiction : Travel : Biography

ONLY B. O. IS LEFT

The wash woman uses Octagon,
The society woman uses Lux,
The college boy uses Lifebuoy,
But for me there's nothing left.

The baby uses Ivory,
The carpenter uses Lava,
The cook uses P and G,
And there's very little suds left.

For sheets some use Super Suds,
For spreads some use Oxydol,
For socks some use Goldust,
But I use some of what's left.

For windows ask for Skidoo,
For pots ask for Zip,
For silver ask for Clean-All;
And I only ask for what's left.

For beauty, buy Camay,
For health, buy Castille,
For lice, buy Fitch's,
For me—only B.O. is left.

—Yellow Jacket.

TEXACO
GAS AND OIL

**COLONIAL SERVICE
STATION**

First Station on Right Going South

Operated by

Wake Forest Students

Tom's is the Hangout

FOR THE STUDENTS:

A lunch counter will
open on or about
March 15

at

TOM'S

Tom's is the Hangout

Doctor (attending patient who had swallowed a half dollar): How is the boy today?

Anxious Mother: No change yet.—*Rammer-Jammer.*

— s —

The 20th century may be fast and furious, but no one can say that the ladies of the 19th didn't have plenty of bustle.—*Black and Blue Jay.*

— s —

'If someone was dying for a kiss, would you render first aid?

— s —

When conditions improve and practically everybody will be driving cars, we shall see the number of dead and injured doubled and tripled. Yet the next Legislature will look on and probably say: "We cannot do anything. It will interfere with the liberties of the people to enact laws to make driving safe on the roads."—*Wilson Times.*

— s —

Jim Lucas: "Did you say that I was a learned jackass, Freshman?"

"Pinkie Farmer: "No. I said you were a burro of information."

IF YOU KNOW YOUR ONIONS . . . FOLLOW 'EM WITH LIFE SAVERS



If the onion's strength is your weakness
... eat Life Savers and breathe easy.
Life Savers are breath saviors. Keep a
roll handy ... and keep your friends.

IF IT HASN'T A HOLE...IT ISN'T A LIFE SAVER



LOVE IN BLOOM

Charlie Trueblood: Helen Keller is marvelous. You know, I don't know which I'd rather be, blind or deaf.

Greenwood: If it's all the same to you we'd prefer you to be dumb.

Trueblood: Yes, but after looking at you I'd prefer to be blind.

— s —

Dr. Speas: If you gentlemen are honest on this exam you'll have a clear conscience—you'll sleep better at night.

Tommy Gillam: Yeah, but we'd sleep at home.

— s —

SHORT SHORT STORY

"What's your name?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"Naw. Just got off Dr. Reid's quiz. And what's yours?"

"Jerome Edward Hemmiquay, Jr.?"

"Did you just finish an exam?"

"Yep—Dr. Billy's Biology 7."

"Oh, I see."



THE POOR MARKS BROTHERS (They flunked, you dumb head!)

JUNE
MOON
CROON
SPOON
BOOM!!
GROOM
SOON

— s —

JOKE CONTEST

Reid Staton Wins the Handsome
Box of Life Savers This Month
With This Prize Witticism:

— s —

The only state in the United States
which is ruled by a woman is the
state of Matrimony.

— s —

Bring your pet joke by, even if your
roommate won't laugh at it every day
—what do you expect of your room-
mate, anyway? Remember, fourteen
packs of Life Savers will kill lots of
halitosis. So hand in a joke for your
girl's sake!

The biology Prof. was speaking: "I
have here some very fine specimens of
dissected frogs, which I will show you."

Unwrapping the parcel, some sand-
wiches, fruit and hard-boiled eggs came
to view.

"But, surely—I ate my lunch!" he
exclaimed.

— s —

Clara: They say that the evening's
dance is equivalent to walking ten
miles.

Maud: That was in the old style. Now
it's equivalent to climbing one hundred
trees.

— s —

Frosh (bumping into gray-haired
man on campus): "Say, where d'ya
think you're going?"

Man: "Listen, I guess you don't
know who I am. I'm the assistant foot-
ball coach."

Frosh: "Pardon me, I thought you
were the Dean."—*Sk-U-Mah*.

THE CAT'S PAW IN CATHAY

(Continued from page five)

I hope I have partially answered this
question.

Perhaps I could best close this brief
discussion of some limited aspects of an
American's life in China by presenting
a few credentials. I was born in Soo-
chow, China, 56 miles west of Shang-
hai, and have lived there ever since,
with the exception of three years in the
good old United States. I learned to
speak English and Chinese at the same
time, but Chinese had the head start.
The written language is still a mystery
to me, since one has to know several
thousand complex characters before he
is even considered to be acquainted with
the Chinese ABC's. I have come to
know and love the Chinese people as an
exceptionally intelligent, friendly race,
and I plan to return to the Orient after
college days are over.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page two)

These statements are advanced, not
to create sentiment, but to remind us
that right now is a crucial time for
our school, which lies in danger of be-
coming an institution. We are not un-
duly pessimistic—we are jealous of the
difference between Wake Forest and
other schools.

Keep your eyes open to the points
mentioned above. Bring these ques-
tions up in your next bull session. See
what you can do about it!

SURE, CONSIDER IT SAID

Hubert Price asks: Could it not be
said of the Lindberghs that they were
married and lived "hoppily" ever af-
terward?

— s —

City Girl: And I suppose at dusk,
when the sun is stealing over the Rockies
in purple splendor, you cowboys are
huddled around the campfire broiling
venison and listening to the weird, eerie,
unnatural howling of the coyotes.

Rattlesnake Gus: Well, ma'am, not
ezactly, ma'am. Usually we go inside
and listen to Amos and Andy.—*Pitt
Panther*.

We wish to announce to our student friends that we are carrying for Spring the most complete line of Men's Shirts, Ties, Underwear, Shoes, Clothing and Hats that we have ever stocked. Special orders are solicited and prompt service given them.

Visit us at every opportunity

Your business is wanted and appreciated

B. & S. DEPT. STORE, INC.

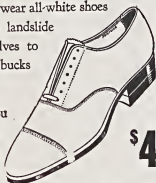
"Buy With Confidence—Wear With Pride"

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

A Spotless Story... **Fortune "ALL WHITE SHOES"**

We hear that seven out of ten men will wear all-white shoes this season. Judging from the white landslide last summer we have prepared ourselves to fit you in white seal grains, velvet bucks and white pigskins.

Come in and see them. We can show you trim lines in wing tips, straight tips and plain toes that we believe you will like. And FORTUNE white shoes are only \$4.00.



Most styles

Have the Wake Forest Seal Printed
on Your Leather Jacket
or Trench Coat

50c

JOHN SUSTARE

DELTA SIGMA CHI HOUSE

"All Kinds of Signs and Shocords"

FRIENDLY BUSINESS...

★ Good business is primarily based on fine quality and excellent service . . . there is still some truth in the "better mouse trap" story. . . . Good business means more than good work and good service . . . good business is also a friendly business. . . .

Edwards & Broughton Company

"Three Generations of Friendly Service
in the Graphic Arts Industry"

Raleigh, North Carolina

Land Sakes!

I do believe I'll try one



..for one thing

Chesterfield is the cigarette that's Milder

..for another thing

Chesterfield is the cigarette that Tastes Better



The Student

WOMEN
WOMEN
WOMEN
ISSUE



WE ASKED OUTDOOR PEOPLE:

"Is this fact
important to You?"

*"Camels are made from finer,
more expensive tobaccos, Turkish and
Domestic, than any other popular brand."*
(SIGNED) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA



VALUE!

"Camels are manufactured from costlier tobaccos," says Charley Belden, Wyoming rancher. "No wonder they have such a rich, cool flavor!"



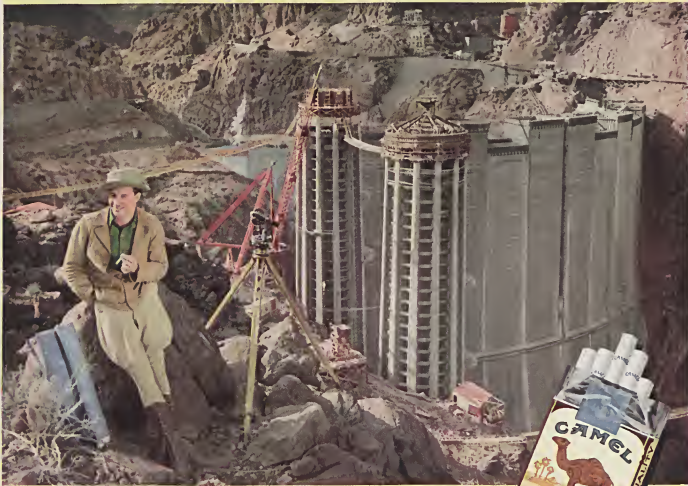
MILDNESS!

"I smoke Camels because they are mild — pleasing to my throat," says Miss Helene Bradshaw, an enthusiastic horsewoman.



HEALTHY NERVES!

"I have smoked Camels for fourteen years, without a sign of upset nerves," says Bill Horn, former Gold Cup winner.



FLAVOR!

"It's been thrilling to have a part in the vast enterprise of building Boulder Dam," says Erwin Jones, Boulder Dam engineer. "Plenty of strain, too. When I get tired, there's nothing like a Camel. Man, what a swell taste Camels have! Mild, cool, and mellow! You can tell they are made from choice tobaccos, because they don't get 'flat' or tiresome in taste when you smoke a lot."



© 1915
R. J. Reynolds
Tob. Co.

Dean: "Young man, I hear you expectorate in the classrooms."

Frosh: "Well, why not? I rated all right back home."—*Yellow Jacket*.

— s —

Preacher: "Verily, life is but a dream."

Choir (waking up): "Verily, verily, verily, verily, life is but a dream."—*Froth*.

— s —

Father—(to daughter coming in at 3 a. m.): "Good morning, child of Satan."

Daughter—(sweetly): "Good morning, Father."

— s —

Sheeler: "She just doesn't know I'm alive."

Chuck: "Why don't you show her your birth certificate!"—*Awgwan*.

— s —

Young Bride: "I didn't accept Henry the first time he proposed."

Rival: "No, dear, you weren't there."

— s —

Sign on theatre: "Mae West in 'It ain't no Sin.'"

Sign on tabernacle across the street: "Tis too."—*Navy Log*.

— s —

Solomon's 777th Wife: Do you really love me, Sol?

Solomon: You're one gal in a thousand, my dear!

—Kitty Kat.

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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

APRIL, 1935

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ACCORDING TO DR. LYNCH

Love is physical attraction, mental compatibility, and spiritual affinity.

— s —

AS DR. REID WOULD PUT IT

Love is a feeling of inward outwardness which intermingles with a sensation of all-overishness, yielding a shimmering, ecstatic experience of pleasure.

— s —

An absent minded professor sent his wife to the bank and kissed his money goodby. On second thought maybe he wasn't so absent minded anyway!

— s —

"What do you boys talk about at the fraternity house?"

"The same thing you girls do."

"Why, you foul minded thing."

—Kansas Sour Owl.

— s —

Wife: "What's the idea of poking the broom in the baby's face this morning?"

Hubby: "I just wanted to get him used to kissing his grandfather."

— s —

"Wine, women, and song have got me down—I'll have to quit singing."—*Wataugan*.

— s —

"Why do blondes make better cooks than do brunettes?"

"Dunno, why?"

"Nobody notices their hairs that fall into the food."

The Student

APRIL, 1935

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Member of the North Carolina Collegiate Press Association

Women have ever been likened to the lily for their purity and the violet for their modesty. They have been characterized in prose, poetry, and song as sedate, demure, decorous. Whether or not these adjectives were merited, there was always at least a semblance of modesty and decorum in women, especially in the presence of man, and it was always this quality in women that caused men to look up to them as something precious "to have and to hold."

Is woman worthy of the position which she, through the centuries, has carved for herself? Who would dare ask such a question which, in such a spring, would be an impertinent one? We have forgotten all our misgivings, all those jiltings we have suffered at the expense of "the blossoming flower of the human race" (women, in case you don't catch the point).

Even the staff is not exempted from that certain feeling, which is referred

to in those popular lines, "In the spring a young man's fancies turn lightly to thoughts of love." Thus, this issue is dedicated to women, women, and more women.

These pages have been filled by articles, poems, and short subjects pertaining to women. On the cover is a sketch of the actress, to our notion, exemplifying the college ideal—Ann Harding. We attempted to obtain a statement from Ann, but she wasn't home (Oh Yeah!).

— s —

This task of editing THE STUDENT has been more than a pleasant one. The most difficult end of the job was (and always will be) that of obtaining a proper balance between the literary and the humorous. Too much "literary" would make straight for the waste basket, and too much humorous would not get directly to the waste basket, but would be better off there.

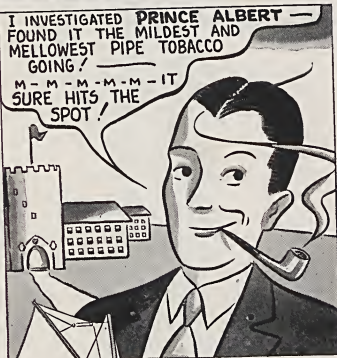
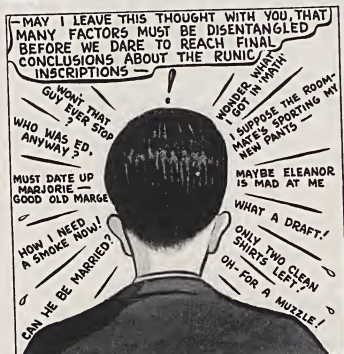
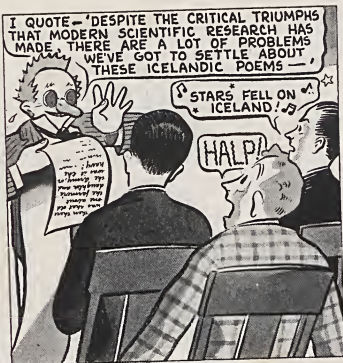
Criticism has been kindly offered, and the editorial policy has been experimented with accordingly in an attempt to cut down criticism on both sides to a minimum.

We are grateful to the staff, which has cooperated to such an extent as to have made the magazine possible. Dr. H. B. Jones, faculty adviser, has been the stabilizing influence and authority on "jokes with double meanings." Edwards and Broughton Printers have been exceptionally good technical advisers.

— s —

We nominate the team behind this magazine as the editor and business manager who have functioned with the least number of "falling outs." In fact, no disagreements whatsoever have arisen. Enjoyed teaming with you, Charlie.

So we bid adieu to our job. Better stop before we get "mushy" about it.



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**GET ABOARD
PRINCE ALBERT!**

MILDER!
BURNS LONGER!
CRIMP CUT
SPECIAL PROCESS
REMOVES ALL "BITE"
AMERICA'S FAVORITE
PIPE TOBACCO!



**2
OUNCES**



TO A PAIR



OF EYES

By GERALD A. GRUBB

I

*To a pair of eyes—blue eyes—mystic eyes;
Eyes in whose depths lie ingulfed all the
Passion and the pain of the ages;
Turquoise seas a-shimmer with the lights
And shadows of the dim, mysterious past;
Eyes, that once beheld by man transform a
Sodden earth into a psychic Paradise,
Or leave in their wake lingering rays
Of inextinguishable glory, and a heart
Aflame with an unanswerable, infinite desire.
Even eyes that are earnest of glories eternal.*

II

*To a pair of eyes—blue eyes—wondering eyes;
Eyes that might have gazed in innocence
Into Jehovah's face as He walked the paths of the
Garden in the cool of the Paradisaical evening;
Eyes, adventurous eyes, that might have
Braved the Syrian Desert and the unremitted
Journeying to search by the side of Abram
For the dim and distant land of promise;
Even as the eyes of Eve and Surai, the princess.*

III

*To a pair of eyes—blue eyes—dreamy eyes;
Eyes that might have opened to the sun
Where the sluggish Nilus crept past the unfinished
Pyramids, the new tombs, and the uprising temples;
Eyes, brooding eyes, that might have beheld
The Sphinx when she first looked upon the world
With her sightless eyes, and had a meaning;
Even as the eyes of a far-off Egyptian princess.*

IV

*To a pair of eyes—blue eyes—intriguing eyes;
Eyes that might have mocked the love and
Challenged the heart of the bold Menelaus,
And looked with favor on the proud and handsome
Paris;
Eyes in which the martial tread of Greek and
Trojan warriors might have left in flaming horror
Their eternal warlike imprint;
Eyes that might have seen the glory of Greece
And felt the kiss of immortal Pericles;
Eyes that might have seen the grandeur of Rome
And inflamed the hearts of the warlike Caesars;
Even as the eyes of Helen, Aspasia, and Cleopatra.*

V

*To a pair of eyes—blue eyes—holy eyes;
Eyes that might have flooded with indefinable joy,
Being the first woman's eyes to behold
The infinite Son of God in the hour of His nativity;
Eyes that might have beheld the glory
Of the Transfiguration, and the horror
Of the Crucifixion of the Son, Immanuel.
Eyes, elusive eyes, that have haunted through ages
The souls of the Madonna-artists;
Even as the eyes of Mary, the blessed virgin.*

VI

*To a pair of eyes—blue eyes—variant eyes;
Eyes that seem to reflect in truth
The love and romance of ten thousand years,
And the suffering and joy of eternal motherhood;
Eyes that half reveal the soul that stirs within,
That invite and repel, that laugh and weep,
That burn their way indelibly into the soul;
Eyes, entrancing eyes, that give forth a sweet
Light in infinite and evanescent changes;
Even as the eyes of the fathomless skies.*

VII

*To a pair of eyes—blue eyes—enthraling eyes;
Eyes that might have spoken love to me,
That might have communed with my soul,
And helped God make of me the man I might have
been;
Eyes, darling eyes, that will not loose their grip
Upon my heart, and cannot speak their message
To my hungry, tempestuous spirit;
Even eyes that will haunt me forever here and here-
after.*

WHAT WE THINK OF WOMEN

Carl Goerch

"Everything of any major importance has a woman's hand in it."

Dr. Lynch

"I can never tell how much I owe to refined womanhood."

Charles U. Harris

"Women are like violins—a man can play any tune on them all that he wishes. The only difference is that violins get better with age."

P.S. "I wish I had my rib back."

Tom Greenwood

"Why, I think women are . . . er . . . To me they seem to be essentially. . . Oh, you want to know my honest opinion. Women appear to be . . . er . . . aw hell!"

Howard Rollins

"I refer to an old quotation: 'There are three classes of women—the beautiful, the intelligent, and the majority.'"

Trueblood

"How is it possible to expostulate upon a thing so simple, so complex, so mysterious, and so divinely baffling in a few lines, while all is not written in volumes and volumes concerning women. I give up."

A Reply by a Woman

"Men are animals which demand of woman petting, sympathy, attention, and in the state of bondage (marriage) they often demand slavery. In return man makes wisecracks concerning weaknesses in certain points of woman's character. But men, nevertheless, don't exactly run away from us women. We aren't so bad after all."



BEAUTY AND

(Note the Miltonic

By ED



Hence, loathed, horrid ugliness!
 Make way for heavenly loveliness.
 Hence, sightless evil's similitude
 Who ghastly frights the multitude
 So that it hurries out of sight
 To escape your disillusioning blight.
 But come, thou Goddess, Sylvia Rose,
 So fair and free, and now disclose
 Your youthful, blooming comeliness,
 You whom in blissful happiness
 Too lovely Venus, her charms galore,
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore,
 Or Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a-Maying,
 There of beds of violets blue,
 In some secluded rendezvous,
 Filled her with thee a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blithe, and debonaire.
 Your gayly singing, deep blue eyes,
 From happy Spring's ethereal skies
 Once stolen, reveal your latent grace,
 Enriching thrice your perfect face.
 Your golden, wavy, carefree tresses
 Were polled, it seems, for love's caresses
 From golden Autumn's sunset hues,
 And stay as fresh as morning dews.
 Your teeth like dazzling, chosen pearls
 Peep out between your lips' soft curls
 And surely make with heavenly bliss
 Your rosy lips too sweet to kiss
 And your soft cheeks, fair as a day
 In June, more of a rosy spray.
 Your youthful, sinuous shapeliness,
 More beautiful than can stone express
 Or artists spread in vivid shades
 On canvas with all their varied aids,
 Differs but a shade, the smallest shade
 From that of Venus—so faultlessly made.
 Your soft, warm hands and dainty feet
 Grace slender shapely limbs that meet
 Your moderately spreading hips
 Or curving shoulders with their dips
 To soft full breasts where dwell a heart
 More lovely than your body's art.
 On thou, thou Goddess, Silvia Rose,
 Loved by numbers no one knows,
 Nature wrought her purest work of art
 And meant for you to be apart
 With all her maidenly virtues bound
 With perfect bodily beauty sound.

THE BEAST

Influence)

GAMBRELL

Hence, vain, deluding loveliness,
 Make way for frightful ugliness!
 Hence, with your luring pulchritude
 That tempts the virile multitude;
 That weakens them to dangerous arms,
 To rare but fleeing skin-deep charms.
 But hail! thou, hag, Matilda Punk!
 Hail, ghastliest uncomely monk!
 Whose horrid visage is such a fright
 It shocks the human sense of sight.
 Thee cross-eyed Sea-hag long of yore
 To vile and fiendish Satan bore.
 An ugly duckling, that you are,
 Heinous, and sour as vinegar.
 Your locks are like the raging sea—
 Too salty, wild, uncouthly free;
 Your teeth are like the stars so bright
 That after day come out at night;
 Your eyes are different as can be,
 Your left eye quite especially.
 And thou, oh, haggish hag of hags,
 Born midst evil Stygian crags,
 Are like the graceful, peaceful dove,
 Whose plaintive mourning sounds above;
 You're like the dove, but don't explode—
 For like the dove, you're pigeon-toed.
 Emaciated, anemic, frail,
 Your frame's as skinny as a rail;
 The famous phrase is all your own,
 Yes, penned for you was "skin and bone."
 Your chest's as flat as a flat flap jack
 And seems contiguous with your back.
 The lack of curves is your disease
 Except around your ears and knees;
 And poking from your pimple cheek
 A nose protrudes that's but a beak
 That in its hawklike hooky dips
 Extends to shade your liver lips.
 Your flatboat feet, they overlap
 And as you walk go flap, flap, flap.
 You've got that which the best of friends
 Won't tell you though it kills the winds.
 You're wicked, dirty, vile, unchaste,
 Repellent, odious, gaunt, outcast.
 Every man that you've been near
 Has turned and fled from you in fear!
 —And even Morpheus, god of sleep,
 Declines to hold you in his keep.
 There's nothing under all the skies
 That you attract—not even flies.



Ed. Note:

Some people

*don't know that Archie,
the cockroach, steals into Don's
office and writes upon his typewriter,
using neither capitals nor punctuation.*

dear don
heigh ho heigh
ho i was just returning
from a jibber with the
public enemy mehitabel the
feline of parts and
considerable matrimony the
same which in the end
always annoys me with
silly sayings and crazy logic
and this encounter inspired me to
say just this thing before i sleep
tonight which is my thoughts on
females in general especially the
human ones of which i have
seen a great deal of late
having been adopted by mizzes
fanbilter on the avenue in
whose kitchen i am now residing
under the purple sink first crack to
the left one flight up but
i will continue about women of
which i said i have thought much and
in fact i am practically now
nerts

women are divisible into classes
much as other things such as plants
and insects don and i wish to
divide them as such for cussing purposes
now and so

first of all there is the high school
kid don which is about the height of
dissillusionment in general and
about nothing in particular and
which has the crazy idea that
she is it and must develop sex appeal
and avoid household hands or else she
will receive no daily notes from
her lover who is captain of the baseball
squad and who is the hero of p h s rah rah
and this type is also about equal to
kissing the loudspeaker when bing crosby
hisses and suffers for two grand per
and this type is also pretty good necking
because they is anxious to learn
and so forth and so forth don you
know what i mean don but on the

whole they is disgusting to intellegint
roaches like myself don and
then there is a peculiar species of
women don which is business
women don and they is
a picture of strain don a
picture of strain because they
is also trying to be something which
is much over their heads and which
is men like us don they is peculiar
don because they take a leap away from
being human beings and try to join my class
of lower bugs in that they get in
peoples hair but some of
them is pretty smart she is secretary
of labor and is the pride of all
these business women don and
the idol of the womans club and
the ladies aid but personally i
think she would labor with
three cornered trousers much better
but i will not tell pres roosevelt
that because he had a wife don
and you know what that means but
still this type of women is still
with us and the breed seems to be
increasing it grows best in
hot places filled with perfume
and halitosis don and now
it even infests respectable
halls of legislation but there
is a bill being drawn up which
will act much as flit to these
but we

will pass on now don to another
type of women and that are
the type which is already married
and tries to fool people into
thinking that it really dont
matter and that she has lost
two pounds in the past week and
that she was once mistaken for the
sister of her older daughter and this
type also is plentious in certain
places full of hot air and silly
laughing which is called bridge parties and
these is really a sight to see don
i crept into one under the ice cream plate

ARCHIE SPEAKS

Our Cockroach Friend Returns With a

By AL

ON WOMEN—

Valuable Classification of Popular Parasites

MARTIN

the other day and you would laugh your buttons off to see mrs fansbiller rubbing her corn with her shoes off while mrs smyth was trumping her ace and telling about how mrs swankbottom with her new poodle on a string and this type is usually all fond of this type of animal don and is also the dominating part of unions with males and has a helluva time in general don but they will learn and we must

pass on now to the dangdest kind of women i has seen yet don and i will not say much because i am not vulgar don but suffice it to say that i is speaking of college girls and these are usually beings who know a lot about nothing and nothing about a lot of everything but boys don and college boys at that they is unusually fond of wearing ungodly clothes which is termed fashions don and bless their hearts they do look sorta inviting at that but they is nerts about these clothes don and it is very interesting to see one at a dance with her war paint on and to see that same one when she has just taken a bath and has on a gingham dress but that is all part of the business don and now and then you will find one which is almost as intelligent as a man don and they are improving don they are improving now they think it will be nice for them to smoke because maybe they will fool somebody that way and anyhow the girl down the hall does that and don these girls is also largely business women in part because they can work almost any college boy for a supper now and then and a dope anytime and sometime a picture show so they is successful at that but this type as i said is very peculiar on monday morning when they is on there home ground a campus don and quite different in mr boone and mr iseleys on saturday afternoon but they is not so bad at that don why once i even took a liking to

a lame skunk don i am humane and i think they will learn too i think most anything will learn don if it is given time but there is one more thing i would like you to notice about this class don and that is the difference before and after they has sucked in a husband you would be surprised don you would be surprised at the rapid period of transition from the sophisticated college type to the bridge party type but it is now getting late don and i said i would not be vulgar so i will not talk about these type anymore

in fact i think i will not talk about women anymore don because my wife is coming in from a party one of the ladies had over at the stove on a delicious apple core and she just said oh archibald so i will now hurriedly close with the remark that i have found at all times don at all times one thing holds true and that is that man embraces woman in every instance archy

AN ANALYSIS

Element: Women*Chemical Symbol*: WO*Accepted Atomic Weight*: 120*Occurrence*: Found wherever man exists. Seldom in the free state. With few exceptions the combined state is to be preferred.*Physical Properties*: All colors, sizes, and shapes. Usually in disguised condition. Face covered by a film of composite material. Boils at nothing and may freeze at any moment. However, melts when properly treated. Very bitter if not well used.*Chemical Properties*: Very active. Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum, and precious stones. Violent reaction when left alone. Ability to absorb great amounts of expensive food at any time. Undissolved by liquids, but activity greatly increases when saturated with a spirit solution. Sometimes yields to pressure. Turns green when placed beside a better looking specimen. Ages very rapidly.*Uses*: Highly ornamental. Wide application in the arts and domestic sciences. Acts as a positive or negative catalyst in the production of fever, as the case may be. Useful as a tonic in the alleviation of sickness, low spirits, etc. Efficient as a cleaning agent. Equalizes the distribution of wealth. Is probably the most powerful (income) reducing agent known.*Caution*: HIGHLY EXPLOSIVE WHEN IN INEXPERIENCED HANDS.

—Submitted by ROSCOE WALL.

to go slow. He was really just finding out that he didn't know what it was all about.

Commencement came along and Anabelle told him she was going to summer school at his college and he told her that he was going to be there also to edit a paper they were going to publish during the summer school, and both of them said they were glad they were going to be together.

Anabelle told him she was going to four or five final dances at colleges in this state and out but James thought she would remember him and told her that she wouldn't and she said of course she would, and she begged him to write to her and he said he would.

James prided himself upon his letters and said that letter writing was an art but he found out that getting Anabelle to write a letter was a harder art to master. He wrote to her and she wrote him one and he wrote again, but she didn't reply and he didn't see her again until she came to summer school.

She told him that she had just got back from the finals at West Point and that a university had given her father an honorary degree and that her sister had graduated and got as a gift a trip abroad. This made James feel bad, for the part about her sister's trip abroad came just after he had told her about a trip to Washington his family had promised him after summer school was over—the whole family to go along in their flivver.

He didn't notice any change in her much and he dated her the first night she was in town. She was a hater of all the things Martha had talked about and James found talking to her a little difficult but they got along all right. She looked up at him and said she knew he didn't care a thing for her and he said that he did, and kissed her.

During the middle of the week he had to work on the paper and didn't get to see her. Somebody told him that he was too nice to her and advised him to go to see some other girls and make her jealous but he frowned upon such strategy and said that if he couldn't keep

a girl without making her jealous he didn't want one.

He and a friend of his double-dated Anabelle and a friend of hers the next Saturday night and Anabelle wouldn't hardly speak to James, she just paid all her attention to the other boy and this made James mad and he just sat there feeling foolish. He couldn't say anything because Anabelle wouldn't leave the other couple.

He went home mad and puzzled and decided that somebody must have told Anabelle the same thing they had told him—make him jealous. She hadn't just paid him no mind, she had talked about other boys, but her actions didn't make him jealous, they just made him mad and he said the joke was on her because he wasn't going to see her again. He wouldn't go to church the next morning, and told his roommate he wouldn't go because he was afraid the preacher'd persuade him to stop cussing, and he certainly would miss it as long as Anabelle was in town.

He swore he wouldn't go back and he dated several other girls but they didn't seem to satisfy him and he finally went to work reading and writing and tried to forget the girls.

He believed that Anabelle had got too big a rush and it had gone to her head, but his most consoling thought was that she was trying to make him jealous. When he thought of that he laughed because he remembered again that the joke was on her, she hadn't made him jealous, but just mad.

During this time he loved her really for the first time but he didn't know it and thought he was just mad while he was really jealous.

But he went to work and got so he thought of her only about three-fourths of the time instead of all the time, and thought by that that he had forgotten her.

Then he met another girl, Eloise, and then he forgot Anabelle and dated Eloise regularly. She didn't seem to care anything especially for him but he thought he liked her a lot.

One day he met Anabelle and she seemed to want to talk to him but he

didn't want to talk to her. Anabelle asked him where he had been keeping himself and other questions and before he knew it he had a date with her that night.

He felt flattered when he thought he noticed a change in her while he talked to her, and he was certain of a change when he went to see her that night. The first part of the night she sweet-talked him and he was sarcastic and she held on to his arm. Finally he noticed that she was crying and he was sorry but he didn't care for her any longer. She told him that he had treated her mean and asked him to kiss her and he did but she said she could tell his heart wasn't in the kiss.

When he left that night he had lipstick on his mouth and puzzlement in his mind, because he liked Eloise but she didn't like him and he didn't know whether he liked Anabelle or not, and she loved him. He knew, because she had said so. But he had told her he wouldn't come to see her again.

The next day he caught a glimpse of Martha and found that his heart was beating faster than it ought to beat and he found out too she was visiting in town. He called her up and she was nice but already had a date for that night and James hung up in a cold sweat because he remembered just then that he had a date with Eloise that night. But Martha had promised to see him the next morning.

James believed that his wandering heart had returned to its nest—that is, that he had found out that Martha was really the girl for him and he made up his mind to tell her the next morning that he wanted to go back to her.

He dreaded the date with Eloise because he knew he wouldn't enjoy it, knowing that Martha was dating somebody else. But he went and tried to be talkative and not appear indifferent, but he couldn't put up a front and he didn't shoot Eloise the same line and she noticed it, and he saw a change in her. She did like Anabelle had done the night before—she held on to his arm and said he didn't care for her any more and cried a little and asked him

(Concluded on page twenty)

MOON MADNESS

By FRANK NORRIS

"I make people funny, romantic—sometimes even mad. Wonder why? What is there in me, so utterly to change people? One person feels one way, another person is affected in another way. Guess I know more about people than anyone else does. Why, I've seen people stand in my light and commit murder! I've seen them look at me for a long time, thinking all the while of brothers, sisters, parents who are even further away from them than I am. You might not believe it, but I even have power over those animals you think dumb. But here's a little scene, all in one street. Just look, there's that old man—I've tried so many times on him. And there's that. . . Well, look for yourself. You can probably see more clearly that I. Just look at the old man, now. He's. . .

I

"Seventy-eight, seventy-nine, . . . Why can't I go to sleep?" fretted old Nicholas Perriwinkle. He wasn't so old—just fifty, but his selfish, lonely existence had brought him to be narrow, eccentric, and cynical. He was short, red faced, bald-headed. "Counted flocks of sheep; now I can't even see them pass in my mind. Wonder what causes this. My but it's bright in here—that couldn't be street lights. This blasted wasteful town ought to. . ."

Here the insomniac, still muttering, walked stiffly to the tall window, and peered out. He searched the surroundings for the source of the light; then he glanced up toward the water tank, which stood out clearly in the light. An oath of contempt burst from his curled lips. "The moon. What the devil are moons for, anyway, but to keep peaceful citizens awake? Not a shade or curtain in the room, either. Hump!"

Here he took another look at the moon. "The moon to keep me from my sleep? I'll show you," he said, shaking his bony fist toward the sky.

Now the old man went to the closet, returning with a sheet which he hung over the hooks by the window. (Had Nicholas Perriwinkle been married, these hooks would have held a shade and curtains.) He returned to his bed, muttering all the while about the extravagance of nature. He glanced at the window, to find that the white light came through the translucent sheet as if there were no sheet at all. The irritated old "child" yanked the sheet down, and strode out on the porch. A breath of night air might help soothe his nerves.

Here the white light was all around him. If he withstood nature's effort to soften his old heart this time, there was no hope for him. He paced up and down the porch in his crazy vexation. He looked up and down the quiet street, which, in its silent greyness, reminded him of death—that cold thing which he was afraid of. He paused a minute and shivered. Suddenly he was startled by a loud, mournful howl. He strode to the end of the porch to see what was to him, a hater of animals, an ugly hound dog. Why the devil did neighbors have to have dogs? And that one, reared back on his haunches, had its nose pointed directly at the moon. The dog was perfectly still, except for the slight lurch which accompanied these mournful, deathly howls. Nicholas found a rock in a flower box and heaved it at the motionless dog. The missile fell short of its target—the dog remained motionless.

Nicholas turned away just in time to see the light across the street go out. Mrs. Hurst, whom Nicholas knew to be over eighty, appeared at the open window. She looked up at the full moon as would, thought Nicholas, a savage who didn't understand. Then she bowed her head and he thought she must have been praying. The scene disgusted the man who, said

to say, had no understanding of such things.

He glanced on down the street toward the business section. An automobile was parked two houses distant, where that flapperish Emory girl lived. To Nicholas she was a flapper, because she smoked and he had once seen her without stockings on. He looked more closely—in that car there were two people who seemed to be very much concerned with each other. He looked, and the two people actually kissed each other!

"What's wrong with everybody? Sentimental mush. Hump!" The old fellow turned to go into the house. At the door he paused to look once more at those moonstruck people—the dog was as he had first seen him. The old widow was still at the window—she was no longer praying, she was again looking up at the moon. The boy and girl down the street were still disgustingly interested in each other.

Nicholas Perriwinkle turned his back on the street, slammed the door, went back to his room, crawled back into the old-fashioned four-poster, and resumed his agitated tossing alone on the big bed. The moonlight continued, brighter than ever, to flood the room with its pale, white light.

II

Mrs. Hurst was very tired as she reached up to turn out the light. Why, she wondered, did people have to live until they were so old that they creaked with every movement? Her snow-white hair and wrinkled face gave evidence of her eighty-four years. During these eighty-four years she had brought nine children into the world, seven of whom she had already outlived. The two surviving boys were, to her, almost the same as dead, with one in the navy and the other in New York. She had just finished a letter to her son in New York.

After she turned off the light, the

(Continued on page fourteen)

"SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY"

(Einstein, Jr., Explains the Unexplainable)

By DON P. JOHNSTON, JR.

We on this spinning grain of sand look back over the years and the eons and casually remark that at some astoundingly long-past date the second glacial age was at its height or the plesiosaurus swam the seas or the earth was a blazing sphere or even a gaseous wisp pulled hither and yon. We glibly proclaim that a few thousand years ago Egypt was in full bloom; the Renaissance began six centuries ago; Lindbergh flew the Atlantic a decade past; the supreme court handed down an important decision scarcely a week ago. Then we turn from our reveries on man-made time and ponder our inability to penetrate the meaning of infinity or even to comprehend thoroughly such elemental dates as, say, eighty-five octillion years B.C. Yet, no doubt, some of us do make a little progress toward understanding time; in fact a few of our greater scientists understand it in such a truly brilliant manner that many of them call it a "fourth dimension" while others doubt its very existence.

Most of us, on the other hand, when we think of time picture it as a slender thread extending from the infinite into the eternal with a segment of it illuminated by the sparkling exuberance of our own bright faces. But, alas, our glowing countenances seem to make visible to us only a very small portion of this thread, indeed. Our finite minds cannot penetrate the infinite eternal. Now for us, soul-possessors of the universe, to have difficulty peering backward or forward is really quite annoying, not to say disconcerting. Obviously we must hit upon some other solution of the matter than the slender-thread hypothesis or our noble race shall be put to ignoble shame. Why not look on time as a circle around which a super-charged Auburn whizzes smoothly along. We can readily see that a circle has neither beginning nor end; therefore we can picture the infinite as a sphere around which every

day zooms on and on *ad infinitum*. But since that Latin phrase seems also to be a little beyond our ken we cannot grasp the whole of the matter even with that convenient theory. What, then, shall we do? Why, discard the circular idea along with the infinite line hypothesis and consider time as a mere point which is unmoving, as a point upon which events occur *right now*, this very instant, but upon which nothing took place a minute or an eon ago and upon which nothing shall pass a second or a billion ages hence. And is this not true! Events happen *now*, not last week or next year. We have an old proverb: "Tomorrow never comes." If and since that be true then today shall never end, yesterday never was.

Now we may proceed to the moral of this little discussion which is: you did not exist—nothing existed—an hour ago when you insulted old Mrs. Groneabout, or a week ago when you fell down in the bathtub thereby nearly breaking your ribs. (That your chest still hurts is quite beside the point—probably only your imagination). So the only sane thing for you to do is to forget the past, which never existed. Now then, how about that horrible dinner party you were inveigled into asking just-*too*-darling Miss Wottabore to accompany you to? Well, in the first place, you invited her yesterday (which never was) and, in the second place, the dinner is scheduled for tomorrow (which never shall be), so you may forget the dinner and concentrate on that which really does exist—the present—this very instant. Concentrate on that robin just outside the window; concentrate on those glistening dew drops, poised, cool and quiet, on the upthrust blades of the new spring grass; fill your soul with the gladness of the moment, every moment, and you will carry with you—through eternity—the beauty of a well-spent Now.

MOON MADNESS

(Continued from page thirteen)

room was not dark. Mrs. Hurst knew that it was again her night to look at the moon, and to think of—well, to think of everything. She crossed over to the chair by the window and sat down, resting her chin in her hands. She gazed up at the smiling old man, and smiled back at him as if she had suddenly become very happy.

She sat thus for a long, long time. A dog across the street howled occasionally, but she did not hear. She thought of the days when she was a child, of the times, when her husband had courted her on moonlight nights, of the years when her children were happy babies, of the time when the first child died, and of when her husband died many years past.

Then she prayed for a long time—silently, slowly, deliberately. She prayed for everything and everybody—for her sons, for her grandchildren, and even for the peculiar old hermit who lived across the street. Then she gazed back up at the moon.

Finally a door across the street slammed, but she did not hear. The moon always affected her in this way.

III

They sat in the little car without a top, and the moonlight shone in to lend a helping hand to Dan Cupid. He, under the mysterious spell of the moonlight night, had just proposed to her. She, in her reserved youthful manner, was slow to accept. Joan was young and beautiful, and—she was not a flapper.

"But, Joan, you don't realize. . . ." He was almost overcome by the loveliness of the situation. "Don't you think I might kiss you now, Joan, since I think enough of you to ask you to marry me?"

"But kisses have got people in trouble sometimes. You know what I mean."

"Things like that don't happen on nights like this." And he kissed her. "Well, will you marry me, Joan?"

She fell into a dreamy contemplation of the objects on the street—the

(Concluded on page twenty)

He: "Why didn't you answer the letter I sent you?"

She: "Why I didn't get any letter from you. And besides, I didn't like the things you said in it!"

— s —

"Sleep, as an accomplishment, is graceful, but as a means of spending a night it is positively ridiculous." So said a chorus of voices following the dance.

— s —

Hubby (over the phone): "Is that you, dear? I'm afraid I won't be able to get home to dinner tonight as I am detained at the office."

Wife (in sympathetic reply): "You poor dear, I don't wonder. How you get anything done at all, with that orchestra playing in your office, is more than I can see."

— s —

Diner: "Waiter, I came in yesterday for a steak."

Waiter: "Yes, sir; will you have the same today?"

Diner: "Well, I might as well, if no one else is using it."

— s —

Johnnie: "Did you mark that place where the fishing was so good?"

Willie: "Yuh. I put an X on the side of the boat."

Johnnie: "That's no good. What if the boat should sink?"—*Pointer*.

— s —

He (after long silence, looking at clock): "Is that an eight day clock?"

She (very bored): "Well, why not stay a little longer and find out!"

— s —

"Hey, your shoes are mixed; you've got the left shoe on the right foot."

"And here for twenty years I thought I was clubfooted."—*Augwan*.

The Dude: Is it really healthy out here?

The Cowboy: Say, they had to shoot a couple of fellows to start a cemetery.

— s —

Drunk (lying by the curb): "I'll climb this wall if it takes me all night."
—*Lyre*.

He: "We're going to have a swell time tonight. I've got three seats for the theatre."

She: "Why do we need three seats?"

He: "They're for your father, mother, and kid brother."—*Cornell Widow*.

— s —

Patriotic citizen during the war, addressing a cow hand:

"See here, young man, why aren't you at the front?"

"Wal, I reckon it's mostly because the cow ain't any different from any other cow."—*Annapolis Log*.

— s —

Radio Voice: "We will now hear from Professor Jones on The Advantages of a College Education."

Listener-in: "There they go with another one of those mystery stories."

— s —

A negro preacher of the Methodist faith was beseeching his flock to join the army of the Lord. After a prolonged harangue, he was interrupted by a brother who was a stranger to the church.

"I belongs to de army of de Lawd," he said pridefully.

"What denomination is you, brother-worshiper?" queried the preacher.

"I is Baptist," was the reply.

"You ain't in de army, my son," said the parson, "you is in de navy."—*Wataugan*.

LET ME DANCE

By GAMBRELL

Oh let me dance
To mighty rhythm
With perfect harmony,
A dignified prance.
I'll take my chance,
As some folk say,
Of going down—
Just let me dance.



Coleridge, whenever he read a book, would write in the margin any thought that might occur to him.

In one of the books which he borrowed from Charles Lamb (a copy of Donne's poems) appears this glimmer, at least, of conscience:

"I shall die soon, my dear Charles Lamb, and then you will not be angry that I have bescribbled your book.

S. T. C. 2d May, 1811."

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NIGHT AND DAY

By JOHN BLACK

*Ere dusk has past
We find, at last
Sweet repose;
Our eyelids close
—In sleep.*

*Dreams of coming love,
Flitting, lighting, move
Blessed
With rest
—And sleep.*

*A glist'ning ray,
Again the day.
Worlds awake,
'Tis daybreak!
—And dawn.*

*And all our dreams,
Those fairy beams
Once galore,
Are no mores
—'Tis day!*

SMOKER RECONCILED
TO OLD FLAME

You needn't change your brand.
Just follow every cigarette
with a minty, mouth-cooling
Life Saver and you'll fall in love
with the old brand all over again.

IF IT HASN'T A HOLE . . . IT ISN'T A LIFE SAVER

GIRLS

*Natty ones, chatty ones, batty ones, catty ones,
Girls!*

*Lazy ones, raey ones, hazy ones, crazy ones,
Girls!*

*Some like 'em buoyant and bubbling and talkative,
Some like 'em slinky and sleek and provocative,
Some like 'em docile and shy and retiring,
Some like 'em purposeful, sly and inspiring,
I find the lot of them dreadfully tiring,
Girls!*

*Classy ones, brassy ones, sassy ones, gassy ones,
Girls!*

*Crying ones, trying ones, prying ones, lying ones,
Girls!*

*Why should we men go giving our dough to them,
Giving a hundred times more than we owe to them?
Giving our whole time from sunset to dawn to them,
Playing the part of a sap and a John to them—
Rise up, you guys, it is time we got on to them,
Girls!*

R. S. Voss.

— S —

WHY DO I LOVE YOU?

By FRITZ DEAN HEMPHILL

*Know then, that I love you
Queen of my heart Divine
Know too, that you scorn me,
As does the tree a vine.*

*Why do I love you so?
Gee, but that's hard to say
But your eyes Dear, haunt me
Each hour of the long day.*

*How much do I love you?
I'd go through fire or fight
And if it doesn't rain
I'll be seeing you tonight.*

*How long have I loved you?
I'll tell you that, my Honey
Every since your Uncle died
And left you all that money.*

ONE GREEK TO ANOTHER

Men, here's your chance to improve on the frat house.

*(Translator's Note:

He: I trust you like the Chapter House?

She: Personally, I go for modern conveniences, if you see what I mean.)

Is the old Chapter House beginning to look like the ruins of ancient Athens? Traditions and grand old relics are fine—but not when they interfere with the comforts of daily living.

If the Brothers in your Chapter are struggling through the current semester with an Homeric heating system and Phidean plumbing, it's high time to do something about it. And something can be done.

It's possible now—because of the National Housing Act—for your Chapter to finance property repairs and improvements. If the House isn't all you would like it to be—you can have it made into a comfortable and good-looking home at once: new paint, plumbing, heating, lighting—and all the other conveniences which make theses and thysis worth the trouble.

The Tau Epsilon Phi Chapter at Maryland U. has set the example by borrowing \$1,700 to modernize their Chapter House. The repairs will be made this winter and the T. E. P.'s will live in the renewed house while they pay for, and enjoy the improvements.

Near your own campus there are approved financial institutions making this same kind of modernization loan.



"ΤΑΤΧΑ ΤΙΝΚ ΑΔΙΣ ΑΚΡΟΠΟΛΙΣ," says he.
and she replies, "ΣΑΟΥΤΖΙ" *



You can arrange to borrow up to \$2,000. The financing charge is low. There's no red tape about getting the money. The note may be paid in easy installments financed out of your Chapter's regular budget. Your local bank can advise you, or you can get complete details by writing to the Federal Housing Administration, Washington, D. C.

Now is the best time to modernize your Chapter House. The whole nation is coöperating in the Better Housing Program—and your Chapter can do that modernization job today more easily and efficiently than ever before.

MODERNIZE THE CHAPTER HOUSE NOW!

SMOKE RINGS

By TRUEBLOOD

Gangsters desire their women like cigarettes, just so many all slender and trim; waiting in a row to be selected; set aflame; and, when their flame has died, discarded.

More fastidious men prefer their women like cigars. They are more exclusive, look better, last longer, and if the brand is good they aren't given away.

Other men treat women as pipes and become more attached to them as they grow older. When the flame is burned out they still look after them, knock them gently but lovingly, and care for them always. No man shares his pipe.

WOMEN

They talk about a woman's sphere

As though it had a limit;

There's not a place on earth or heaven

There's not a task of mankind given,

There's not a blessing or a woe,

There's not a whisper, yes or no,

There's not a life, or death or birth

That has a feather's weight of worth

Without a woman in it.

FAN MAIL

Dear Student:

My son's *Old Gold and Black*, which he brought home with him, says that your April issue is to be a "Women Issue." I ask that you refrain from using material which casts slurs at women. Such slurs are not appreciated even by men.

Sincerely,

Dear ———,

We shall do our best to eliminate all material which is anything but complementary to your tribe. We hope that any slip-ups" in this direction will be taken in the spirit of fun.

Yours truly,
EDITOR.

— s —

Dear Editor:

Why don't you print some romance stories? I'm in love and like to read something to improve my technique.

Yours truly,
FANNY FORLORN.

— s —

Dear Fanny:

We are too busy to engage in romantic affairs. We regret this even more than you do. What is your address—we have time off for holidays soon.

Hope you get your lovin',
EDITOR.

— s —

Editor:

Seems as how you slandered the use of rumble seats in one of your attempts at humor. What are you trying to do—

take all the pleasure out of life? My ma saw the joke and said she'd been wondering why I liked to ride in a rumble seat. Now I have to stay home with my dates.

Yours insincerely,
INFURIATED.

Dear Infuriated:

Remember that from time immemorial the innocent have suffered for the acts of the unrighteous. And besides that, you're bragging when you say "dates."

Good bye,
EDITOR.

— s —

Dear Publication:

My son sends *THE STUDENT* home occasionally. Why don't you get out an issue containing only Lucky Strike ads? —I like your back cover ads.

Yours,
ANONYMOUS.

Dear Anonymous:

Your don't like the ads a bit more than we do. We too would like an "all cigarette ad issue," which might pull us out of the hole. Glad you like our ads, but you would do well to address your commendation to the company which draws up the ad.

Your lucrative friend,
THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

*Oh bury me not,
On the lone prairie,
But put my bones
On the bottom of the sea.*

*There let me lie,
In a mermaid's den;
In death as in life
I crave women, women, women.*

Castle Highlights

Well, there won't be anymore interruptions until the end of school. Everybody seems to be in fine spirits as we hit the "Home Stretch," and ye olde Castle is trying to get into the spirit of the thing by bringing the "mostus of the bestus" right here at one time. We have one more issue of *The Student* before we say au revoir, so we won't tell you all that we are going to see before we depart for the beach, etc. etc.

Let's take a look. On May 6—one day only—Cardinal Richelieu will play at the Castle. This picture, starring George Arliss, is a dramatization of the life of Cardinal Richelieu, a man who exerted a profound influence on French history. Living at a time when France teemed with intrigue, adventure, and romance, the great Cardinal was a colorful figure. All of the glamour of the French Court has been captured by Metro-Goldwyn Mayer in this splendid production. Students of history will surely enjoy this production. Richelieu, it will be remembered, founded the famous French Academy, which is today one of the outstanding instruments in France for the advancement of knowledge.

The next day, something of a different nature will be shown. SWEET MUSIC, starring Rudy Vallee and Ann Dvorak will appear. This picture is being acclaimed as one of the finest musicals of the year. Ann Dvorak heretofore has been limited to straight dramatic parts, but in this picture she proves that she is capable of stacking up with the best of them in this type of entertainment. You will want to see her dance and hear her sing. She's plenty good.

On May 13-14 Lily Damita, who in the writer's estimation is just about the most soothing looking thing that can be discovered, will star in BREWSTER'S MILLIONS. Gentlemen, this picture is PLAYING WAKE FOREST ONE WEEK BEFORE ITS PREMIERE SHOWING IN NEW YORK CITY. It is a musical; it is distinct; it is colossal; and Lily Damita plays in it. Whew! (Say, Whitacre, I ought to get a couple of bucks for that.) And speaking of Whitacre, someone said that he looks like Fats Voss. Maybe there is a little resemblance!

On May 17, GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS will show. The name of George White stands for everything that is fine in entertainment, and lovers of beauty will do well to procure two bits and take this in. All those beautiful girls that George White has in the stage production will appear also in the screen production. It will be "swelegant."

But we'll be seeing you again in about two weeks. There will be another "Student" out then.

She: Why do you keep all the old magazines lying around your room?

He: To remind me to go to the dentist.

— s —

"What did the doctor say about your heavy-breathing?"
"Oh, he said he'd put a stop to that."

— s —

When I asked her to wed, "Go to father," she said.
She knew that I knew that her father was dead.
She knew that I knew what a life he had led
She knew that I knew what she meant when she said,
"Go to father!"—*Lampoon.*

— s —

Irishman: "Hurry for Ireland!"

Disgusted Bystander: "Aw, hurry for hell!"

Irishman: "That's right; every man for his own country."—*Lyre.*



WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

(Continued from page twelve)

to kiss her, but he wouldn't because this time he felt that he ought to be true to Martha. When he left her she was crying, but he told her he wasn't going back to see her.

The next morning he saw Martha and she seemed to have forgotten that he had been late once, she was charming and gracious and James told her he still loved her but she appeared surprised and seemed indifferent. And James was desperate and swore he couldn't get along without her and she said that was just too bad because she was engaged to be married. James tried to act calm like the jilted lover in the movies, and to appear to accept fate and go out hiding a broken heart, but somehow he wasn't satisfied with his performance and he

left confused and with a heart he thought was broken.

He went to his room and remembered that two girls in two days had told him they loved him and that Martha had told him she was engaged and he sat down at his desk and tried to figure out the scramble.

Finally he gave it up and banged a book across the room and swore and said, "I give up. I don't know what it's all about but nobody's got anything on me 'cause they don't know what it's all about either."

— s —

Man is like a motor—the more they knock, the sooner do they lose their power.



MOON MADNESS

(Continued from page fourteen)

grey light mingled with the blackness of the shadows. Then she looked up at the sky, and at the kindly, shining white face she saw there.

"Yes," she whispered. She did not look at her companion—she was still gazing at the smiling white face.

IV

"Ow—o—o—. What are you, anyway?" That is what Bob, the big hound, seemed to be thinking. He had gazed at the thing up there so long that the attraction had drawn him as close to it as possible—that's why his nose was pointed so high toward that thing. "Why do you just stay up there and look down at me? Why don't you tell me to go away or to come to you, as those other things with faces do? Ow—o—o—," he howled out his questions.

Bob's attention was attracted by a stone which fell near him. He rolled his eyes to discover the angry face of an old man on a nearby porch. Why couldn't that old man smile like that bright thing? Ordinarily Bob would have run from this old man, but not now. He fell back into his hypnotic stare at that thing up above, which caused even a dog to act strangely.

"Ow—o—o—o—," Bob howled again, as he returned to his questioning of the unknown. His process of reasoning was slow, but nevertheless he was wondering just what was that thing in the sky that made him feel excitedly hypnotized—yes, even crazy.

— s —

Professor: I will not begin today's lecture until the room settles down.

Voice from the rear: Go home and sleep it off, old man.—Black and Blue Jay.

— s —

Clerk—"What's the matter, sonny?"

Lost Kid—"Please sir, have you seen a lady without a little boy that looks like me?"

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It always has stopped raining



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the
deacon
takes
a
holiday

introducing

the vacation

number



—“And I thought you came here to study math.”

— s —

THAT'S BAD

Ed Beale: I write a bit of poetry every morning as soon as I get out of bed.

John Peele: That's what I call going from bed to verse.

— s —

THAT'S SWELL

Dr. Jones: There are two words that we don't use in this class. One is *swell*, and the other is *lousy*.

Al Martin: What are they?

— s —

Where are you going for your vacation?

Oh, back to the soil.

To the farm?

Yes, that's soil.

attention!

CONTEST

Are you loyal, Deacons? Then—
What do you think of the *STUDENT* in twenty words (or are you more profane)? Write your opinion on the backs of twenty Rolls-Royce license plates. All facsimiles barred. Throw them in the Pacific Ocean. Answers in the Atlantic Ocean will positively *not* be accepted.

Prizes will be awarded as follows:

1st prize: picture of the editor posing á la September morn in June.

2nd prize: picture of September morn posing á la editor in June.

(From this you see that the prizes will go on indefinitely.)

— s —

Two drunks were leaning over a bar telling intimate stories of their life.

“I weighed only a pound when I was born,” said one.

“Only a pound! Did you live?” asked the other.

“Did I? You should see me now.”—*Voo Doo*.

— s —

Love is like a kodak film; it has to be developed in the dark.

And we guess that's why love is blind.

— s —

A sensible girl is not so sensible as she looks, because a sensible girl has more sense than to look sensible.—*Purple Parrot*.

— s —

The professor rapped on his desk and yelled, “Gentlemen, order!”

The entire class shouted: “Beer!”

— s —

Caldwell: Don't spit on the floor.

Dodson: What's th' matter? Does it leak?—*Exchange*.

— s —

Dr. Bryan: Wake up the fellow beside you.

Hawk Eason: You do it, doctor, you put him to sleep.—*Exchange*.

— s —

He: Oh, look, we have a man on every base!

She: That's nothing, so has the other side.

— s —

It's absurd for this man to charge us \$10 for towing us ten miles.

That's all right; he's earning it—I have my brakes on.—*Skipper*.

— s —

Fulford says the gals at the beach make him hungry for a turkey dinner—plenty of white meat and little dressing.

VILE VERSES

PURPLE COW

I never saw a purple cow;
I never hope to be one;
But judging from the milk we get,
I know that there must be one.

— s —

LADIES LAMENT

Anonymous

Gambrell kissed me in the spring,
Trueblood in the fall,
But Dodson only looked at me
And never kissed at all.

Gambrell's kiss was lost in jest,
Trueblood's lost in play,
But the kiss in Jimmie Dodson's eyes
Haunts me night and day.
(A kiss in the mouth is worth two in the eyes.—Ed. note)

— s —

H² OH!

Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink.
Someone opened up the spigot,
And it all went down the sink.
—Puppet

— s —

LAPS

They sat alone in the moonlight,
And she soothed his troubled brow,
"Dearest, I know my life's been fast,
But I'm on my last lap now,"

— s —

PUPPY LOVE

My reasoning may be unsound,
But, by the powers above,
I'd like to see the full-grown hound,
If this is puppy love.

— s —

TRIANGLE

I know hundreds and hundreds of boys,
But the dumbest is John Sutare;
He thinks the eternal triangle
Is something babies wear.

— s —

MODESTY

Waldo Check's a modest boy—
So modest, be it said,
He never passed a garden
When the flowers were in bed.

— s —

NUDISM

Nudist exhibitionism
Is crudest expressionism.
—Lehigh Burr

Berry A. ("A" as in Anderson): Aw lemme alone. No-body cares if I drink myself to death.

John Ousley: I do! You're guzzling my booze.

— s —

Norris: I wonder why she gives me the same old stall.
Rollins: Probably because you're the same old jackass!

— s —

Roomer: Say, what's the idea of wearing my raincoat?
Roommate: You wouldn't want your new suit to get wet, would you?—*Annapolis Log*.

— s —

Teacher (the same tone): Johnny, use "statuesque" in a sentence.

Johnny (a different tone): What's statuesque?—*West Pointer*.

— s —

"So we named the baby Weather Strip because he kept father out of the draft during the war."—*Froth*.

— s —

"Jimis goina Europe."

"Shasho! What'sa dope?"

"He'sh shailin' ona shixsha Deshember."

"Sha damfine boat. Wen' over on 'er las shummer!"
—*Lampoon*.



"Coming over, my dear, the boat was
just lousy with nobility"

—Courtesy ESQUIRE.



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member of the north carolina collegiate press association

off the editor's chest:

Boy, are we, the new STUDENT staff, happy aver getting the campus rag into our clutches. We've got ideas, or something, perhaps fleas, but whatever we've got, we have them in large quantities. Take this issue, for instance; it appears to be quite a different lad from any previous STUDENT. Evidently our ideas account for this change which we hope is an improvement.

We are tempted to boast that our editions of the young gentleman, the STUDENT, will make it the smartest collegiate rag in the Carolinas, but we prefer not to calculate our poultry before they incubate.

We think that you will like our product. We have made a careful study of other college publications, and we have been attentive to your criticisms of previous STUDENTS. From these two sources we have received many new ideas. These we think will improve the young scholar now under our wing, and we are putting them into action in this, our first issue. If you like this issue, we're satisfied. If you don't like it, please tell us why. If you have any suggestions which you think will help us in improving future numbers, let us in on them.

As you have seen, our policy is quite different from that of any previous staff. Our policy: a well-developed theme for each issue; more and better art work (art for the STUDENT'S sake); generally shorter, more humorous or cleverer articles, essays, and stories than heretofore used and more of them whenever possible; a variety of covers, headings, type, and general arrangement; and a well-tailored appearance. This is a big order we're pushing on ourselves, but we'll stick to it until we feel the necessity for a change.

We mentioned a few lines back something about producing a smart publication. By this we do not mean a sophisticated journal by any means; we mean a classy one. For a great deal of class in this issue, as you have seen, we are running several cuts through the courtesy of ESQUIRE, the magazine for men. Thanks to ESQUIRE!

We venture to make the statement that today Wake Forest has by far more literary and art talent, both essentials of a successful college rag, than she has ever had. It is you, to whom this magazine belongs, who have these talents. And we, of the new staff, delight in the possibilities these talents present to us. If you have any stories, essays, articles, jokes, cartoons, ideas for cartoons, let the STUDENT have them. Everything you submit to us will be given most careful attention. Give your contributions to any member of the STUDENT staff or mail them in to the STUDENT. In order that you might know what material will be best suited for our issues, we list here our five issues to appear next year: freshman, football, Christmas, modernistic, and fraternity.

... And, if we're not mistaken, several paragraphs back we mentioned something about brevity, so we'll shut up and go to press with the hope that you will like our first edition of the young gentleman called the STUDENT.

vacation
number
1935

ENGLISH ROYALTY

NAME THE STUARTS WHO REIGNED OVER ENGLAND.

JAMES I, CHARLES I, CHARLES II, JAMES II, MARY, OF WILLIAM AND MARY, AND ANNE.

DESCRIBE BRIEFLY QUEEN VICTORIA'S PLACE IN HISTORY...

GREATEST QUEEN OF ENGLAND SINCE QUEEN ELIZABETH.

LIZ. I

VERY GOOD — CHARACTERIZE PRINCE ALBERT.

P.A. IS MILD AND MELLOW — IT NEVER BITES THE TONGUE!

P.A.

THE SMOKING ROYALTY

EVERY MAN CAN JOIN THE SMOKING ROYALTY! TRY A LOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT — A TRULY PRINCELY SMOKE. HERE'S TO P.A.!

M - M - M - M - M BOY!

Copyright, 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

"goin' back to texas"

give me back my saddle,
give me back my gun—
and keep your darned old tuxs.

by terry edens

"Gimme back my saddle; gimme back my gun; gimme back that campfire when the day is done; goin' back to Texas." . . . I'm sorta hummin' that to myself nowadays, 'cause it won't be long now.

Thank goodness, I'll be going back to a man's country. No more playing around in blossom bloomers and dancing around in those educated straight jackets called tuxedos. Instead I'll put on a shirt and a pair of cotton pants, saddle old Nell, and gallop across some good old Texas scenery with the thermometer running a temperature of 104. That's good fun if you can take it. Why, just sitting still on old Nell I can raise a bigger sweat than I could in a whole football season.

How many of you readers have ever witnessed the daily routine of a cowhand. It's a shame, God knows it's a shame, the way those boys have to work. Before dawn they begin their work, and it's dark before they quit. It's all in a day's work for a cowhand to be caught twenty or thirty miles from his hatrack at dark: How would you feel if you were thirty miles away from home at dark with nothing to

eat, no place to sleep, and occasionally the shrill cry of a coyote that freezes the sweat on your face, or the petrifying wag of a rattlesnake's posterior breaking the pleasant mooring of the cattle you're punching? Knickers and tuxs of North Carolina's so-called civilization would be as out of place there as a hula dancer in a suit of armor. Personally—and I'll get this off my chest now—I'd rather be half-civilized and dressed sensibly and practically than civilized and gadding about in rompers and monkey suits. Why, just the other night, I pried myself into a monkey suit, went to a dance, and tried to dance. Me dancing in that poker-chested rig was like putting a saddle on a wild horse. Bless my soul, if I wouldn't just as soon be trying, handicapped with a broken back, to put distance between me and a rattlesnake as trying to dance in one of those crocodile suits.

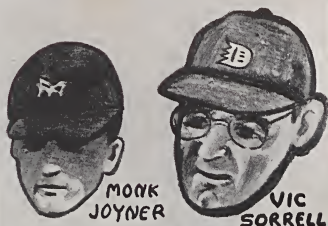
We dance down in Texas; it's too hot there to dance in a stuffy ballroom, so we build a platform out in a pasture where its cool at night. To the merry tunes of banjos and fiddles we skip around doing the square dance; we save our hugging for better and more

private spaces than a dance floor. We get hot and perspire (I mean "sweat") just as you do here in North Carolina. We, too, have the custom of getting our girls off to ourselves during a dance, but instead of riding around to get a bit of fresh air (and what have you) we take our women to the well for a drink of water; nine times out of ten we don't so much as see a well.

And speaking of romance, isn't it more romantic to ride the range with your girl, under the intoxicating (that means "drunkening") glow of a pale moon with the thrilly cries of the coyote, than to motor around wondering whether your tux shirt would fly out or not.

Well, I'm "goin' back to Texas," and with what I have learned of government from Dr. Pearson and discipline from Dean Bryan, and with my own prodigious ability, I will set up a democratic order that will civilize all my barbarian brother Texans. I might even civilize the cowhands enough to get them crazy enough to wear blossom bloomers and tuxs. Texas, here I come!





MONK
JOYNER

VIC
SORRELL



JUNIE
BARNES



RUNT
HORD



AL
DOWTIN



MURRAY
GREASON



JOE
CLAYTON

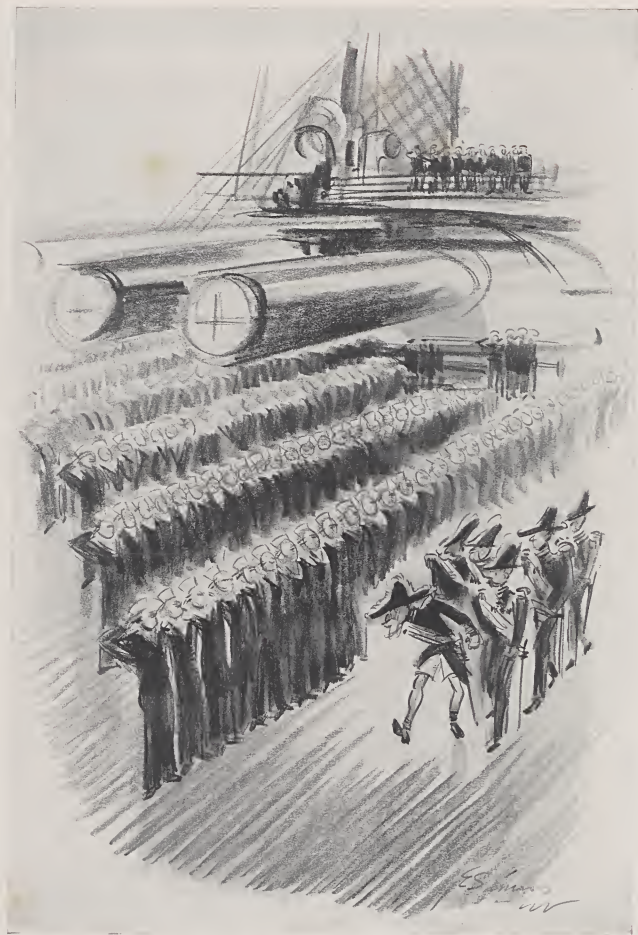


TOM
LANNING

John
CADDEN

THE DEACONS VETERAN
BASE BALL COACH AND A
FEW OF HIS NUMEROUS.....
PRODUCTS TO STARDOM.

Ed
Whitt



"Well, we'll just go through the entire fleet until I find my pants!"
—Courtesy *ESQUIRE*.

thirteen ports around the world

an interesting jaunt around the world—from
shanghai to new york—as seen by a traveler.

by archie mcmillan

The sun is shining hot over Shanghai. . . . It is June, 1934, and the Dollar Ocean liner, *S. S. President Johnson*, is just leaving the harbor on her thirteenth voyage, with New York as her thirteenth port of call. All the cabins are taken, and deck space is at a premium, because fifteen graduates of the Shanghai American School manage to take up about three times their space allotment . . . but if you want to go along there's still room enough. Just take out your map or globe of the world and lean back with half-closed eyes. Soon you will feel the deck rocking under your feet—though perhaps it's just your chair careening perilously on one leg; you will smell fresh paint and the tang of salt spray blowing in from the open sea; you will hear the high-pitched chatter of a Chinese cook and the gruff bellow of the third ho'sun to "clear them decks!" We're off!

The first stop is Hong Kong, which contends with Rio de Janeiro for the distinction of being the world's most beautiful port. Grey stone and brick buildings—testimonies to England's ambition and ability—rise on the water's edge with dark green hills as a background. We ascend the peak at a forty-five degree angle in a cable car and take a bus to Repulse Bay, where there is surf swimming.

Manila, chief port of the Philippine Islands, thrills us with hints of American control—a respectable money system based on Uncle Sam's system, a first class broadcasting station, Boy Scout headquarters for the Orient, and a regular U. S. soda fountain with orange crush and Milky Way for the asking, plus centavos. An old friend shows us the town, by night, and feeds us regally in his father's high-ceilinged home.

About the first of July we hit Singapore, forty-six miles from the Equator. We swimmer all day and cool off at night in a huge green and white tile pool—at least 150 by 90 feet—that the gang of us manages to gain access to. Everything is tropical: vegetation, atmosphere, and temperature; we are glad to head north again, and land at Penang—a few miles further from the hot belt. A friend is found who speaks the queen of tongues—i.e., the Soochow dialect—and who takes a few of us on a tour through cool moun-

tain passes to shady gardens, where we escape for awhile the terrific sun.

At Colombo, Ceylon, we ride the surf again onto a golden beach; we walk through the Cinnamon Gardens and breathe in the fragrance of the crushed leaves around our feet; we laugh at a group of native musicians who blow fifes and beat drums to work off their good spirits; and we watch a Hindu magician produce a flowering shrub from thin air and make his pet mongoose and cobra mix it up for the circle of spectators.

Bombay, India, is the seventh port of call. The day is filled with excursions to mosques and temples; the night is taken up with varied adventures—a trip around the darkened harbor in a borrowed boat, a midnight prow around the streets in search of a suitable Turkish fez or some other souvenir. During the ten-day stretch across the Indian Ocean a pirate trial is staged and deck games are played—everything from deck tennis to shuffleboard. Cruising up the Red Sea, we glimpse Mount Sinai and hear our captain give a scientific explanation of the Israelites' crossing of the Red Sea.

We disembark at Port Said and take a touring car across the Egyptian desert to Cairo. After several hours of fast driving we reach the top of a gently-sloping summit and overlook a section of the city built within the last few years—Heliopolis, City of the Sun. Light pink, blue and yellow turrets present a brilliant picture. The Cairo bazaars are more than usually tempting to slim purses, but we vow that we will do no more than window-shop; with that question settled we revel in several hours of wandering through crooked streets with costly merchandise piled high on either side.

We ride camels, we visit the wonderful museum at Cairo, and take a trip to the Sphinx and pyramids. We clamber all over mighty Cheops—480 feet high and having a base of 764 feet square, built in 3650 B.C. out of huge blocks of stone weighing about two tons apiece; we enter the inner burial chamber, in the center of the massive rock pyramid, and marvel at the prodigious task an Egyptian king undertook in his efforts at eternal self-preservation.

Catching the boat again at Alexandria, we steam through sky-blue Mediterranean waters till we near Sicily and Italy. One morning I roll over on my cot, placed

for coolness on the deck, with a sulfurous odor in my nostrils. Looking up, I see a picture, that will remain etched in my mind till death do me part from earthly things. Gloomy Mount Vesuvius looms high on our starboard side; in contrast the shimmering blue waves of the far-famed bay of Naples dance in the sunlight and a summer sunrise lights up dark volcanic smoke into roseate clouds that encircle the horizon.

Our brief overland trip through Italy is beyond any attempts at description—for me the land of the ancient Romans will forever remain in the garden spot of the world. On a short tour from Naples we view the preserved and excavated wonders of Pompeii, the stone streets worn down from passing chariots and inner walls decorated with yet visible mural drawings. Passing back through Naples again, waving at dark-eyed, olive-skinned, smiling Italian girls on the way, we take a train for Rome, king city of the ancient world.

The wonders of the Colosseum, catacombs, arches and statuary would take (and have taken) books to describe—far be it from me to attempt an appraisal. One of the high spots of the trip is our visit to St. Peter's cathedral. While we are admiring the soft blending of colors and perfect workmanship in the many life-size murals around us, a guide informs us that not a square inch of painting is present in the mammoth church, that all the work is mosaic—little chips of colored stone fitted together. A choir is singing most of the time we are "oh-ing" and "ah-ing" at the marvels that surround us.

That night three of us decide to play Horatius at the bridge, so we creep under a cement bridge that spans Father Tiber, evade a suspicious watchman, strip down, and plunge in. Class me not with breakers of romantic preconceptions, but that is the slimmest creak I've ever been in—we are first up to our ankles in mud and then splashing around in cold and oily waters. If any of you want to do the same thing we did on that nocturnal dip in the Tiber, just get John Sustare to paint a gray and green sign, "Tiber River," stick in up beside some hole in the swamp, and dive in. You have my sympathies. While we are dressing, Mussolini puts on a special fireworks show for our benefit. Green, yellow, red and blue jets of flame cleave the darkness above our heads, hissing welcome to the wanderers.

At Florence we visit the shops where
(Concluded on page twenty)

her rival

a poet on his vacation; his wife a blonde, but his sweetheart a brunette and his lost inspiration.

by b. g. leonard, jr.

Mrs. James Worley Jones, the wife of the celebrated poet, allowed her flawlessly blonde head to relax into the luxurious cushions of the chair and smiled perfumingly at her interviewer. The girl reporter stared in mild fascination at the lady's deft manipulation of her cigarette.

Although this little town would probably prove tiresome after the bright lights of the city, Mrs. Jones reflected, it was really a triumph, though a careless one, to move back among people one had known in earlier, less successful years, if one could return like a visiting royal family. A city that once had meted out bitter oblivion now paid clamorous homage. Of course, it was James's name that worked the magic and pulled the cords of reverence, but she had done her part, too, she mused complacently.

"You see," she prattled, "James is much like a boy. 'He has absolutely no sense of the value of social connections—abhors social functions. I have to arrange that sort of thing—' the expressive flip of her hand included the entire social register.

"He has difficulty in writing because he is so dreadfully temperamental. He has no regular hours for work, but composes when the mood strikes him. At lunch today he suddenly rose, excused himself, and dashed upstairs to his study. He has to write while he has the inspiration, you understand. I help him to capture the inspiration by dragging him from place to place."

"Lately he has had more and more trouble in writing. Complaints he has lost the appeal that made him famous. Says the city is sapping his homely, honey-tongue. I thought a glance at the rustic scenes of his youth might help, so I brought him home."

Home. With twenty-seven spacious rooms, A castle set on a hill, with gleaming towers grasping at the sky. Home. Across the modest little city, at the outskirts, a brown little cottage with an uneven, shingled roof and a few straggling vines was decaying. The word, "home," forced a picture of it on her mind. . . . But she must not think of that now. She had a position to maintain. Those days of simple, barbarian pleasures were dead. They

had died with the coming of greatness, leaving only a lingering, disturbing memory.

"We have been here just a few days, and his work seems to have come back to him. He is writing—"

"Mother!" Junior whooped, bursting into the room.

He halted abruptly at the sight of the visitor.

"Whoa," he exclaimed. "Msorry." Mrs. Jones rose and absently introduced her small son.

"My son, Jimmy," she said, "Miss—"

She had not forgotten the name deliberately this time, to embarrass the girl. Remembering the little house where she and James had lived made her uneasy. At this moment there was no pleasure in cruelty.

Junior lingered, squirming with imperfectly concealed emotion, until the girl had gone. Still, he said nothing. His eyes were clouded with perplexity.

"What is it, dear?"

"Mother, who is Daddy's sweetheart?"

"Sweetheart? What do you mean?"

"Sweetheart," persisted Junior with the dogged certainty of childhood. "He's got a picture. She's a dark lady, awfully pretty. Daddy takes it out of his desk and looks at it when he writes. Once I saw him kiss it."

A great, awkward weight materialized out of nowhere and came to rest in Mrs. Jones' bosom. So that was why he wrote so spontaneously these last few days. Was this the secret of his daily walks, always alone? He was at the age when men begin to philander. But James! It was unthinkable. He had been the one who was unaffected by prosperity. He had been indifferent to the doings of the socially elite. He had remained the same simple, unspoiled, boyish writer when she had swung into the vortex of the social whirl. He had affected to be disgusted with affairs and divorcees.

Now it was he who was faithless. She walked to the window and parted the curtains. Below lay the town. Across the rows of buildings she could barely descry a tiny brown cottage. Was the roof sagging? A strange tremor tore her throat. Everything

was strange . . . too strange. She had long since ceased to think of her connection with James as anything more than that of a clever manager to a temperamental poet. If, in New York, her husband had become infatuated with some other woman, she would have been amused. But, here! She did not understand herself. Why did her head whirl so? Jealousy, long forgotten, lived again. Who was this other woman? What right had she to James? What did she know of his hidden fire, his dreams? She must see James and have this thing out.

She marched up the stairs like a condemned captive. A weight leaned cruelly against her heart, an unexpected mist blurring her vision.

James was in his study, but he was not writing. He was standing by the window, gazing dreamily across the city. His hair was rumpled like a boy's. He must be looking at the house. The house.

"James," she said in a husky voice that belonged to someone else.

The tall man swung slowly around. His eyes were smilingly vacant, as one who has been dreaming by day.

"James," she said again. Her throat hurt. "James, are you keeping someone's picture in your desk?"

"Why, yes," he smiled. "If only he were not so calm. How could he be?"

"Does she mean anything to you?"

"More than anyone I ever knew."

He could still smile, saying that.

"May I see her picture?" She must be calm.

He opened a desk drawer and, carefully picking up a small picture, placed it in her hands. Mrs. Jones stared at the picture. She looked at her husband. She looked at the picture again.

"Jimmy," she said, her voice breaking, "I've been a damned poor manager. I've dragged you all around the world, looking for inspiration when it was here all the time. I—I—"

The tears came. She sobbed upon her husband's shoulder, and having done with crying, laughed hysterically there. Presently she regained calm.

"Junior," she called, "come here to the window."

The youngster came running. "Do you see that little house over yonder under the big trees? How would you like to live there and climb those trees?"

"Oh, boy!" approved the child.

"And, Darling," she spoke shyly, "don't be surprised if Mother's hair turns brown, like this picture of me your father took years ago."

Placing one arm around her husband's shoulder, she handed Junior the picture of "daddy's sweetheart."

*It's a bonnie
cigarette Laddie*

*—aye Lassie, one
that's Milder and
Tastes Better*



three little indians

Sixty blanketed figures huddled around a circle of stone and rough limbs. In the center a great unlit fire-triangle pointed upward into the night. Complete silence was broken only by an occasional "thug" in the distant lake. Nature Herself seemed to stand guard over that triangle of pine-straw and oak. Finally a massive figure arose from the platform at the end of the group.

"We recognize three great spirits—The Spirit of the Water, The Spirit of the Air, and The Spirit of the Fire," it chanted. "To the Spirit of the Fire this council ring is dedicated. Oh, God of Fire, send down flame to light our triangle!"

In a dark corner a lone tom-tom began a slow, steady beat. Gradually the rhythm grew more marked, faster, faster, until finally it reached a mad staccato. From the sky overhead a great ball of fire flared into being. Like a gull it shot down into the center of the triangle and burst the whole into flames. Softly the tom-tom measured its beat with the crackle of the flames. The figure, Great Chief Roaring Fire, saluted the Heavens, and a ceremony had begun.

The above is not a description of a meeting of early American tribes, nor is it a description of conclaves of the Order of Red Men. It is a description of weekly assembly of Council Ring at Camp Blank in Western North Carolina. The blanketed figures are red-blooded Southern boys of every age from eight to eighteen. Chief Roaring Fire is the Director, by profession a teacher of Social Psychology in a Southern university. The magic ball of fire is an oil-soaked rag running on a fine wire from a treetop to the triangle.

But all this represents more than mere child's-play. It is more than a recreational program for sixty lively youths entrusted to the care of Camp Blank for two summer months. It is an example of one of the most interesting experiments in adolescent psychology ever attempted by summer camp operators. It is American Indian-lore applied in a constructive way to the minds and lives of future citizens of a land where, years ago, the same lore and ritual was functioning as a religious and governmental institution. Is it successful?

It has been my pleasure for the past several summers to be associated with Camp Blank and watch the growth of its Indian-lore program. The effect of the plan on different types of boys is amazingly interesting. I feel that a few examples should give insight into just

a counselor tells a bit of camp life among a group of small boys

what it can do in the way of helping boys. First, let us take Homer.

From the Blue-Grass section of Kentucky came Homer. From the Blue-Grass section of Kentucky and from a home torn with marital dispute. As is usual in such cases, Homer was a "problem boy." He spoke to no one, admired no one, and associated with no one but himself. For the first two weeks he was the despair of us counselors and the director. Private chats, pleadings, special privileges, varied activities—none could arouse in him a spark of interest; then we had our first council-ring meeting of the year. Clearly, Homer was impressed. When the fire came down from Heaven he stood up, frightened. As we sang Indian songs he appeared mildly interested. When Chief arose to recognize promotions in the tribe, Homer took notice. When Chief slipped the blanket of the Brave on a lone boy and saluted him with the spear-thrust, giving him an Indian name carved on birch-bark, Homer's eyes sparkled.

Next day he came to me. "How did Frank get the blanket?" he asked.

Then I told him how, in olden times, Indians classified their young men as Hunters, Warriors, and Braves. I told him that advancement came not through mighty acts, but through little deeds of bravery, kindness, and helpfulness. I went on further to explain to him that only when an Indian acquired the Spirit of Understanding could he be called a Brave. And I told him that the Spirit of Understanding was a thing which one could not win, but which one developed through successful and noble living. Homer thanked me and went his way.

Well, suffice it to say that within a week Homer was playing all the games we had to offer. Before the season was over he was one of our most popular boys. When we held our final meeting he was given the blanket and salute of the Warrior, and I have never seen a happier boy in my life than was Homer with his blanket. He returned home, needless to say completely changed.

But Homer, you say, is an exception. Perhaps so, in the light of the fact that he was a "problem boy." But Eddie was not a problem boy, and Eddie knows more about our ring than any other boy who ever attended it.

by al martin

Eddie was in camp for the first time when he was 11 years old. From his first day he was a "natural." When our Midget baseball teams were picked, he was unanimous choice for a captaincy. Leadership fairly beamed from his steel-grey eyes. At the end of our season he was mentioned highly for the Best All-Round Camper cup.

In the next summer Eddie returned with worlds to conquer. Advanced to Junior standing, he was eager to get in the race. When a new tom-tom was made, it was Eddie who fixed the calf-skin. When services were held in the chapel, it was Eddie who distributed the song books. When track and swimming meets were held, it was Eddie who did his share of winning. And, when the final council-ring came around, it was Eddie who was in line for the blanket of the Brave. But he never received it. And to explain why he never received it, we must bring in Bert.

Like Eddie, Bert was a "natural." Leader, athlete, and helper, he in many ways excelled even Eddie. His was of a quiet disposition and a more manly approach. Both were just twelve, and both were to be conducted into the station of the Brave on the same night.

Our final ceremony began with the usual dedication. Following this was a short health-talk by the Medicine Man and the singing of "Killy, Killy, Wash-Wash. . . ." Then all was quiet and bodies were tense. Chief stood up.

"Oh men of the tribe, we come now to do our highest honor. Two among us have, we think, obtained the Spirit of Understanding and shall thereby be given the blanket of the Brave and the name on the bark of the birch. I call forward Eddie Holmes and Bert Milling."

Two great boys marched to the platform. Two great boys were led by the arm into the night. The ceremony went on.

The final part of the ceremony in which the blanket is conferred is known as the "lone watch." To this watch Eddie and Bert were led, one by the lake and the other on a mountain just back of camp. Each was given a small fire to attend and instructions to keep it burn-

(Concluded on page twenty)



"One of us is nuts"

—Courtesy *ESQUIRE*.

FACULTY FACES & FACTS

by charlie dunn and robert campbell

It is fitting, as this is the STUDENT'S vacation number, that Dean Bryan, who organized and directs the Wake Forest summer school, be the first to appear in this series.

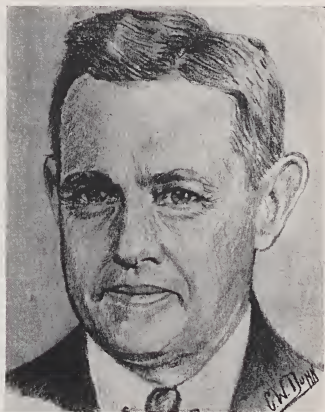
Having given Wake Forest fifteen years of unstinted service, Dr. Bryan is regarded as a friend of students. As a teacher of one of the most popular Sunday School classes he has led many boys in the right direction. Answering the prayers of many society presidents to judge debates is typical of his unselfish and sympathetic cooperation in any of the students' undertakings.

About the most important and happiest thing to Dr. Bryan in the approaching summer school is the organization of the Mars Hill section, which is the outgrowth of his prodigious work.

Speaking of this summer's session he said, "We are set up for five or six hundred students in the summer. We make a definite effort to bring the summer session in line with the work of the regular session." Jestingly, Dr. Bryan said, "I imagine there have been two or three scare couples wedded from summer school in the last dozen years."

No little credit should go to Dean Bryan for the smooth operation of the regular session which is the result, in no small measure, of his untiring and watchful efforts. He has represented Wake Forest ably at many high school commencement programs. He is chairman of several important committees in the North Carolina College Conference and is listed in "Who's Who in America."

Dean Bryan received his B.A. degree from the University of North Carolina in 1911. After getting his M.A. at Columbia U. he received a Helen Gould Fellowship in Education at New York University, where he received his Ph.D. After five years of teaching at Richmond College, Dr. Bryan came to Wake Forest as Professor of Education. Two years later he became Dean. He is affiliated with the N. C.



Literary and Historical Society and the American Association of University Professors.

The Dean keeps up with the best of them in golf and is unsurpassable at the net in tennis.

His home is a place where students feel free to go and are always welcomed by his gracious wife.

plowing

by falk s. johnson

*Again I wish I were
A barefoot boy
Behind the lumbering of
A lazy mule.*

*The pressing up
Of fresh-turned earth
Between my toes,
The curling of the sod
From off the gleaming point,
The waves of heat that dance
Above the field
Against a heat-moved sky
That's fringed by trees—
I think of these
And wish I were
A barefoot boy
Behind the lumbering of
A lazy mule.*



by c. h. trueblood

GREEN LIGHT, Lloyd C. Douglas, Harcourt, Brace, New York, 1935.

Lloyd C. Douglas, the preacher-author, has written as a follow-up to his famous "Magnificent Obsession" a book that will doubtless prove just as popular in every respect as was its predecessor. The popularity of Douglas' novels probably lies in the logic and plausibility of his philosophy of life which he unflinchingly incorporates in his works. *Green Light*, his latest effort, is not unlike its precursors, for the author has again mixed an interesting plot with splendid character portrayals and has flavored this combination with a good dosage of Douglas philosophy.

Briefly, *Green Light* concerns the story of a promising young surgeon, Newell Paige, who shoulders the responsibility for a mistake of his superior. When this mistake resulted in the death of a patient upon the operating table, Paige fled from the city, became a voluntary fugitive, and took up his abode in an obscure little southern town.

After a pleasant interlude, during which Paige aids the daughter of a country doctor in realizing her ambition—that of becoming an opera singer—Paige again goes to the city. Mr. Douglas develops his plot very well from this point. Paige meets the daughter of the woman who died on the operating table, falls in love with her, and is temporarily rejected. Meanwhile, the author introduces us to the outstanding character of the book—Dean Harcourt of the great city cathedral. Through Harcourt's lips flows words of advice, words of wisdom, and words of comfort to all who seek help.

And through Harcourt's lips flows Douglas' unusual philosophy.

Throughout the remainder of the story, all the characters are overshadowed by the venerable Dean. He overshadows all events.

The "Green Light" philosophy is essentially a social philosophy, emphasizing the fact of change, the fact of evolution of mind. By means of this philosophy, Dean Harcourt is able many times to effect a social and moral regeneration in those who are thrown into contact with him.

The author gives us the "happily-ever-after" ending with the ever-present Dean benignly pronouncing his benediction upon the united couple.

It is a well-written, well-rounded book whose good points outnumber the bad ones.

— s —

See that fellow over there?

Yes, what about him?

Oh, he's a terrible guy, awful low-life; let's ostracize him.

O. K., you hold him and I'll do it.—*Widow.*

— s —

Landlady: If you don't stop playing that saxophone you'll drive me crazy.

Sax player: Ha, ha, you're crazy already. I stopped playing an hour ago.—*Red Cat.*

Castle Highlights

With only a very few more days of school we are going to try and shoot the works and give you some pictures that you'll be seeing again in your home towns this summer unless you decide to come to heaven on earth (summer school).

On May 17, One Day Only, **GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS** will be shown at the old reliable Castle. This picture is guaranteed to contain every little article. All of you who saw the former George White picture will remember what a grand bit of entertainment it was, and you surely won't want to miss this one. It is different in every respect from the old ones, and as you go out of the theatre you are going to find yourself humming and whistling tunes taken from the song hits in the pictures. "Women and Music." If that's your idea of entertainment, you are going to get your money's worth when you see **GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS**.

On May 20, ONE MORE SPRING featuring Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter will play. And this is **ONE DAY ONLY**. All of you who have read anything by John Galsworthy, author of the story, will know without further ado that his stories rank with the best. The screen story is an adaptation from the original book. You'll like it.

George Arliss, who made such a hit in "Cardinal Richelieu," will star in **THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD** on May 21. He portrays the role of the great Jewish financier with his usual great characterizations. It will be of interest to many to know that George Arliss only last month was knighted by the King of England because of his outstanding contributions to the world in the form of his acting. Arliss is, without a doubt, one of the greatest actors of all time. This picture is highly recommended to everyone.

On May 25, **George Raft**, and so help me, Ben Bernie and all the lads will enavor for you in **STOLEN HARMONY**. This will be a swell 'un. "Yawsuh." Music, women, more music and more women.

And with this, we sing our swan song for this year. It has had many bad points, but it has also had many good ones. Whitacre wants to express his deepest appreciation to all the boys for the splendid way which they have treated him this year, and he promises to be better next year. And we want to express our appreciation to Whit for all the courtesies and assistance he has rendered us this year. It would have been impossible to have run this column without his aid. Thank you Whit! And we have had to put up with a lot from June Underwood, but we love him like we would our own child.

Happy vacations and best luck. We'll see you next year!

— s —

Adam: "Eve, you've gone and put my dress suit in the salad again.—*Gargoyle.*"

"Come and Get It"

This and other best sellers can be rented for a nominal sum at

HOLDING'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY

(In Holding's Drug Store)

Read for Relaxation, for Pleasure, for Entertainment, for Knowledge

FICTION : TRAVEL : BIOGRAPHY



by
al
martin

archie newports

dear don
a rather saline and ultra ultra
violet or rather i would say
violet heigh ho this time because
of all places for a respectable
cockroach to be you would never
imagine me here i am at
new rye or new port or some
place like that anyway it is a
resort on the biggest piece of
aqua pura or aqua salira it has ever
been my misfortune to become entangled
in woe is me
you see my adopted society dame has
moved here bag gag and baggage for the
summer because that is what is done
in the summer by society dames in general
and so when i found that there would
be an acute shortage of cheese in her
frigidaire i managed to stow away
in a hot water bottle for the trip up
and boy howdy i was really a bouncer
for once in my two hundred forty-eight lives
at any rate here we are

i wish i could muster the vocabulary
to tell you just what i think of these
doings here but i understand the censor
is already a little peeved so suffice it
to say that there is nothing like it

done nothing like it why i thought
when we left pk ave we were going to
enjoy a little back to nature stuff
but the only time i have been reminded
of back to nature was in the nature of
the back i saw on the bored walk this
am i prefer nudist colonies down they
are at least straight to the point however
this seems to be the principle interest here
wearing as many different kinds of nothing
as possible with a different color ribbon
on it each day but don you should see the
madame in her yantzen honestly barnum would
have had a stroke but what tickles me
the most don is the fact that all the
bathing here is done sans leau why the
other day one fellow actually swam out into
the ocean a ways and he was immediately
snobbed for being conventional they seem to
think the ocean here is something to be
seen and not hurt nevertheless the orchestra
down at the illumina is pretty good don
except the bother me about that ants in pants
piece i wonder why they don't write something
about cockroaches at new port but i must
clothes now since madame is reaching for her ungauen-
tine in which
i have been seeking a moments privacy as we say here oil
reservoir.

ARCHY.

Who's the brunette over there?
That's Bill's wife, don't you recognize her?
I thought he married a blonde.
Oh, yes! He did, but she dyed.—Medley.

— s —

You never used to read in bed before we were married,
John—Rice Owl.

— s —

Wife (to late returning husband): Is that you, John?
John: It'd better be.

— s —

She was only a Latin professor's daughter.
But she always declined.

— s —

She: Did you meet Bing while you were in Hollywood?
Her: Yes, but he refused even to speak!
She: Oh, a vocal refrain.

She: What's the matter? You're so rash tonight.
He: Oh yes! I've a case of poison oak.

— s —

Farmer Van Landingham says that vacation reminds
him a great deal of big business, for he goes back to stocks
and barns.

— s —

Farmer (ploughing): Gosh darn, if I ain't caught my
plow in a stump!

Horse: Wo-o-oe is me!

He-he-he-he-ee (like Joe Penner).

— s —

It was heard that Jubel Mitchell, the venerable short
stop, swatted a four-base hit once, and as he was making
the round of the diamond he invited the third baseman to
go home with him. That good old Southern hospitality.

NUDE JOE'S DASH

*Listen my friends and you shall know
Of the noon day dash of old Nude Joe.
On July the fourth in 'twenty-five;
Nowhere on earth is a man alive
Who would fail to laugh to hear of his show.*

*He said to his friend, "If I can but break
By night from this padded cell today,
A bucket of greece from a store I shall take
And the great chase shall start right away.
Naked as Eve through this town I'll flee
And defy the world to catch greezy me;
The cop on the corner in the pants I'll boot
And, knowing I am crazy, he will not shoot,
While people, enjoying it, will laugh and hoot."*

*Then, he said "Be Quiet" and with silent stroke
Slowly saved away a prison bar.
He slipped from his cell when day first broke
As dawn extinguished the brightest star.
The alarm was sent throughout the state
While he picked pockets outside the gate;
He finally bought lard, in a cheerful mood
Knowing his pursuers he could now elude,
And appeared in the street, greezy and Nude.*

*The chase was now on. He ran through the street
Like some strange demon from hell astray;
They caught him and held him by hands and feet,
But, thanks to the greece he slipped away.
Throughout the day he had his fun—
He kept himself and the town on the run
Until the departure of the evening sun.
Then knowing his holiday would soon be spent
He returned to his cell, completely content.*

— s —

An Englishman, paying a visit to our shores, had one great object in mind, and that was to return home with a good example of American wit. On the day of sailing he had not found one. As he checked out of the Waldorf, he asked the clerk if he knew of any funny jokes. "No," the clerk replied, "but I know a good riddle."

"Yes, go on," insisted the Englishman.

"My father has a son who is not my brother. Who is he?"

"I am sure I don't know."

"Myself," said the clerk.

So the Englishman memorized the riddle and sailed. He was met at the dock in Liverpool by friends, and after customary greetings decided the time had come to spring his little story. He began: "My father has a son who is not my brother. Who is he?" His friends assured him they did not know.

Came the answer: "The clerk in the Waldorf in New York City."—*Cornell Widow.*

student staff nominations for oblivion:

Thompson Greenwood: because he is the brother of Z. D. Greenwood.

Z. D. Greenwood: because he is the brother of Thompson Greenwood.

C. U. Harris: because his keyhole is needed by the city as a manhole in their town improvement program.

Ruamie Squires: because she is a dentist's daughter.

Wayland Britton: because he's louder than the bell he rings. Perhaps the bell is cracked, too.

Bob Battle: just because.

Jay Anderson: because with his collars he threatens little Lord Fauntleroy with oblivion.

— s —

Pilot: The ship's out of control. What shall I do?

Co-pilot: Can't you get it under control?

Pilot: No!

Co-pilot: Well then, try to land it on something cheap.

—West Pointer.

— s —

"There ain't a hotel here," he said, "but you can sleep with the station agent."

"Sir," she exclaimed, "I'll have you know that I am a lady."

"That's all right," drawled the old man. "So is the station agent."—*Log.*



"Hm! He's always running after that blonde!"

—*Courtesy ESQUIRE.*

dear pa

another one of them hilarious
hankins letters

by wellington dunford

General Delivery,
Wake Forest, N. C.
May 1, 1935.

Dear Pa:

I hope you got the copy of the *Student* all right and I guess you did because I put so many stamps on it you couldn't see the address good. I just hope the post office folks didn't take it on down to Wilmington or somewhere. I was very proud and haughty about my letter getting put in the *Student* and I been getting a lot of fan mail and stuff and besides I have wrote letters for almost everybody in school because they know I'm a expert in the art, and do you know I can't hardly help from making my letters sound very imposing and things because I wrote so many. One of the fellers says I made a letterary daybyou only he meant litterary and he was only kidding any way.

I kno you won't me to come on home to Hankins Corners when I get out of school which is some time in May I think. Bill and me have been talking about me staying up hear at Wake Forest and both of us decided it would be a very excellent and augmented thing if I was to stay.

I don't even want to go to summer school hear because I have been studying my head off and ain't even wrote to Nancy Miriah since three weeks ago yester day and I am very tired and exhausted and things and I don't think I could bare to keep right on studying and studying all thru the summer. It would be what they call the last draw. But Bill and me think I can stay up hear at Wake Forest College and play for dances and make more money than you could pay me for workin in the store and I think for sure you can handle that yourself because I kno that business ain't very good.

And I kno all about summer school. They say they have a very swell time up hear and besides the health conditions are very good they say. The only trouble about summer school and it breaks down your health because you have to get up even earlier in the morning and you don't get to bed until late. I wouldn't have to worry about that if I didn't go to any classes.

Bill and me was talking about making money the other day. I don't play with Bill and Isaac McCarthy any more now because I aint got the time. Rhythm Reginald hasn't got a ork any more, either. I sort of miss playing the gittar a lot and I ain't had a chance because the editor of the *Student* who is a very nice feller says he wanted me to write some more letters and I guess you see he gave me some stationery because I am now on the *Student* staff along with Martin and Falk Johnson and the editor and Dunford. You might call me a real arthur

now and I mingle right in with the eelight and the intelligentlemen, as they say. It is a very nice bunch and you would like them very much and they came around to my room the other night and we all ate up that cake Ma sent and they all said just let them know when I get some more and they will be around again. They are very companionate and call me Aminadab instead of Hankins like the profs do.

But any way Bill and me were talking and he says the fraternities around hear during the summer put on a occasional dance now and then and I could make a lot of money just playing. He played for some fraternitys house dance not so long ago and would have made a dollar only the frat didn't have any money in the treasury and they settled for fifty cents. But Bill says the frats have money in the treasuries in the summer time and besides fifty cents ain't so bad.

And Bill tells me that Mary is asking around about where I am and she wants me to go to Neuse again and I would very much like to and Bill says to me, Aminadab, I think we could clean up around here and over at Neuse if you would just come back and play because the people at Neuse have been missin you some thing scandinavian, he says. And I think I could to.

And Bill says he thinks I ought to have one of those new gittars that your got last fall for the store and I think the one I wont is the six string gittar which you tried to sell to Mister Leadbetter for five dollars and he brought it back. I think it is a very fine guitar and I can get some glue and put the bridge back on.

And Bill says he has got a feller over at Neuse interested and he has heard me play and he told Bill that if we played over at Neuse every night and the folks at Neuse liked us after the first week we'd get a cool dollar and a half a week. That is a hole lot more than you get running the store and you do that all day long. And it would cost you a lot less if I stayed hear and made my own money than it would if I went home this summer. I might get Bill to buy a guitar from you or a banjo or a mandolin or some thing.

And what I want more than any thing else is to stay in Wake Forest College which is the best college in the world and not go to class but just have a good time seeing all the girls that come to summer school. Its getting all the assets of summer school without the defects, like buying a chicken already fixed instead of going out in your back yard and catching one if you kno what I mean. I think you have seen Ma take a chicken apart before.

Hoping you will send me the gittar and let me stay in Wake Forest instead of going home, I am

Your loving and hopeful son,

Aminadab.

student

the test of the lock

a suggestion to the man

who insists on real blondes

by j. s. perrow

*I tell a tale with great delight
Which never happened but somehow might,
If men were only a bit too smart
To be fooled by such a devilish art.*



*The scene was June on a bench in the park
Between the hour of sunset and dark,
Contrary to custom there was no moon,
Nor was there a chance of there being one soon.
A boy sat there with a girl on his knee,
"Please do a favor for poor little me,
Tomorrow away from you I must go
To be gone for at least a month or so.
Oh, could you be as kind as you're fair,
And give me a lock of your golden hair?
To keep by my heart while I am away,
To turn the night of my journey to day?"
She said his request was hard to refuse,
But her hair she could not afford to lose.*

*But pity triumphed over sense,
As she has regretted ever since.
She gave to him a lock of gold,
Which brought her troubles manifold.*

*To a chemist he went that very night
Still hoping that what he thought was not right.
He said, "Do you know how to see
If this is what it ought to be?
Since from her head this shiny lock fell,
See if you can by any chance tell
If nature gave her hair this yellow hue,
Or is it that to some strange dye 'tis due.
Please find this out without delay
And write the results to me right away."*



*The next day a letter he received
Which revealed to him what he had believed.
The chemist said, "I have now decided
The girl has certainly suicided.
I made some tests which never have lied
And found just plain old peroxide."
Our hero now is greatly downcast,
But swears he'll find a blond at last.*

They were discussing dogs, and the tales were getting "pretty tall" when one of the group took the lead.

"Smith," he said, "had a most intelligent dog. One night Smith's house caught fire. All was instant confusion. Old Smith and his wife flew for the children and bundled them out in quick order. Every one was saved, but old Rover dashed back through the flames.

"Soon the noble animal reappeared, scorched and burned, with what do you think?"

"Give up," cried the eager listeners.

"With the fire insurance policy wrapped in a damp towel, gentlemen."—*Bored Walk.*

— s —

Tu sais, Durand qui était en classe avec nons, il paraît qu'il est en Amérique.

Mais j'ai, reçu de lui une carte postale d'Afrique.

Oh! tu sais, il n'a jamais été fort en géographie!—*Le Petit Journal.*

— s —

Paul a changé de class, Quand il rentre, son père lui demande s'il aime son nouveau professeur.

Oh! il ne sait rien, répond Paul il none pose toujours des questions!...

Add smiles—As distressed as a Scotchman who saved his money for a rainy day and then moved to Wake Forest.

— s —

Frosh: I want a leave of absence over the week-end to visit my sister in New York.

Dean: How long have you known her?

Frosh: About two weeks.—*Sundial.*

— s —

"Give me one example to prove that we can live as cheaply as one!"

"How about the sparrow and the elephant?"—*Rammer Jammer.*

— s —

"If I'm the first girl you ever kissed, how is it you kiss so well?"

"If I'm the first fellow you ever kissed, how do you know I kiss well?"—*Navy Log.*

— s —

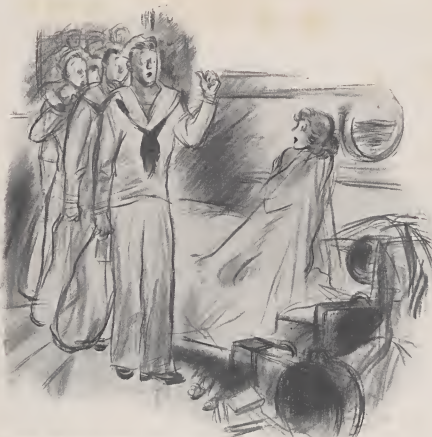
"Hear you laughed at Hitler while in Germany."

"Yeah, and I thought I'd die!"

— s —

Kind Gentleman (to little boy eating apple): Look out for the worms, sonny.

Little Boy: When I eat an apple the worms have to look out for themselves.—*The Chaser.*



"The Special Five-Day Cruise to Bermuda? That was two piers down!"

—Courtesy **ESQUIRE**.

thirteen ports

(Continued from page nine)

the most perfectly tooled leather work in the world is found. After purchasing for 36 cents book-covers that might possibly be found for \$2.00 over here, we go through the palace of Francisco di Medici, one of the Medici boys. Walking down the huge banquet hall, lined with statuary, our guide pulls open a panel and shows us the private art collection of the late Francisco; he next clutches at a large picture and opens another door; we see an alchemist's laboratory and various secret passages, safeguards against capture in the turbulent Middle Ages. The train bears us through Pisa and other cities, but we do not stop again till we return to the *President Johnson* at Genoa, Columbus' home town.

At Marseille, France, the twelfth port of call, we take a boat ride out to Chateau D'If, immortalized by Alexandre Dumas' story, "The Count of Monte Christo." It looks vastly different to us, as it stands out golden against the blue of the sea, from what it must have looked to a wronged French prisoner who toiled and dug to win back lost freedom. The *President Johnson* steams out through Gibraltar into the open Atlantic, leaving behind the beautiful cloud-capped moun-

tains of Spain and Africa.

We arrive at New York with red felt fezzes on our heads and with enough sunburn to give us black trunks for the rest of the year. After excursions to Coney Island, Radio City, and Yankee Stadium, the old gang heads for all parts of the United States—California, Kansas, Massachusetts, Kentucky and Ohio. Three of us head for God's country, North Carolina, and can be found at the University of North Carolina, Meredith College, and Wake Forest.

three little indians

(Continued from page twelve)

ing until he was called for. The night was dark. . . .

Taps blew at ten o'clock. Four hours later we counselors met at the lodge and began out tramp up to the lake. There, beside a brightly-burning fire, squatting in true Indian fashion, we found Bert—a real man, who, in these four hours of quiet and solitude, had really found the Spirit of Understanding.

On we marched up the mountain. Finally we reached Eddie's fire—but it was reduced to only glimmering coals. And there was no Eddie. Distrustfully his counselor glanced around at us, slipped down the mountain without a word. Back in camp he found Eddie, asleep on his bunk. He had failed. He was not man enough to go the final mile in acquiring the Spirit of Understanding.

These examples, I think, are in themselves explanatory of just how an Indian-lore program functions. To some few, to be sure, teepee-making, flower-collecting (we call it "point-hiking"), story-telling, inspiration, and red-blooded action have no appeal. But to boys like Homer and Eddie and Bert it can do wonders. And are there not many like these three? I dare say that to those that final ceremony meant more toward building a noble life than a thousand Sunday School talks!

As for Eddie, there is no doubt as to the amount of good he will derive from his failure. He will come back fighting. And all the staff will be pulling for him! As for Bert—well, Bert has the Spirit of Understanding, which is more than many, many adults have—and Bert also has a silver cup.



A good tanning makes many a sunburn.

SUMMER SCHOOL

WAKE FOREST-MEREDITH

Wake Forest, N. C.

Nine-week Session—June 10-August 9

Six-week Session—June 10-July 19

Law School—June 10-August 9

1. **EXPENSES.** Board in popular boarding houses up to \$16.00 a month. Club board at cost of food plus one dollar a month for service. Rooms in dormitories \$1.25 a week. Fees to the college as follows: \$15.00 six-week session; \$22.50 nine-week session; \$35.00 Law School.
2. **PAYMENT OF FEES.** Fees to the college may be paid in installments during the session.
3. **COURSES.** Courses are provided for freshmen and other undergraduates leading to the Bachelor's degree; courses leading to the Master's degree; pre-medical courses; pre-legal courses; and courses leading to Primary and Grammar Grade "C," "B," "A"; the High School "A"; and the Principal and Superintendent's certificates.
4. **CREDITS.** In the six-week session the maximum credit is eight hours on certificate; the maximum credit in the nine-week session is twelve hours on certificate. Usually not more than ten hours for the nine weeks are allowed on degree.
5. **FACULTY.** A faculty of 33 offers 110 courses in: Biology (6 courses); Chemistry (8); Education (27); English (13); Geography (4); Mathematics (7); German (8); French (8); Physics (3); Psychology and Philosophy (4); Religion (5); History-Government-Economics (9); School Arts—physical education, music, drawing, penmanship (15). Law Courses for credit on degree. Regular courses will be repeated in summer. The same hours and credits will be allowed as in the regular session.
6. **APPLICATIONS.** Reservations will be made in the dormitories upon written request without advanced fee. The student furnishes bed linen. Students wishing to pursue courses leading to a degree in Wake Forest College should have transcript sent before the opening of the session. Teachers wishing to renew or raise certificates will be given careful advice at the time of registration.
7. **OPPORTUNITIES.** Provision is made for student recreation in tennis, golf, swimming, and dramatics. The infirmary is kept open in order to protect the student's health. Employment Bureau is operated without cost. Two sections of Hunter Dormitory will be reserved for men.
8. It is hoped this information will meet the needs of most students who are interested in summer session. Due to two new buildings on the campus greater classroom facilities will be available than in former years. Please write freely concerning any matters not made clear.
Address all communications to

D. B. BRYAN

Director of Summer School

I'm your best friend
I am your Lucky Strike



Luckies



They Taste Better